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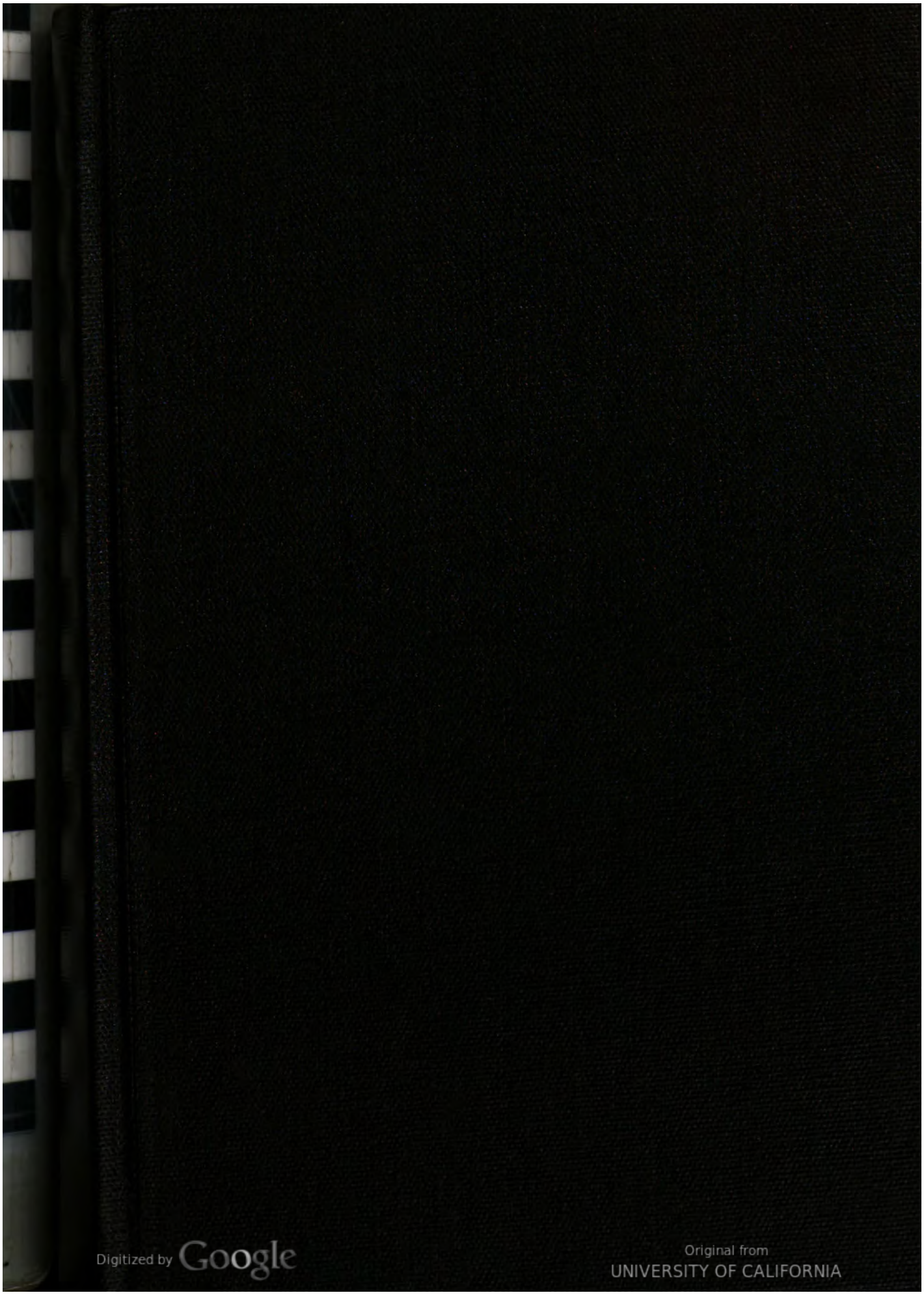
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# HARPER'S

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*VOLUME CXVI.*

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DECEMBER, 1907, TO MAY, 1908

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*Painting by Howard Pyle* Illustration for "The Rat-Trap"

MEREGRETT, DAUGHTER OF PHILIPPE THE BOLD

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Vol. CXVI December, 1907. No DCXCI

## The Toy-Shop

*By* Margarita Spalding Gerry

*The child is eternal, and so are toys and tears and laughter. When the house is put in order by strange men, when the clothes that were worn and the tools that were used are put away, there will be found an upper room full of toys. These remain.*

THE Man was leaving his own front door. On the steps he paused and looked sombrely back. The white pillars of the façade rose before him in stately fashion. They reminded him of the care he was evading for the moment, and he sighed. Though he shut his eyes determinedly, he knew that another grim building just beyond, the usual end of his journeying, demanded him, and he sighed

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again. This time there was something more than weariness in the sound.

From around the corner of the house, which almost hid from view the white tents of the Home Guard, ran a child. He was bright-faced, and magnificent in a miniature officer's uniform.

"Oh, papa-day!" he cried. "Never mind the curtains for my stage. You are always too busy now to see my plays, anyway—!" He interrupted himself to fling this in petulantly: "But get lots of soldiers—and one company of cavalry. I can't get him surrounded without two more companies—and six cannon!"

The child lisped so in his eagerness that no one but his father could have understood him, and his father was so lost in his gloomy thought that he did not know the child had spoken. When the expected reply did not come, the boy looked his wonder.

"Papa-day—papa-day!" he cried, giving the Man a little push. "I want some soldiers!"

Startled out of his sadness, the father looked at the child.

"Soldiers? All right, son; I'm off for a walk now. I saw a shop the other day."

He walked off. It was not a beautiful street down which he turned. Even the fine width of it suggested an inflated sense of its own importance. There were some good lines in the structure at the first corner, but the building was unfinished, and drooped sadly, like an eagle without its wings. Beyond that corner the paving of the street ended. Looking at the mud, the Man wished vaguely that he had worn his boots.

He swung down the row of dingy business houses, his eye on the ragged sky-line. His ungainly strides covered the ground rapidly, even though in abstraction he stumbled over the uneven brick sidewalk. The Man's face fell again into lines of melancholy thought.

"There is no hope for it," he told himself. "I will have to sign the warrant. I can't find the shadow of an excuse. It is a clear case of desertion." His thoughts drifted to the armies facing each other in the cheerless, raw December weather—his army sodden with fogs, sullen with inaction. "The poor young fellow must be punished." The Man's heart ached with comprehension. He understood so well the wave of homesickness, for which he had the more tender sympathy because of the absence of it in his own cheerless boyhood. "After all, he is a soldier, and he must be punished for the good of the others. And that boy—like so many other boys—would have been a hero, not a deserter, at another turn of the wheel. It is idleness that makes traitors of them. Where can I find a man who will end all this?"

He passed the comfortable portico of a church which carried with it a breath of thrifty village life. He had been there the Sunday before, and the minister had prayed for peace. "Peace!" The word smote him, for he had ordained war. "Peace! How can I compass it? Somewhere in the Eternal Consciousness must rest the knowledge. But how can I discover it? 'Such knowledge is too high; I cannot attain to it,'" groaned the Man.

With the thought he raised his eyes. He was opposite a young ladies' boarding-school. It was a decorous place, sedately retired on a terrace. A group of young women in billowing crinolines were returning from the daily walk. There was a lively ripple of subdued comment as he looked up.

"Did you ever see such awkwardness?" asked of her companion a girl from Virginia. "And the creases in his coat!" There was much mirth, in the midst of which a young lady from Maryland laughed out:

"Did you ever see him try to bow to a lady?"

Quite ignorant of these girlish strictures, the Man caught the eye of the youngest boarder, who, kept in the house with a sore throat, was flattening her nose hopelessly against the window-pane. Something in the face of the sad-looking man made her throw him a shy little appeal for sympathy from two red and swollen eyes. He answered it. Then:

"That child, too, I may have made fatherless even now," he thought, and shuddered.

"How to end it?" His mind kept him remorselessly at work. "I have failed. Another man might know—so many claim to know. If a better man were in

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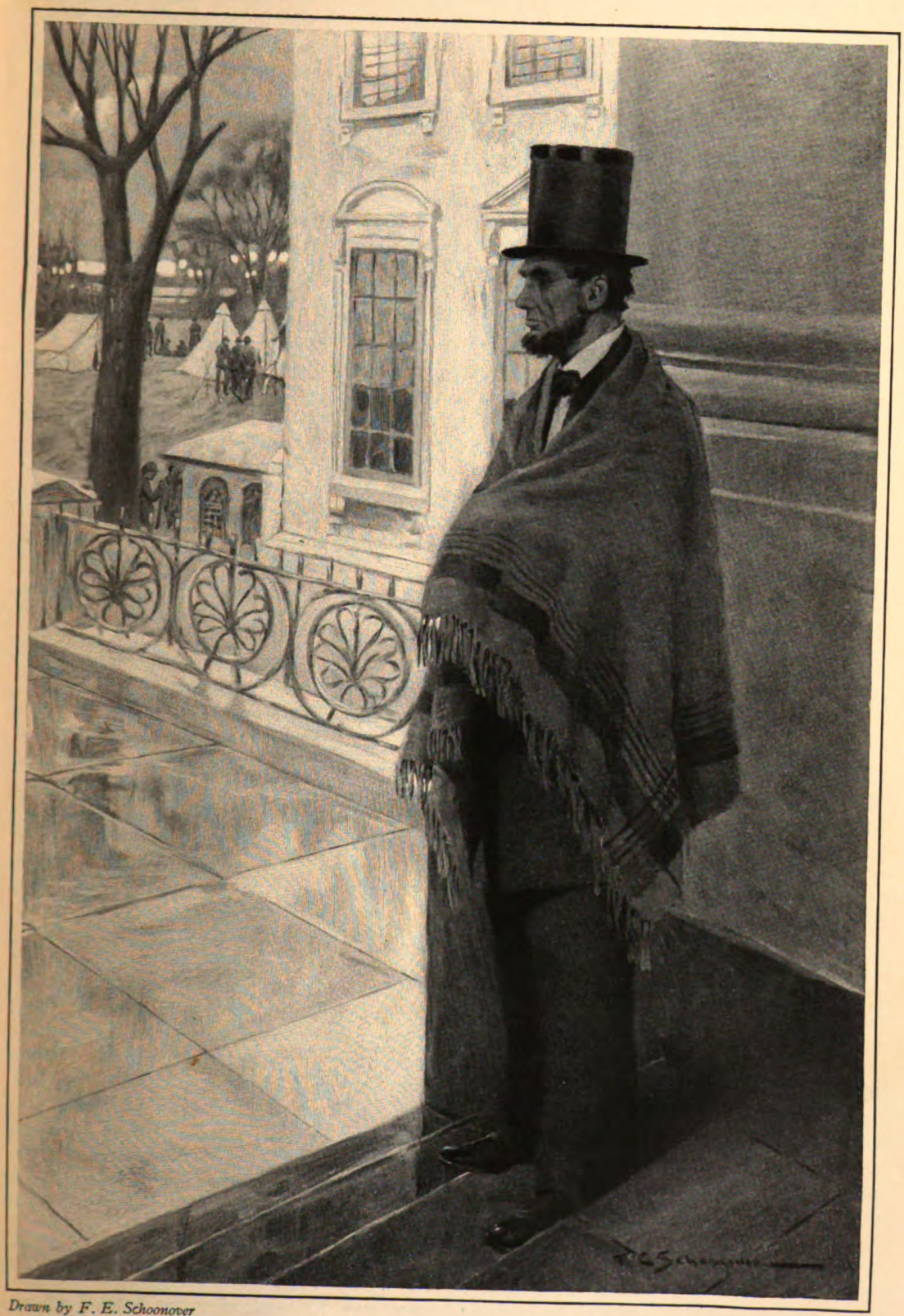

*Drawn by F. E. Schoonover*

THE MAN WAS LEAVING HIS OWN FRONT DOOR

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my place, perhaps he could stop the killing and the sorrow."

He was approaching a poorer part of the city, where modest homes and small industries bound about the lives of simple folk, quite apart from the square, dignified old houses where the aristocrats lived. The houses seemed to press in upon him like the sorrows of the world. He thought of those who had gone out from them.

"My hand sent them out—the bright youth, North and South—to kill and to be killed. And my hand cannot bring them back. Had I the right to do it? How could I have thought that any good could come from such as I? I thought I saw clearly—I, sprung out of such darkness—having seen such sin. What right had I to think that I could lead? It was a crime!"

He came to a group of tiny two-story shops—cobblers' rooms, dingy groceries.

"Would it not be less a sin to end it all—to make way for some man who was not cursed before he was born? Surely it would not be a sin to lay it all down—no matter the way—to end it all—to make way—"

A little child, turning to go into one of the shops, brushed lightly against him, and he started. When he looked up his face was tragic. Through the daze came a recollection. Surely it was here, the fifth door from the corner, that he was going. It was a toy-shop he was looking for. Yes, that was the name—Schotz. For the son had said he wanted toys. The father entered the shop, though he saw but dimly. His mind was turned in on its own sorrows, and he went in, muttering to his own ears: "To end it all—to make way."

He had to wait for a moment while the mite who had ushered him in made her purchase. It was a girl child. She was too awestruck by the glories laid before her to talk; but she managed to point with a fat forefinger to the penny doll she desired. The gesture with which she seized it brought—strangely enough—a smile to the deep-set eyes of the stranger who stood watching her. His face was quite different when he smiled. Lines which had seemed nothing but deep-graven channels for sorrow became paths for tenderness. Outside he heard her break into excited high-voiced triumph, which was mingled with the chatter of her mates.

The little shop was a modest place. On one side was a counter where, safe under glass, were home-made candies and cakes, with a rosy-cheeked apple or two. But, lining the walls, tumbling over shelves, crowded into old-fashioned presses, were the toys. There were dolls, of course, patrician wax dolls with delicate eyebrows of real hair, hearty, wooden-jointed dolls that were a real comfort to little mothers. There were wheels of fortune where one could see a steeple-chase if he spun hard enough to make the horses vault the hurdles. There was a fascinating confusion of supple-jacks, house furniture, houses of Oriental magnificence, little imported German toys — horses, trees, dogs. As the Man's melancholy eyes comprehended all that the place contained to minister to childish delight, something of the bitterness left them. In its place was a curious inertness. One would have said that the man's being was paralyzed with doubt.

The next instant he had seen something that brought grief back again—something that reminded him of his burden. For, marching valiantly over the shelves, storming wooden boxes flanked with cannon, were toy soldiers. There were, too, all the necessary trappings of combat — swords, guns, soldier suits. arrayed in which youthful generals could marshal their forces and sweep the enemy's army before them — while their fathers elsewhere learned the tragedy of war.

Behind the counter was a pretty, young-faced woman, who looked her fifty years only from the softness sometimes brought by the records of many days. She smiled at him in friendly fashion and, unhurried, waited his request. While she reached for the toys the son had asked for, the Man, bent over the counter, fingered the dolls left lying there from the last small purchaser with clumsy, gentle fingers.

"Who makes that 'dolly' furniture?" he asked idly. "I wish I could get any one to work for me one-half so well. Carved, too. I didn't know there were tools fine enough to make those tiny wreaths."

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THE TALL MAN HURRIED OUT

Mrs. Schotz shook her head at him good-humoredly.

"My man, he speak English. I—not—can." Following her gesture, the stranger saw, in the back part of the shop, a patient figure at work.

Joseph Schotz was sitting in an invalid-chair, a table littered with tools and bits of wood by his side. One leg, bandaged and swathed, rested on a cushion. His strong peasant face was seamed and drawn with pain.

The Man was beside him in an instant.

"Yes, I make the dolls' houses and carve the furniture—great work, that, for a man, sir? I used to be a cabinet-maker at Annapolis—before my leg got so bad. No, sir, I did not learn my trade there. I was apprenticed to Cadieux, who was cabinet-maker to Napoleon. Yes, the Emperor. Who else could it have been? But that was after those pigs of Russians shot me in the leg. It was their ball that brought me here—" with a contemptuous glance at his bandaged leg. "I was color-bearer—you see, I was too young to go in any other way. I was sixteen when I was wounded."

The Man found himself a chair.

"Why, no, sir, it isn't much of a story. It is only that I could never stay still. I don't believe men were ever meant to. That's why it's—" He checked himself with a glance at his wife. "I was born in the Tyrol, but the name of Buonaparte pulled me to France. Why, sir, I don't know what it was, but he is the only great man I have ever known. He made you drop everything and go with him, that is all. We never stopped to ask what it was, but—he knew his soldiers, he didn't know what it was to be afraid—and where he wanted to go he went."

The Man, who had been listening thus far with sympathy, started—at these last words—into tenseness.

"Did your Napoleon never—doubt?" he asked, with rather a breathless voice.

"If he did, no one ever saw him," chuckled the cabinet-maker, indulgently. "That was why we followed him. It sounds like very little, but—if he could call me to-day, I'd jump up and hop on one leg after him."

Had Joseph Schotz not been lost in the one story that never failed to thrill him—

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of his shattered dreams and his hero—he would have noticed that the face of the tall man who sat before him had lapsed into hopelessness. This time there was even something desperate in the eyes. But Napoleon's color-bearer went on:

"But you see—instead of that I'm here." He glanced at his leg again with a repressed passion of bitterness, which made him in some dark way kin to the man who listened. "It was when I couldn't fight for him that I learned to carve the wreaths on the chairs at the Tuileries—after all, that was near the end. . . . It is never as the Emperor on his throne that I think of him—I have seen him so—or as the general on horseback; but as the soldier in his gray overcoat going about among us. He had a way of standing, sir, as if you couldn't dislodge him—that was Buonaparte."

Mrs. Schotz had gone back to the counter with the toys the stranger sought. With an irresolute effort he moved listlessly toward them. There was a whole regiment of little men in blue, and with them a gorgeous officer in gold-decked uniform waving his sword above a prancing steed. The Man laid his hand upon the toy and moved it absently into position at the head of the men. The brave general toppled spinelessly over when the great gnarled hand was removed. The woman shook her head.

"He not—can—stand," she said, in her hesitating English. "Too heavy—of the —head. This"—substituting a plain little captain with modest sword held at attention—"this stand so you—not—can—dis—lodge him."

The Man raised his head alertly as the woman echoed so unconsciously her husband's words. The movement was a quicker one than could have been expected from the languor of the whole figure. He gave a quick glance from the man to the woman and then at the toy soldiers. Then he squared his shoulders. His hand closed again upon the top-heavy little general and, half absently, swept him aside. The plain little officer was moved into position. The officer stood. A light that was half humor and half inspiration broke upon the rugged face of the man who bent over them both.

"No more generals on horseback," he muttered. "My man may ride when it is necessary, but he must know how to walk, too. I want one—I wonder if I know him—who 'stands so you can't dislodge him' and who 'knows his men.' Perhaps they have given me the answer to it all. Perhaps, after all, I can find him. Perhaps. And 'where he wants to go'—was that the word?" He pored over the toys. The woman went back to her knitting. The click of needles or the noise of a tool raised or laid down was the only sound heard in the shop.

"Are you buying the soldiers for your boys? It's wonderful how they take to them these days." The voice of the cabinet-maker broke the stillness. He repeated the question before the Man heard. And even then the answer was slow in coming.

"I have but one boy to buy toys for—now," said the Man at length. "The other one—that is left—is too old. And in spite of all, the child must be made happy."

He turned again to the soldiers as if they contained the answer to some question. His eyes fell again upon the captain. He nodded as though he recognized some one. "I believe I—know," he thought, half fearfully. "He 'stands so you can't dislodge him'—he 'doesn't know what it is to be afraid'—he 'walks about among his men'—he 'knows them.'" The Man seized the officer almost fiercely and held it in his big hand.

"I will put him there. He will stand. And"—his face lit up with sudden fire—"and 'where he wants to go' he shall go, please God!"

He swept the soldiers into a heap and pushed them from him, waiting impatiently while Mrs. Schotz deftly made them up into a parcel. But when that was done he still lingered. Suddenly he turned to Joseph Schotz with a sort of desperation.

"Did he never—waver—your Napoleon —even when he watched thousands of you —even men with children—die, and die because he placed you there—bound in the shambles?"

The cabinet-maker raised his head from his work in surprise. The inexplicable agony in the face of the other man brought an unusual thoughtfulness into the peasant's face.

"I do not know"—he hesitated—"I

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am not sure. He must have felt—but no one ever saw him. He could not stop. There was not a moment when, if he had halted—even to pity—all the great Thing he was building would not have fallen about his ears—and carried all France down with it. No, he could not stop. If he had been of those who falter"—here Schotz shrugged his shoulders with the gesture of the Frenchmen he had fought amongst—"Buonaparte should not have played the game of war."

The tall man winced. He looked for a moment as if the cabinet-maker had taunted him—knowing. Then he straightened his shoulders. His face hardened into lines of steadfastness and determination. Taking up his parcel—

"Thank you," he said, with a deeper intonation than one would have expected in return for so slight a deed—"thank you," he said to Joseph Schotz, and wrung his hand with a grasp that hurt. Then he hurried out.

When they had watched the great figure out of sight—

"Who is he—that tall man? Do you know, my wife?" asked Joseph Schotz, in their own tongue.

"Some American," replied his wife, with democratic unconcern. Then when her husband continued to gaze earnestly at the door from which their guest had departed, "A sad-looking man, I think."

"Yes, he is one that carries with him the sorrows of the world. When he came into the world he had already known what it was to sorrow. Men like that must learn to laugh or they cannot live."

"What does it matter?" she said, rallying him. "He is not thy Napoleon."

"No, he is not Napoleon," replied the man, quickly, looking down at his hand, still red from the pressure of the bony fingers. "No—Napoleon never played—with toys."

Joseph Schotz was weaker in the summer heat when the Man next came to the toy-shop. The wife was at market, so there was nobody in the place save Joseph and the little neighbor girl who was being taught to take in pennies like a woman grown. She was not an altogether profitable clerk, however, for she outdid Mrs. Schotz in giving too good measure for the pennies. But there was need for her help, and soon there would be—more.

The Man entered the shop eagerly. From his remembering glance that comprehended the place to its farthest shelf one would have said that he had just left it. He was stooping and care-worn, but his eyes sought the toys with expectation. And as he dwelt upon this spot which ministered to pure delight—a territory consecrated to those flowerings of grown-up fancy which the children call toys—his bent shoulders straightened and his deep eyes began to smile. For a few moments he said nothing. He was like a man who was drinking great draughts of water, a parched man, new from desert sands. At last he crossed to where Joseph waited.

"I found my man," he began, with outstretched hand. Then he checked himself, realizing that Joseph could not know. In that moment he saw the ravages that suffering had wrought upon the sick man's face, and a new look came into his eyes.

"How is it with you, my friend?" he asked. His voice would have been tender had he not taken care to make it merely frank—as from one man to another who was bearing pain without words. Then Joseph saw that he was changed from the man who had sought the shop the December gone by. There was sorrow in the eyes, but there was no more despair.

"Some toy soldiers, please," the stranger said to the little girl who waited behind the counter. His tone had both firmness and purpose in it, but it had changed into mere kindness when he turned again to Joseph.

"What do you think of our new general, friend Schotz?" he asked.

"He knows how to win victories," replied Joseph, "but—"

"It is long, is it not, too long? Would your Napoleon have ended it sooner?" The glance of the deep-set eyes was keen. At last he answered the uncertainty on the peasant's face with a great sigh.

"Yes — it is long. — Oh, more than that," he interrupted himself to say to the little clerk. "More soldiers than that." He crossed the room to give her a gentle pat on the cheek—a caress which somehow made her feel his impatience to be at play. "We need all you can get,

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all you have. We must reach the end quickly, no matter how many lives it may cost. That is the only way to be merciful." He was talking now to himself. The child made round eyes, but she brought the legions out. Before they were all there the Man was back at the counter.

"Cannon too — lots of them." His voice was absent, for he was arranging the soldiers into opposing camps. "There must be some plan which will end it. This box will do for a fort. This for another. This chap is making faces, but we'll use him too. Into your shell, sir. It's the rampart we need." The jack-in-the-box was cut short in the midst of a horrible grimace.

"Was the boy pleased with his toys?" asked Joseph Schotz from his end of the room. His voice was wistful; he had never needed to use his skill for the delight of children of his own.

"Yes, my friend."

"Yes, there is indeed a change in the Man since his first visit," thought Joseph. The smile with which the guest looked up from his toys warmed the sick man's heart, about which a chill had been gathering.

"But he wants more. He always does." There was the purest delight in the father's face as he spoke. "Just the other day I came across an upper chamber in our house which was full of toys. They were all forgotten; but each one had made him happy for a day. That's the thing. He doesn't even have to learn his lessons from them as I do." He smiled whimsically. "I am trying to give him all the toys I—didn't have. And"—his voice died away, and he forced the words with difficulty—"he must have all that I meant to give the boy who —went away."

"You mustn't spoil him," said Schotz, after a moment, with the perfunctory morality of the childless man.

The smile broke out again. "Bless you, you can't spoil children with love. Why, my boy plays with his soldiers, but he doesn't know that war is anything but a game. I wish his father could win battles with toy soldiers and tin swords." His eyes were drawn back to the counter. The next moment he was lost to every sight and sound.

Marvellous operations were soon in progress on the counter. One set of men was intrenched behind all the boxes within sight. Advance and retreat—shifting to right and to left—both sides alert, one would have said—they seemed so under the great hands that hovered over them—the besieged army handled with the same cool intelligence—both sides manœuvred for position.

The cuckoo-clock in the corner struck eleven. The little clerk stared with mouth open at the big man who played with toys. Schotz watched him with questioning eyes as the stranger knitted shaggy brows over some problem that baffled him.

Creeping ever nearer, closing in around by patient degrees, came the army marshalled by the plain little officer, with sword at attention, marching on foot at the head of his men.

"I have it!" cried the Man, in heartfelt triumph. He looked up. There was a dawning realization of his audience.

"A queer thing for an old man like me to be playing with toy soldiers," he laughed, sweeping the late combatants into an undignified heap.

"So have I seen the officers at home in the *école de guerre*. Such play would aid you were you a soldier."

The tall man shot a quick glance at Joseph, in which there was much humor and some suspicion.

"Tell me—" he began. But he did not finish his sentence. He was feverishly anxious to be gone. There was so much to be done; the child's fingers were clumsy as she wrapped up the soldiers. But he found time for a smile at the little maid and a sympathetic pressure of Joseph's hand before he crossed the threshold and was gone.

At the same moment there was a bustle at the door. Mrs. Schotz hurried in, market-basket in hand. She had not laid it down before she was at her husband's side, her anxious eyes searching his face to find how he had fared.

"Clara, the tall man has been here again."

"Yes," she said, "I met him. Do you know yet who he is?"

"I have thought that I have somewhere seen a face like that," replied Joseph, slowly. "Something made me

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*Painting by Frank E. Schoonover*

MARVELLOUS OPERATIONS WERE SOON IN PROGRESS ON THE COUNTER

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feel—his playing with the soldiers, which yet seemed more than play—he might be in the army—he might even be an officer—and yet he has not the air. Still, they are not all drilled in schools, these officers in this war."

"But listen," said his wife, as she seated herself by him, with joy that there was something to tell that he would be glad to hear. "I have something to tell you. This morning, on my way to market, everywhere there were soldiers—dirty, lean as from hunger, faces black with powder stains. At first I was afraid—"

"But, my wife," said Joseph, indulgently, "what was there to be feared?"

"I will tell you. A crowd of soldiers came swaggering into Schmidt's. They ordered him to wait on them, and when he asked for money for the food, they shook their fists at him with ugly words, and called for all to come and take what they would. Two officers hurried up and ordered them to return to their ranks, but they laughed at the officers."

"Mutiny!" whispered Napoleon's soldier, his face pale with excitement.

"They swore oaths and said that they would fight no more battles for men who were old women and stayed at home while they sweated and bled and were starving."

"Without doubt their officers ordered them into arrest?" demanded Joseph, fiercely.

"Who was there to arrest them? The officers looked white, and I was trembling. More soldiers came into the square, until everywhere there were angry faces and bodies swaying this way and that, while the men were thinking what evil they should do. At that moment a carriage drove up at full speed. There was one man in it. He stood up; he was a tall man. A hesitating sort of shout went up from the soldiers. Then there was a great muttering, and every one rushed toward him, and some were shaking their fists.

"The man stood still. He said no word. But little by little the muttering stopped and there was silence. Then the crowd began backing away from him. There was a break in the mass, and through it I saw his face. He was smiling with—well, the way fathers look at their children that have hurt themselves because they were naughty and are yet not very bad. Still there was silence."

"He held them so?" broke in Joseph. "But then he was a great man. But who?"

"Wait. He began talking to them. I couldn't hear what he said, for all the men began crowding up around him. But one moment they laughed, and the next they were wiping their eyes with the back of their hands."

Joseph was listening with shining eyes.

"When he had driven off again the soldiers went back to their camp. Some of them looked downcast and ashamed, but most of them were just boyish and good-natured, as if they had forgotten how they felt before. One boy laughed as he passed me:

"'Say, that was a good one about the tin soldier. I felt like a toy soldier myself when he turned those eyes of his on me!'"

"Who was it?" asked Joseph Schotz, eagerly. "Have they such a man? Was it the new general? I have thought he might be such a man—to win such victories. And yet"—his face fell—"that one is a short man, and this you said was very tall."

"The general? No!" said Mrs. Schotz, contemptuously. "It was not the general. As he drove off, some boys shouted, 'Hurrah for the President!'"

"The President!" Joseph echoed.

"The President. And, Joseph, when I saw his face I knew him." She paused to make sure of the effect upon her petted invalid of what she had to say. "It was he who came to us to buy toy soldiers!"

She fell back triumphantly when she had fired this bolt of wonder. But Joseph was looking at her with eyes in which there was no wonder—only comprehension.

"So," he said, slowly,—"so—that was the President. So Napoleon would have done."

The doctor had told Joseph that he must go to his bed. The old soldier winced. A man may be brave before bullets and yet quail before the doctor. The bed was brought down into the little kitchen back of the shop. Joseph insisted on it.

"It is that I may be able to help you



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tend the shop," he said. But the real reason was that he might not be banished from the children's domain. He could still see Minna and Rosa and Bennie come for their toys.

Thus it happened that one morning Joseph sat propped up in his narrow iron bed. Mrs. Schotz bustled, with much demonstration of activity, about her work. Joseph almost wished that she would go up-stairs. He was forced to keep up an appearance of much cheerfulness—if he screwed up his face when the pain came, she wept.

"I wonder if the President will come to-day," he thought. "He said he would as soon as he got back. I want to see how he looks since the surrender. Strange that it should have been on Palm Sunday." His eyes strayed to the mantelpiece, where a spray of palm waved from a gilt vase. The wife had had it in her hand when she came in from the street with the news the day before.

"If he would come, it would be easier," thought Joseph. "He would take my hand and look deep into my eyes—it would be as if he took some of the pain away from me—into his own heart." And then, because some childishness is permitted to the sick, he moved peevishly in his bed and thumped his pillow.

Suddenly the door opened. It was the President. Still, a different President—almost a new one. His shoulders were straight and held well back. He walked with a sort of joyous impatience, as though he brushed aside palms of victory. His eyes glowed. He spoke as he entered, and his voice broke into a boyish laugh. When he looked into the room and saw Joseph, the full meaning of the change struck him and his face fell. For a moment he looked almost abashed. Then, shaking his head with decision, he strode through the shop to where the sick man lay. He took Joseph's hand with resolute happiness and held it, looking full into the other man's eyes. There was no need of words between them. A heartening and a tonic influence went from one man to the other.

"It is over, friend Schotz," he said, buoyantly. "The nightmare is over; we are awake." He paused and added, under his breath, with humble, halting reverence, "Thank God!"

"They have surrendered." Joseph Schotz raised himself on his elbows.

"It was the meeting of two great men," said the President. "Mine and the other. He's a general after our own hearts—eh, Schotz—the modest man you helped me to choose!"

The sick man's face was every minute taking on the lines of hope and manly force. The other man watched him with tender eyes, in which the pity was carefully veiled.

"Yes, we chose him well, my President," said Joseph, with almost a swagger.

"You will never know how great my gratitude is, Schotz," suggested the President, "because you can never know from what you saved me—you and the toy-shop. The day when first I came here I had fallen into a pit digged by my own nature. You showed me the way out." His eyes were on the sick man, and he chose the words that would hearten most. "It was a great service you did me—and, through me, this great land of ours."

There was a light in Joseph's eyes that had been absent for many days.

"And now it is over." The President drew a breath so great that his gaunt frame expanded. He settled into a chair near the bed with a sigh of restfulness. "The boys will come home. Their mothers will meet them. Their fathers will grip their hands. No, I will not think of those who will be missing—the time for that has passed. The children will hang about their father's neck. And they will be together." The light grew in the President's eyes, until it seemed they blazed with a love which was that of child and father in one and contained the passion and tenderness of the universal lover.

Then the President rose, shaking himself like a great spaniel and laughing from delight in living.

"There are things to be done—oh, the fight is not over. Perhaps it is only begun. But to-day is my perfect moment—the first perfect moment of my life, God knows." He paused and raised himself to his full stature—challenging his fate. "It is enough to have lived for. I am content!"

He turned to Schotz again, and his face was radiant with steadfast brightness.

"There will be a future, my friend.

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THE TOY STOOD IN JOSEPH'S HAND REVEALED—A LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

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We are ready for it, are we not? I know the path will be clear. I have begun—the first thing to be done is to heal. Beyond that"—he paused, and his forehead contracted slightly as if from doubt—"all is in the shadow." A veil made vague the joyousness of his eyes. It seemed to Joseph that his great friend was looking upon something that he himself could not see. The face brightened—the eyes opened wide—became luminous. . . . The President took up his words in an altered tone. "Beyond that—I cannot see," he ended, happily.

Joseph watched him for a moment. Then, uneasy, he put out his hand and touched him timidly on the sleeve. The President smiled at him again. There seemed to be no transition, and yet—they were back again in the world where things were to be done and—borne.

"And now, friend Joseph," the President took up again the task he had set himself in the shadowed toy-shop, "when we were in the conquered city I found a toy—" He interrupted himself to laugh. "It was the only loot I permitted myself."

Joseph stared at him with puzzled expectation.

"For, after all, toys are the only things that are worth the consideration of wise folks like you and me." He was busily extricating a package from his pocket. It was done up in many wrappings. He watched while the sick man pulled off the papers, one after another. Joseph became angry with them—they seemed endless. Then the President chuckled gleefully, for he saw the color coming into Joseph's face. At last the toy stood in Joseph's hand revealed—a little tin soldier. Joseph looked at it in wonder.

"But what—?" he began. Then, "Why, it is the old uniform—he carries the tricolor. Where did you find Napoleon's soldier, my President?"

The President watched him tenderly.

"That is my secret, friend Joseph. Does he look to you like the little color-bearer, my friend, that marched gayly out, in the sparkling sunshine? But see—he is no child—his hair is gray." He bent forward. He saw a spasm of pain contract the worn face. He saw the involuntary movement of muscles when tortured nerves cry out. He saw the stark will of the man who sternly commanded his anguish to be decent and to make no moan.

"He is a soldier, my Joseph, one of my soldiers, and in the evening he is doing the greatest deed of all." The President's voice had sunk into a cadence which was melodious with all the pain the world has known—and all the joy. He held with his own the sufferer's eyes so that he could not fail to understand.

"He is a hero—!"

The President sat with the sick man in a pregnant silence, while the color came back into the face of the man on the bed. At last there came a smile. When he was satisfied that his work was done, the President rose. For a moment his hand touched Joseph's brow as the sculptor does his clay, with that touch which is a caress.

"And now, friend Joseph, good-by."

After he had gone, Joseph looked at the toy the President had left. He put it to his lips. He held it to his meagre chest. And thus they lay, the man and the toy, until the exultation on Joseph's face softened into perfect peace.

"Toys—toys—" so his thoughts sang themselves. "Toys. Nothing else is real. Toys of tenderness—toys of mirth—toys that sail a man back to childhood—toys that sweep a man into manhood—and beyond." He held the color-bearer passionately close. "'A hero!'" he said. "Thank God for the man who knows our hearts. The world is his toy-shop and men and women are his toys. He can use everybody—it makes no difference how ugly a toy may be. He loves them even when they are naughty—just like a little girl when she spanks her dolly." Joseph smiled at his own thoughts with tenderness. . . . "Just like the Christ who suffers us to come to Him.

"I wonder . . . is it because he loves people or because he plays with them that he is so far above them?—I believe he is very far off—looking on. He is really neither smiling nor looking sad—just seeing."

The room was quiet. The pain had ceased. Joseph clasped his toy and slept.

Into the damp night air drifted suddenly a wave of sound. It startled Mrs. Schotz, who sat at work by the lamp,

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watching late into the night. Even as she lifted her head to listen it swelled into a distant growl of thunder, threatening, sullen. A startled voice came from her husband's bed asking what the noise might be. Before she had time to answer, the door burst open, and their neighbor, the cobbler's wife, ran into the shop.

"Have you heard," she shrieked—"have you heard? They have killed him, the good President!" With the last word she was out of the door.

Joseph fell back and lay still. His hands were clenched and his lips were locked. He tried to lock his heart too. He did not dare to feel. . . .

"'A hero,'" he thought. "He called me that." The sound of his wife's sobbing filled the room. . . . No, it would never do to weep. "Ah-h!" A pang greater than he had ever known shattered him. He held that down, too. It was then that a great thought came to him—the pain taught him.

"The same future, then, for him and for me."

He lay very still while the thought grew and filled him. The sound of his wife's sobbing sank lower and lower. She crept close to her husband and laid her hand on his. He took it gently in his weak fingers, and thus they remained. The room seemed empty.

"They killed him, too, thy Napoleon," at last the wife said, timidly. Joseph started. The name of the old god made him know how far he had gone. For a moment he felt shame, as though he, too, had betrayed. Then he spoke:

"If the Emperor, too, had had—toys—and if he had played with them; if he had been able to laugh at the world and—yes—a little at himself; if he had been able to laugh at himself—and cry over other people—he would not have stayed at St. Helena. And . . . he would have been almost as great as the President."

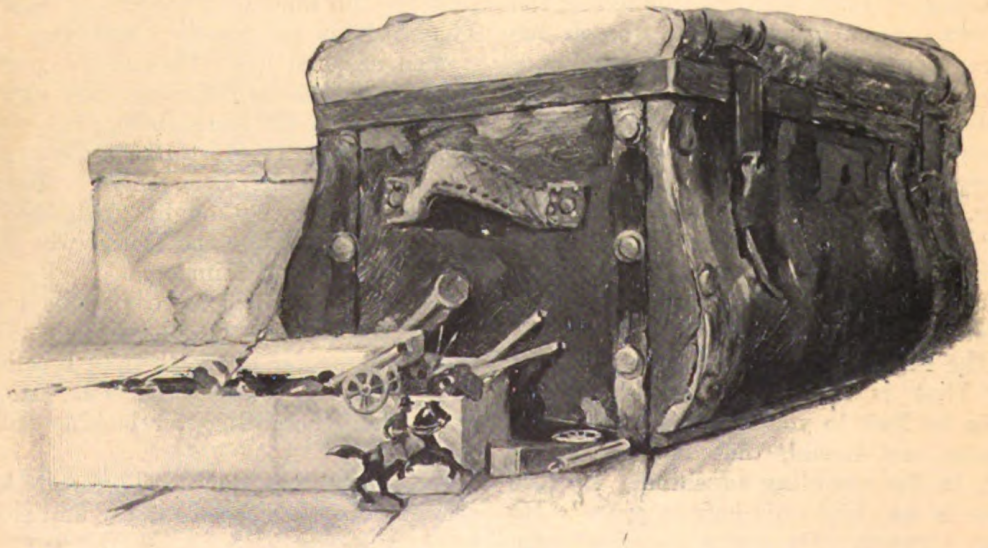
Mrs. Schotz started forward and put her face close to that of her husband. She spoke with her eyes on his eyes.

"You say—that—my Joseph?"

He nodded his head weakly but with meaning. And both were silent with that silence which follows truth proclaimed.

After a few minutes he took up his thought again.

"I thought, my wife, that the end of life had come for me when I knew that I should have to sit here in the shop the rest of the days of my life and make toys for children. Now I know that it was but the beginning. He taught me. There could be nothing greater. The toys will live in the homes of the children. They will find them, too, the toys he bought



"THE TOYS WILL LIVE IN THE HOMES OF THE CHILDREN"

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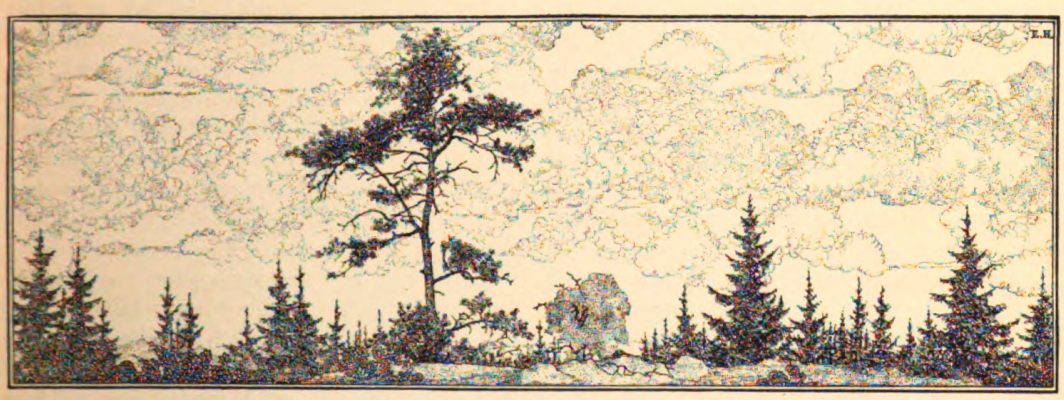
for his boy—after he has gone. But not every one will know the work that they have done. Nor will all the toys the President left be so easily discovered. . . . I, too, am his toy."

He stopped, for he was weak. After a time, when he had lain gazing at the wall with a look that was new to his face, an eager look that made his wife break into hopeless but silent sobbing, he said:

"It is enough to have made him smile."

When the President had been carried to his rest it came to pass that men whom the dead man had not known were called into the house to make ready for those who were to come. Through the long hours of the day they toiled. The garments that the President had worn and those things which he had used in his labor were placed aside. When it was evening they came upon an upper chamber full of toys. The men closed the door hastily and came away. But at night when they drew near to their own homes they kissed more tenderly the children who ran to meet them from their open doors.



# Dawn

*BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD*

FLAME and flower and the blue,
While a breath from far Eden blows,
And the old earth born anew,
And the east a bursting rose.

Music of birds and bees,
Wild and full as the Dorian mood,
The whir of the wing, and the breeze
Bringing the spice of the wood.

Dear the dreams of the night,
And sweet are the hours that are gone,
But sweeter the hour in its flight
Of a dew-drenched summer dawn!

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# The Cruise of the Caribbee

## A CHAPTER OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY

*BY THOMAS V. BRIGGS*

IT was shortly after the commencement of the rage for building clipper-ships and other fast-sailing vessels, in the year 1852, that the principal firm of builders in Calais, Maine, having launched one of their famous ships, in order to make an economical use of material unsuitable for larger vessels laid down the keel of a clipper-bark that was, as we shall see, enlarged to four hundred and thirty-six tons. Previously the manager had asked the master builder if he could build a vessel which should be faster than any he had yet turned out. The master answered that he could build a vessel that would sail, if it was only for sailing that he wanted a vessel. "Well," said the manager, "go to work and make a model, and I will see H. of S. [a draughtsman in Massachusetts] as I go along to New York on my way to England, and get him to make a model and send you, and you can build after his or your own, as you think best." The master completed his own model and waited for the other, but none appeared; and, after consulting with the other partner, he commenced to build after his own model. Accordingly, the keel was laid for a vessel of one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, twenty-nine and a half feet beam, and twelve feet depth of hold. The inside was nearly finished, and clamps in, when the manager returned from England. On going to the yard he said to the master, "How do you like the model I sent you?" The master said, "I have not seen any." (It had been sent, but had gone astray.) And he added, "How do you like this one?" "Well," said the manager, "she may sail but she won't carry anything. Can't she be made to carry something?" It is certain that at that time neither of them had the least idea what she would carry in the course of a few months. "So," explained the master later, "as the vessel was not planked outside, I put in stanchions and made her four feet deeper, giving sixteen feet depth of hold. The stringers that were put in for the upper deck answered for the lower deck. Two lower beams were put in for each mast; the other beams were put in in New York, and the deck laid after she was sold, giving her a flush lower deck from stem to stern, the space between decks being four feet in the clear. This goes to show you," continued he, "that the vessel was not built for any particular trade. The manager was censured for building a vessel for an unlawful and inhuman trade."

As I said, the builder desired to attain the greatest possible amount of speed. All the relations of length to breadth of beam, depth of hold, also length of floor, deadrise, entrance, run, lines, and all those points which at that time and thirty years later were argued and debated pro and con by builders, owners, and nautical men and writers in our principal cities, had been wisely and carefully considered.

Of course the alteration, by interfering with her original dimensions, as we shall see, must have had the effect to lessen the speed, though giving more capacity and stability. It has been frequently said that "a perfect copy of a fine violin is as likely to prove worthless as otherwise." Also, of two vessels built after the same model, one may prove a very fast sailer and the other an indifferent

NOTE.—The author of this article himself witnessed the building of the *Caribbee*, at Calais, Maine, in 1852, and watched her sail out of the home port. He is related to the Porters, for whom the vessel was built by James Hinds, and every fact in this narrative was obtained and verified by him at the time.—EDITOR.

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*Painting by Howard Pyle* Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE BECAME AS FAMOUS FOR SPEED AS HER SHORT CAREER ALLOWED

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one; but the expert and connoisseur knows that like causes produce like effects, and what the careless observer would consider a trifling or unimportant difference or departure would be likely to prove a defect and bar, either in the instrument or vessel. Given (as a very common illustration) a vessel properly constructed, how can she sail unless she is so ballasted or trimmed that her floor lengthwise shall be parallel with the surface of the water?—a truism frequently ignored.

Said an eminent man, "Build nothing without a well-digested plan, and then drive no nail not in the plan." The original plan, however, was departed from, and yet the vessel became as famous for her speed as her short career allowed. Her case must be considered as exceptional. The vessel was finally completed, masted, rigged as a bark, and launched. "She had cabin and forward-house on flush main-deck," good length of floor, large dead-rise, high transom, clean entrance and run, with considerable sheer. Her small figurehead was a copper-gilt courser in full speed, masts rather more raking than is usual nowadays, and finely tapered spars; mast-heads, tops, cross-trees, and yard-arms were painted white; the remainder coated with bright varnish.

Her name was *Arabian*. A sufficient quantity of ballast was taken on board, and one hundred and sixty thousand feet of lumber.

Such was the *Arabian* when she left her wharf on the last day of June for the city of New York, her manager and master builder being on board. A large crowd of citizens witnessed her departure. A fair and gentle breeze filled her sails as she swung around into the current, and as sail after sail was hoisted and sheeted home, she soon left the "Eastern city" far behind. Her run down the river and bay for thirty miles was soon accomplished. The master was sent on shore twenty miles outside. He wished to know how fast she could sail, but, said he, "I never found out."

The run to New York was made in four days, with head-winds all the way. She arrived at Sandy Hook on the third day of July, and on the fourth sailed up to the city, outsailing all the yachts in the bay. The pilot who took her in said she was the fastest vessel he knew of. Please remember that this was in the days of the *Rainbow, Flying Cloud,* etc., etc. The yachtsmen were, of course, astonished that a "down East" lumber-loaded craft should beat all their fancy cracks, and, as a matter of course, the bark attracted a vast deal of attention. Her unequalled performance excited the especial admiration of a wealthy Spaniard and his Cuban captain, who were on the lookout for a fast-sailing vessel; and when she hauled into her dock on the North River side they appeared for a nearer view, and also to get what information they could. They were invited on board, looked her over thoroughly, examined the log-book, got all the information possible in an hour's visit, and left well pleased. They were interested in sailing-vessels, had seen the bark as she came up the harbor, and were pleased with her appearance. She also received visits from many others, and created quite a sensation among nautical men.

The Spaniard and his captain were no disinterested visitors: they learned that she was for sale, and finally saw the owner and got his price. Then they raised some objections and chaffered, making an offer below the price. The owner had made his figures and intended to maintain them. Others looked at the vessel with a view to purchase, and the Spaniard kept himself posted as to the situation.

After discharging the lumber the captain gave his attention to certain small matters necessary in every vessel, and the Spaniard and his captain on visiting her one morning were taken aback by the information that the owner had left for Boston. On his arrival he found a telegram accepting his terms, and he at once returned to New York. Arrived at that city, the necessary papers were made out, the money—twenty thousand dollars—paid over, the captain and crew discharged to find employment elsewhere, the Cuban captain placed in charge, and the transfer completed. One man of the old crew shipped under the new captain, and from him were learned many of the facts herein narrated. An American captain was employed to take the vessel to Cardenas. But little was said about the sale, and the whole matter was kept as

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quiet as possible. A few thousand feet of the boards and scantling were shipped into the lower hold, and the bark was taken farther up the river to a repair-dock. Here the additional lower-deck beams were put in and the deck laid. She was also coppered to "the bends." A full supply of stores was put on board, and also of goods suited to the African trade, crew shipped, and all made ready, and in due time she was cleared for the port of Cardenas, in Cuba, with an "assorted cargo." She was destined for the African slave-trade. At that period it was neither a difficult nor uncommon matter for such vessels to be fitted out, wholly or in part, in the city of New York. In this case nearly everything needed was put on board. In five days she arrived at her port—an average of two hundred and seventy miles per day. The captain had looked around New York for men suited for the purposes of his main voyage, and found half a dozen, some of them old hands and friends.

Arrived at Cardenas, a temporary deck was built in the lower hold, of the scantling and boards, as far aft as the after-hatch; a bulkhead was built well forward for the chains. The after half of the main-hatch was encased between decks, forming a separate opening to the temporary deck below. A bulkhead was also built at the after end of the temporary deck just forward of the after-hatch, athwart ships, leaving a space for a large door. The purposes of these arrangements will be manifest. They had occupied but a few days. The captain, while in New York, had supplied the vessel with such small arms and ammunition as an exigency might demand. At Cardenas, two old friends, in the shape of long brass nine-pounders, with their carriages and other appurtenances, were taken on board and covered in the lower hold. The rest of the crew, sufficient to make the number, all told, up to forty-five men were shipped, a quantity of liquors put on board, and crew and cargo were completed. The bark's name was changed to *Caribbee,* and in about five days she was ready, and sailed on

HER CAPTAIN WAS A CUBAN

her voyage to the Gulf of Guinea. The Spaniard was supposed to be the principal owner. He kept a large saloon at Cardenas, was well known to Eastern captains, and reputed to be wealthy. The Cuban captain had long been in the trade. He had made several fortunes and lost them. He was a gambler, and at this time was reduced and desperate. He had generally been so successful in his voyages as to gain and retain the confidence of his co-partners and employers. He stipulated for a good share of the profits.

He was then about forty, of medium height, with a tendency to stoutness, of great daring and courage, sound of judgment, yet prudent and careful, and was in every respect thoroughly posted in all that related to the trade and seamanship. The first mate was an Englishman—he



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hailed from Bristol—a stout, heavy, well-built, bulldog sort of man, known to be well equipped and fitted for his present calling. In early life he had served several years on board a British man-of-war, a part of the time as gunner's mate. He wished for greater freedom, and improved the earliest opportunity to leave the service. The second mate was a Spaniard, a worthy chum of the first; they had usually shipped in the trade together. The steward was a Cuban mulatto, and the cook an immense Mandingo, who had been kidnapped on the coast when a boy. The boatswain was a burly son of Norway weighing two hundred and twenty. The others were of various nationalities, the Spanish and Portuguese predominating. There was a time when the English were actively engaged in the slave-trade, and to them Americans owe their share in the inheritance. In later years Americans have not refused participation, and the American flag has secured immunity in the middle passage to many a trafficker in the bodies and souls of men. But the principal agents in the Atlantic slave-trade for many years had been those above mentioned. In no other countries had it been clung to so tenaciously as in the dependencies of Spain and Portugal and nations of kindred extraction. It was in the hold of a British prison-ship that American patriots were chained and sunk in Hell Gate in ninety feet of water. "Their bones lie bleaching in the caverns of the deep." Their memories shall witness to the tyranny and cruelty of the British king and ministry—not people—while time shall last. But it is not strange that a nation which could produce a Philip II., a Duke of Alva, and a Menendez should be the last to give up the traffic in slaves. However, the crew were selected for known fitness for the venture. A few were induced to make the voyage by the offer of large wages, and a liberal bonus in case of extra success. It was money they wanted. The greater risk the greater pay, and for money man will sell his soul.

THE CRUISER PILED ON ALL SAIL

After a rather rough passage, Cape Palmas was sighted on the twenty-first day, and the bark was immediately put on a southerly course, standing south by west for the next twenty hours, when she was just north of the equator. She was put in stays and steered east by north for about thirty-seven hours, when she was in longitude two degrees west from Greenwich. Then she was put away to the northeast with the wind abeam, and went bowling along for the "Bight of Benin." Shortly after her course was changed a sail was descried by the lookout at the mast-

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head, off the starboard quarter, standing southerly. She soon changed her course and stood in an opposite direction. As she came nearer she was seen to be a British cruiser. Captain Bazin (for that was his name) hoisted the American flag and kept on his course. He was well assured that no ordinary vessel could hold her own with the *Caribbee*. The cruiser piled on canvas and kept her course, and the bark followed suit.

At dark the cruiser was some ten miles astern. The light sails were taken in and all made snug for the night. No lights were carried to attract the enemy. Next morning no sail was in sight. The northeast course was kept for the day and following night with light and somewhat variable winds. In the morning a distant sail was seen standing southwest. From her appearance she was judged to be a slaver that had been successful in procuring a cargo. She had evidently come out with the night breeze of the previous evening, and was making the best of her way off the coast with all sail set, but seemed to be running into the jaws of the British lion. The wind was now lighter and more baffling. Notwithstanding, the bark arrived at her destination early in the afternoon of the following day, in twenty-six and a half days from Cardenas. Once at anchor, Captain Bazin went on shore, where he expected to find some old friends and learn the prospects for a full freight. He was not greatly surprised to find that a vessel had sailed two days previously with nearly all the available stock, and that new gangs of slaves could not be expected from the interior for some weeks. He was strongly urged to await their arrival. But time to him was precious. The sickly season was approaching, and he at once decided not to tarry, hoping to be more successful down the coast. A small supply of fruits, fowls, and vegetables was hastily secured, and bidding adieu to his old friends, he returned on board, and in a short time the bark was running merrily down the coast with the strong night breeze off the land. She touched at all the usual slave-marts, including Gaboon, Ambriz, etc., and found nothing but refuse lots or empty barracoons, and finally brought up at Saint Paul de Loanda, in Lower Guinea. At most he could find but some hundred and fifty or two hundred, and he wanted four or five hundred at the least. Captain Bazin sailed into the beautiful harbor of Loanda and cast anchor. Going on shore, he soon found the prospects no better than at the upper ports. Gangs were expected in a few weeks, and runners were sent out to hasten them on, etc., and the captain was urged, as before, to await their arrival. At that time Saint Paul de Loanda was a city of some twelve thousand inhabitants. It belonged to Portugal. Its principal exports were ivory, palm-oil, beeswax, and slaves. It had the appearance of decay.

In 1854, two years after this, Livingstone arrived at Saint Paul from his long journey across the continent. He states

THEY HAVE A SO-CALLED NATIVE KING

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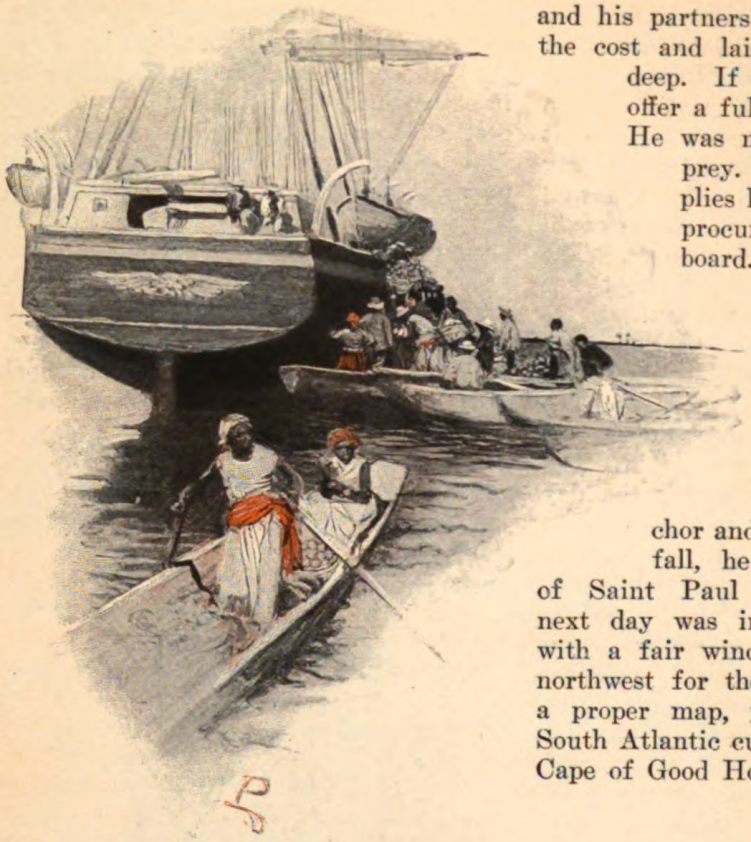

THEY CARRIED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

and his partners had evidently counted the cost and laid their plans well and deep. If one continent could not offer a full freight, another must. He was not to be balked of his prey. He collected what supplies he wanted that could be procured and sent them on board. These mostly came, as afterward in Livingstone's time, from Pungo Adongo, a hacienda in the interior not far distant. Having made his adieu, he went on board. Weighing anchor and hoisting sails at nightfall, he soon left the harbor of Saint Paul far behind, and the next day was in the southeast trades with a fair wind and current, steering northwest for the equator. Looking at a proper map, you will see that the South Atlantic current, after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, passes at some dis-

that "in the year 1839 [thirteen years before the arrival of the *Caribbee*] Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, saw thirty-seven slave-ships lying in this harbor waiting for their cargoes, under the protection of the guns of the forts. At that time slavers had to wait many months at a time for a human freight, and a certain sum per head was paid to the government for all that were exported." Captain Bazin decided to wait but a single week. Meantime everything was put in order on board—the rigging was set up, water-butts filled, etc. The crew were allowed holidays on shore. Some trading was done for ivory, and the bark painted outside two coats of rather a light lead-color. At the end of the week the runners returned, but brought "no favorable advices." The captain learned that farther down the coast of Benguela the prospects were equally poor. What was to be done? Was he to return to Cuba without his freight? Hardly. He

'TWEEN DECKS OF THE SLAVER

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THE REST WERE SHOT AND THROWN OVERBOARD

tance from the coast of Lower Guinea in a northwesterly direction to the equator, and northward, thence along the equator, varying somewhat, across the Atlantic to the mouth of the Amazon. This last is called the equatorial current.

Along this current, in the southeast trade-winds, the *Caribbee* was now pursuing her way.

At the mouth of the great river Amazon, and immediately south of the equator, separated on the south by Rio Para, lies the island of Johannes; north and northwest of Johannes lie several smaller islands. Directly north, and distant some thirty miles, lies the largest of these. They all belong to the empire of Brazil, and are nominally under its jurisdiction. The largest at the time was supposed to contain several thousand inhabitants. They were mostly mixed blood —Indian, negro, and Portuguese—and the Portuguese language was current. They had a so-called native king and queen, and generally managed their own affairs. The government had long had all it could do, and more, to keep in subjection the various tribes in its immediate territory, and to care for these outlying islands, as the various rebellions and insurrections, even in the city of Para itself, well attested. These people were semibarbarians, indolent and peaceable. Their limited wants were amply met by the natural and mostly spontaneous products of a fertile soil and tropical climate. The manioc, breadfruit, cocoanut, banana, yam, pineapple, and various other fruits and vegetables, flourish in the most luxuriant profusion. The islands were but rarely visited, being out of the usual track of commerce, and producing but little worthy of export to a distant market. A voyage to the great river itself was, at that time, a rare occurrence. It was, however, to the largest of these islands that the prow of the *Caribbee* and the hopes of her commander were now directed. There can be no doubt that in some of his former voyages to Brazil Captain Bazin had become somewhat familiar with this island and its inhabitants. At all events, he needed no other pilot to steer the swift and beautiful bark into the peaceful and nearly landlocked harbor of its principal town. She had made the voyage of forty-five hundred miles in a little more than sixteen days.

The island was indeed a paradise. Its climate was tempered by the ocean breeze. Here might the tired and worn souls and bodies of many who toil and strive and dig and delve on the barren hills of the north temperate zone repose in peace and plenty, and, freed from cares, find an earthly rest—yea, this poor life itself is luxury instead of a heavy and constantly increasing burden often gladly laid down before its allotted period. The harbor covered a space of some forty or fifty acres. It was nearly pear-shaped, with the entrance at the stem. The principal village was at the head of the harbor opposite the entrance and facing the east. Back of the village, at the distance of

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half a mile, was a gently sloping ridge crowned with perennial verdure of the ceiba, mahogany, and live-oak, with occasional specimens of rosewood and other ornamental woods. A fair, smooth beach of bluish sand intermixed with fine gravel nearly surrounded the harbor. Above the beach the land rose gently for the space of several rods to the height of seven or eight feet. Here it formed a level platform, perhaps as many rods in width and half a mile in length, conforming to the curve of the beach. On this platform the village was built, consisting of a single row of small dwellings, many, of course, being mere huts, extending the whole length of the platform. Back of the village the ground fell off to a flat, moist, alluvial interval extending to the slope of the ridge. This middle distance included the gardens and cultivated land of such as cared to grow those vegetables or fruits which were not spontaneous, or were wanted in the highest degree of perfection. Here grew their limited supply of sugar-cane and cotton, and their abundance of bananas, pines, maniocs, and tobacco. The slopes of the hills produced coffee, limes, oranges, nuts, etc. On the gently sloping bank in front of the village grew, at intervals of from fifteen to twenty feet, the stately towering palms, whose straight, clean boles were often from sixty to eighty feet in height, with massive crowns of immense leaves and clusters of refreshing and sustaining fruits. Here were large awnings of cocoanut-fibre mattings, shielding and sheltering their hammocks. Drawn up on the smooth beach below were their periaguas. The belt of trees nearly encircled the harbor, and was vividly reproduced and extended on the adjacent waters. These waters, clear and cool, where one could see down many a fathom, were teeming with fish easily caught.

Such were the principal village and its surroundings. Other villages were at no great distance. It was into the very midst of this paradise that the serpent now appeared, even the great anaconda. The great river could produce its thousands of immense caymans and constrictors, any one of which a single man or beast would satisfy for the time being. But this monster must needs swallow hundreds to be fairly gorged and satiated.

The *Caribbee* arrived just after noon-

THE MATE ELEVATED AND SIGHTED THE GUN

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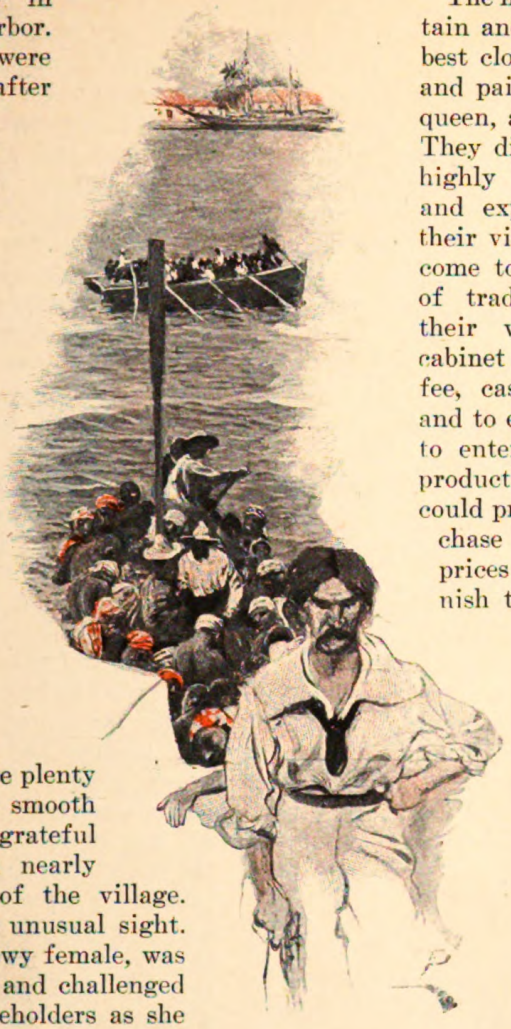
day and cast anchor in the middle of the harbor. The natives at first were somewhat timid, but after a short time a few of them pushed off and ventured alongside. More soon followed. They carried fruits and vegetables, which were gladly received and liberally paid for in gay prints and bright trinkets, with which even many so-called civilized people are well pleased. They soon departed for the shore to exhibit their newly gained treasures to admiring friends, who were hastily informed that there were plenty for all. There on the smooth sandy beach, in the grateful shade, were assembled nearly the whole population of the village. It was to them a most unusual sight. The bark, like some showy female, was dressed in all her flags and challenged the admiration of all beholders as she rode quietly at her anchor in the placid water of the lovely bay, over which the now declining sun shed a soft and mellow light, and cast seaward the lengthening shadows of the stately palms. The setting sun brought no boom of cannon to break the peaceful repose or terrify the timid throng on shore. All was done with a keen eye to the main chance. The time had not come for the serpent to show his fangs; he had but just begun to fascinate his prey. The entire confidence of the people must be gained. The captain had sent word to the king that on the morrow he would pay his respects in person, and after a luxurious repast on the foods and fruits, in an hour or so all was quiet on board the bark. A double watch was set, as usual, the lights were put out, and the shades of night veiled the waters of the lovely bay.



LIGHTERS WERE SOON ALONGSIDE

The next morning the captain and mate donned their best clothes, went on shore, and paid visits to the king, queen, and principal chiefs. They did not omit to make highly acceptable presents and explain the object of their visit: the captain had come to seek a new source of trade and supplies of their valuable products—cabinet and dye woods, coffee, cassava, fruits, etc.—and to encourage the people to enter largely into their production. Whatever they could produce he would purchase and pay them large prices for, and would furnish them with any kind or variety of goods they might desire; he was much gratified at the prospect, and there was no manner of doubt but reciprocal trade would greatly stimulate production and be to the advantage of both parties; and as he had been the first to visit them for this purpose, he wished to secure the entire trade of this island for himself. He would make it an object to the king personally to grant him exclusive privileges. He had been too long in the trade not to be able to converse fluently in the Portuguese language, and the renowned "Sam Slick" himself could not have more fascinated and deluded the "Novas" than did our captain that poor simple islander.

In conclusion, the people generally were invited to go on board and trade for such commodities as they required, taking along such as they had to dispose of. They went, and were well treated and liberally dealt with. A most favorable impression was made. The captain re-

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ceived in return such articles as they had —hats, hammocks, and cloths of grass, shells, a few bags of coffee, fruits, etc. In a very few days, from constant intercourse, they became well acquainted, and the people were much pleased with their liberal and generous visitors. Then the king, queen, and royal family were invited on board, where they partook of a fine collation, which included some old wines of rare quality, and were dismissed with more presents. In return the captain, officers, and crew were invited on shore to a grand feast and fandango on the following afternoon. They went, leaving a few only in charge of the vessel, and of course had a gala time. Thus far all had progressed favorably. Nothing had occurred to produce ill feeling or excite suspicion. The climax was near. The third day after, the king, queen, royal family, chiefs, and people were invited on board. They had previously been treated somewhat sparingly with liquors. In the mean time all the water-casks were filled and mostly stowed in the lower hold aft, together with all the stores and goods, on a platform resting on the keelson. A very large supply of irons had been taken on board at Cardenas. These were mostly ordinary handcuffs, or bracelets, and screw-eye bolts, about ten inches long, made of three-quarter iron, a screw at the lower end and an inch and a half eye on the upper. During the voyage out the crew had spliced beckets of rope an inch in diameter into the eyes. These beckets were about nine inches across on the inside, having sufficient room for the arms of two persons, and, being pliable, would afford some play and ease to the arms. Ring-bolts, all of iron, as were generally used, were unnecessarily cruel. Small holes were bored in the lower and temporary decks, into which the bolts were screwed about three inches. The first row was a foot and a half from the side of the vessel, the bolts about two and a half feet apart, extending fore and aft. The next row was nearly three feet from the first. Some of the bolts were placed nearer for those who were young or small, and thus all the space was occupied on both decks. The trading had been proceeding on the upper deck and a large supply of the various articles of food laid in, and now all was in readiness. The afternoon of the entertainment had arrived. Two large puncheons were placed on the upper deck and the heads knocked in, and about twenty-five or more gallons of strong rum put into each puncheon, also a hundredweight or so of sugar and a bushel of cut limes; to these were added a specific quantity of a certain drug which would presently produce a prolonged stupefaction. The between and lower decks were swept clean, and all was in readiness for the company. They came—king, queen, royal family, chiefs, and people—to the number of about fifteen hundred. As fast as they came on board they were plied with the drugged punch; many soon became stupid or helpless and were placed below to make room for others. When they were all on board and most of them stupefied, they were seized, ironed, and passed below. The first row were seated with the knees drawn up close to the side of the vessel, one arm put through the becket, and irons clapped on. In the next row another arm was put through the same becket, one bolt and becket thus answering for two persons. It will be remembered that the main-

SHE WAS A SOLID MASS OF FLAME

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hatchway was partitioned in the middle, and the after part enclosed between decks, giving a separate connection with the temporary deck. A wide and short gang-board was placed from the after side of the hatchway to the temporary deck, well slanting, and the captives destined for tne lower deck were placed on this and slid down, when they were packed and secured. The between-decks was packed full with nearly eight hundred, and about five hundred were on the temporary deck. There were still two hundred or more that they had neither room nor irons for. They might have been dropped into the periaguas and left to find their way ashore when they came to their senses. It was too late; the periaguas had been cut adrift as soon as they began to secure the captives. Now the anchor was tripped, sail hoisted, and the *Slaver Caribbee,* as she was afterward called, was miles away before the last were secured. Many of those remaining were now coming to their senses. Do you ask what became of them? "They were shot and thrown overboard;" such was the record. The iron gratings were put on and a portable casing placed around the hatchway and made secure in case of a gale, and the *Caribbee* stood off the land for about one hundred miles, with a strong breeze and current. She was presently on the port tack, and after passing the "doldrums" was in the northeast trades. The captives did not fully realize their desperate condition until the second day. Then they made frantic efforts to break loose, and their despairing cries were terrible. All their efforts were vain, and vainly were they warned to keep quiet. Something must be done. Holes were bored in the upper deck in various places and small quantities of boiling water poured down. Their efforts and lack of food had well-nigh exhausted their strength. They now became more quiet, and thus were finally reduced to submission. The third day they were partially fed. A large quantity of bananas were stripped of their rinds, placed in buckets, and a portion of the crew detailed for the duty. All were supplied with a ration, and thus they were fed from day to day on those fruits and vegetables that were most easily prepared and distributed. When these were gone, they were fed on rice. Water was also supplied in like manner. A force-pump had been put on board with a small hose, and both decks were washed fore and aft daily, the water and filth being allowed to escape near the after-hatch into the lower hold, and from thence was pumped out. The freight was too valuable to allow any sanitary measures to be neglected that were possible under the straitened circumstances. The *Caribbee* was forced with all the sail she could carry, and on the fourth day, at nightfall, was well up in the latitude of Martinique. The voyage of nearly twenty-seven hundred miles Captain Bazin hoped to make in not over ten days. A sharp lookout had been kept night and day; several distant sails had been seen, but none that caused any alarm. In the afternoon of the fifth day a sail was discovered off the lee bow, standing to the eastward. When she came into full view she was made out to be their natural foe—a British cruiser. Captain Bazin hauled his wind a couple of points, and the cruiser, finding she was to fall short, went in stays and stood also on the port tack. It was of no use; before dark she was "hull down," and did not appear again.

The bark was now put away, with the wind abeam nearly, and at noon of the sixth day she was north of the Virgin Isles, sailing free. She was kept on her course—west-northwest.

Just after noon of the seventh day a suspicious sail was descried to leeward. As she came nearer she was seen to be a cruiser standing northwest. It was presently seen that she was a very fast sailer. Everything was made ready for a sharp chase. The long nines were hoisted on deck, with their carriages, and mounted. Not that a fight could be made, but with the hope of crippling the cruiser if she came too near. She was a large brig and came on rapidly. Never before had the *Caribbee* met with such an antagonist, but Captain Bazin kept her at a distance by standing more northerly. She was recognized by the mate as being the fastest sailer of her class in the British navy. At night she was about six miles astern and somewhat to the leeward. When it was dark the bark's course was changed to due west. A sharp lookout was kept, but no lights appeared. The



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wind was rather light and variable. At daylight the brig was discovered to windward, not more than two miles distant. She had been able to pull up with a favoring breeze that was not felt by the bark. As day came on the wind increased. The bark was again put away a couple of points, but the brig was too near. The bark's trim had become somewhat imperfect, and the long nines were wheeled aft to the taffrail. The vessel was new, strong, and stiff; would sawing the beams limber her and help her speed? It might be tried, and it was tried. The oakum-hooks were got out and applied. The bark had been so long in the tropics that the deck's seams were not entirely tight, and the oakum was easily pulled out, saws run down, and the beams sawed partly off in several places. The lower-deck beams were also "eased" at the hatchway and forward in a few places from below. The result was soon apparent. The wind increased, and the bark fairly "flew before the gale." The long nines had been well and carefully loaded. The brig, at her nearest, had been but a mile and a half distant. As soon as she was found to be falling astern she fired a gun. The bark did not heave to. Presently a shot struck the water just to windward. Captain Bazin now directed the mate to try his hand, and the bark was put away to give the range. The mate elevated and sighted the gun and gave the word. The match was applied, and the shot struck the water just under the brig's weather-bow. The second gun was sighted with a little more elevation. The shot went through the brig's foresail, cut the foretopgallant-halyards, and did other slight damage to the rigging. Meantime the bark had ranged ahead, and leaving the brig to repair damages, she was again put on her course. Breakfast was now served to the crew, and the captives were fed and watered for the day. The brig repaired damages and continued the chase, but was far astern, and at nightfall her hull could just be seen. The wind was rather light during the night. The bark had crossed the Windward Passage and was hastening to her port.

Next morning nothing was seen of the brig, but she was believed to be still in chase, and every effort was made to increase the distance. It was now the ninth day. Various sails were seen, but nothing suspicious. At noon the bark was about one hundred miles east of Nuevitas. On the morning of the tenth day she was seen from the highlands and her presence telegraphed by flags to Cardenas. There everything was being made ready. The wind was more favorable. At noon she was but little more than one hundred miles distant, and if the wind held, Captain Bazin expected to arrive by ten o'clock P.M. He was not disappointed. The wind held, and shortly after ten he anchored off the town. Everything was let go by the run. The lighters were soon alongside, and the Spaniard immediately came on board. The situation was explained in a few words. Plenty of help was at hand. The captives from both holds were got out and put on board the lighters as speedily as possible. There was no striking of irons. A single stroke of the knife liberated two. As fast as they were landed they were hurried off in gangs to various plantations in the interior. Those who were weak and feeble were placed in mule and donkey carts and followed. In a little more than three hours they were all out, and soon the last gang was sent off; and now the guns, ivory, arms, charts, men's chests, and whatever could be got out easily and at once were put on board the lighters, a few sails cut from their lashings, cable shipped, the bark taken in tow by several boats, borne out to the bar, and set on fire in several places. Very soon she was a solid mass of flame from jib-boom to taffrail, from truck to keelson, and a dense black cloud of smoke rolled over the town. Soon after daybreak the brig appeared in the offing. Her commander at once took in the situation, and presently his departure. All that remained of the famous slaver *Caribbee* was a smoking, blackened hulk.

She had landed about twelve hundred captives. "They were considered an extra lot and averaged one thousand each," so said a commission merchant from Matanzas; and also that "the owners cleared one million dollars." Captain John Locket carried six of the crew to New York. They told him they "received seven thousand dollars each." They ranked high and were paid accordingly.

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# The Woman and the Law

*BY MARGARET CAMERON*

CARMODY stood in the doorway, hat in hand, while Lucia, his wife, limply leaning against the wall, surveyed him across a chaos of open trunks and bags, empty trays, and piles of scattered raiment.

"That's the honest way, isn't it?" he asked.

"It's the quixotic way," she retorted. "Nobody else does it. It isn't as if we were importing things for sale, Bruce. They're just for ourselves — well, ourselves and one or two friends, then. Anyway, we're not going to make any profit on them, or anything like that, so—why should we pay the silly duties?"

"Because it happens to be the law of our country that if these things are imported they should be taxed."

"It's a stupid law!"

"Nevertheless," gravely, "it *is* the law, and as good citizens—"

"Well, I'm not a good citizen! In fact, I'm not a citizen at all; I'm a woman. You needn't look so solemn, either! You're tremendously proud of that stiff-necked old ancestor of yours who helped dump the tea into Boston Harbor, and you ought to be glad that I, at least, am going to live up to the family traditions and rebel against tyranny and oppression."

"Then I'm to understand"—he closed the door again, and picked his way, between chairs top-heavy with clothing and over piles of cardboard boxes and underwear, to her side,—"I'm to understand that you intend to cast your silks and laces and curios into the waters of the Narrows?"

"Not I! I don't know why you should infer anything so silly!"

"If the colonists didn't pay the tax, you must not forget that neither did they use the tea."

"Oh—well—maybe they didn't, but that's another story!"

"No, wife of mine, it's the same story. No tax, no tea,—and no trinkets. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Now, I'm perfectly willing to pay the money, but I do not choose that either you or I shall become a lawbreaker and go slinking home with our petty, illicit possessions, just to save a few dollars."

"Oh, it isn't that! I don't care so much about the money! It's the principle of the thing! It's stupid and silly—and tyrannical! A law like that is simply a 'dare' to any normal person, and I'd like to break it, just to prove I could!"

"Well, please don't!" He smiled amusedly down at her, abandoning argument. "Promise you won't — for my sake?"

"Oh, of course, if you're going to take that ground!" She laughed a little as she ruefully admitted her defeat. "What is it I'm to promise?"

"That all the dutiable stuff in the trunks is to be packed together and listed."

"Yes, sir."

He laughed, but continued: "And you're not to conceal anything about your dress or in your bag."

"We-ell. But I do it under duress! I don't like it! I protest against the law and against the observance of it!"

"All right, little rebel; protest all you like,—but remember I have your promise."

He kissed her lightly and left her to the long task of packing. When he returned, some hours later, all the trunks were closed except one, before which she crouched, laboriously scribbling on her knee.

"Almost through, dear?"

"All but this miserable list. Suppose you write while I pack? It's so confusing to stop one to do the other. Then we'll be sure to get everything down—and incidentally, I'll finish much sooner."

So it was that they made the list together; and in the rediscovery of many

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things that he had forgotten buying, Bruce failed to note the absence of certain feminine adornments, filmy spoils of Brussels, Bruges, and Venice, in which his interest had been but vicarious at best. Nor was his attention arrested by the subdued but persistent twinkle in his wife's eye, a roguish gleam that recurred at frequent intervals during their breezy homeward voyage, as she lay in her chair and watched his overcoated figure vigorously tramping the decks.

When they landed in New York, one golden September morning, they were rapturously welcomed by Cecily Bradford, whose guests they were to be until their own house, closed during the year of their absence, should be ready for occupancy.

"Otis is desolated not to be here on the dock to meet you," she assured them, "but he said it was simply impossible for him to get away to-day. And he wants you to go directly to the office, Bruce, just as straight as you can march."

"What for?" demanded Carmody.

"Oh, I don't know. Something about a man from San Francisco, whom it is most important that you should see before he leaves for the West this afternoon. Otis 'phoned me that the steamer was sighted, and said you were not even to take time to go up to the house with us."

"What a bore! This is New York all right!" he exclaimed. "They don't give a man time to wash the salt off his face before they begin to unload business on him! Well—I suppose I'm in for it! There's no reason, then, why you girls shouldn't go right home. I'll attend to the trunks before I go off to the treadmill, anyhow."

"Thanks; I'd rather wait," objected his wife. "If they happen to take a fancy to pull everything out and hunt for false bottoms or dynamite bombs or the crown jewels or something, I prefer to do the repacking myself!"

"All right. Get into a carriage, then, and if there's any trouble, I'll come for you;—but there won't be. You haven't anything dutiable about you, Lucia?" He smiled into her eyes, and she laughed back:

"Not a thing."

The women, chattering disconnectedly, as do close friends in the first moments of reunion after long separation, had given no thought to the time of his absence when he rejoined them, cheerfully smiling.

"All serene!" he remarked. "No trouble at all. Very decent chap, that inspector. Here are the keys. You can take the steamer trunk and one of the others up with you on the carriage—here's the porter with them now,—and I'll send the rest later. Good-by. Oh! I'm not likely to need an overcoat, am I, Cecily?"

"Mercy, no! It's been positively hot for a week!"

"Then I'll just send this along with you. It won't be in your way, will it?"

He tossed the coat upon the bags piled on the seat in front of them, and they nodded brightly back to him from the open carriage as they drove away.

They were jogging along in the comparative quiet of West End Avenue before there was even the briefest lull in their brisk chat. In that instant Lucia's glance happened to fall observantly upon her husband's coat, from a pocket of which still protruded the soiled and dog-eared ends of a number of European railway folders, and she laughed gleefully, proclaiming:

"Oh, I have such a joke on Bruce! The only drawback is that I sha'n't dare to tell him about it for ten years or so—if I do even then."

"Europe seems to have had a meekening effect upon you," dryly commented her friend.

"H'm—well—I always did stand in awe of his principles, you know."

"The inference being that the rest of us haven't any?"

"Oh, of course everybody has principles, more or less. The disconcerting thing about Bruce is that he lives up to his."

"And makes you?"

"At any rate, he does his best. Angels could no more! This is a case in point. You remember that, among other things, he is truly patriotic? He respects law simply because it is law, quite regardless of whether it has the slightest basis of common sense or not?"

"I have a vivid recollection of his making me miss a train once," responded Cecily. "We could have made it if there

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hadn't been a bridge to cross. The sign said, 'Walk Your Horses'—and he did! I argued and begged and raved and all but wept—but the horse *walked!*"

"Precisely. That's Bruce. Therefore, he decreed, while I was packing in London, that we should 'pass the customs honestly.' You know what that would mean with him. Full duty on every single thing."

"Now, I call that distinctly unfair!" warmly protested Mrs. Bradford. "It's not only wanton extravagance, but it takes away half the fun of bringing things home!"

"That's what I told him. Moreover, it's a weak yielding to tyranny and brute force. All of which weighed not one pennyweight with Bruce when the law said we should pay. In the end he made me promise solemnly that I'd declare every dutiable thing in the trunks and that I wouldn't bring in one thing myself."

"Alas and alack!" mournfully. "You didn't have any fun at all, did you?"

"Didn't I, though!" crisply retorted Mrs. Carmody. "Wait until I show you!" She leaned forward and took possession of the handful of railway time-tables. "These came into port in Bruce's overcoat pocket—*Bruce's,* mind you! Observe!"

There was not enough breeze to stir the languid and aging leaves of the trees bordering the avenue, and Lucia, unable longer to resist the desire to share her roguish triumph, spread open in her lap

"BUT SOMEHOW THESE GOT OVERLOOKED"

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one of the broad sheets, disclosing an interlining of exquisite lace.

"O-o-oh!" broke so sharply from Cecily that the cabman shifted slightly in his seat that he might steal a glance at his passengers. What he saw brought a shrewd gleam to his eye, and he promptly turned an attentive ear in their direction, with results entirely satisfactory to himself. Mrs. Bradford's voice, a low vibrant contralto of wonderful carrying power, and Lucia's perfect enunciation made eavesdropping easy.

"Lucia — Hobart — *Carmody!*" The man winked genially at himself as he marked the name. "You little imp! How dared you? How *dared* you?"

"My dear," said her friend, dimpling complacently, "aside from his principles, Bruce is a perfectly normal man. And who ever heard of a man who would voluntarily—or even willingly—destroy a railway folder, no matter how old and tattered and antedated it might be?"

Mrs. Bradford nodded. "Our library table drawer is full of them, and every month or so Otis brings home a few more and asks me to 'keep them somewhere.' He's always sure he's going to need them, but when he does he gets new ones."

"And brings *them* home!"

"Of course. But even so, it was an awful risk!"

"There wasn't any risk at all," laughed Lucia. "That's the beauty of it. There never was anything so safe!"

"And do you mean to tell me that all these folders are—?" Cecily paused, fingering them inquiringly.

"Every one, my dear,—eight of them—full of lace. And *such* lace!" Just here the drivers of two passing grocers' wagons were engaged in a noisy altercation, and the cabman lost her concluding sentences. "Of course I didn't get it all for myself. Some of it is Aunt Bertha's, and some of it is Sue's."

"And you paid no duties on any of it?" Mrs. Bradford was asking when again the man caught the thread.

"Not one cent! We declared everything else—every single thing, down to the smallest detail. We made a most careful list, but somehow"—the twinkle in her eye might have been inferred from her droll little inflection—"these got—overlooked."

"Well, I call that genius!" enthusiastically declared Cecily. "Sheer genius! Mercy, here we are at home! I wasn't paying the slightest attention. Fold it up again, Lucia."

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Carmody to the driver, as he was about to lift out the overcoat and bags. "I'll tuck these in there for the present." She hastily slipped the folders again into the yawning pocket, handed the coat to the maid who had come out for the wraps, and buoyantly followed her hostess into the house, where their rapid, drifting chat was immediately resumed.

Nor did the possibility occur to either of them that the unconsidered cabman—an honest fellow and the father of a numerous and hungry progeny—might thriftily betake himself in pursuit of the reward offered by a solicitous government to those worthy and patriotic persons reporting violations of the customs laws.

Once during the morning, as they sat on the bed beside a half-emptied trunk-tray, Lucia asked:

"Where is Bruce's overcoat?"

"Down-stairs in the hall, probably,—on the rack. Shall I have it brought up?"

"No; never mind now. But don't let me forget to bring those folders when we come up after lunch."

It was nearly four o'clock when she again exclaimed: "My land! I *must* get those folders!"

"They're perfectly safe," said Cecily.

"Oh, of course; but if I don't take the lace out of them before night, Bruce will surely be seized by a desire to show Otis a map or a time-table or something, and then pussy will be out of the bag!"

At that moment a maid appeared at the door.

"There's a gentleman down-stairs to see Mrs. Carmody," she announced.

"To see me?" questioned Lucia. "But nobody knows I'm here!"

"Didn't he send up a card?" asked Mrs. Bradford.

"No, ma'am. He says he has come on business."

"Business! Oh, it must be some one to see Bruce," easily assumed Lucia.

"He asked specially for *Mrs.* Carmody, ma'am."

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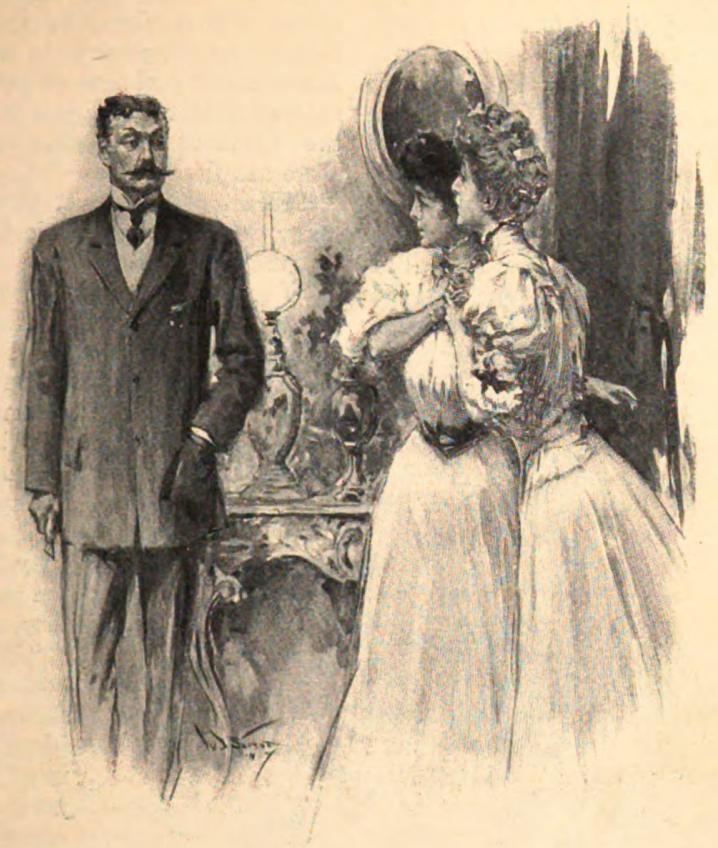

"YOU'RE NOT—NOT GOING TO ARREST—ME!"

"This is most mystifying! Certainly, no one has any business with me. Come down with me, Cecily; let's see what he wants."

They descended to the reception-room together and found a strange man standing near the window. He was a prosperous-looking person, alert and well brushed, and bowed courteously to them.

"Good afternoon," said Lucia. "You wished to see me?"

"You are Mrs. Carmody?" he asked, pleasantly. "Lucy Carmody?"

"Isn't there some mistake?" she suggested. "My name is Lucia." Then she saw that in his hand he held, a little behind him, so that at first she had not perceived it, a package of shabby, familiar papers, and demanded, somewhat sharply: "What are you doing with those folders?"

"Oh — these?" He regarded them thoughtfully, turning them over in his hands. "Why—I found them here somewhere and — they interested me, so I picked them up. Are they yours?"

"Yes, they're mine. Give them to me, please."

He handed them to her very civilly, only commenting: "They're all European folders, aren't they?"

"Yes." As she took them she pressed them slightly to assure herself that they were still thick with lace, and he watched her.

"You arrived on the *Rubric* this morning, didn't you? I suppose you brought all those back with you?" The quiet courtesy of his manner and his willingness to relinquish the folders made his possession of them the more unaccountable. The supposition that he had meant to steal them seemed altogether untenable, and both women were puzzled, uncertain how to take this man, whose dignity was as apparent as his conduct was inexplicable. "You brought them—just that way?"

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"Ye— Why? What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Carmody, those folders are full of lace."

"Oh—are they? Well—what of it?" Blank surprise gave way to a palpitating sense of danger, and she fluttered helplessly. "How do you know they are?"

"I know because I have examined them."

"What does this mean?" now demanded Cecily, wrath glinting in her eye. "Who are you? By what right do you presume to enter my house and examine papers you chance to see?"

"By right of a search-warrant, madam."

"*A search—warrant!*"

"I'm a deputy United States marshal. I have received information that one Lucy—or Lucia, you say—Carmody, arriving this morning by the *Rubric*, has unlawfully imported into the United States eight packages of lace, wrapped in railway folders, and has wilfully evaded the payment of legal duties thereon. Here are the folders—"

"Where did you get them?" The inquiry was Cecily's; Lucia had apparently lost the power of speech.

"I saw them sticking out of the pocket of an overcoat on the hall rack as I entered, and as I knew Mrs. Carmody had put them in an overcoat pocket this morning, I examined them. Here, as I said, are the folders. Mrs. Carmody has admitted in your presence that she brought them from Europe, and therefore it will be my duty to confiscate the goods and place her under arrest."

"Wha—what do you mean?" Lucia faltered, the one idea clear in her mind being that she must not let him see that she was frightened. "You're not—not going to —arrest—*me!*"

"Yes," quietly.

"Oh! *Oh!*" For a moment she closed her eyes on the reeling world and covered them with her hands.

"This—why, this is perfectly absurd!" cried Cecily, again to the front. "You've simply put your own interpretation on the fact that those laces were wrapped in folders! You simply assume that the duties were not paid! You have no right whatever—" She paused, checked by the peculiar penetration of his gaze.

TWO WHITE-FACED WOMEN PRECIPITATED THEMSELVES DOWN THE STAIRS

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"Madam," said he, succinctly, "affidavit has been made that certain laces were smuggled into this country this morning by Mrs. Carmody. We have a sworn statement that Mrs. Carmody declared she had paid full duty on everything she brought in except the laces. Therefore I came out here specifically to find the laces—and I found them. I have not thus far connected you with the matter in any way, nor made any attempt to examine Mrs. Carmody's rooms or luggage. I have no desire to make things unpleasant for you. But I have here"—significantly tapping a paper he held—"a warrant that will enable me to go through your house from garret to cellar, and if I have the slightest reason to suspect that you are deliberately trying to protect her, or to conceal smuggled goods, or that you—either of you—are trifling further with the law in this matter, I'll have the house—and you—searched—very thoroughly."

"Oh!" said Cecily, in quite a different tone. "Oh, I wish my husband was here!"

"So do I," said the marshal.

"What"—Lucia, staring at him uncertainly, put her hands to her throat as if to ease its aching—"what are you going to—do—with me?"

"You're not going to take her—!" began Cecily, and stopped.

"It will be necessary for her to go before the Commissioner at once," explained the deputy. "We'll make that as easy as we can. I have a carriage at the door, and—you may go with her, if you like."

"And—then?"

"The Commissioner will decide. If he finds the evidence sufficient to warrant holding her, he'll fix bail—"

"Then there is a chance—" exclaimed Cecily, and again stopped, impressed by his smile and by his slight negative gesture.

"Hardly. These are pretty definite." He indicated the folders.

"But I didn't smuggle them!" cried Lucia. "That is—I didn't mean—I didn't mean to sell them, or anything like that, you know! I—I—oh, what shall I do!"

"You should have thought of that before," he suggested. Then, addressing Mrs. Bradford: "I understand that Mrs. Carmody's husband returned with her."

"Yes, but he's not at home. He's down-town with Mr. Bradford. Oh, can't you wait until they come home?"

"I could, but— You see, she must go before the Commissioner to have bail fixed,—you understand that this will be merely a preliminary hearing—and it's getting pretty late." He looked at his watch. "If I 'phone that we're coming down, the Commissioner will probably wait for us—he's always very considerate of ladies, the Commissioner is,—and if your husband and hers could meet us there, it might simplify matters. You'll probably wish to arrange for bail at once, and I take it that you personally—ladies don't usually—"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it, of course!" Cecily's face showed how deeply she was troubled. "I'll telephone to Mr. Bradford."

She went up-stairs to the telephone, and Lucia followed, after a fluttering, terrified glance at her captor, very pale and trembling greatly.

"I suppose there's no—hope?" she whispered. "I—I'll have to go, won't I? And—oh, Cecily! Cecily! Bruce will have to know!"

"I'm afraid he will! Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry! But that's of no use now! It won't help you a bit. All we can do now is to keep our nerves steady and make the best of it."

She called up Bradford's office, and her face showed her increasing perturbation as her rapid questions were answered.

"Very well," she said, finally; "give me Mr. Clark's telephone number,—quickly, please." Then, in hasty explanation to Lucia, "The boys are not there. They went out with the San Francisco man about two o'clock, and said they would not be back to-day. Nobody in the office knows where they are, but they think they may have gone to Mr. Clark's office. He's Otis's lawyer. If they're not there, I'll ask him to meet us. Listen! What's that?"

The front door had opened and closed, and there was a cheerful sound of masculine voices in the lower hall. A moment later two white-faced women precipitated themselves down the stairs and into the arms of their laughing husbands.



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"Jove! This is a welcome!" Carmody exclaimed.

"Oh, Bruce!" shuddered Lucia, hiding her face against his coat.

"Otis! Otis! We want you so!"

"Do you, now! Four minds with but a single thought! We saw our man safely on his train, and then we decided that instead of doing any more business we'd take the rest of the day off and play with you girls, provided you'd— What's the matter, dear? Anything wrong?"

Cecily silently indicated the waiting officer, who had considerately turned his face in the other direction.

"To see me?"

"N-no. He—he's a deputy United States marshal."

"A deputy—well, what the deuce is he doing here?"

Carmody turned a startled glance upon his hostess, while his arms tightened about his trembling wife.

"He came—he says he came about some lace. He thinks it was smuggled."

"Oh," said Bruce, comprehensively. "I see! I guess that's my business."

"No—no, it isn't!" faltered his wife. "It's mine! I—I—oh, Bruce!"

"It's all right, dear. Don't worry," he whispered, while Cecily finished, at a gulp:

"He's come to arrest Lucia!"

"Arrest Lucia! Arres—!" Bradford had already wheeled toward the reception-room, when Carmody interrupted him.

"Hold on, Otis! This is my affair." Disengaging himself from his wife's clasp, he stepped quickly toward the marshal, followed by the others. "Good afternoon," he said, quietly. "My name is Carmody. There seems to be some misunderstanding here."

"I think not," replied the officer, measuring the newcomer with his glance. "We had information that Mrs. Carmody had smuggled certain laces through the customs, wrapped in railway folders. I came here with a search-warrant and found the folders, still filled with lace."

"Precisely. But you haven't found quite all the facts. To begin with, Mrs. Carmody didn't bring in those folders."

"No?"

"No. I brought them myself."

"Oh, Bruce! You didn't! You mustn't!" hysterically protested Lucia, fancying she read his chivalrous purpose, but Cecily silenced her with a little shake, and muttered:

"'Sh! Sit tight!"

"Indeed?" The deputy looked sceptical. He, also, fancied he saw the purpose of the defence. "*You* brought in the folders, eh?"

"I did. I've carried them for months in my pocket—as you can tell by the looks of them—and that's the way they came in; in my overcoat pocket."

"Filled with lace?"

"Filled with lace,—on every thread of which the duties have been paid."

Lucia drew her breath sharply. Never before in all the years she had known him had she suspected her husband of even the slightest deviation from the truth, and now for her sake—! She was about to protest against the sacrifice he would make, when he selected a paper from several he had taken from his pocket, and said:

"There's the receipt. If you'll examine it, you'll find it entirely to your satisfaction, I think."

"H'm!" said the marshal. "This looks regular enough, but what proof have I that the laces here specified are the laces in these folders?"

"They are described pretty accurately."

"But we have a sworn statement that your wife declared the duties had *not* been paid on these—"

"Who made it?" interrupted Bradford. "That's what I want to know! Who made it?"

"The cabman who drove the ladies up from the dock."

Carmody laughed a little. "You remember," he suggested, "I said there had been a misunderstanding."

"That's all very well," said the marshal, "but if you meant to pay the duties, why did you conceal the lace in the folders?"

"Well, as to that—" Bruce hesitated a moment, glanced at Lucia's strained colorless face, and slowly continued: "As to that, I was arranging a little surprise for my wife,—but it seems to have assumed proportions I had not foreseen."

"H'm!" said the sceptical marshal. Then he shook his head.

"You see," Carmody went on, "we

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens* Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HIS REPRODUCTION OF LUCIA'S DROLL INFLECTION WAS INIMITABLE

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"OH, I DON'T KNOW. AFTER ALL, NOTHING REALLY HAPPENED"

agreed in London, my wife and I, that we would declare everything dutiable, to the smallest detail." Again he looked at Lucia, but she did not meet his glance. "So when she packed—she always does all the packing—she left all the dutiable stuff to be put in one trunk, and then we made a list of it—she and I together, you understand?—for declaration."

"Well?"

"Well, that's the reason the lace was concealed in folders in my pocket—because we made that list together."

"Oh—I see," said the marshal. "Did Mrs. Carmody also pack your bag?"

"Mrs. Carmody packed everything," gravely said her husband, whereat Bradford lifted a quick hand to his lips to cover an irrepressible smile.

"You're satisfied now that there's been a mistake, aren't you?" anxiously asked Cecily.

"Not entirely. Mr. Carmody, did you show these laces to the inspector exactly as they are now, wrapped in the folders?"

"Exactly as they are now,—and explained the matter to him just as I have to you."

"H'm!" The deputy thoughtfully rubbed the top of his head for a moment. Then said he: "Look here, gentlemen; the man who made this affidavit is out there on the box. I came up in his rig. Do you mind if I have him in here a minute?"

The cabman was promptly summoned, and the officer fixed a keen gaze upon him.

"You're sure," he sternly questioned, "that Mrs. Carmody specifically stated that the duties had not been paid on this lace?"

"Yis, sor!" The reply was emphatic. "Th' laady here ast her did she pay aany duties on it at all at all, and says Missus Caarmody, 'Not wan cint,' says she. 'We declared iverything ilse, to the smallest *detale*,' says she, just like that, 'but the laces seem to've been—overlooked,' says she, like that. 'The laces seem to've been—overlooked.'" His reproduction of Lucia's droll inflection was inimitable, and it was evident that he could have originated neither

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the phrases nor the manner in which they were delivered.

"There seems to be some confusion here still," suggested the deputy, eying Carmody.

"Not at all." Lucia's husband smiled. "Apparently Mrs. Carmody is not the only person to take it for granted that laces brought into this country concealed in folders must necessarily be smuggled. It is, perhaps, a not unnatural corollary to our peculiar customs regulations. I've already explained to you that I had not taken her into my confidence in this matter, for—reasons of my own. I left London with these laces concealed in my pocket; I brought them across the ocean in my pocket; when I made my declaration on the ship, I purposely chose a time when Mrs. Carmody was on deck; and I was careful to place her in a carriage with Mrs. Bradford on the dock before I had the luggage examined. I sent my coat home in the carriage with them, as I was detained down-town by business, and I've not seen my wife since until within ten minutes. Now, here are the laces, here is the receipt, and I've given you my explanation of what, I grant, is an unusual situation. If you're still unsatisfied, I'll gladly go down-town with you and do my best to clear the matter up. Perhaps we can find the inspector who examined the luggage. I think he'll remember the circumstances."

"No," said the deputy, slowly, "I guess you're all right. I've made no arrest here yet—and I won't. I'm satisfied there's nothing in this, though it certainly looked like a clear case. I'm sorry to have troubled you, ladies, but I hope you understand I had no choice in the matter. Good afternoon." He nodded to the bewildered cabman to precede him, and bowed himself out.

When the Carmodys were again alone, after the first moments of readjustment, Lucia said:

"You might have told me, dear!"

"*Cui bono?*" He regarded her good-naturedly.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded, not wholly relishing the indulgent quality of his smile. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, I'd said my say on the subject—pretty definitely, I thought—and when, the second day out, I found the lace, why—!" Whimsically he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not wholly without a sense of humor, dearie, so I held my peace. But just the same," he was serious again, "even if you don't respect law as law, you see now how dangerous it is to trifle with it."

"Oh, I don't know," she returned. "After all, what did it amount to? It was all fireworks. Nothing really happened."

To this her husband yielded one astonished stare; then he sat down on a chair and laughed.

# The New Heart

*BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL*

ONE day I walked within a wood,
And listened to the trees
That talked together,—an I could,
I'd tell their secrecies—
But I could only hear the sound
The leaves made when they touched the ground.

But later when I walked that way
I heard such wondrous words
In all the tree-talk, and could say
The songs of all the birds—
For I had learned the magic art
Of Love upon a sleeping heart.

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# Miss Nelthrop, by Sir T. Lawrence

WHEN George III., showing his fondness for the handsome young artist, made Lawrence his court painter, he secured for him instant popularity, and soon he was as much sought after at court as Van Dyck had been a century before. Though but twenty-two, the time of his appearance was favorable, for Gainsborough was dead, Reynolds almost blind, and Romney beginning to show signs of breaking down; only Hoppner of the great galaxy remained in active rivalry. The stately splendor in dress of the earlier time, too, had gone, and in its place had come the short-waisted gowns, feathered turbans, and pomatum ringlets of the women, and the colored waistcoats and braided velvet coats of the men—a fashion that only genius could make acceptable. Lawrence, who was not a genius, seemed to enjoy its preposterous ugliness. In his desire to please he painted his sitters in whatever dress they chose to wear, and strove to make them all beautiful. His art was largely one of show, without the deep inner illumination which marked the work of his predecessors. He was not drawn toward the sterner things of life, nor was he a painter of mood or emotion. He possessed great facility and much force, which he showed in the construction of his figures when the painter got the upper hand of the courtier. Had he not been carried away by fashion, he would have taken higher rank as a painter than he does, for his florid portraits with their voluminous draperies often show want of poetic elevation and dignified reserve.

The early painters, when exhibiting, invariably used the general title "Portrait of a Lady," and thus named, their pictures have come down to us, the identity of the sitter only being settled in recent years. The portrait which Mr. Wolf has engraved is in the collection of Mr. J. H. McFadden, of Philadelphia.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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MISS NELTHROP, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

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# Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven

*TAKEN FROM HIS OWN MS. BY MARK TWAIN*

WELL, when I had been dead about thirty years, I begun to get a little anxious. Mind you, I had been whizzing through space all that time, like a comet. *Like* a comet! Why, Peters, I laid over the lot of them! Of course there warn't any of them going my way, as a steady thing, you know, because they travel in a long circle like the loop of a lasso, whereas I was pointed as straight as a dart for the Hereafter; but I happened on one every now and then that was going my way for an hour or so, and then we had a bit of a brush together. But it was generally pretty one-sided, because I sailed by them the same as if they were standing still. An ordinary comet don't make more than about 200,000 miles a minute. Of course when I came across one of that sort—like Encke's and Halley's comets, for instance—it warn't anything but just a flash and a vanish, you see. You couldn't rightly call it a race. It was as if the comet was a gravel-train and I was a telegraph despatch. But after I got outside of our astronomical system, I used to flush a comet occasionally that was something *like*. *We* haven't got any such comets—ours don't begin. One night I was swinging along at a good round gait, everything taut and trim, and the wind in my favor—I judged I was going about a million miles a minute—it might have been more, it couldn't have been less—when I flushed a most uncommonly big one about three points off my starboard bow. By his stern lights I judged he was bearing about northeast-and-by-north-half-east. Well, it was so near my course that I wouldn't throw away the chance; so I fell off a point, steadied my helm, and went for him. You should have heard me whiz, and seen the electric fur fly! In about a minute and a half I was fringed out with an electrical nimbus that flamed around for miles and miles and lit up all space like broad day. The comet was burning blue in the distance, like a sickly torch, when I first sighted him, but he begun to grow bigger and bigger as I crept up on him. I slipped up on him so fast that when I had gone about 150,000,000 miles I was close enough to be swallowed up in the phosphorescent glory of his wake, and I couldn't see anything for the glare. Thinks I, it won't do to run into him, so I shunted to one side and tore along. By and by I closed up abreast of his tail. Do you know what it was like? It was like a gnat closing up on the continent of America. I forged along. By and by I had sailed along his coast for a little upwards of a hundred and fifty million miles, and then I could see by the shape of him that I hadn't even got up to his waistband yet. Why, Peters, *we* don't know anything about comets, down here. If you want to see comets that are comets, you've got to go outside of our solar system—where there's room for them, you understand. My friend, I've seen comets out there that couldn't even lay down inside the *orbits* of our noblest comets without their tails hanging over.

Well, I boomed along another hundred and fifty million miles, and got up abreast his shoulder; as you may say. I was feeling pretty fine, I tell you; but just then I noticed the officer of the deck come to the side and hoist his glass in my direction. Straight off I heard him sing out—

"Below there, ahoy! Shake her up, shake her up! Heave on a hundred million billion tons of brimstone!"

"Ay—ay, sir!"

"Pipe the stabboard watch! All hands on deck!"

"Ay—ay, sir!"

"Send two hundred thousand million

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men aloft to shake out royals and sky-scrapers!"

"Ay—ay, sir!"

"Hand the stuns'ls! Hang out every rag you've got! Clothe her from stem to rudder-post!"

"Ay—ay, sir!"

In about a second I begun to see I'd woke up a pretty ugly customer, Peters. In less than ten seconds that comet was just a blazing cloud of red-hot canvas. It was piled up into the heavens clean out of sight—the old thing seemed to swell out and occupy all space; the sulphur smoke from the furnaces—oh, well, nobody can describe the way it rolled and tumbled up into the skies, and nobody can half describe the way it smelt. Neither can anybody begin to describe the way that monstrous craft begun to crash along. And such another powwow—thousands of bo's'n's whistles screaming at once, and a crew like the populations of a hundred thousand worlds like ours all swearing at once. Well, I never heard the like of it before.

We roared and thundered along side by side, both doing our level best, because I'd never struck a comet before that could lay over me, and so I was bound to beat this one or break something. I judged I had some reputation in space, and I calculated to keep it. I noticed I wasn't gaining as fast, now, as I was before, but still I was gaining. There was a power of excitement on board the comet. Upwards of a hundred billion passengers swarmed up from below and rushed to the side and begun to bet on the race. Of course this careened her and damaged her speed. My, but wasn't the mate mad! He jumped at that crowd, with his trumpet in his hand, and sung out—

"Amidships! amidships, you ——!* or I'll brain the last idiot of you!"

Well, sir, I gained and gained, little by little, till at last I went skimming sweetly by the magnificent old conflagration's nose. By this time the captain of the comet had been rousted out, and he stood there in the red glare for'ard, by the mate, in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, his hair all rats' nests and one suspender hanging, and how sick those two men did look! I just simply couldn't help putting my thumb to my nose as I glided away, and singing out—

"Ta-ta! ta-ta! Any word to send to your family?"

Peters, it was a mistake. Yes, sir, I've often regretted that—it was a mistake. You see, the captain had given up the race, but that remark was too tedious for him—he couldn't stand it. He turned to the mate, and says he—

"Have we got brimstone enough of our own to make the trip?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir—more than enough."

"How much have we got in cargo for Satan?"

"Eighteen hundred thousand billion quintillions of kazarks."

"Very well, then, let his boarders freeze till the next comet comes. Lighten ship! Lively, now, lively, men! Heave the whole cargo overboard!"

Peters, look me in the eye and be calm. I found out, over there, that a kazark is exactly the bulk of *a hundred and sixty-nine worlds like ours!* They hove all that load overboard. When it fell it wiped out a considerable raft of stars just as clean as if they'd been candles and somebody blow'd them out. As for the race, that was at an end. The minute she was lightened the comet swung along by me the same as if I was anchored. The captain stood on the stern, by the after-davits, and put his thumb to his nose and sung out—

"Ta-ta! ta-ta! Maybe *you've* got some message to send your friends in the Everlasting Tropics!"

Then he hove up his other suspender and started for'ard, and inside of three-quarters of an hour his craft was only a pale torch again in the distance. Yes, it was a mistake, Peters—that remark of mine. I don't reckon I'll ever get over being sorry about it. I'd 'a' beat the bully of the firmament if I'd kept my mouth shut.

But I've wandered a little off the track of my tale; I'll get back on my course again. Now you see what kind of speed I was making. So, as I said, when I had been tearing along this way about thirty years I begun to get uneasy. Oh, it was

* The captain could not remember what this word was. He said it was in a foreign tongue.

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pleasant enough, with a good deal to find out, but then it was kind of lonesome, you know. Besides, I wanted to get somewhere. I hadn't shipped with the idea of cruising forever. First off, I liked the delay, because I judged I was going to fetch up in pretty warm quarters when I got through; but towards the last I begun to feel that I'd rather go to—well, most any place, so as to finish up the uncertainty.

Well, one night—it was always night, except when I was rushing by some star that was occupying the whole universe with its fire and its glare—light enough then, of course, but I necessarily left it behind in a minute or two and plunged into a solid week of darkness again. The stars ain't so close together as they look to be. Where was I? Oh yes; one night I was sailing along, when I discovered a tremendous long row of blinking lights away on the horizon ahead. As I approached, they begun to tower and swell and look like mighty furnaces. Says I to myself—

"By George, I've arrived at last—and at the wrong place, just as I expected!"

Then I fainted. I don't know how long I was insensible, but it must have been a good while, for when I came to, the darkness was all gone and there was the loveliest sunshine and the balmiest, fragrantest air in its place. And there was such a marvellous world spread out before me—such a glowing, beautiful, bewitching country. The things I took for furnaces were gates, miles high, made all of flashing jewels, and they pierced a wall of solid gold that you couldn't see the top of, nor yet the end of, in either direction. I was pointed straight for one of these gates, and a-coming like a house afire. Now I noticed that the skies were black with millions of people, pointed for those gates. What a roar they made, rushing through the air! The ground was as thick as ants with people, too—billions of them, I judge.

I lit. I drifted up to a gate with a swarm of people, and when it was my turn the head clerk says, in a business-like way—

"Well, quick! Where are you from?"

"San Francisco," says I.

"San Fran—*what?*" says he.

"San Francisco."

He scratched his head and looked puzzled, then he says—

"Is it a planet?"

By George, Peters, think of it! "*Planet?*" says I; "it's a city. And moreover, it's one of the biggest, and finest and—"

"There, there!" says he, "no time here for conversation. We don't deal in cities, here. Where are you from in a *general* way?"

"Oh," I says, "I beg pardon. Put me down for California."

I had him *again,* Peters! He puzzled a second, then he says, sharp and irritable—

"I don't know any such planet—is it a constellation?"

"Oh, my goodness!" says I. "Constellation, says you? No—it's a State."

"Man, we don't deal in States here. *Will* you tell me where you are from *in general—at large,* don't you understand?"

"Oh, now I get your idea," I says. "I'm from America,—the United States of America."

Peters, do you know I had him *again?* If I hadn't I'm a clam! His face was as blank as a target after a militia shooting-match. He turned to an under-clerk and says—

"Where is America? *What* is America?"

The under clerk answered up prompt and says—

"There ain't any such orb."

"*Orb?*" says I. "Why, what are you talking about, young man? It ain't an orb; it's a country; it's a continent. Columbus discovered it; I reckon likely you've heard of *him,* anyway. America—why, sir, America—"

"Silence!" says the head clerk. "Once for all, where—are—you—*from?*"

"Well," says I, "I don't know anything more to say—unless I lump things, and just say I'm from the world."

"Ah," says he, brightening up, "now that's something like! *What* world?"

Peters, he had *me,* that time. I looked at him, puzzled, he looked at me, worried. Then he burst out—

"Come, come, what world?"

Says I, "Why, *the* world, of course."

"*The* world!" he says. "H'm! there's billions of them! . . . Next!"

That meant for me to stand aside. I done so, and a sky-blue man with seven



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heads and only one leg hopped into my place. I took a walk. It just occurred to me, then, that all the myriads I had seen swarming to that gate, up to this time, were just like that creature. I tried to run across somebody I was acquainted with, but they were out of acquaintances of mine just then. So I thought the thing all over and finally sidled back there pretty meek and feeling rather stumped, as you may say.

"Well?" said the head clerk.

"Well, sir," I says, pretty humble, "I don't seem to make out which world it is I'm from. But you may know it from this—it's the one the Saviour saved."

He bent his head at the Name. Then he says, gently—

"The worlds He has saved are like to the gates of heaven in number—none can count them. What astronomical system is your world in?—perhaps that may assist."

"It's the one that has the sun in it—and the moon—and Mars"—he shook his head at each name—hadn't ever heard of them, you see—"and Neptune—and Uranus—and Jupiter—"

"Hold on!" says he, "hold on a minute. Jupiter . . . Jupiter . . . Seems to me we had a man from there eight or nine hundred years ago—but people from that system very seldom enter by this gate." All of a sudden he begun to look me so straight in the eye that I thought he was going to bore through me. Then he says, very deliberate, "Did you come *straight here* from your system?"

"Yes, sir," I says—but I blushed the least little bit in the world when I said it.

He looked at me very stern, and says—

"That is not true; and this is not the place for prevarication. You wandered from your course. How did that happen?"

Says I, blushing again—

"I'm sorry, and I take back what I said, and confess. I raced a little with a comet one day—only just the least little bit—only the tiniest lit—"

"So—so," says he—and without any sugar in his voice to speak of.

I went on, and says—

"But I only fell off just a bare point, and I went right back on my course again the minute the race was over."

"No matter—that divergence has made all this trouble. It has brought you to a gate that is billions of leagues from the right one. If you had gone to your own gate they would have known all about your world at once and there would have been no delay. But we will try to accommodate you." He turned to an under clerk and says—

"What system is Jupiter in?"

"I don't remember, sir, but I think there is such a planet in one of the little new systems away out in one of the thinly worlded corners of the universe. I will see."

He got a balloon and sailed up and up and up, in front of a map that was as big as Rhode Island. He went on up till he was out of sight, and by and by he came down and got something to eat and went up again. To cut a long story short, he kept on doing this for a day or two, and finally he came down and said he thought he had found that solar system, but it might be fly-specks. So he got a microscope and went back. It turned out better than he feared. He had rousted out our system, sure enough. He got me to describe our planet and its distance from our sun, and then he says to his chief—

"Oh, I know the one he means, now, sir. It is on the map. It is called the Wart."

Says I to myself, "Young man, it wouldn't be wholesome for you to go down *there* and call it the Wart."

Well, they let me in, then, and told me I was safe forever and wouldn't have any more trouble.

Then they turned from me and went on with their work, the same as if they considered my case all complete and shipshape. I was a good deal surprised at this, but I was diffident about speaking up and reminding them. I did so hate to do it, you know; it seemed a pity to bother them, they had so much on their hands. Twice I thought I would give up and let the thing go; so twice I started to leave, but immediately I thought what a figure I should cut stepping out amongst the redeemed in such a rig, and that made me hang back and come to anchor again. People got to eying me—clerks, you know—wondering why I didn't get under weigh. I couldn't stand this long—it was too uncomfortable. So at last I plucked up courage and tipped the head clerk a signal. He says—

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"What, you here yet? What's wanting?"

Says I, in a low voice and very confidential, making a trumpet with my hands at his ear—

"I beg pardon, and you mustn't mind my reminding you, and seeming to meddle, but hain't you forgot something?"

He studied a second, and says—

"Forgot something? . . . No, not that I know of."

"Think," says I.

He thought. Then he says—

"No, I can't seem to have forgot anything. What is it?"

"Look at me," says I, "look me all over."

He done it.

"Well?" says he.

"Well," says I, "you don't notice anything? If I branched out amongst the elect looking like this, wouldn't I attract considerable attention?—wouldn't I be a little conspicuous?"

"Well," he says, "I don't see anything the matter. What do you lack?"

"Lack! Why, I lack my harp, and my wreath, and my halo, and my hymn-book, and my palm branch—I lack everything that a body naturally requires up here, my friend."

Puzzled? Peters, he was the worst puzzled man you ever saw. Finally he says—

"Well, you seem to be a curiosity every way a body takes you. I never heard of these things before."

I looked at that man a while in solid astonishment; then I says—

"Now, I hope you won't take it as an offence, for I don't mean any, but really, for a man that has been in the Kingdom as long as I reckon you have, you do seem to know powerful little about its customs."

"Its customs!" says he. "Heaven is a large place, good friend. Large empires have many and diverse customs. Even small dominions have, as you doubtless know by what you have seen of the matter on a small scale in the Wart. How can you imagine I could ever learn the varied customs of the countless kingdoms of heaven? It makes my head ache to think of it. I know the customs that prevail in those portions inhabited by peoples that are appointed to enter by my own gate—and hark ye, that is quite enough knowledge for one individual to try to pack into his head in the thirty-seven millions of years I have devoted night and day to that study. But the idea of learning the customs of the whole appalling expanse of heaven—O man, how insanely you talk! Now I don't doubt that this odd costume you talk about is the fashion in that district of heaven you belong to, but you won't be conspicuous in this section without it."

I felt all right, if that was the case, so I bade him good day and left. All day I walked toward the far end of a prodigious hall of the office, hoping to come out into heaven any moment, but it was a mistake. That hall was built on the general heavenly plan—it naturally couldn't be small. At last I got so tired I couldn't go any further; so I sat down to rest, and begun to tackle the queerest sort of strangers and ask for information; but I didn't get any; they couldn't understand my language, and I could not understand theirs. I got dreadfully lonesome. I was so downhearted and homesick I wished a hundred times I never had died. I turned back, of course. About noon next day, I got back at last and was on hand at the booking-office once more. Says I to the head clerk—

"I begin to see that a man's got to be in his own heaven to be happy."

"Perfectly correct," says he. "Did you imagine the same heaven would suit all sorts of men?"

"Well, I had that idea—but I see the foolishness of it. Which way am I to go to get to my district?"

He called the under clerk that had examined the map, and he gave me general directions. I thanked him and started; but he says—

"Wait a minute; it is millions of leagues from here. Go outside and stand on that red wishing-carpet; shut your eyes, hold your breath, and wish yourself there."

"I'm much obliged," says I; "why didn't you dart me through when I first arrived?"

"We have a good deal to think of here; it was your place to think of it and ask for it. Good-by, we probably sha'n't see you in this region for a thousand centuries or so."

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"In that case, *o revoor*," says I.

I hopped on to the carpet and held my breath and shut my eyes and wished I was in the booking-office of my own section. The very next instant a voice I knew sung out in a business kind of a way—

"A harp and a hymn-book, pair of wings and a halo, size 13, for Cap'n Eli Stormfield, of San Francisco!—make him out a clean bill of health, and let him in."

I opened my eyes. Sure enough, it was a Pi Ute Injun I used to know in Tulare County; mighty good fellow—I remembered being at his funeral, which consisted of him being burnt and the other Injuns gauming their faces with his ashes and howling like wildcats. He was powerful glad to see me, and you may make up your mind I was just as glad to see him, and feel that I was in the right kind of a heaven at last.

Just as far as your eye could reach, there was swarms of clerks, running and bustling around, tricking out thousands of Yanks, and Mexicans and English and A-rabs, and all sorts of people in their new outfits; and when they gave me my kit and I put on my halo and took a look in the glass, I could have jumped over a house for joy, I was so happy. "Now *this* is something like!" says I. "Now," says I, "I'm all right—show me a cloud."

Inside of fifteen minutes I was a mile on my way toward the cloud-banks and about a million people along with me. Most of us tried to fly, but some got crippled and nobody made a success of it. So we concluded to walk, for the present, till we had had some wing practice.

We begun to meet swarms of folks who were coming back. Some had harps and nothing else; some had hymn-books and nothing else; some had nothing at all; all of them looked meek and uncomfortable; one young fellow hadn't anything left but his halo, and he was carrying that in his hand; all of a sudden he offered it to me and says—

"Will you hold it for me a minute?"

Then he disappeared in the crowd. I went on. A woman asked me to hold her palm branch, and then *she* disappeared. A girl got me to hold her harp for her, and by George, *she* disappeared; and so on and so on, till I was about loaded down to the guards. Then comes a smiling old gentleman and asked me hold *his* things. I swabbed off the perspiration and says, pretty tart—

"I'll have to get you to excuse me, my friend,—*I* ain't no hat-rack."

About this time I begun to run across piles of those traps, lying in the road. I just quietly dumped my extra cargo along with them. I looked around, and, Peters, that whole nation that was following me were loaded down the same as I'd been. The return crowd had got them to hold their things a minute, you see. They all dumped their loads, too, and we went on.

When I found myself perched on a cloud, with a million other people, I never felt so good in my life. Says I, "Now this is according to the promises; I've been having my doubts, but now I *am* in heaven, sure enough." I gave my palm branch a wave or two, for luck, and then I tautened up my harp-strings and struck in. Well, Peters, you can't imagine anything like the row we made. It was grand to listen to, and made a body thrill all over, but there was considerable many tunes going at once, and that was a drawback to the harmony, you understand; and then there was a lot of Injun tribes, and they kept up such another war-whooping that they kind of took the tuck out of the music. By and by I quit performing, and judged I'd take a rest. There was quite a nice mild old gentleman sitting next me, and I noticed he didn't take a hand; I encouraged him, but he said he was naturally bashful, and was afraid to try before so many people. By and by the old gentleman said he never could seem to enjoy music somehow. The fact was, I was beginning to feel the same way; but I didn't say anything. Him and I had a considerable long silence, then, but of course it warn't noticeable in that place. After about sixteen or seventeen hours, during which I played and sung a little, now and then—always the same tune, because I didn't know any other—I laid down my harp and begun to fan myself with my palm branch. Then we both got to sighing pretty regular. Finally, says he—

"Don't you know any tune but the one you've been pegging at all day?"

"Not another blessed one," says I.

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"Don't you reckon you could learn another one?" says he.

"Never," says I; "I've tried to, but I couldn't manage it."

"It's a long time to hang to the one—eternity, you know."

"Don't break my heart," says I; "I'm getting low-spirited enough already."

After another long silence, says he—

"Are you glad to be here?"

Says I, "Old man, I'll be frank with you. This *ain't* just as near my idea of bliss as I thought it was going to be, when I used to go to church."

Says he, "What do you say to knocking off and calling it half a day?"

"That's me," says I. "I never wanted to go off watch so bad in my life."

So we started. Millions were coming to the cloud-bank all the time, happy and hozannahing; millions were leaving it all the time, looking mighty quiet, I tell you. We laid for the newcomers, and pretty soon I'd got them to hold all my things a minute, and then I was a free man again and most outrageously happy. Just then I ran across old Sam Bartlett, who had been dead a long time, and stopped to have a talk with him. Says I—

"Now tell me—is this to go on forever? Ain't there anything else for a change?"

Says he—

"I'll set you right on that point very quick. People take the figurative language of the Bible and the allegories for literal, and the first thing they ask for when they get here is a halo and a harp, and so on. Nothing that's harmless and reasonable is refused a body here, if he asks it in the right spirit. So they are outfitted with these things without a word. They go and sing and play just about one day, and that's the last you'll ever see them in the choir. They don't need anybody to tell them that that sort of thing wouldn't make a heaven—at least not a heaven that a sane man could stand a week and remain sane. That cloud-bank is placed where the noise can't disturb the old inhabitants, and so there ain't any harm in letting everybody get up there and cure himself as soon as he comes.

"Now you just remember this—heaven is as blissful and lovely as it can be; but it's just the busiest place you ever heard of. There ain't any idle people here after the first day. Singing hymns and waving palm branches through all eternity is pretty when you hear about it in the pulpit, but it's as poor a way to put in valuable time as a body could contrive. It would just make a heaven of warbling ignoramuses, don't you see? Eternal Rest sounds comforting in the pulpit, too. Well, you try it once, and see how heavy time will hang on your hands. Why, Stormfield, a man like you, that had been active and stirring all his life, would go mad in six months in a heaven where he hadn't anything to do. Heaven is the very last place to come to *rest* in,—and don't you be afraid to bet on that!"

Says I—

"Sam, I'm as glad to hear it as I thought I'd be sorry. I'm glad I come, now."

Says he—

"Cap'n, ain't you pretty physically tired?"

Says I—

"Sam, it ain't any name for it! I'm dog-tired."

"Just so—just so. You've earned a good sleep, and you'll get it. You've earned a good appetite, and you'll enjoy your dinner. It's the same here it is on earth—you've got to earn a thing, square and honest, before you enjoy it. You can't enjoy first and earn afterwards. But there's this difference, here: you can choose your own occupation, and all the powers of heaven will be put forth to help you make a success of it, if you do your level best. The shoemaker on earth that had the soul of a poet in him won't have to make shoes here."

"Now that's all reasonable and right," says I. "Plenty of work, and the kind you hanker after; no more pain, no more suffering—"

"Oh, hold on; there's plenty of pain here—but it don't kill. There's plenty of suffering here, but it don't last. You see, happiness ain't a *thing in itself*—it's only a *contrast* with something that ain't pleasant. That's all it is. There ain't a thing you can mention that is happiness in its own self—it's only so by contrast with the other thing. And so, as soon as the novelty is over and the force of the contrast dulled, it ain't happiness any longer, and you have to get something fresh. Well, there's plenty of pain and

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suffering in heaven—consequently there's plenty of contrasts, and just no end of happiness."

Says I, "It's the sensiblest heaven I've heard of yet, Sam, though it's about as different from the one I was brought up on as a live princess is different from her own wax figger."

Along in the first months I knocked around about the Kingdom, making friends and looking at the country, and finally settled down in a pretty likely region, to have a rest before taking another start. I went on making acquaintances and gathering up information. I had a good deal of talk with an old bald-headed angel by the name of Sandy McWilliams. He was from somewhere in New Jersey. I went about with him, considerable. We used to lay around, warm afternoons, in the shade of a rock, on some meadow-ground that was pretty high and out of the marshy slush of his cranberry-farm, and there we used to talk about all kinds of things, and smoke pipes. One day, says I—

"About how old might you be, Sandy?"

"Seventy-two."

"I judged so. How long you been in heaven?"

"Twenty-seven years, come Christmas."

"How old was you when you come up?"

"Why, seventy-two, of course."

"You can't mean it!"

"Why can't I mean it?"

"Because, if you was seventy-two then, you are naturally ninety-nine now."

"No, but I ain't. I stay the same age I was when I come."

"Well," says I, "come to think, there's something just there that I want to ask about. Down below, I always had an idea that in heaven we would all be young, and bright, and spry."

"Well, you *can* be young if you want to. You've only got to wish."

"Well, then, why didn't you wish?"

"I did. They all do. You'll try it, some day, like enough; but you'll get tired of the change pretty soon."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Now you've always been a sailor; did you ever try some other business?"

"Yes, I tried keeping grocery, once, up in the mines; but I couldn't stand it; it was too dull—no stir, no storm, no life about it; it was like being part dead and part alive, both at the same time. I wanted to be one thing or t'other. I shut up shop pretty quick and went to sea."

"That's it. Grocery people like it, but you couldn't. You see you wasn't used to it. Well, I wasn't used to being young, and I couldn't seem to take any interest in it. I was strong, and handsome, and had curly hair,—yes, and wings, too!—gay wings like a butterfly. I went to picnics and dances and parties with the fellows, and tried to carry on and talk nonsense with the girls, but it wasn't any use; I couldn't take to it—fact is, it was an awful bore. What I wanted was early to bed and early to rise, and something to *do;* and when my work was done, I wanted to sit quiet, and smoke and think—not tear around with a parcel of giddy young kids. You can't think what I suffered whilst I was young."

"How long was you young?"

"Only two weeks. That was plenty for me. Laws, I was so lonesome! You see, I was full of the knowledge and experience of seventy-two years; the deepest subject those young folks could strike was only *a-b-c* to me. And to hear them argue—Oh, my! It would have been funny, if it hadn't been so pitiful. Well, I was so hungry for the ways and the sober talk I was used to, that I tried to ring in with the old people, but they wouldn't have it. They considered me a conceited young upstart, and gave me the cold shoulder. Two weeks was a plenty for me. I was glad to get back my bald head again, and my pipe, and my old drowsy reflections in the shade of a rock or a tree."

"Well," says I, "do you mean to say you're going to stand still at seventy-two, forever?"

"I don't know, and I ain't particular. But I ain't going to drop back to twenty-five any more—I know that, mighty well. I know a sight more than I did twenty-seven years ago, and I enjoy learning, all the time, but I don't seem to get any older. That is, bodily—my mind gets older, and stronger, and better seasoned, and more satisfactory."

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Says I, "If a man comes here at ninety, don't he ever set himself back?"

"Of course he does. He sets himself back to fourteen; tries it a couple of hours, and feels like a fool; sets himself forward to twenty; it ain't much improvement; tries thirty, fifty, eighty, and finally ninety—finds he is more at home and comfortable at the same old figure he is used to than any other way. Or, if his mind begun to fail him on earth at eighty, that's where he finally sticks up here. He sticks at the place where his mind was last at its best, for there's where his enjoyment is best, and his ways most set and established."

"Does a chap of twenty-five stay always twenty-five, and look it?"

"If he is a fool, yes. But if he is bright, and ambitious and industrious, the knowledge he gains and the experiences he has, change his ways and thoughts and likings, and make him find his best pleasure in the company of people above that age; so he allows his body to take on the look of as many added years as he needs to make him comfortable and proper in that sort of society; he lets his body go on taking the look of age, according as he progresses, and by and by he will be bald and wrinkled outside, and wise and deep within."

"Babies the same?"

"Babies the same. Laws, what asses we used to be, on earth, about these things! We said we'd be always young in heaven. We didn't say *how* young—we didn't think of that, perhaps—that is, we didn't all think alike, anyway. When I was a boy of seven, I suppose I thought we'd all be twelve, in heaven; when I was twelve, I suppose I thought we'd all be eighteen or twenty in heaven; when I was forty, I begun to go back; I remember I hoped we'd all be about *thirty* years old in heaven. Neither a man nor a boy ever thinks the age he *has* is exactly the best one—he puts the *right* age a few years older or a few years younger than he is. Then he makes that ideal age the general age of the heavenly people. And he expects everybody *to stick* at that age—stand stock-still—and expects them to enjoy it!—Now just think of the idea of standing still in heaven! Think of a heaven made up entirely of hoop-rolling, marble-playing cubs of seven years!—or of awkward, diffident, sentimental immaturities of nineteen!—or of vigorous people of thirty, healthy-minded, brimming with ambition, but chained hand and foot to that one age and its limitations like so many helpless galley-slaves! Think of the dull sameness of a society made up of people all of one age and one set of looks, habits, tastes and feelings. Think how superior to it earth would be, with its variety of types and faces and ages, and the enlivening attrition of the myriad interests that come into pleasant collision in such a variegated society."

"Look here," says I, "do you know what you're doing?"

"Well, what am I doing?"

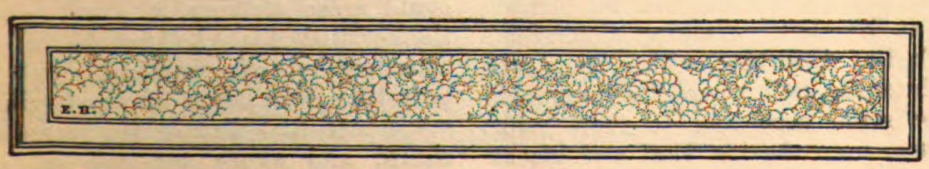
"You are making heaven pretty comfortable in one way, but you are playing the mischief with it in another."

"How you talk! Would heaven be heaven if you couldn't slander folks?"

"Come to think, I don't believe it would—for some people—but I hadn't thought of it before."

"For 'some people'? There you hit it. The trouble on earth is, that they leave out the *some-people* class—they try to fix up a heaven for only one kind of people. It won't work. There's all kinds here—and God cares for all kinds. He makes all happy; if He can't do it in one way, He does it in another. He doesn't leave anybody out in the cold."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]



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# The Rat-Trap

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

*BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL*

HERE we have to do with the third tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1298, a little before Candlemas (thus Nicolas begins), came letters to the first King Edward of England from his kinsman and ambassador to France, Earl Edmund of Lancaster. It was perfectly apparent, the Earl wrote, that the French King meant to surrender to the Earl's lord and brother neither the duchy of Guienne nor the Lady Blaunsh.

The courier found Sire Edward at Ipswich, midway in celebration of his daughter's marriage to the Count of Holland. The King read the letters through and began to laugh; and presently broke into a rage such as was possible only to the demon-tainted blood of Anjou. So that next day the keeper of the privy purse entered upon the household-books a considerable sum "to make good a large ruby and an emerald lost out of his coronet when the King's grace was pleased to throw it into the fire"; and upon the same day the King recalled Lancaster, and more lately despatched yet another embassy into France to treat about Sire Edward's second marriage. This last embassy was headed by the Earl of Aquitaine.

The Earl got audience of the French King at Mezelais. Walking alone came this Earl of Aquitaine, with a large retinue, into the hall where the barons of France stood according to their rank; in russet were the big Earl and his attendants, but upon the scarlets and purples of the French lords many jewels shone; as through a corridor of gayly painted sunlit glass came the grave Earl to the dais where sat King Philippe.

The King had risen at close sight of the new envoy, and had gulped once or twice, and without speaking, hurriedly waved his lords out of ear-shot. His perturbation was very extraordinary.

"Fair cousin," the Earl now said, without any prelude, "four years ago I was affianced to your sister, Dame Blaunsh. You stipulated that Gascony be given up to you in guaranty, as a settlement on any children I might have by that incomparable lady. I assented, and yielded you the province, upon the understanding, sworn to according to the faith of loyal kings, that within forty days you assign to me its seignory as your vassal. And I have had of you since then neither the enfeoffment nor the lady, but only excuses, Sire Philippe."

With eloquence the Frenchman touched upon the emergencies to which the public weal so often drives men of high station, and upon his private grief over the necessity—unavoidable, alas!—of returning a hard answer before the council; and became so voluble that Sire Edward merely laughed, in that big-lunged and disconcerting way of his, and afterward lodged for a week at Mezelais, nominally passing by his lesser title of Earl of Aquitaine, and as his own ambassador.

And negotiations became more swift of foot, since a man serves himself with zeal. In addition, the French lords could make nothing of a politician so thick-witted that he replied to every consideration of expediency but with parrotlike reiteration of the trivial circumstance that already the bargain was signed and sworn to; and, in consequence, while daily they fumed over his stupidity, daily he gained his point.

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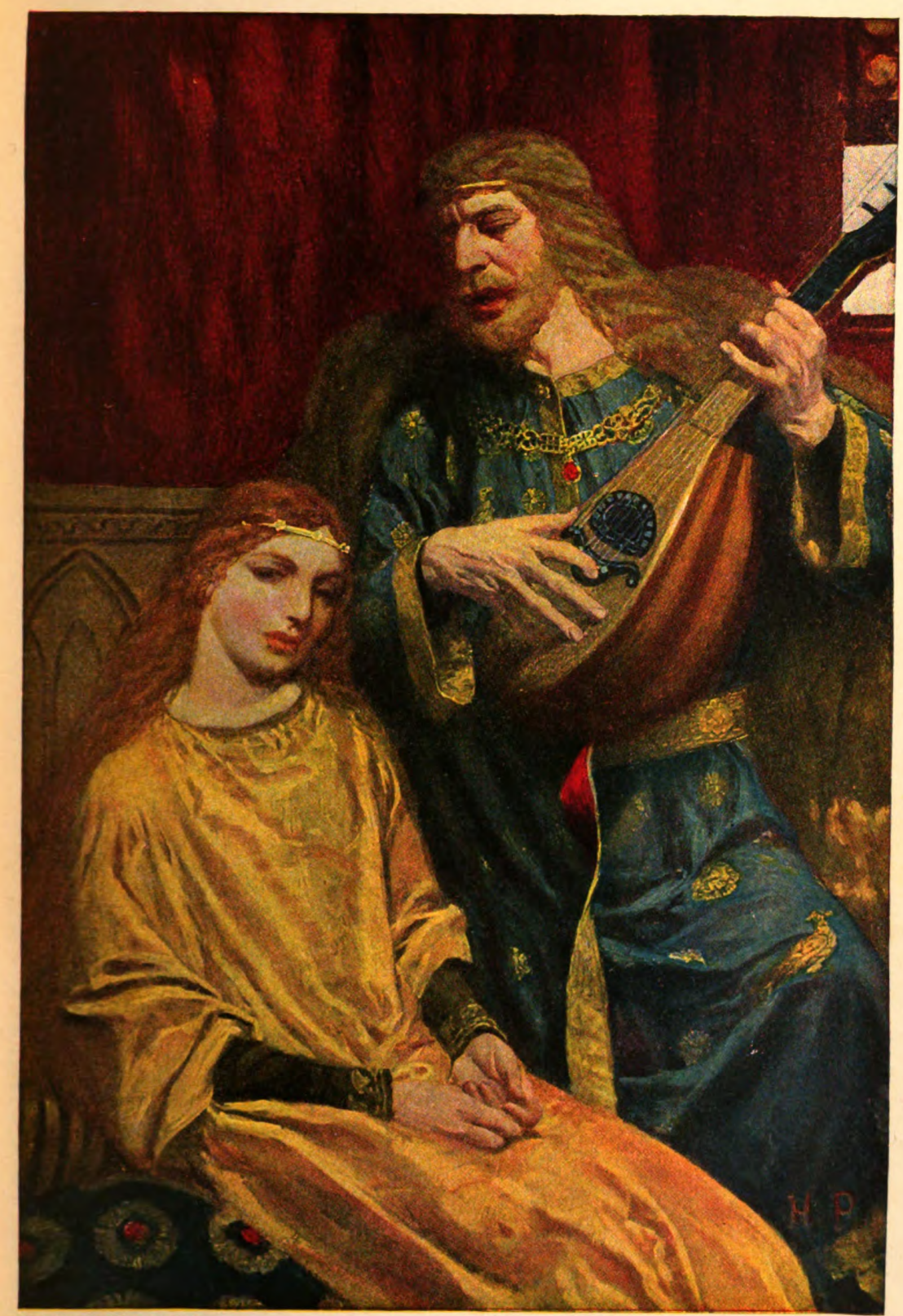

*Painting by Howard Pyle*

THEN SANG SIRE EDWARD

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During this period he was, upon one pretext or another, very largely in the company of his affianced wife, Dame Blaunsh.

This lady, I must tell you, was the handsomest of her day; there could nowhere be found a creature more agreeable to every sense; and she compelled the eye, it is recorded, not gently, but in a superb fashion. And Sire Edward, who till this had loved her merely by report, and, in accordance with the high custom of old, through many perusals of her portrait, now appeared besotted. He was an aging man, near sixty; huge and fair he was, with a crisp beard, and stalwart as a tower; and the better-read at Mezelais likened the couple to Sieur Hercules at the feet of Queen Omphale when they saw the two so much together.

The ensuing Wednesday they hunted and slew a stag of ten in the woods of Ermenoueïl, which stand thick about the château; and upon that day these two had dined at Rigon the forester's hut, in company with Dame Meregrett, the French King's younger sister. She sat a little apart from the betrothed, and stared through the hut's one window. We know nowadays it was not merely the trees she considered.

Dame Blaunsh, it seemed, was undisposed to mirth. "For we have slain the stag, beau sire," she said, "and have made of his death a brave diversion. To-day we have had our sport of death,—and presently the gay years wind past us, as our cavalcade came toward the stag, and God's incurious angel slays us, much as we slew the stag. And we will not understand, and we will wonder, as the stag did, in helpless wonder. And Death will have his sport of us, as in atonement." Here her big eyes shone, as the sun glints upon a sand-bottomed pool. "Ohé, I have known such happiness of late, beau sire, that I am hideously afraid to die." And again the fringed eyelids lifted, and within the moment sank contentedly.

For the King had murmured "Happiness!" and his glance was rapacious.

"But I am discourteous," Blaunsh said, "to prate of death thus drearily. Let us flout him, then, with some gay song." And she cast Rigon's lute toward him.

He caught it up. "Death is not reasonably mocked," Sire Edward said, "since in the end he conquers, and of the very lips that gibed at him remains but a little dust. Nay, rather should I who already stand beneath a lifted sword make for my immediate conqueror a Sirvente, which is the Song of Service."

Then sang Sire Edward:

"I sing of Death, that cometh to the king
And lightly plucks him from the cushioned throne,
And drowns his glory and his warfaring
In unrecorded dim oblivion,
And girds another with the sword thereof,
And sets another in his stead to reign,
What time the monarch nakedly must gain
Styx' hither shore and nakedly complain
'Midst twittering ghosts lamenting life and love.

"For Death is merciless; a crack-brained king
He raises in the place of Prester John,
Smites Priam, and mid-course in conquering
Bids Cæsar pause; the wit of Salomon,
The wealth of Nero and the pride thereof,
And prowess of great captains—of Gawayne,
Darius, Jeshua, and Charlemagne—
Wheedle and bribe and surfeit Death in vain
And get no grace of him nor any love.

"Incuriously he smites the armored king
And tricks his wisest counsellor—"

"True, O God!" the tiny woman murmured that sat beside the window yonder. And Dame Meregrett rose and in silence passed from the room.

The two started, and laughed in common, and afterward paid little heed to her outgoing. For Sire Edward had put aside the lute and sat now regarding the Princess. His big left hand propped the bearded chin; his grave countenance was flushed, and his intent eyes shone under the shaggy brows, very steadily, like the tapers before an altar.

And, irresolutely, Dame Blaunsh plucked at her gown; then rearranged a fold of it, and with composure awaited the ensuing action, afraid at bottom, but not at all ill-pleased; and always she looked downward.

The King said: "Never before were



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we two alone, madame. Fate is very gracious to me this morning."

"Fate," the lady considered, "has never denied much to the Hammer of the Scots."

"She has denied me nothing," he sadly said, "save the one thing that makes this business of living seem a rational proceeding. Fame and power and wealth she has accorded me, no doubt, but never the common joys of life. And, look you, my Princess, I am an old man now. During some thirty years I have ruled England according to my interpretation of God's will as it was anciently made manifest by the holy Evangelists; and during that period I have ruled England not without odd by-ends of commendation: yet, behold, to-day I quite forget that excellent King Edward, and remember only Edward Plantagenet—hot-blooded and desirous man!—of whom that so excellent King has made a prisoner all these years."

"It is the duty of exalted persons," Blaunsh unsteadily said, "to put aside such private inclinations as their breasts may harbor—"

He said: "I have done much for the happiness of every Englishman within my realm saving only Edward Plantagenet, and now I think his turn to be at hand." Then the man kept silence; and his hot appraisal daunted her.

"Lord," she presently faltered, "lord, in sober verity Love cannot extend his laws between husband and wife, since the gifts of love are voluntary, and husband and wife are but the slaves of duty."

"Troubadourish nonsense!" Sire Edward said; "yet it is true that the gifts of love are voluntary. And therefore—Ha, most beautiful, what have you and I to do with all this chaffering over Guienne?" The two stood very close to one another now.

Blaunsh said: "It is a high matter." Then on a sudden the full-veined girl was aglow with passion. "It is a trivial matter." He took her in his arms, since already her cheeks flared in scarlet anticipation of the event.

And thus holding her, he wooed the girl tempestuously. Here, indeed, was Sieur Hercules enslaved, burned by a fiercer fire than that of Nessus, and the huge bulk of him visibly shaken by his adoration. In the disordered tapestry of verbiage, passion-flapped as a flag is by a wind, she presently beheld herself prefigured by Balkis, the Judean's lure, and by the Princess of Cyprus (in Aristotle's time), and by Nicolette, the King's daughter of Carthage,—since the first flush of morning was as a rush-light before her resplendency, the man swore; and in conclusion, by the Countess of Tripolis, for love of whom he had cleft the seas, and losing whom he must inevitably die as Rudel did. He snapped his fingers now over any consideration of Guienne. He would conquer for her all Muscovy and all Cataia, too, if she desired mere acreage. Meanwhile he wanted her, and his hard and savage passion beat down opposition as with a bludgeon.

"Heart's emperor," the trembling girl more lately said, "I think that you were cast in some larger mould than we of France. Oh, none of us may dare resist you! and I know that nothing matters, nothing in all the world, save that you love me. Then take me, since you will it—and not as King, since you will otherwise, but as Edward Plantagenet. For listen! by good luck you have this afternoon despatched Rigon for Chevrieul, where to-morrow we hunt the great boar. And in consequence to-night this hut will be unoccupied."

The man was silent. He had a gift that way when occasion served.

"Here, then, beau sire! here, then, at nine, you are to meet me with my chaplain. Behold, he marries us, as glibly as though we two were peasants. Poor King and Princess!" cried Dame Blaunsh, and in a voice that thrilled him, "shall ye not, then, dare to be but man and woman?"

"Ha!" the King said. He laughed. "The King is pleased to loose his prisoner; and I will do it." He fiercely said this, for the girl was very beautiful.

So he came that night, without any retinue, and habited as a forester, a horn swung about his neck, into the unlighted hut of Rigon the forester, and found a woman there, though not the woman whom he had perhaps expected.

"Treachery, beau sire! horrible treachery!" she wailed. "For presently comes

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not Blaunsh but Philippe, with many men to back him. And presently they will slay you. You have been trapped, beau sire. Ah, for the love of God, go! go, while there is yet time!"

Sire Edward reflected. Undoubtedly, to light on Edward Longshanks alone in a forest would appear to King Philippe, if properly attended, a tempting chance to settle divers disputations, once for all; and Sire Edward knew the conscience of his old opponent to be quite invulnerable. The act would violate all laws of hospitality and knighthood—oh, granted! but its outcome would be a very definite gain to France, and for the rest, merely a dead body in a ditch. Not a monarch in Christendom, Sire Edward reflected, but feared and in consequence hated the Hammer of the Scots, and in further consequence would lift not a finger to avenge him; and not a being in the universe would rejoice at Philippe's achievement one-half so heartily as Sire Edward's son and immediate successor, Prince Edward of Caernarvon. So that, all in all, ohimé! Philippe had planned the affair with forethought.

What he said was, "Dame Blaunsh, then, knew of this?" But Meregrett's pitiful eyes had already answered him, and he laughed a little.

"In that event I have to-night enregistered my name among the goodly company of Love's Lunatics—

*Sots amoureux, sots privez, sots sauvages,*
*Sots vieux, nouveaux, et sots de tous âges"*—

thus he scornfully declaimed, "and as yokefellow with Dan Merlin in his thorn-bush, and with wise Salomon when he capered upon the high place of Chemosh, and with Duke Ares sheepishly agrin within the net of Mulciber. Rogues all, madame! fools all! yet always the flesh trammels us, and allures the soul to such sensual delights as bar its passage toward the eternal life wherein alone lies the empire and the heritage of the soul. And why does it so impede the soul? Because Satan once ranked among the sons of God, and the Eternal Father, as I take it, has not yet forgotten the antique relationship,—and hence it is permitted even in our late time that always the flesh rebel against the spirit, and always these so tiny and so thin-voiced tricksters, these highly tinted miracles of iniquity, so gracious in demeanor and so starry-eyed—"

Then he turned and pointed, no longer the fanatic, but the expectant captain now. "Look, my Princess!" For in the pathway from which he had recently emerged stood a man in full armor like a sentinel. "Mort de Dieu, we can but try," Sire Edward said.

"Too late," said Meregrett; and yet she followed him. And presently, in a big splash of moonlight, the armed man's falchion glittered across their way. "Back," he bade them, "for by the King's orders no man passes."

"It were very easy now to strangle this herring," Sire Edward reflected.

"But scarcely a whole school of herring," the fellow retorted. "Nay, Messire d'Aquitaine, the bushes of Ermenoueïl are alive with my associates. The hut yonder, in effect, is girdled by them,—and we have our orders."

"Concerning women?" the King said.

The man deliberated. Then Sire Edward handed him three gold pieces. "There was assuredly no specific mention of petticoats," the soldier now recollected, "and in consequence I dare to pass the Princess."

"And in that event," Sire Edward said, "we twain had as well bid one another adieu."

But Meregrett only said, "You bid me go?"

He waved his hand. "Since there is no choice. For that which you have done—however tardily—I thank you. Meantime I can but return to Rigon's hut to rearrange my toga as King Cæsar did when the assassins fell upon him, and to encounter whatever Dame Luck may send with due decorum."

"To die!" she said.

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "In the end we necessarily die."

Dame Meregrett turned and passed back into the hut without faltering.

And when he had lighted the inefficient lamp which he found there, Sire Edward wheeled upon her in half-humorous vexation. "Presently come your brother and his tattling lords. To be discovered here with me at night, alone, means infamy. If Philippe chance to

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fall into one of his Capetian rages it means death."

"Nay, lord, it means far worse than death." And she laughed, although not merrily.

And now, for the first time, Sire Edward regarded her with profound consideration, as may we. To the finger-tips this so little lady showed a descendant of the holy Louis he had known and loved in old years; small and thinnish she was, with soft and profuse hair that, for all its blackness, gleamed in the lamplight with stray ripples of brilliancy, as you may see a spark shudder to extinction over burning charcoal. The Valois nose she had, long and delicate in form, and overhanging a short upper lip; yet the lips were glorious, and her skin the very Hyperborean snow in tint. As for her eyes, say, gigantic onyxes—or ebony highly polished and wet with May dew; too big for her little face they were: in fine, they made of her a tiny and desirous wraith that moved nervously through life, very strange and brightly colored, and always thrilled with some subtle mirth, like that of a Siren who notes how the sailor pauses at the bulwark and laughs a little, knowing the outcome, and does not greatly care. Yet now her countenance was rapt.

And Sire Edward moved one step toward her and paused. "Madame, I do not understand."

Dame Meregrett looked up into his face unflinchingly. "It means that I love you, sire. I may speak without shame now, for presently you die. Die bravely, sire! die in such fashion as may hearten me to live."

The little woman spoke the truth, for always since his coming to Mezelais she had viewed the great conqueror as through an awful haze of forerunning rumor, twin to that golden vapor which enswathes a god and transmutes whatever in corporeal man had been a defect into some divine and hitherto unguessed-at excellence; and I must tell you in this place, since no other occasion offers, that even until the end of her life it was so. For to her what in other persons would have seemed but flagrant dulness showed, somehow, in Sire Edward as the majestic deliberation of one that knows his verdict to be decisive, and hence appraises cautiously; and if sometime his big, calm eyes betrayed no apprehension of the jest at which her lips were laughing, and of which her brain very cordially approved, always within the instant her heart convinced her that a god is not lightly moved to mirth.

And now it was a god—*O deus certè!*—that had taken a woman's paltry face between his hands, half roughly. "And the maid is a Capet!" Sire Edward mused.

"Never has Blaunsh desired you any ill, beau sire. But it is the Archduke of Austria that she loves, beau sire. And once you were dead, she might marry him. One cannot blame her," Meregrett considered, "since he wishes to marry her, and she, of course, wishes to make him happy."

"And not herself, save in some secondary way!" the big King said. "In part I comprehend, madame. And I, too, long for this same happiness, impotently now, and much as a fevered man might long for water. And my admiration for the Death whom I praised this morning is somewhat abated." He took up Rigon's lute.

Then sang Sire Edward:

"Incuriously he smites the armored king
And tricks his wisest counsellor—

ay, the song ran thus. Now listen, madame—listen, while for me Death waits without, and for you ignominy."

Then sang Sire Edward:

"Anon
Will Death not bid us cease from pleasuring,
And change for idle laughter i' the sun
The grave's long silence and the peace thereof,
Where we entrancèd, Death our Viviaine
Implacable, may never more regain
The unforgotten passion, and the pain
And grief and ecstasy of life and love?

"Yea, presently, as quiet as the king
Sleeps now that laid the plan of Chalcedon,
We, too, will sleep, and overhead the Spring
Laugh, and young lovers laugh,—as we have done—
And kiss,—as we, that take no heed thereof
But slumber very soundly, and disdain
The world-wide heralding of Winter's wane

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And swift sweet ripple of the April rain
Running about the world to waken love.

"We shall have been done with love, and Death be king
And turn our nimble bodies carrion,
Our red lips dusty;—yet our live lips cling
Spite of that age-long severance and are one
Spite of the grave and the vain grief thereof
We mean to baffle, if in Death's domain
Old memories may enter, and we twain
May dream a little, and rehearse again
In that unending sleep our present love.

"Speed forth to her in sorry unison,
My rhymes: and say Death mocks us, and is slain
Lightly by Love that lightly thinks thereon;
And that were love at my disposal lain—
All mine to take!—and Death had said, *Refrain,*
*Lest I demand the bitter cost thereof,*
I know that even as the weather-vane
Follows the wind so would I follow Love."

He put aside the lute. "Thus ends the Song of Service," he said, "which was made, not by the King of England, but by Edward Plantagenet—hot-blooded and desirous man!—in honor of the one woman who within more years than I care to think of has attempted to serve but Edward Plantagenet."

"I do not comprehend," she said. And, indeed, she dared not.

But now he held both tiny hands in his. "At best, your poet is an egotist. I must die presently. Meantime I crave largesse, madame! ay, a great largesse, so that in his unending sleep your poet may rehearse our present love." And even in that dim light he found her kindling eyes not niggardly.

So that more lately Sire Edward strode to the window and raised big hands toward the spear-points of the aloof stars. "Master of us all!" he cried; "O Father of us all! the Hammer of the Scots am I! the Scourge of France, the conqueror of Llewellyn and of Leicester, and the flail of the accursed race that slew Thine only Son! the King of England am I that have made of England an imperial nation and have given to Thy Englishmen new laws! And to-night I crave my hire. Never, O my Father, have I had of any person aught save reverence or hatred! never in my life has any person loved me! And I am old, my Father,—I am old, and presently I die. As I have served Thee—as Jacob wrestled with Thee at the ford of Jabbok—at the place of Peniel—" Against the tremulous blue and silver of the forest she saw in terror how horribly the big man was shaken. "My hire! my hire!" he hoarsely said. "Forty long years, my Father! And now I will not let Thee go except Thou hear me."

And presently he turned, stark and black in the rearward splendor of the moon. "*As a prince hast thou power with God,*" he calmly said, "*and thou hast prevailed.* For the Eternal Father was never obdurate, m'amye.

"Child! O brave, brave child!" he said to her, a little later, "I was never afraid to die, and yet to-night I would that I might live a trifle longer than in common reason I may ever hope to live!" And their lips met.

Neither stirred when Philippe the Handsome came into the room. At his heels were seven lords, armed cap-à-pie, but the entrance of eight cockchafers had meant as much to these transfigured two.

The French King was an odd man, no more sane, perhaps, than might reasonably be expected of a Valois. Subtly smiling, he came forward through the twilight, with soft long strides, and made no outcry at recognition of his sister. "Take the woman away, Victor," he said, disinterestedly, to de Montespan. Afterward he sat down beside the table and remained silent for a while, intently regarding Sire Edward and the tiny woman who clung to Sire Edward's arm; and always in the flickering gloom of the hut Philippe smiled as an artist might do who gazes on the perfected work and knows it to be adroit.

"You prefer to remain, my sister?" he presently said. "Hé bien; it happens that I am to-night in a mood for granting almost any favor. A little later and I will attend to you." The fleet disorder of his visage had lapsed again into the meditative smile which was that of Lucifer watching a toasted soul. "And so it ends," he said. "Conqueror of Scot-

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land, Scourge of France! O unconquerable King! and will the worms of Ermenoueïl, then, pause to-morrow to consider through what a glorious turmoil their dinner came to them?"

"You design murder, fair cousin?" Sire Edward said.

The French King shrugged. "I design that within this moment my lords shall slay you while I sit here and not move a finger. Is it not good to be a King, my cousin, and to sit quite still and to see your bitterest enemy hacked and slain—and all the while to sit quite still, quite unruffled, as a King should always be? Eh, I never lived until to-night!"

"Now, by Heaven," said Sire Edward, "I am your kinsman and your guest, I am unarmed—"

And Philippe bowed his head. "Undoubtedly," he assented, "the deed is a foul one. But I desire Gascony very earnestly, and so long as you live you will never permit me to retain Gascony. So it is quite necessary, you conceive, that I murder you. What!" he presently said, "will you not beg for mercy? I had so hoped," the French King added, somewhat wistfully, "that you might be afraid to die, O huge and righteous man! and would entreat me to spare you. To spurn the weeping conqueror of Llewellyn, say . . . but these sins that damn one's soul are in actual performance very tedious affairs, and I begin to grow aweary of the game. Hé bien! now kill this man for me, messieurs."

The English King strode forward. "O shallow trickster!" Sire Edward thundered. "*Am I not afraid!* You baby, would you ensnare a lion, then, with a flimsy rat-trap? Not so; for it is the nature of a rat-trap, fair cousin, to ensnare not the beast that imperiously desires and takes in daylight, but the tinier and the filthier beast that covets and under darkness pilfers—as you and your seven skulkers!" The man was rather terrible; not a Frenchman within the hut but had drawn back a little.

"Listen!" Sire Edward said, and came yet further toward the King of France and shook at him one forefinger; "when you were in your cradle I was leading armies. When you were yet unbreeched I was lord of half Europe. For thirty years I have driven kings before me as Fierabras did. Am I, then, a person to be hoodwinked by the first big-bosomed huzzy that elects to waggle her fat shoulders and to grant an assignation in a forest expressively designed for stabbings? You baby, is the Hammer of the Scots the man to trust a Capet? Ill-mannered infant," the King said, with bitter laughter, "it is now necessary that I summon my attendants and remove you to a nursery which I have prepared in England." He set the horn to his lips and blew three blasts.

There came many armed warriors into the hut, bearing ropes. Here was the entire retinue of the Earl of Aquitaine; and, cursing, Sire Philippe sprang upon the English King, and with his dagger smote at the big man's heart. The blade broke against the mail-armor under the tunic. "Have I not told you," Sire Edward wearily said, "that one may never trust a Capet? Now, messieurs, bind these carrion and convey them whither I have directed you. Nay, but, Roger—" He conversed apart with his lieutenant, and what he commanded was done. The French King and seven lords of France went from that hut trussed like chickens.

And now Sire Edward turned toward Meregrett and chafed his big hands gleefully. "At every tree-bole a tethered horse awaits us; and a ship awaits our party at Fécamp. To-morrow we sleep in England,—and, *Mort de Dieu!* do you not think, madame, that within the Tower your brother and I may more quickly come to some agreement over Guienne?"

She had shrunk from him. "Then the trap was yours! It was you that lured my brother to this infamy!"

"I am vile!" was the man's thought. And, "In effect, I planned it many months ago at Ipswich yonder," Sire Edward gayly said. "Faith of a gentleman! your brother had cheated me of Guienne, and was I to waste an eternity in begging him to restore it? Nay, for I have a many spies in France, and have for some two years known your brother and your sister to the bottom. Granted that I came hither incognito, to forecast their immediate action was none too difficult; and I wanted Guienne—and, in consequence, the person of your brother.

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*Mort de ma vie!* shall not the seasoned hunter adapt his snare aforetime to the qualities of his prey, and take the elephant through his curiosity, as the snake through his notorious treachery?" Now he blustered.

But the little woman wrung her hands. "I am this night most hideously shamed. Beau sire, I came hither to aid a brave man infamously trapped, and instead I find an alert spider, snug in his cunning web, and patiently waiting until the gnats of France fly near enough. Eh, the greater fool was I to waste my labor on the shrewd and evil thing that has no more need of me than I of it! And now let me go hence, sire, and unmolested, for the sake of chivalry. Could I have come to you but as to the brave man I had dreamed of, I had come through the mirkiest lane of hell; as the more artful knave, as the more judicious trickster" —and here she thrust him from her—"I spit upon you. Now let me go hence."

He took her in his brawny arms. "Fit mate for me," he said. "Little vixen, had you done otherwise I had devoted you to the devil."

Anon, still grasping her, and victoriously lifting Dame Meregrett so that her feet swung quite clear of the floor, Sire Edward said: "Look you, in my time I have played against Fate for considerable stakes—for fortresses, and towns, and strong citadels, and for kingdoms even. And it was but to-night I perceived that the one stake worth playing for is love. It were easy enough to get you for my wife; but I want more than that. . . . Pschutt! I know well enough that women have these notions: and carefully I weighed the issue—Meregrett and Guienne to boot? or Meregrett and Meregrett's love to boot?—and thus the final destination of my captives was but the courtyard of Mezelais, in order I might come to you with hands—well! not intolerably soiled."

"Oh, now I love you!" she cried, athrill with disappointment. "But you have done wrong, for Guienne is a king's ransom."

He smiled whimsically, and presently one arm swept beneath her knees, so that presently he held her as one dandles a baby; and presently his stiff and yellow beard caressed her burning cheek. Masterfully he said: "Then let it serve as such and ransom for a king his glad and common manhood. Ah, m'amye, I am both very wise and abominably selfish. And in either capacity it appears expedient that I leave France without any unwholesome delay. More lately—hé! already I have within my pocket the Pope's dispensation permitting me to marry the sister of the King of France, so that I dare to hope."

Very shyly Dame Meregrett lifted her little mouth toward his hot and bearded lips. "Patience," she said, "is a virtue; and daring is a virtue; and hope, too, is a virtue: and otherwise, beau sire, I would not live."

And in consequence, after a deal of political bickering (Nicolas concludes), in the year of grace 1299, on the day of Our Lady's nativity, and in the twenty-seventh year of King Edward's reign, came to the British realm, and landed at Dover, not Dame Blaunsh, as would have been in consonance with seasoned expectation, but Dame Meregrett, the other daughter of King Philippe the Bold; and upon the following day proceeded to Canterbury, whither on the next Thursday after came Edward, King of England, into the Church of the Trinity at Canterbury, and therein espoused the aforesaid Dame Meregrett.

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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER III

ALICIA DRAKE — a vision of pale pink—had just appeared in the long gallery at Tallyn, on her way to dinner. Her dress, her jewels, and all her minor appointments were of that quality and perfection to which only much thought and plentiful money can attain. She had not, in fact, been romancing in that account of her afternoon which has been already quoted. Dress was her weapon and her stock in trade; it was, she said, necessary to her "career." And on this plea she steadily exacted in its support a proportion of the family income which left but small pickings for the schooling of her younger brothers and the allowances of her two younger sisters. But so great were the indulgence and the pride of her parents—small Devonshire landowners living on an impoverished estate—that Alicia's demands were conceded without a murmur. They themselves were insignificant folk, who had, in their own opinion, failed in life; and most of their children seemed to them to possess the same ineffective qualities —or the same absence of qualities—as themselves. But Alicia represented their one chance of something brilliant and interesting, something to lift them above their neighbors, and break up the monotony of their later lives. Their devotion was a strange mixture of love and selfishness; at any rate, Alicia could always feel, and did always feel, that she was playing her family's game as well as her own.

Her own game, of course, came first. She was not a beauty, in the sense in which Diana Mallory was a beauty; and of that fact she had been perfectly aware after her first, apparently careless glance at the newcomer of the afternoon. But she had points that never failed to attract notice: a free and rather insolent carriage, audaciously beautiful eyes, a general roundness and softness, and a grace — unfailing, deliberate, and provocative, even in actions, morally, the most graceless,—that would have alone secured her the "career" on which she was bent.

Of her mental qualities, one of the most profitable was a very shrewd power of observation. As she swept slowly along the corridor, which overlooked the hall at Tallyn, none of the details of the house were lost upon her. Tallyn was vast, ugly—above all, rich. Henry Markham, the deceased husband of Lady Lucy and father of Oliver and Mrs. Fotheringham, had made an enormous fortune in the iron trade of the north, retiring at sixty that he might enjoy some of those pleasures of life for which business had left him too little time. One of these pleasures was building. Henry Markham had spent ten years in building Tallyn, and at the end of that time, feeling it impossible to live in the huge, incoherent place he had created, he hired a small villa at Nice, and went to die there in privacy and peace. Nevertheless his will laid strict injunctions upon his widow to inhabit and keep up Tallyn; injunctions backed by considerable sanctions of a financial kind. His will, indeed, had been altogether a document of some eccentricity, though as eight years had now elapsed since his death, the knowledge of its provisions possessed by outsiders had had time to grow vague. Still, there were strong general impressions abroad, and as Alicia Drake surveyed the house which the old man had built to be the incubus of his descendants, some of them teased her mind. It was said, for instance, that Oliver Markham and his sister only possessed pittances of about a thousand a year apiece, while Tallyn, together with the vast bulk of Henry Markham's fortune, had been willed to Lady Lucy, and

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lay, moreover, at her absolute disposal. Was this so, or no? Miss Drake's curiosity for some time past would have been glad to be informed.

Meanwhile here was the house, about which there was no mystery,—least of all as to its cost. Interminable broad corridors, carpeted with ugly Brussels, and suggesting a railway hotel, branched out before Miss Drake's eyes in various directions; upon them opened not bedrooms, but "suites," as Mr. Markham *père* had loved to call them, of which the number was legion, while the bachelors' wing alone would have lodged a regiment. Every bedroom was like every other, except for such variations as Tottenham Court Road, rioting at will, could suggest. Copies in marble or bronze of well-known statues ranged along the corridors—a forlorn troupe of nude and shivering divinities. The immense hall below, with its violent frescos and its brand-new Turkey carpets, was panelled in oak, from which some device of stain or varnish had managed to abstract every particle of charm. A whole oak wood, indeed, had been lavished on the swathing and sheathing of the house, with the only result that the spectator beheld it steeped in a repellent yellow-brown from top to toe, against which no ornament, no piece of china, no picture, even did they possess some individual beauty, could possibly make it prevail.

And the drawing-room! As Alicia Drake advanced alone into its empty and blazing magnificence she could only laugh in its face,—so eager and restless was the effort which it made, and so hopeless the defeat. Enormous mirrors, spread on white and gold walls; large copies from Italian pictures, collected by Henry Markham in Rome; more facile statues holding innumerable lights; great pieces of modern china painted with realistic roses and poppies; crimson carpets, gilt furniture, and flaring cabinets,—Miss Drake frowned as she looked at it. "What *could* be done with it?" she said to herself, walking slowly up and down, and glancing from side to side,—"what *could* be done with it?"

A rustle in the hall announced another guest. Mrs. Fotheringham entered. Markham's sister dressed with severity; and as she approached her cousin she put up her eye-glass for what was evidently a hostile inspection of the dazzling effect presented by the young lady. But Alicia was not afraid of Mrs. Fotheringham.

"How early we are!" she said, still quietly looking at the reflection of herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece and warming a slender foot at the fire. "Haven't some more people arrived, Cousin Isabel? I thought I heard a carriage while I was dressing."

"Yes—Miss Vincent and three men came by the late train."

"All Labor members?" asked Alicia, with a laugh.

Mrs. Fotheringham explained with some tartness that only one of the three was a Labor member—Mr. Barton. Of the other two, one was Edgar Frobisher, the other Mr. McEwart, a Liberal M.P., who had just won a hotly contested by-election. At the name of Edgar Frobisher, Miss Drake's countenance showed some animation. She inquired if he had been doing anything madder than usual. Mrs. Fotheringham replied—without enthusiasm—that she knew nothing about his recent doings,—nor about Mr. McEwart, who was said, however, to be of the right stuff. Mr. Barton, on the other hand, "is a *great* friend of mine,—and a most remarkable man. Oliver has been very lucky to get him."

Alicia inquired whether he was likely to appear in dress clothes.

"Certainly not. He never does anything out of keeping with his class,—and he knows that we lay no stress on that kind of thing." This, with another glance at the elegant Paris frock which adorned the person of Alicia—a frock, in Mrs. Fotheringham's opinion, far too expensive for the girl's circumstances. Alicia received the glance without flinching. It was one of her good points that she was never meek with the people who disliked her. She merely threw out another inquiry as to "Miss Vincent."

"One of mamma's acquaintances. She was a private secretary to some one mamma knows, and she is going to do some work for Oliver when the session begins."

"Didn't Oliver tell me she is a Socialist?"



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Mrs. Fotheringham believed it might be said.

"How Miss Mallory will enjoy herself!" said Alicia, with a little laugh.

"Have you been talking to Oliver about her?" Mrs. Fotheringham stared rather hard at her cousin.

"Of course. Oliver likes her."

"Oliver likes a good many people."

"Oh no, Cousin Isabel! Oliver likes very few people—very, very few," said Miss Drake, decidedly, looking down into the fire.

"I don't know why you give Oliver such an unamiable character! In my opinion he is often not so much on his guard as I should like to see him."

"Oh, well, we can't all be as critical as you, dear Cousin Isabel! But, anyway, Oliver admires Miss Mallory extremely. We can all see that."

The girl turned a steady face on her companion. Mrs. Fotheringham was conscious of a certain secret admiration. But her own point of view had nothing to do with Miss Drake's.

"It amuses him to talk to her," she said sharply; "I am sure I hope it won't come to anything more. It would be very unsuitable."

"Why? Politics? Oh! that doesn't matter a bit."

"I beg your pardon. Oliver is becoming an important man, and it will never do for him to hamper himself with a wife who cannot sympathize with any of his enthusiasms and ideals."

Miss Drake shrugged her shoulders.

"He would convert her,—and he likes triumphing. Oh! Cousin Isabel!—look at that lamp!"

An oil-lamp in an inner drawing-room, placed to illuminate an easel-portrait of Lady Lucy, was smoking atrociously. The two ladies flew towards it, and were soon lost to sight and hearing amid a labyrinth of furniture and palms.

The place they left vacant was almost immediately filled by Oliver Markham himself, who came in studying a pencilled paper, containing the names of the guests. He and his mother had not found the dinner very easy to arrange. Upon his heels followed Mr. Ferrier, who hurried to the fire, rubbing his hands and complaining of the cold.

"I never felt this house cold before. Has anything happened to your *calorifère*? These rooms are too big! By the way, Oliver,"—Mr. Ferrier turned his back to the blaze and looked round him,—"when are you going to reform this one?"

Oliver surveyed it.

"Of course I should like nothing better than to make a bonfire of it all! But mother—"

"Of course—of course! Ah, well, perhaps when you marry, my dear boy! Another reason for making haste!"

The older man turned a laughing eye on his companion. Markham merely smiled, a little vaguely, without reply. Ferrier observed him, then began abstractedly to study the carpet. After a moment he looked up.

"I like your little friend, Oliver,—I like her particularly!"

"Miss Mallory? Yes, I saw you had been making acquaintance. Well?"

His voice affected a light indifference, but hardly succeeded.

"A very attractive personality!—fresh and womanly—no nonsense—heart enough for a dozen. But all the same the intellect is hungry and wants feeding. No one will ever succeed with her, Oliver, who forgets she has a brain. Ah! here she is!"

For the door had been thrown open and Diana entered, followed by Mrs. Colwood. She came in slowly, her brow slightly knit, and her black eyes touched with the intent, seeking look which was natural to them. Her dress of the freshest, simplest white fell about her in plain folds. It made the same young impression as the childish curls on the brow and temples, and both men watched her with delight. Markham went to meet her.

"Will you sit on my left? I must take in Lady Niton."

Diana smiled and nodded.

"And who is to be my fate?"

"Mr. Edgar Frobisher. You will quarrel with him,—and like him!"

"One of the 'Socialists'?"

"Ah!—you must find out."

He threw her a laughing backward glance as he went off to give directions to some of his other guests. The room filled up. Diana was aware of a tall young man, fair-haired, and evidently Scottish, whom

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she had not seen before, and then of a girl, whose appearance and dress riveted her attention. She was thin and small—handsome, but for a certain strained emaciated air, a lack of complexion and of bloom. But her blue eyes, black-lashed and black-browed, were superb; they made indeed the note, the distinction of the whole figure. The thick hair, cut short in the neck, was brushed back and held by a blue ribbon, the only trace of ornament in a singular costume, which consisted of a very simple morning dress of some woollen material, nearly black, garnished at the throat and wrists by some plain white frills. The dress hung loosely on the girl's starved frame, the hands were long and thin, the face sallow. Yet such was the force of the eyes, the energy of the strong chin and mouth, the flashing freedom of her smile, as she stood talking to Lady Lucy, that all the ugly plainness of the dress seemed to Diana, as she watched her, merely to increase her strange effectiveness, to mark her out the more favorably from the glittering room, from Lady Lucy's satin and diamonds, or the shimmering elegance of Alicia Drake.

As she bowed to Mr. Frobisher and took his arm amid the pairs moving towards the dining-room, Diana asked him eagerly who the lady in the dark dress might be.

"Oh! a great friend of mine," he said pleasantly. "Isn't she splendid? Did you notice her evening dress?"

"Is it an evening dress?"

"It's *her* evening dress. She possesses two costumes—both made of the same stuff, only the morning one has a straight collar, and the evening one has frills."

"She doesn't think it right to dress like other people?"

"Well—she has very little money, and what she has she can't afford to spend on dress. No—I suppose she doesn't think it right."

By this time they were settled at table, and Diana, convinced that she had found one of the two Socialists promised her, looked round for the other. Ah! there he was, beside Mrs. Fotheringham,—who was talking to him with an eagerness rarely vouchsafed to her acquaintances. A powerful, short-necked man, in the black Sunday coat of the workman, with sandy hair, blunt features, and a furrowed brow,—he had none of the magnetism, the strange refinement, of the lady in the frills. Diana drew a long breath.

"How odd it all is!" she said, as though to herself.

Her companion looked at her with amusement.

"What is odd? The combination of this house,—with Barton—and Miss Vincent?"

"Why do they consent to come here?" she asked, wondering. "I suppose they despise the rich."

"Not at all! The poor things—the rich—can't help themselves—just yet. *We* come here—because we mean to use the rich."

"You!—you too?"

"A Fabian," he said, smiling. "Which means that I am not in such a hurry as Barton."

"To ruin your country? You would only murder her by degrees?" flashed Diana.

"Ah?—you throw down the glove?—so soon? Shall we postpone it for a course or two? I am no use till I have fed."

Diana laughed. They fell into a gossip about their neighbors. The plain young man, with a shock of fair hair, a merry eye, a short chin, and the spirits of a schoolboy, sitting on Lady Niton's left, was, it seemed, the particular pet and protégé of that masterful old lady. Diana remembered to have seen him at tea-time in Miss Drake's train. Lady Niton, she was told, disliked her own sons, but was never tired of befriending two or three young men who took her fancy. Bobbie Forbes was a constant frequenter of her house on Campden Hill. "But he is no toady. He tells her a number of plain truths—and amuses her guests. In return she provides him with what she calls 'the best society,'—and pushes his interests in season and out of season. He is in the Foreign Office, and she is at present manœuvring to get him attached to the Special Mission which is going out to Constantinople."

Diana glanced across the table, and in doing so met the eyes of Mr. Bobbie Forbes, which laughed into hers—invol-

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untarily—as much as to say: "You see my plight? Ridiculous, isn't it?"

For Lady Niton was keeping a greedy conversational hold on both Markham and the young man, pouncing to right or left as either showed a disposition to escape, so that Forbes was violently withheld from Alicia Drake, his rightful lady, and Markham could engage in no consecutive conversation with Diana.

"No escape for you!" smiled Mr. Frobisher, presently, observing the position. "Lady Niton always devastates a dinner-party."

Diana protested that she was quite content. Might she assume, after the fourth course, that his hunger was at least scotched and conversation thrown open?

"I am fortified—thank you. Shall we go back to where we left off? You had just accused me of ruining the country?"

"By easy stages," said Diana. "Wasn't that where we had come to? But first—tell me, because it's all so puzzling!—do you and Mr. Markham agree?"

"A good deal. But he thinks *he* can use *us*—which is his mistake."

"And Mr. Ferrier?"

Mr. Frobisher shook his head good-humoredly.

"No, no!—Ferrier is a Whig—the Whig of to-day, *bien entendu*, who is a very different person from the Whig of yesterday,—still, a Whig, an individualist, a moderate man. He leads the Liberal party,—and it is changing all the time under his hand into something he dreads and detests. The party can't do without him now—but—"

He paused, smiling.

"It will shed him some day?"

"It must!"

"And where will Mr. Markham be then?"

"On the winning side—I think."

The tone was innocent and careless; but the words offended her.

She drew herself up a little.

"He would never betray his friends!"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Frobisher, hastily; "I didn't mean that. But Markham has a mind more open, more elastic, more modern than Ferrier—great man as he is."

Diana was silent. She seemed still to hear some of the phrases and inflections of Mr. Ferrier's talk of the afternoon. Mr. Frobisher's prophecy wounded some new-born sympathy in her. She turned the conversation.

With Oliver Markham she talked when she could, as Lady Niton allowed her. She succeeded at least in learning something more of her right-hand neighbor and of Miss Vincent. Mr. Frobisher, it appeared, was a Fellow of Magdalen, and was at present lodging in Limehouse, near the docks, studying poverty and trade-unionism, and living upon a pound a week. As for Miss Vincent, in her capacity of secretary to a well-known Radical member of Parliament, she had been employed, for his benefit, in gathering information first-hand, very often in the same fields where Mr. Frobisher was at work. This brought them often together,—and they were the best of comrades and allies.

Diana's eyes betrayed her curiosity; she seemed to be asking for clues in a strange world. Markham apparently felt that nothing could be more agreeable than to guide her. He began to describe for her the life of such a woman of the people as Marion Vincent. An orphan at fourteen, earning her own living from the first; self-dependent, self-protected; the friend, on perfectly equal terms, of a group of able men interested in the same social ideals as herself; living alone, in contempt of all ordinary conventions, now in Kensington or Belgravia, and now in a back street of Stepney or Poplar, and equally at home and her own mistress in both; exacting from a rich employer the full market value of the services she rendered him, and refusing to accept the smallest gift or favor beyond; a convinced Socialist and champion of the poor, who had within the past twelve months, to Markham's knowledge, refused an offer of marriage from a man of large income, passionately devoted to her, whom she liked,—mainly, it was believed, because his wealth was based on sweated labor:—such was the character sketched by Markham for his neighbor in the intermittent conversation, which was all that Lady Niton allowed him.

Diana listened silently, but inwardly her mind was full of critical reactions. Was this what Mr. Markham most ad-

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mired, his ideal of what a woman should be? Was he exalting, exaggerating it a little, by way of antithesis to those old-fashioned surroundings, that unreal atmosphere, as he would call it, in which, for instance, he had found her—Diana—at Rapallo—under her father's influence and bringing up? The notion spurred her pride, as well as her loyalty to her father. She began to hold herself rather stiffly, to throw in a critical remark or two, to be a little flippant even, at Miss Vincent's expense. Homage so warm laid at the feet of one ideal was—she felt it—a disparagement of others; she stood for those others; and presently Markham began to realize a hurtling of shafts in the air, an incipient battle between them.

He accepted it with delight. Still the same poetical, combative, impulsive creature, with the deep soft voice! She pleased his senses; she stirred his mind; and he would have thrown himself into one of the old Rapallo arguments with her then and there but for the gadfly at his elbow.

Immediately after dinner Lady Niton possessed herself of Diana. "Come here, please, Miss Mallory! I wish to make your acquaintance." Thus commanded, the laughing but rebellious Diana allowed herself to be led to a corner of the overilluminated drawing-room.

"Well!" said Lady Niton, observing her, "so you have come to settle in these parts?"

Diana assented.

"What made you choose Brookshire?" The question was enforced by a pair of needle-sharp eyes. "There isn't a person worth talking to within a radius of twenty miles."

Diana declined to agree with her; whereupon Lady Niton impatiently exclaimed: "Tut—tut. One might as well milk he-goats as talk to the people here. Nothing to be got out of any of them. Do you like conversation?"

"Immensely!"

"Hum!—But mind you don't talk too much. Oliver talks a great deal more than is good for him. So you met Oliver in Italy? What do you think of him?"

Diana, keeping a grip on laughter, said something civil.

"Oh, Oliver's clever enough—and *ambitious!*" Lady Niton threw up her hands. "But I'll tell you what stands in his way. He says too sharp things of people. Do you notice that?"

"He is very critical," said Diana, evasively.

"Oh Lord, much worse than that!" said Lady Niton, coolly. "He makes himself very unpopular. You should tell him so."

"That would be hardly my place," said Diana, flushing a little.

Lady Niton stared at her a moment rather hard, then said: "But he's honey and balm itself compared to Isabel! The Markhams are old friends of mine, but I don't pretend to like Isabel Fotheringham at all. She calls herself a Radical, and there's no one insists more upon their birth and their advantages than she. Don't let her bully you—come to me if she does—I'll protect you."

Diana said vaguely that Mrs. Fotheringham had been very kind.

"You haven't had time to find out," said Lady Niton, grimly. She leant back, fanning herself, her queer white face and small black eyes alive with malice. "Did you ever see such a crew as we were at dinner? I reminded Oliver of the rhyme—'The animals went in two by two.' It's always the way here. There's no *society* in this house, because you can't take anything or any one for granted. One must always begin from the beginning. What can I have in common with that man Barton? The last time I talked to him he thought Lord Grey—the Reform Bill Lord Grey—was a Tory,—and had never heard of Louis Philippe. He knows nothing that *we* know,—and what do I care about his Socialist stuff? Well, now—Alicia"—her tone changed—"do you admire Alicia?"

Diana in discomfort glanced through the archway leading to the inner drawing-room, which framed the sparkling figure of Miss Drake, and murmured a complimentary remark.

"No!" said Lady Niton, with emphasis; "no—she's not handsome—though she makes people believe she is. You'll see—in five years. Of course the stupid men admire her, and she plays

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her cards very cleverly; but, my dear" —suddenly the formidable old woman bent forward and tapped Diana's arm with her fan,—"let me give you a word of advice. Don't be too innocent here—or too amiable. Don't give yourself away,—especially to Alicia!"

Diana had the disagreeable feeling of being looked through and through, physically and mentally; though at the same time she was only very vaguely conscious as to what there might be either for Lady Niton or Miss Drake to see.

"Thank you very much," she said, trying to laugh it off. "It is very kind of you to warn me—but really I don't think you need." She looked round her waveringly.

"May I introduce you to my friend? Mrs. Colwood—Lady Niton." For her glance of appeal had brought Mrs. Colwood to her aid, and between them they coped with this *enfant terrible* among dowagers till the gentlemen came in.

"Here is Sir James Chide," said Lady Niton, rising. "He wants to talk to you, and he don't like me. So I'll go."

Sir James, not without a sly smile, discharged arrowlike at the retreating enemy, took the seat she had vacated.

"This is your first visit to Tallyn, Miss Mallory?"

The voice speaking was the *voix d'or* familiar to Englishmen in many a famous case, capable of any note, any inflection, to which sarcasm or wrath, shrewdness or pathos, might desire to tune it. In this case it was gentleness itself; and so was the countenance he turned upon Diana. Yet it was a countenance built rather for the sterner than the milder uses of life. A natural majesty expressed itself in the domed forehead and in the fine head, lightly touched with gray; the eyes were gray, of a singular acuteness and mobility, the lips prominent and sensitive, the face long and, in line, finely regular. A face of feeling and of power; the face of a Celt, disciplined by the stress and conflict of a non-Celtic world. Diana's young sympathies sprang to meet it, and they were soon in easy conversation.

Sir James questioned her kindly but discreetly. This was really her first visit to Brookshire?

"To England!" said Diana; and then, on a little wooing, came out the girl's first impressions, natural, enthusiastic, gay. Sir James listened, with eyes half closed, following every movement of her lips, every gesture of head and hand.

"Your parents took you abroad quite as a child?"

"I went with my father. My mother died when I was quite small."

Sir James did not speak for a moment. At last he said,

"But before you went abroad you lived in London?"

"Yes,—in Kensington Square."

Sir James made a sudden movement, which displaced a book on a little table beside him. He stooped to pick it up.

"And your father was tired of England?"

Diana hesitated.

"I—I think he had gone through great trouble. He never got over mamma's death."

"Oh yes, I see," said Sir James gently. Then in another tone:

"So you settled on that beautiful coast? I wonder if that was the winter I first saw Italy?"

He named the year.

"Yes—that was the year," said Diana. "Had you never seen Italy before that?" She looked at him in a little surprise.

"Do I seem to you so old?" said Sir James, smiling. "I had been a very busy man, Miss Mallory, and my holidays had been generally spent in Ireland. But that year"—he paused a moment—"that year I had been ill, and the doctors sent me abroad—in October," he added, slowly and precisely. "I went first to Paris, and I was at Genoa in November."

"We must have been there—just about then! Mamma died in October. And I remember the winter was just beginning at Genoa—it was very cold—and I got bronchitis—I was only a little thing."

"And Oliver tells me you found a home at Portofino?"

Diana replied. He kept her talking; yet her impression was that he did not listen very much to what she said. At the same time she felt herself *studied*, in a way which made her self-conscious, which perhaps she might have resented in any man less polished and less courteous.

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"Pardon me," he said abruptly, at a pause in the conversation. "Your name interests me particularly. It is Welsh, is it not? I knew two or three persons of that name, and they were Welsh."

Diana's look changed a little.

"Yes, it is Welsh," she said, in a hesitating, reserved voice; and then looked round her as though in search of a change of topic.

Sir James bent forward.

"May I come and see you some day at Beechcote?"

Diana flushed with surprise and pleasure.

"Oh! I should be so honored!"

"The honor would be mine," he said, with pleasant deference. "Now I think I see that Markham is wroth with me for monopolizing you like this."

He rose and walked away, just as Markham brought up Mr. Barton to introduce him to Diana.

Sir James wandered on into a small drawing-room at the end of the long suite of rooms; in its seclusion he turned back to look at the group he had left behind. His face, always delicately pale, had grown strained and white.

"Is it *possible*," he said to himself, "that she knows nothing?—that that man was able to keep it all from her?"

He walked up and down a little by himself—pondering,—the prey of the same emotion as had seized him in the afternoon; till at last his ear was caught by some hubbub, some agitation in the big drawing-room, especially by the sound of the girlish voice he had just been listening to, only speaking this time in quite another key. He returned to see what was the matter.

He found Miss Mallory the centre of a circle of spectators and listeners, engaged apparently in a three-cornered and very hot discussion with Mr. Barton, the Socialist member, and Oliver Markham. Diana had entirely forgotten herself, her shyness, the strange house, and all her alarms. If Lady Niton took nothing for granted at Tallyn, that was not, it seemed, the case with John Barton. He, on the contrary, took it for granted that everybody there was at least a good Radical, and as stoutly opposed as himself to the "wildcat" and "Jingo" policy of the Government on the Indian frontier, where one of our perennial little wars was then proceeding. News had arrived that afternoon of an indecisive engagement, in which the lives of three English officers and some fifty men of a Sikh regiment had been lost. Mr. Barton in taking up the evening paper, lying beside Diana, which contained the news, had made very much the remark foretold by Captain Roughsedge in the afternoon. It was, he thought, a pity the repulse had not been more decisive—so as to show all the world into what a hornet's nest the Government was going—"and a hornet's nest which will cost us half a million to take, before we've done."

Diana's cheeks flamed. Did Mr. Barton mean to regret that no more English lives had been lost?

Mr. Barton was of opinion that if the defeat had been a bit worse, bloodshed might have been saved in the end. A Jingo Viceroy and a Jingo press could only be stopped by disaster.

On the contrary, said Diana, we could not afford to be stopped by disaster. Disaster must be retrieved.

Mr. Barton asked her—why? Were we never to admit that we were in the wrong?

The Viceroy and his advisers, she declared, were not likely to be wrong. And prestige had to be maintained.

At the word "prestige" the rugged face of the Labor member grew contemptuous and a little angry. He dealt with it as he was accustomed to deal with it in Socialist meetings or in Parliament. His touch in doing so was neither light nor conciliatory; the young lady, he thought, required plain speaking.

But so far from intimidating the young lady, he found in the course of a few more thrusts and parries that he had roused a by no means despicable antagonist. Diana was a mere mouthpiece; but she was the mouthpiece of eye-witnesses; whereas Barton was the mouthpiece of his daily newspaper and a handful of partisan books written to please the political section to which he belonged.

He began to stumble and to make mistakes — gross elementary mistakes, in geography and fact,—and therewith to lose his temper. Diana was upon him

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in a moment—very cool and graceful,—controlling herself well; and it is probable that she would have won the day triumphantly but for the sudden intervention of her host.

Oliver Markham had been watching her with mingled amusement and admiration. The slender figure held defiantly erect, the hands close-locked on the knee, the curly head with the air of a Niké,—he could almost *see* the palm branch in the hand, the white dress, and the silky hair, blown back by the blasts of victory!—appealed to a rhetorical element in his nature always closely combined both with his feelings and his ambitions. Headlong energy and partisanship—he was enchanted to find how beautiful they could be, and he threw himself into the discussion, simply—at first—that he might prolong an emotion, might keep the red burning on her lip and cheek. That blundering fellow Barton should not have it all to himself!

But he was no sooner well in it than he too began to flounder. He rode off upon an inaccurate telegram in a morning paper; Diana fell upon it at once, tripped it up, exposed it, drove it from the field, while Mr. Ferrier approved her from the background with a smiling eye and a quietly applauding hand. Then Markham quoted a speech in the Indian Council.

Diana dismissed it with contempt, as the shaft of a *frondeur* discredited by both parties. He fell back on blue books and other ponderosities,—Barton by this time silent or playing a clumsy chorus. But if Diana was not acquainted with these things in the ore, so to speak, she was more than a little acquainted with the missiles that could be forged from them. That very afternoon Harry Roughsedge had pointed her to some of the best. She took them up—a little wildly now—for her coolness was departing,—and for a time Markham could hardly keep his footing.

A good many listeners were by now gathered round the disputants. Lady Niton, wielding some noisy knitting-needles by the fireside, was enjoying the fray all the more that it seemed to be telling against Oliver. Mrs. Fotheringham, on the other hand, who came up occasionally to the circle, listened and went away again, was clearly seething with suppressed wrath, and had to be restrained once or twice by her brother from interfering, in a tone which would at once have put an end to a duel he himself only wished to prolong.

Mr. Ferrier perceived her annoyance and smiled over it. In spite of his long friendship with the family, Isabel Fotheringham was no favorite with the great man. She had long seemed to him a type — a strange and modern type— of the feminine fanatic who allows political difference to interfere not only with private friendship, but with the nearest and most sacred ties; and his philosopher's soul revolted. Let a woman talk politics, if she must, like this eager idealist girl,—not with the venom and gall of the half-educated politician. "As if we hadn't enough of that already!"

Other spectators paid more frivolous visits to the scene. Bobbie Forbes and Alicia Drake, attracted by the sounds of war, looked in from the next room. Forbes listened a moment, shrugged his shoulders, made a whistling mouth, and then walked off to a glass bookcase—the one sign of civilization in the vast room, —where he was soon absorbed in early editions of English poets, Lady Lucy's inheritance from a literary father. Alicia moved about, a little restless and scornful, now listening unwillingly, and now attempting diversions. But in these she found no one to second her, not even the two pink-and-white nieces of Lady Lucy, who did not understand a word of what was going on, but were none the less gazing open-mouthed at Diana.

Marion Vincent meanwhile had drawn nearer to Diana. Her strong significant face wore a quiet smile; there was a friendly, even an admiring penetration in the look with which she watched the young prophetess of Empire and of War. As for Lady Lucy, she was silent and rather grave. In her secret mind she thought that young girls should not be vehement or presumptuous. It was a misfortune that this pretty creature had not been more reasonably brought up; a mother's hand had been wanting. While not only Mr. Ferrier and Mrs. Colwood, sitting side by side in the background, but everybody else present, in

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

DIANA SAID A QUIET "GOOD-NIGHT," AND THEY PARTED

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some measure or degree, was aware of some play of feeling in the scene, beyond and behind the obvious, some hidden forces, or rather, perhaps, some emerging relation, which gave it significance and thrill. The duel was a duel of brains —unequal at that; what made it fascinating was the universal or typical element in the clash of the two personalities, — the man using his whole strength, more and more tyrannously, more and more stubbornly,—the girl resisting, flashing, appealing, fighting for dear life, now gaining, now retreating, —and finally overborne.

For Markham's staying powers, naturally, were the greater. He summoned finally all his nerve and all his knowledge. The air of the carpet-knight with which he had opened battle disappeared; he fought seriously and for victory. And suddenly Diana laughed—a little hysterically—and gave in. He had carried her into regions of history and politics where she could not follow. She dropped her head into her hands a moment,—then fell back in her chair—silenced,—her beautiful passionate eyes fixed on Markham, as his were on her.

"Brava! Brava!" cried Mr. Ferrier, clapping his hands. The room joined in laughter and applause.

A few minutes later the ladies streamed out into the hall on their way to bed. Markham came to light a candle for Diana. "Do you forgive me?" he said, as he gave it to her.

The tone was gay and apologetic.

She laughed unsteadily, without reply.

"When will you take your revenge?"

She shook her head, touched his hand for "good night," and went up-stairs.

As Diana reached her room, she drew Mrs. Colwood in with her. But not, it seemed, for purposes of conversation. She stood absently by the fire, taking off her bracelets and necklace. Mrs. Colwood made a few remarks about the evening and the guests, with little response, and presently wondered why she was detained. At last Diana put up her hands and smoothed back the hair from her temples with a sigh. Then she laid a sudden grasp upon Mrs. Colwood, and looked earnestly and imploringly into her face.

"Will you—please—call me Diana? And—and—will you kiss me?"

She humbly stooped her head. Mrs. Colwood, much touched, threw her arms around her and kissed her heartily. Then a few warm words fell from her —as to the scene of the evening. Diana withdrew herself at once, shivering a little.

"Oh, I want papa!" she said,—"I want him so much." And she hid her eyes against the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Colwood soothed her affectionately, perhaps expecting some outburst of confidence, which, however, did not come. Diana said a quiet "good night," and they parted.

But it was long before Mrs. Colwood could sleep. Was the emotion she had just witnessed — flinging itself geyser-like into sight, only to sink back as swiftly out of ken,—was it an effect of the past, or an omen of the future? The longing expressed in the girl's heart and voice, after the brave show she had made,—had it overpowered her just because she felt herself alone, without natural protectors, on the brink of her woman's destiny?

## CHAPTER IV

THE next day, when Diana looked out from her window, she saw a large and dreary park wrapped in scudding rain which promised evil things for the shooting-party of the day. Mr. Markham senior had apparently laid out his park and grounds on the same principles as those on which he had built his house. Everything was large and expensive. The woods and plantations were kept to a nicety; not a twig was out of place. Enormous cost had been incurred in the planting of rare evergreens; full-grown trees had been transplanted wholesale from a distance, and still wore in many cases a sickly and invalided air; and elaborate contrasts in dark and light foliage had been arranged by the landscape-gardener employed. Dark plantations had a light border,—light plantations a dark one. A lake or large pond, with concrete banks and two artificial islands, held the centre of the park, and on the monotonous stretches of immaculate



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grass there were deer to be seen wherever anybody could reasonably expect them.

Diana surveyed it all with a lively dislike. She pitied Lady Lucy and Mr. Markham because they must live in such a place. Especially, surely, must it be hampering and disconcerting to a man, preaching the democratic gospel and looking forward to the democratic millennium, to be burdened with a house and estate which could offer so few excuses for the wealth of which they made an arrogant and uninviting display. Immense possessions and lavish expenditure may be, as we all know, so softened by antiquity or so masked by taste as not to jar with ideals the most different or remote. But here "proputty, proputty" was the cry of every ugly wood and tasteless shrubbery, whereas the prospective owner of them, according to his public utterances and career, was magnificently careless of property—was, in fact, in the eyes of the lovers of property, its enemy. The house again spoke loudly and aggressively of money; yet it was the home of a champion of the poor.

Well—a man cannot help it, if his father has suffered from stupidity and bad taste; and encumbrances of this kind are more easily created than got rid of. No doubt Oliver Markham's democratic opinions had been partly bred in him by opposition and recoil. Diana seemed to get a good deal of rather comforting light on the problem by looking at it from this point of view.

Indeed, she thought over it persistently while she dressed. From the normal seven hours' sleep of youth she had awakened with braced nerves. To remember her duel of the night before was no longer to thrill with an excitement inexplicable even to herself, and strangely mingled with a sense of loneliness or foreboding. Under the morning light she looked at things more sanely. Her natural vanity, which was the reflection of her wish to please, told her that she had not done badly. She felt a childish pleasure in the memory of Mr. Barton's discomfiture; and as to Mr. Markham, it was she and not her beliefs, not the great imperial "cause," which had been beaten. How could she expect to hold her own with the professional politician when it came really to business? In her heart of hearts she knew that she would have despised Oliver Markham if he had not been able to best her in argument. "If it had been papa," she thought, proudly, "that would have been another story!"

Nevertheless, as she sat meekly under the hands of her maid, smiles "went out and in" as she remembered the points where she had pressed him hard, had almost overcome him. An inclination to measure herself with him again danced within her. Will against will, mind against mind,—her temperament, in its morning rally, delighted in the thought. And all the time there hovered before her the living man, with his agreeable, energetic, challenging presence. How much better she had liked him, even in his victory of the evening, than in the carping sarcastic mood of the afternoon!

In spite of gayety and expectation, however, she felt her courage fail her a little as she left her room and ventured out into the big populous house. Her solitary bringing-up had made her liable to fits of shyness amid her general expansiveness, and it was a relief to meet no one—least of all Alicia Drake—on her way down-stairs. Mrs. Colwood, indeed, was waiting for her at the end of the passage, and Diana held her hand a little as they descended.

A male voice was speaking in the hall—Mr. Markham giving the last directions for the day to the head keeper. The voice was sharp and peremptory; too peremptory, one might have thought, for democracy addressing a brother. But the keeper — a gray-haired, weather-beaten man of fifty—bowed himself out respectfully, and Markham turned to greet Diana. Mrs. Colwood saw the kindling of his eyes as they fell on the girl's morning freshness. No sharpness in the voice now!—he was all eagerness to escort and serve his guests. He led them to the breakfast-room, which seemed to be in an uproar, caused apparently by Bobbie Forbes and Lady Niton, who were talking at each other across the table.

"What is the matter?" asked Diana, as she slipped into a place to which Sir James Chide smilingly invited her—between himself and Mr. Bobbie.

Sir James, making a pretence of shutting his ears against the din, replied that he believed Mr. Forbes was protest-

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ing against the tyranny of Lady Niton in obliging him to go to church.

"She never enters a place of worship herself, but she insists that her young men friends shall go.—Mr. Bobbie is putting his foot down!"

"Miss Mallory, let me get you some fish," said Forbes, turning to her with a flushed and determined countenance. "I have now vindicated the rights of man, and am ready to attend—if you will allow me—to the wants of woman. Fish?—or bacon?"

Diana made her choice, and the young man supplied her; then bristling with victory and surrounded by samples of whatever food the breakfast-table afforded, he sat down to his own meal. "No!" he said, with energy—addressing Diana,—"one must really draw the line. The last Sunday Lady Niton took me to church, the service lasted an hour and three-quarters. I am a High-churchman—I vow I am—an out-and-outer. I go in for snippets—and shortening things. The man here is a dreadful old Erastian,—piles on everything you can pile on—so I just felt it necessary to give Lady Niton notice. To-morrow I have work for the department—*at home!* Take my advice, Miss Mallory—don't go."

"I'm not staying over Sunday," smiled Diana.

The young man expressed his regret. "I say," he said, with a quick look round, "you didn't think I was rude last night, did you?"

"Rude? When?"

"In not listening. I can't listen when people talk politics. I want to drown myself. Now if it was poetry—or something reasonable. You know the only things worth looking at—in this beastly house"—he lowered his voice—"are the books in that glass bookcase. It was Lady Lucy's father—old Lord Merston—collected them. Lady Lucy never looks at them. Markham does, I suppose,—sometimes. Do you know Markham well?"

"I made acquaintance with him and Lady Lucy on the Riviera."

Mr. Bobbie observed her with a shrewd eye. In spite of his inattention of the night before, the interest of Miss Mallory's appearance upon the scene at Tallyn had not been lost upon him, any more than upon other people. The rumor had preceded her arrival that Markham had been very much "smitten" with her amid the pine woods of Portofino. Markham's taste was good — emphatically good. At the same time it was clear that the lady was no mere facile and commonplace girl. It was Forbes's opinion, based on the scene of the previous evening, that there might be a good deal of wooing to be done.

"There are so many things I wanted to show you—and to talk about!" said Oliver Markham, confidentially, to Diana, in the hall after breakfast,—"but this horrid shoot will take up all the day! If the weather is not too bad, I think some of the ladies meant to join us at luncheon. Will you venture?"

His tone was earnest; his eyes endorsed it. Diana hoped it might be possible to come. Markham lingered beside her to the last minute; but presently final orders had to be given to keepers, and country neighbors began to arrive.

"They do the thing here on an enormous scale," said Bobbie Forbes, lounging and smoking beside Diana; "it's almost the biggest shoot in the county. Amusing, isn't it?—in this Radical house. Do you see that man McEwart?"

Diana turned her attention upon the young member of Parliament who had arrived the night before,—plain, sandy-haired, with a long flat-backed head, and a gentlemanly manner.

"I suspect a good deal's going on here behind the scenes," said Bobbie, dropping his voice. "That man Barton may be a fool to talk, but he's a great power in the House with the other Labor men. And McEwart has been hand and glove with Markham all this session. They're trying to force Ferrier's hand. Some bill the Labor men want,—and Ferrier won't hear of. A good many people say we shall see Markham at the head of a fourth party of his own very soon. *Se soumettre, ou se démettre!*—well, it may come to that—for old Ferrier. But I'll back him to fight his way through."

"How can Mr. Markham oppose him?" asked Diana, in wonder and some indignation with her companion. "He is the leader of the party, and besides—they are such friends!"

Forbes looked rather amused at her

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womanish view of things. "Friends? I should rather think so!"

By this time he and Diana were strolling up and down the winter-garden opening out of the hall, which was now full of a merry crowd waiting for the departure of the shooters. Suddenly Forbes paused.

"Do you see that?"

Diana's eyes followed his till they perceived Lady Lucy sitting a little way off under a camellia-tree covered with red blossom. Her lap was heaped with the letters of the morning. Mr. Ferrier, with a cigarette in his mouth, stood beside her, reading the sheets of a letter which she handed to him as she herself finished them. Every now and then she spoke to him, and he replied. In the little scene, between the slender white-haired woman and the middle-aged man, there was something so intimate, so conjugal even, that Diana involuntarily turned away, as though to watch it were an impertinence.

"Rather touching, isn't it?" said the youth, smiling benevolently. "Of course you know—there's a romance, or rather *was*—long ago. My mother knew all about it. Since old Markham's death, Lady Lucy's never done a thing without Ferrier to advise her. Why she hasn't married him, that's the puzzle.—But she's a curious woman, is Lady Lucy. Looks so soft, but—" He pursed up his lips with an important air.

"Anyhow, she depends a lot on Ferrier. He's constantly here whenever he can be spared from London and Parliament. He got Oliver into Parliament—his first seat, I mean—for Wanchester. The Ferriers are very big people up there, and old Ferrier's recommendation of him just put him in straight—no trouble about it! Oh! and before that when he was at Eton—and Oxford too—Ferrier looked after him like a father.—Used to have him up for exeats—and talk to the Head—and keep his mother straight—like an old brick. Ferrier's a splendid chap!"

Diana warmly agreed.

"Perhaps you know," pursued the chatterbox, "that this place is all hers—Lady Lucy's. She can leave it and her money exactly as she pleases. It is to be hoped she won't leave much of it to Mrs. Fotheringham. *Isn't* that a woman! Ah! you don't know her yet. Hullo!—there's Markham after me."

For Markham was beckoning from the hall. They returned hurriedly.

"Who made Oliver that waistcoat?" said Lady Niton, putting on her spectacles.

"I did," said Alicia Drake, as she came up, with her arm round the younger of Lady Niton's nieces. "Isn't it becoming?"

"Hum!" said Lady Niton, in a gruff tone, "young ladies can always find new ways of wasting their time."

Markham approached Diana.

"We're just off," he said, smiling. "The clouds are lifting. You'll come?"

"What, to lunch?" said Lady Niton, just behind. "Of course they will. What else is there for the women to do? Congratulate you on your waistcoat, Oliver."

"Isn't it superb?" he said, drawing himself up with mock majesty so as to show it off. "I am Alicia's debtor for life." Yet a careful ear might have detected something a little hollow in the tone.

Lady Niton looked at him and then at Miss Drake, evidently restraining her sharp tongue for once, though with difficulty. Markham lingered a moment, making some last arrangements for the day with his sister. Diana noticed that he towered over the men amongst whom he stood; and she felt herself suddenly delighting in his height, in his voice, which was remarkably refined and agreeable, in his whole capable and masterful presence. Bobbie Forbes, standing beside him, was dwarfed to insignificance, and he seemed to be conscious of it, for he rose on his toes a little, involuntarily copying Markham's attitude, and looking up at him.

As the shooters departed, Forbes bringing up the rear, Lady Niton laid her wrinkled hand on his arm.

"Never mind, Bobbie, never mind!"—she smiled at him confidentially. "We can't all be six foot."

Bobbie stared at her—first fiercely—then exploded with laughter, shook off her hand, and departed.

Lady Niton, evidently much pleased with herself, came back to the window where most of the other ladies stood watching the shooters with their line of

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

HER LAP WAS HEAPED WITH THE LETTERS OF THE MORNING

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beaters crossing the lawn towards the park beyond. "Ah!" she said, "I thought Alicia would see the last of them!"

For Miss Drake, in defiance of wind and spitting rain, was walking over the lawn, the centre of a large group, with Markham beside her. Her white serge dress and the blue shawl she had thrown over her fair head made a brilliant spot in the dark wavering line.

"Alicia is very picturesque," said Mrs. Fotheringham, turning away.

"Yes—and last summer Oliver seemed to be well aware of it," said Lady Niton, in her ear.

"Was he? He has always been very good friends with Alicia."

"He could have done without the waistcoat," said Lady Niton, sharply.

"Aren't you rather unkind? She began it last summer and finished it yesterday. Then, of course, she presented it to him. I don't see why that should expose her to remarks."

"One can't help making remarks about Alicia," said Lady Niton, calmly, "and she can defend herself so well."

"Poor Alicia!"

"Confess you wouldn't like Oliver to marry her."

"Oliver never had any thought of it."

Lady Niton shook her queer gray head.

"Oliver paid her a good deal of attention last summer. Alicia must certainly have considered the matter. And she is a young lady not easily baffled."

"Baffled!" Mrs. Fotheringham laughed. "What can she do?"

"Well, it's true that Oliver seems to have got another idea in his head. What do you think of that pretty child who came yesterday—the Mallory girl?"

Mrs. Fotheringham hesitated, then said coldly:

"I don't like discussing these things. Oliver has plenty of time before him."

"If he is turning his thoughts in that quarter," persisted Lady Niton, "I give him my blessing. Well-bred, handsome, and well-off,—what's your objection?"

Mrs. Fotheringham laughed impatiently. "Really, Lady Niton, I made no objection."

"You don't like her!"

"I have only known her twenty-four hours. How can I have formed any opinion about her?"

"No—you don't like her! I suppose you thought she talked stuff last night?"

"Well, there can be no two opinions about that!" cried Mrs. Fotheringham. "Her father seems to have filled her head with all sorts of false Jingo notions, and I must say I wondered Oliver was so patient with her."

Lady Niton glanced at the thin fanatical face of the speaker. "Oliver had great difficulty in holding his own. She is no fool, and you'll find it out, Isabel, if you try to argue her down—"

"I shouldn't dream of arguing with such a child!"

"Well, all I know is, Ferrier seemed to admire her performance."

Mrs. Fotheringham paused a moment, then said with harsh intensity,

"Men have not the same sense of responsibility."

"You mean their brains are befogged by a pretty face?"

"They don't put non-essentials aside as we do. A girl like that, in love with what she calls 'glory' and 'prestige,' is a dangerous and demoralizing influence. That glorification of the army is at the root of half our crimes!"

Mrs. Fotheringham's pale skin had flushed till it made one red with her red hair. Lady Niton looked at her with mingled amusement and irritation. She wondered why men married such women as Isabel Fotheringham. Certainly Ned Fotheringham himself — deceased some three years before this date—had paid heavily for his mistake; especially through the endless disputes which had arisen between his children and his second wife,—partly on questions of religion, partly on this matter of the army. Mrs. Fotheringham was an agnostic; her stepsons, the children of a devout mother, were churchmen. Influenced, moreover, by a small coterie, in which, to the dismay of her elderly husband, she had passed most of her early married years, she detested the army as a brutal influence on the national life. Her youngest stepson, however, had insisted on becoming a soldier. She broke with him and with his brothers who supported him. Now a childless widow, without ties and moderately rich, she was free to devote herself to her ideas. In former days she would have been a religious bigot of the

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first water; the bigotry was still there; only the subjects of it were changed.

Lady Niton delighted in attacking her; yet was not without a certain respect for her. Old sceptic that she was, ideals of any sort imposed upon her. How people came by them she herself could never imagine.

On this particular morning, however, Mrs. Fotheringham did not allow herself as long a wrangle as usual with her old adversary. She went off, carrying an armful of letters with large enclosures, and Lady Niton understood that for the rest of the morning she would be as much absorbed by her correspondence—mostly on public questions—as the leader of the Opposition himself, to whom the library was sacredly given up. "When that woman takes a dislike," she thought to herself, "it sticks! She has taken a dislike to the Mallory girl. Well, if Oliver wants her, let him fight for her. I hope she won't drop into his mouth! Mallory! Mallory! I wonder where she comes from and who her people are."

Meanwhile Diana was sitting among her letters, which mainly concerned the last details of the Beechcote furnishing. She and Mrs. Colwood were now "Diana" and "Muriel" to each other, and Mrs. Colwood had been admitted to a practical share in Diana's small anxieties.

Suddenly Diana, who had just opened a hitherto unread letter, exclaimed,

"Oh, but *how* delightful!"

Mrs. Colwood looked up; Diana's aspect was one of sparkling pleasure and surprise. "One of my Barbadoes cousins is here—in London—actually in London—and I knew nothing of her coming. She writes to me.—Of course she must come to Beechcote—she must come at once!"

She sprang up and went to a writing-table near to look for a telegraph form. She wrote a message with eagerness, despatched it, and then explained as coherently as her evident emotion and excitement would allow.

"They are my only relations in the world—that I know of—that papa ever spoke to me about. Mamma's sister married Mr. Merton. He was a planter in Barbadoes. He died about three years ago, but his widow and daughters have lived on there. They were very poor and couldn't afford to come home. Fanny is the eldest—I think she must be about twenty."

Diana paced up and down, with her hands behind her, wondering when her telegram would reach her cousin, who was staying at a London boarding-house, when she might be expected at Beechcote, how long she could be persuaded to stay,—speculations, in fact, innumerable. Her agitation was pathetic in Mrs. Colwood's eyes. It testified to the girl's secret sense of forlornness, to her natural hunger for the ties and relationships other girls possessed in such abundance.

Mrs. Colwood inquired if it was long since she had had news of her cousins.

"Oh, some years," said Diana, vaguely. "I remember a letter coming—before we went to the East—and papa reading it. I know"—she hesitated—"I know he didn't like Mr. Merton."

She stood still a moment, thinking. The lights and shadows of reviving memory crossed her face, and presently her thought emerged, with very little hint to her companion of the course it had been taking out of sight.

"Papa always thought it a horrid life for them—Aunt Merton and the girls,—especially after they gave up their estate and came to live in the town. But how could they help it? They must have been very poor. Fanny"—she took up the letter—"Fanny says she has come home to learn music and French,—that she may earn money by teaching when she goes back. She doesn't write very well, does she?"

She held out the sheet. The handwriting, indeed, was remarkably illiterate, and Mrs. Colwood could only say that probably a girl of Miss Merton's circumstances had had few advantages.

"But then, you see, we'll *give* her advantages!" cried Diana, throwing herself down at Mrs. Colwood's feet and beginning to plan aloud. "You know, if she will only stay with us, we can easily have people down from London for lessons. And she can have the green bedroom—over the dining-room—can't she?—and the library to practise in. It would be absurd that she should stay in London, at a horrid boarding-house, when there's Beechcote, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Colwood agreed that Beechcote would probably be quite convenient for

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Miss Merton's plans. If she felt a little pang at the thought that her pleasant tête-à-tête with her new charge was to be so soon interrupted, and for an indefinite period, by a young lady with the handwriting of a scullery-maid, she kept it entirely hidden.

Diana talked herself into the most rose-colored plans for Fanny Merton's benefit, so voluminous, indeed, that Mrs. Colwood had to leave her in the middle of them that she might go up-stairs and mend a rent in her walking-dress. Diana was left alone in the drawing-room, still smiling and dreaming. In her impulsive generosity she saw herself as the earthly providence of her cousin, sharing with her her own unjustly plentiful well-being.

Then she took up the letter again. It ran thus:

"My dear Diana,—You mustn't think it cheeky my calling you that, but I am your real cousin, and mother told me to write to you. I hope too you won't be ashamed of us though we are poor. Everybody knows us in Barbadoes, though of course that's not London. I am the eldest of the family, and I got very tired of living all in a pie, and so I've come home to England to better myself.—A year ago I was engaged to be married, but the young man behaved badly. A good riddance, all my friends told me,—but it wasn't a pleasant experience. Anyway, now I want to earn some money and see the world a little. I have got rather a good voice, and I am considered handsome — at least smart-looking. If you are not too grand to invite me to your place, I should like to come and see you, but of course you must do as you please. I got your address from the bank Uncle Mallory used to send us cheques on. I can tell you we have missed those cheques pretty badly this last year. I hope you have now got over your great sorrow.—This boarding-house is horribly poky, but cheap, which is the great thing. I arrived the night before last,

And I am

Your affectionate cousin,

Fanny Merton."

No, it really was not an attractive letter. On the second reading, Diana pushed it away from her rather hastily. Then she reminded herself again, elaborately, of the Mertons' disadvantages in life, painting them in imagination as black as possible. And before she had gone far with this process all doubt and distaste were once more swept away by the rush of yearning, of an interest she could not subdue, in this being of her own flesh and blood, her mother's kinswoman. She sat with flushed cheeks, absorbed in a stream of thoughts and reminiscences.

"You look as though you had had good news," said Sir James Chide, as he paused beside her on his way through the drawing-room. He was not a sportsman; nor was Mr. Ferrier.

His eyes rested upon her with such a kind interest, his manner showed so plainly yet again that he desired to be her friend, that Diana responded at once.

"I have found a cousin!" she said gayly, and told the story of her expected visitor.

Outwardly—perfunctorily—Sir James's aspect while she was speaking answered to hers. If she was pleased, he was pleased too. He congratulated her; he entered into her schemes for Miss Merton's amusement. Really, all the time, the man's aspect was singularly grave; he listened carefully to every word; he observed the speaker. "The young lady's mother is your aunt?"

"She was my mother's sister."

"And they have been long in Barbadoes?"

"I think they migrated there just about the same time we went abroad—after my mother's death."

Sir James said little. He encouraged her to talk on; he listened to the phrases of memory or expectation which revealed her history—her solitary bringing up, her reserved and scholarly father, the singular closeness and yet, as it seemed, strangeness of her relation to him. It appeared, for instance, that it was only an accident some years before which had revealed to Diana the very existence of these cousins. Her father had never spoken of them spontaneously.

"I hope she will be everything that is charming and delightful," he said at last as he rose.—"And remember—I am to come and see you?"

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He stooped his gray head and gently touched her hand, with an old man's freedom.

Diana warmly renewed her invitation.

"There is a house near you that I often go to—Lord Felton's. I am to be there in a few weeks. Perhaps I shall even be able to make acquaintance with Miss Fanny!"

He walked away from her.

Diana could not see the instant change of countenance which accompanied the movement. Urbanity, gentleness, kind indulgence vanished. Sir James looked anxious and disturbed; he seemed to be talking to himself.

The rest of the morning passed heavily. Diana wrote some letters and devoutly hoped the rain would stop. In the intervals of her letter-writing, or her study of the clouds, she tried to make friends with Miss Drake and Mrs. Fotheringham. But neither effort came to good. Alicia, so expansive, so theatrical, so much the centre of the situation, when she chose, could be equally prickly, monosyllabic, and repellent when it suited her to be so. Diana talked timidly of dress, of London, and the Season. They were the subjects on which it seemed most natural to approach Miss Drake; Diana's attitude was inquiring and propitiatory. But Alicia could find none but careless or scanty replies, till Madeline Varley came up. Then Miss Drake's tongue was loosened. To her, as to an equal and intimate, she displayed her expert knowledge of shops and *modistes*, of "people" and their stories. Diana sat snubbed and silent, a little provincial outsider, for whom "seasons" are not made. Nor was it any better with Mrs. Fotheringham. At twelve o'clock that lady brought the London papers into the drawing-room, making some comments on the war news of the morning which stirred Diana's blood. An officer whom she had known slightly in India had been killed in a "punitive" expedition made necessary by the attacks of an Afridi tribe on our communications. Mrs. Fotheringham rejoiced in the reverse. Methods of barbarism were thereby made so much the more difficult and costly. Diana defended the dead man—dwelt hotly on the "sniping," the treacheries, the midnight murders which had preceded the expedition. Mrs. Fotheringham listened to her with flashing eyes, and suddenly she broke into a denunciation of war, the military spirit, and the ignorant and unscrupulous persons at home, especially women, who aid and abet politicians in violence and iniquity, the passion of which soon struck Diana dumb. Here was no honorable fight of equal minds. She was being punished for her advocacy of the night before, by an older woman of tyrannical temper, towards whom she stood in the relation of guest to host. It was in vain to look round for defenders. The only man present was Mr. Barton, who sat listening with ill-concealed smiles to what was going on, without taking part in it.

Diana extricated herself with as much dignity as she could muster, but she was too young to take the matter philosophically. She went up-stairs, burning with anger, the tears of hurt feeling in her eyes. It seemed to her that Mrs. Fotheringham's attack implied a personal dislike; Mr. Markham's sister had been glad to "take it out of her." To this young, cherished creature it was almost her first experience of the kind.

On the way up-stairs she paused to look wistfully out of a staircase window. Still raining—alack! She thought with longing of the open fields and the shooters. Was there to be no escape all day from the ugly, oppressive house and some of its inmates? Half shyly, yet with a quickening of the heart, she remembered Markham's farewell to her of that morning, his look of the night before. Intellectually she was comparatively mature; in other respects, as inexperienced and impressionable as any convent girl.

"I fear luncheon is impossible!" said Lady Lucy's voice. Diana looked up and saw her descending the stairs.

"Such a pity! Oliver will be so disappointed."

She paused beside her guest—an attractive and distinguished figure. On her white hair she wore a lace cap which was tied very precisely under her delicate chin. Her dress, of black satin, was made in full plain fashion of her own; she had long since ceased to allow her dressmaker any voice in it; and her still beautiful hands flashed with diamonds, not, however, in any vulgar profusion.

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Lady Lucy's mother had been of a Quaker family, and though Quakerism in her had been deeply alloyed with other metals, the moral and intellectual self-dependence of Quakerism, its fastidious reserves and discrimination, were very strong in her. Discrimination, indeed, was the note of her being. For every Christian, some Christian precepts are obsolete. For Lady Lucy that which runs "Judge not!" had never been alive.

Her emphatic reference to Markham had brought the ready color to Diana's cheeks.

"Yes,—there seems no chance!" she said, shyly and regretfully, as the rain beat on the window.

"Oh, dear me, yes!" said a voice behind them. "The glass is going up. It 'll be a fine afternoon,—and we'll go and meet them at Holme Copse. Sha'n't we, Lady Lucy?"

Mr. Ferrier appeared, coming up from the library, laden with papers. The three stood chatting together on the broad gallery which ran round the hall. The kindness of the two elders was so marked that Diana's spirits returned; she was not to be quite a pariah, it seemed! As she walked away towards her room, Mr. Ferrier's eyes pursued her,—the slim round figure, the young loveliness of her head and neck.

"Well!—what are you thinking about her?" he said eagerly, turning to the mistress of the house.

Lady Lucy smiled.

"I should prefer it if she didn't talk politics," she said, with the slightest possible stiffness. "But she seems a very charming girl."

"She talks politics, my dear Lady, because, living alone with her father and with her books, she has had nothing else to talk about but politics and books. Would you rather she talked scandal—or Monte Carlo?"

The Quaker in Lady Lucy laughed.

"Of course if she married Oliver, she would subordinate her opinions to his."

"Would she!" said Mr. Ferrier. "I'm not so sure!"

Lady Lucy replied that if not, it would be calamitous. In which she spoke sincerely. For although now the ruler, and, if the truth were known, the despotic ruler, of Tallyn, in her husband's lifetime she had known very well how to obey.

"I have asked various people about the Mallorys," she resumed. "But nobody seems to be able to tell me anything."

"I trace her to Sir Thomas of that ilk. Why not? It is a Welsh name!"

"I have no idea who her mother was," said Lady Lucy, musing. "Her father was very refined—*quite* a gentleman."

"She bears, I think, very respectable witness to her mother," laughed Ferrier. "Good stock on both sides; she carries it in her face."

"That's all I ask," said Lady Lucy, quietly.

"But that you *do* ask!" Her companion looked at her with an eye half affectionate, half ironic. "Most exclusive of women! I sometimes wish I might unveil your real opinions to the Radical fellows who come here."

Lady Lucy colored faintly.

"That has nothing to do with politics."

"Hasn't it? I can't imagine anything that has more to do with them."

"I was thinking of character—honorable tradition—not blood."

Ferrier shook his head.

"Won't do. Barton wouldn't pass you —'A man's a man for a' that—and a woman too.'"

"Then I am a Tory!" said Lady Lucy, with a smile that shot pleasantly through her gray eyes.

"At last you confess it!" cried Ferrier, as he carried off his papers. But his gayety soon departed. He stood a while at the window in his room, looking out upon the sodden park—a rather gray and sombre figure. Over his ugly impressiveness a veil of weariness had dropped. Politics and the strife of parties, the devices of enemies, and the dissatisfaction of friends—his soul was tired of them. And the emergence of this possible love-affair — for the moment, ardent and deep as were the man's affections and sympathies towards this Markham household, it did but increase his moral fatigue. If the flutter in the blood and the long companionship of equal love,—if these were the only things of real value in life, how had *his* been worth living?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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# Talking of Presentiments

*BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS*

OVER our coffee in the Turkish room Minver was usually a censor of our several foibles rather than a sharer in our philosophic speculations and metaphysical conjectures. He liked to disable me as one professionally vowed to the fabulous, and he had unfailing fun with the romantic sentimentality of Rulledge, which was in fact so little in keeping with the gross superabundance of his person, his habitual gluttony and his ridiculous indolence. Minver knew very well that Rulledge was a good fellow withal, and would willingly do any kind action that did not seriously interfere with his comfort, or make too heavy a draft upon his pocket. His self-indulgence, which was quite blameless, unless surfeit is a fault, was the basis of an interest in occult themes, which was the means of even higher diversion to Minver. He liked to have Rulledge approach Wanhope from this side, in the invincible persuasion that the psychologist would be interested in these themes by the law of his science, though he had been assured again and again that in spite of its misleading name psychology did not deal with the soul as Rulledge supposed the soul; and Minver's eyes lighted up with a prescience of uncommon pleasure when, late one night, after we had vainly tried to hit it off in talk, now of this, now of that, Rulledge asked Wanhope, abruptly as if it followed from something before:

"Wasn't there a great deal more said about presentiments thirty or forty years ago than there is now?"

Wanhope had been lapsing deeper and deeper into the hollow of his chair; but he now pulled himself up, and turned quickly toward Rulledge. "What made you think of that?" he asked.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because I was thinking of it myself." He glanced at me, and I shook my head.

"Well," Minver said, "if it will leave Acton out in the cold, I'll own that I was thinking of it, too. I was going back in my mind, for no reason that I know of, to my childhood, when I first heard of such a thing as a presentiment, and when I was afraid of having one. I had the notion that presentiments ran in the family."

"Why had you that notion?" Rulledge demanded.

"I don't know that I proposed telling," the painter said, giving himself to his pipe.

"Perhaps you didn't have it," Rulledge retaliated.

"Perhaps," Minver assented.

Wanhope turned from the personal aspect of the matter. "It's rather curious that we should all three have had the same thing in mind just now; or, rather, it is not very curious. Such coincidences are really very common. Something must have been said at dinner which suggested it to all of us."

"All but Acton," Minver demurred.

"I mightn't have heard what was said," I explained. "I suppose the passing of all that sort of sub-beliefs must date from the general lapse of faith in personal immortality."

"Yes, no doubt," Wanhope assented. "It is very striking how sudden the lapse was. Every one who experienced it in himself could date it to a year, if not to a day. The agnosticism of the scientific men was of course all the time undermining the fabric of faith, and then it fell in abruptly, reaching one believer after another as fast as the ground was taken wholly or partly from under his feet. I can remember how people once disputed whether there were such beings as guardian spirits or not. That minor question was disposed of when it was decided that there were no spirits at all."

"Naturally," Minver said. "And the decay of the presentiment must have been

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hastened by the failure of so many presentiments to make good."

"The great majority of them have failed to make good, from the beginning of time," Wanhope replied.

"There are two kinds of presentiments," Rulledge suggested, with a philosophic air. "The true and the untrue."

"Like mushrooms," Minver said. "Only the true presentiment kills, and the true mushroom nourishes. Talking of mushrooms, they have a way in Switzerland of preserving them in walnut oil, and they fill you with the darkest forebodings, after you've filled yourself with the mushrooms. There's some occult relation between the two. Think it out, Rulledge!"

Rulledge ignored him in turning to Wanhope. "The trouble is how to distinguish the true from the untrue presentiment."

"It would be interesting," Wanhope began, but Minver broke in upon him maliciously.

"To know how much the dyspepsia of our predecessors had to do with the prevalence of presentimentalism? I agree with you, that a better diet has a good deal to do with the decline of the dark foreboding among us. What I can't understand is, how a gross and reckless feeder, like Rulledge here, doesn't go about like ancestral voices prophesying all sorts of dreadful things."

"That's rather cheap talk, even for you, Minver," Rulledge said. "Why did you think presentiments ran in *your* family?"

"Well, there you have me, Rulledge. That's where my theory fails. I can remember," Minver continued soberly, "the talk there used to be about them among my people. They were serious people in an unreligious way, or rather an unecclesiastical way. They were never spiritualists, but I don't think there was one of them who doubted that he should live hereafter; he might doubt that he was living here, but there was no question of the other thing. I must say it gave a dignity to their conversation, which when they met, as they were apt to do at each others' houses on Sunday nights, was not of common things. One of my uncles was a merchant, another a doctor; my father was a portrait-painter by profession, and a sign-painter by practice. I suppose that's where I got my knack, such as it is. The merchant was an invalid, rather, though he kept about his business, and our people merely recognized him as being out of health. He was what we could call, for that day and region—the Middle West of the early fifties—a man of unusual refinement. I suppose this was temperamental with him largely; but he had cultivated tastes, too. I remember him as a peculiarly gentle person, with a pensive cast of face, and the melancholy accomplishment of playing the flute."

"I wonder why nobody plays the flute nowadays," I mused aloud.

"Yes, it's quite obsolete," Minver said. "They only play the flute in the orchestras now. I always look at the man who plays it and think of my uncle. He used to be very nice to me as a child; and he was very fond of my father, in a sort of filial way; my father was so much older. I can remember my young aunt; and how pretty she was as she sat at the piano, and sang and played to his fluting. When she looked forward at the music, her curls fell into her neck; they wore curls then, grown-up women; and though I don't think curls are beautiful, my aunt's beauty would have been less without them; in fact, I can't think of her without them.

"She was delicate, too; they were really a pair of invalids; but she had none of his melancholy. They had had several children, who died, one after another, and there was only one left at the time I am speaking of. I rather wonder, now, that the thought of those poor little ghost-cousins didn't make me uncomfortable. I was a very superstitious boy, but I seem not to have thought of them. I played with the little girl who was left, and I liked going to my uncle's better than anywhere else. I preferred going in the daytime and in the summer-time. Then my cousin and I sat in a nook of the garden and fought violets, as we called it; hooked the wry necks of the flowers together and twitched to see which blossom would come off first. She was a sunny little thing, like her mother, and she had curls, like her. I can't express the feeling I had for my aunt; she seem-

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ed the embodiment of a world that was at once very proud and very good. I suppose she dressed fashionably, as things went then and there; and her style as well as her beauty fascinated me. I would have done anything to please her, far more than to please my cousin. With her I used to squabble, and sometimes sent her crying to her mother. Then I always ran off home, but when I sneaked back, or was sent for to come and play with my cousin, I was not scolded for my wickedness.

"My uncle was more prosperous than his brothers; he lived in a much better house than ours, and I used to be quite awe-struck by its magnificence. He went East, as we said, twice a year to buy goods, and he had things sent back for his house such as we never saw elsewhere; those cask-shaped seats of blue china for the verandas, and bamboo chairs. There were cane-bottom chairs in the sitting-room, such as we had in our best room; in the parlor the large pieces were of mahogany veneer, upholstered in black hair-cloth; they held me in awe. The piano filled half the place; the windows came down to the ground, and had Venetian blinds and lace curtains.

"We all went in there after the Sunday night supper, and then the fathers and mothers were apt to begin talking of those occult things that gave me the creeps. It was after the Rochester Knockings, as they were called, had been exposed, and so had spread like an infection everywhere. It was as if people were waiting to have the fraud shown up in order to believe in it."

"That sort of thing happens," Wanhope agreed. "It's as if the seeds of the ventilated imposture were carried atmospherically into the human mind broadcast and a universal crop of self-delusion sprang up."

"At any rate," Minver resumed, "instead of the gift being confined to a few persons—a small sisterhood with detonating knee-joints—there were rappings in every well-regulated household; all the tables tipped; people went to sleep to the soft patter of raps on the headboards of their beds; and girls who could not spell were occupied in delivering messages from Socrates, Ben Franklin and Shakespeare. Besides the physical demonstrations, there were all sorts of psychical intimations from the world which we've now abolished."

"Not permanently, perhaps," I suggested.

"Well, that remains to be seen," Minver said. "It was this sort of thing which my people valued above the other. Perhaps they were exclusive in their tastes, and did not care for an occultism which the crowd could share with them; though this is a conjecture too long after the fact to have much value. As far as I can now remember, they used to talk of the double presence of living persons, like their being where they greatly wished to be as well as where they really were; of clairvoyance; of what we call mind-transference, now; of weird coincidences of all kinds; of strange experiences of their own and of others; of the participation of animals in these experiences, like the testimony of cats and dogs to the presence of invisible spirits; of dreams that came true, or came near coming true; and, above everything, of forebodings and presentiments.

"I dare say they didn't always talk of such things, and I'm giving possibly a general impression from a single instance; everything remembered of childhood is as if from large and repeated occurrence. But it must have happened more than once, for I recall that when it came to presentiments my aunt broke it up, perhaps once only. My cousin used to get very sleepy on the rug before the fire, and her mother would carry her off to bed, very cross and impatient of being kissed good night by her aunts, while I was left to the brunt of the occult alone. I could not go with my aunt and cousin, and I folded myself in my mother's skirt, where I sat at her feet, and listened in an anguish of drowsy terror. The talk would pass into my dreams, and the dreams would return into the talk; and I would suffer a sort of double nightmare, waking and sleeping."

"Poor little devil!" Rulledge broke out. "It's astonishing how people will go on before children, and never think of the misery they're making for them."

"I believe my mother thought of it," Minver returned, "but when that sort of talk began, the witchery of it was prob-

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ably too strong for her. 'It held her like a two years' child'; I was eight that winter. I don't know how long my suffering had gone on, when my aunt came back and seemed to break up the talk. It had got to presentiments, and whether they knew that this was forbidden ground with her, or whether she now actually said something about it, they turned to talk of other things. I'm not telling you all this from my own memory, which deals with only a point or two. My father and mother used to recur to it when I was older, and I am piecing out my story from their memories.

"My uncle, with all his temperamental pensiveness, was my aunt's stay and cheer in the fits of depression which she paid with for her usual gayety. But these fits always began with some uncommon depression of his—some effect of the forebodings he was subject to. Her opposition to that kind of thing was purely unselfish, but certainly she dreaded it for him as well as herself. I suppose there was a sort of conscious silence in the others which betrayed them to her. 'Well,' she said, laughing, 'have you been at it again? That poor child looks frightened out of his wits.'

"They all laughed then, and my father said, hypocritically, 'I was just going to ask Felix whether he expected to start East this week or next.'

"My uncle tried to make light of what was always a heavy matter with him. 'Well, yesterday,' he answered, 'I should have said next week; but it's this week, now. I'm going on Wednesday.'

"'By stage or packet?' my father asked.

"'Oh, I shall take the canal to the lake, and get the boat for Buffalo there,' my uncle said.

"They went on to speak of the trip to New York, and how much easier it was then than it used to be when you had to go by stage over the mountains to Philadelphia and on by stage again. Now, it seemed, you got the Erie Canal packet at Buffalo and the Hudson River steamboat at Albany, and reached New York in four or five days, in great comfort without the least fatigue. They had all risen and my aunt had gone out with her sisters-in-law to help them get their wraps. When they returned, it seemed that they had been talking of the journey too, for she said to my mother, laughing again, 'Well, Richard may think it's easy; but somehow Felix never expects to get home alive.'

"I don't think I ever heard my uncle laugh, but I can remember how he smiled at my aunt's laughing, as he put his hand on her shoulder; I thought it was somehow a very sad smile. On Wednesday I was allowed to go with my aunt and cousin to see him off on the packet, which came up from Cincinnati early in the morning: I had lain awake most of the night, and then nearly overslept myself, and then was at the canal in time. We made a gay parting for him, but when the boat started, and I was gloating on the three horses making up the tow-path at a spanking trot, under the snaky spirals of the driver's smacking whip-lash, I caught sight of my uncle standing on the deck, and smiling that sad smile of his. My aunt was waving her handkerchief, but when she turned away she put it to her eyes.

"The rest of the story, such as it is, I know, almost to the very end, from what I heard my father and mother say from my uncle's report afterwards. He told them that, when the boat started, the stress to stay was so strong upon him that if he had not been ashamed he would have jumped ashore and followed us home. He said that he could not analyze his feeling; it was not yet any definite foreboding, but simply a depression that seemed to crush him so that all his movements were leaden, when he turned at last, and went down to breakfast in the cabin below. The stress did not lighten with the little changes and chances of the voyage to the lake. He was never much given to making acquaintance with people, but now he found himself so absent-minded that he was aware of being sometimes spoken to by friendly strangers without replying until it was too late even to apologize. He was not only steeped in this gloom, but he had the constant distress of the effort he involuntarily made to trace it back to some cause or follow it forward to some consequence. He kept trying at this, with a mind so tensely bent to the mere horror, that he could not for a moment strain away from it. He would

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very willingly have occupied himself with other things, but the anguish which the double action of his mind gave him was such that he could not bear the effort; all he could do was to abandon himself to his obsession. This would ease him only for a while, though, and then he would suffer the misery of trying in vain to escape from it.

"He thought he must be going mad, but insanity implied some definite delusion or hallucination, and so far as he could make out, he had none. He was simply crushed by a nameless foreboding. Something dreadful was to happen, but this was all he felt; knowledge had no part in his condition. He could not say whether he slept during the two nights that passed before he reached Toledo, where he was to take the lake steamer for Buffalo. He wished to turn back again, but the relentless pressure which had kept him from turning back at the start was as strong as ever with him. He tried to give his presentiment direction by talking with the other passengers about a recent accident to a lake steamer, in which several hundred lives were lost; there had been a collision in rough weather, and one of the boats had gone down in a few minutes. There was a sort of relief in that, but the double action of the mind brought the same intolerable anguish again, and he settled back for refuge under the shadow of his impenetrable doom. This did not lift till he was well on his way from Albany to New York by the Hudson River. The canal-boat voyage from Buffalo to Albany had been as eventless as that to Toledo, and his lake steamer had reached Buffalo in safety, for which it had seemed as if those lost in the recent disaster had paid.

"He tried to pierce his heavy cloud by argument from the security in which he had travelled so far, but the very security had its hopelessness. If something had happened—some slight accident—to interrupt it, his reason, or his unreason, might have taken it for a sign that the obscure doom, whatever it was, had been averted.

"Up to this time he had not been able to connect his foreboding with anything definite, and he was not afraid for himself. He was simply without the formless hope that helps us on at every step, through good and bad, and it was a mortal peril, which he came through safely while scores of others were lost, that gave his presentiment direction. He had taken the day boat from Albany, and about the middle of the afternoon the boat, making way under a head-wind, took fire. The pilot immediately ran her ashore, and her passengers, those that had the courage for it, ran aft, and began jumping from the stern, but a great many women and children were burnt up. My uncle was one of the first of those who jumped, and he stood in the water, trying to save those who came after from drowning; it was not very deep. Some of the women lost courage for the leap, and some turned back into the flames, remembering children they had left behind. One poor creature stood hesitating wildly, and he called up to her to jump. At last she did so, almost into his arms, and then she clung about him as he helped her ashore. 'Oh,' she cried out between her sobs, 'if you have a wife and children at home, God will take you safe back to them; you have saved my life for my husband and little ones.' 'No,' he was conscious of saying, 'I shall never see my wife again,' and now his foreboding had the direction that it had wanted before.

"From that on he simply knew that he should not get home alive, and he waited resignedly for the time and form of his disaster. He had a sort of peace in that. He went about his business intelligently, and from habit carefully, but it was with a mechanical action of the mind, something, he imagined, like the mechanical action of his body in those organs which do their part without bidding from the will. He was only a few days in New York, but in the course of them he got several letters from his wife telling him that all was going well with her and their daughter. It was before the times when you can ask and answer questions by telegraph, and he started back, necessarily without having heard the latest news from home.

"He made the return trip in a sort of daze, talking, reading, eating and sleeping in the calm certainty of doom, and only wondering how it would be fulfilled, and what hour of the night and day. But it is no use my eking this out; I

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heard it, as I say, when I was a child, and I am afraid that if I should try to give it with the full detail, I should take to inventing particulars. But there was one thing that impressed itself indelibly on my memory, perhaps because it coincided with a frequent experience of my own. My uncle got back perfectly safe and well."

"Oh!" Rulledge snorted in rude dissatisfaction.

"What was it impressed itself on your memory?" Wanhope asked, with scientific detachment from the story as a story.

"Why, you know that sort of instant change which takes place in you sometimes in coming back to a familiar place which you have somehow got to the north of you when it was really to the south, or to the east when it was really to the west; and all at once, while you have been keeping your eyes on it, has shifted round subjectively and is visibly in the right place."

"What has that got to do with it?" Rulledge asked.

"My uncle," Minver continued to address Wanhope, without regarding Rulledge, "told my father that some such change took place within him as he came in sight of his house, but it was a change that concerned his spiritual orientation—"

"Yes," Wanhope consented.

"And not anything physical. He had driven down from the canal packet in the old omnibus which used to meet passengers and distribute them at their destinations in town. All the way to his house he was still under the doom as regarded himself, but bewildered that he should be getting home safe and well, and he was refusing his escape, as it were, and then suddenly, at the sight of the familiar house, the points of the compass within him shifted. He looked out of the omnibus window and saw a group of neighbors at his gate. As he got out of the omnibus, my father took him by the hand, as if to hold him back a moment. Then he said to my father, very quietly, 'You needn't tell me: my wife is dead.'"

There was an appreciable pause, in which we were all silent, and then Rulledge demanded, greedily, "And was she?"

"Really, Rulledge!" I could not help saying.

Minver asked him, almost compassionately, and with unwonted gentleness, as from the mood in which his reminiscence had left him, "You suspected a hoax? She had died suddenly the night before while she and my cousin were getting things ready to welcome my uncle home in the morning. I'm sorry you're disappointed," he added, getting back to his irony.

"Whatever," Rulledge pursued, "became of the little girl?"

"She died rather young; a great many years ago; and my uncle soon after her."

Rulledge went out without saying anything, but presently returned with the sandwich which he had apparently gone for, while Wanhope was remarking: "That want of definition in the presentiment at first, and then its determination in the wrong direction by chance—it is all very curious. Possibly we shall some day discover a law in such matters."

Rulledge said: "How was it your boyhood was passed in the Middle West, Minver? I always thought you were a Bostonian."

"I was an adoptive Bostonian for a good while, until I decided to become a native New-Yorker, so that I could always be near you, Rulledge. You can never know what a delicate satisfaction you are."

Minver laughed, and we were severally restored to the wonted relations which his story had interrupted.

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# Raising a Family

*BY EDWARD S. MARTIN*

AFTER all, what an extraordinary speculation it is to raise a child! Nobody would risk it if it were not for the drawbacks of the alternative. But that signifies little, because why should anybody risk anything except for the power of instinctive impulse, and the terrors of the alternative? To take no chances is to stand still, and that is a state so lamentable and so sure to lead to deterioration as to make the ordinary mischances of more adventurous life look like blessings. When the other day a well-known woman writer published a new story, and was asked for the tale of her own career, she said that she had been married and had borne children, and now had ten grandsons, and had therefore lived through the life allotted to woman, and there was no novelty left for her except death. To die and leave ten grandchildren is at least a respectable experience, and probably pleasant when one gets around to it. To die and leave nothing in the world which you introduced there is too much like being rubbed off the slate with a wet sponge. And there is nothing—almost nothing—that any adventurer can leave behind in the world that is so satisfactory, both to the adventurer and to the world, as a good family; one made up of individuals who have brains and manners, aspirations and compunctions; wise standards of living and high standards of conduct.

How to raise and leave behind such a family as that may almost be called the great problem of life; a supremely interesting problem and curiously perplexing, because, after all, a family is a sort of by-product. To devote all one's time and strength to raising a successful family would seem to be a fairly certain way to insure failure. A family can be raised too much—so much that it doesn't get a fair chance to grow. Children have the best chance when there are enough of them to insure a wholesome diffusion of the parental energies. It would seem, too, that they have the best chance when a large share of the parental energies—but not too much—is diverted to the other problems of life, as to making a living, making both ends meet, and to various forms of social or political effort. Surely the children of parents who are in full touch with active life and in practice of exertion have a better chance, *ceteris paribus,* than the children of parents who don't have to work and are doing nothing in particular.

The best thing we can leave our children is freedom, and, whether parents realize it or not, it is to leave their children free that most parents aim. We would have them, as far as possible, masters of their fate, equal to life, to its daily routine, to its daily demands, and to its emergencies, vicissitudes and opportunities. We would qualify them to stand on their own legs and bear their own burdens; we would equip them to be worth their salt, and able to earn it honorably, and save them from the temptation to be bargain-hunters, looking for ease at the cost of freedom and development.

The most obvious and prevalent way of realizing this natural parental desire to leave children free is to leave them more or less rich. To guarantee them fortitude and ability is impossible, to develop in them sturdiness of character may be difficult, but dollars are tangible things that can be caught, held, and laid up, and many parents do lay up money for their children, and feel that by so doing they have done what they could to give them liberty.

And so in a measure they have, if they have saved up enough; but only in a measure. They can save their children from the need of engaging in bread-winning occupations for the sake of the bread to be won in them. They can save them from the need of having their edu-

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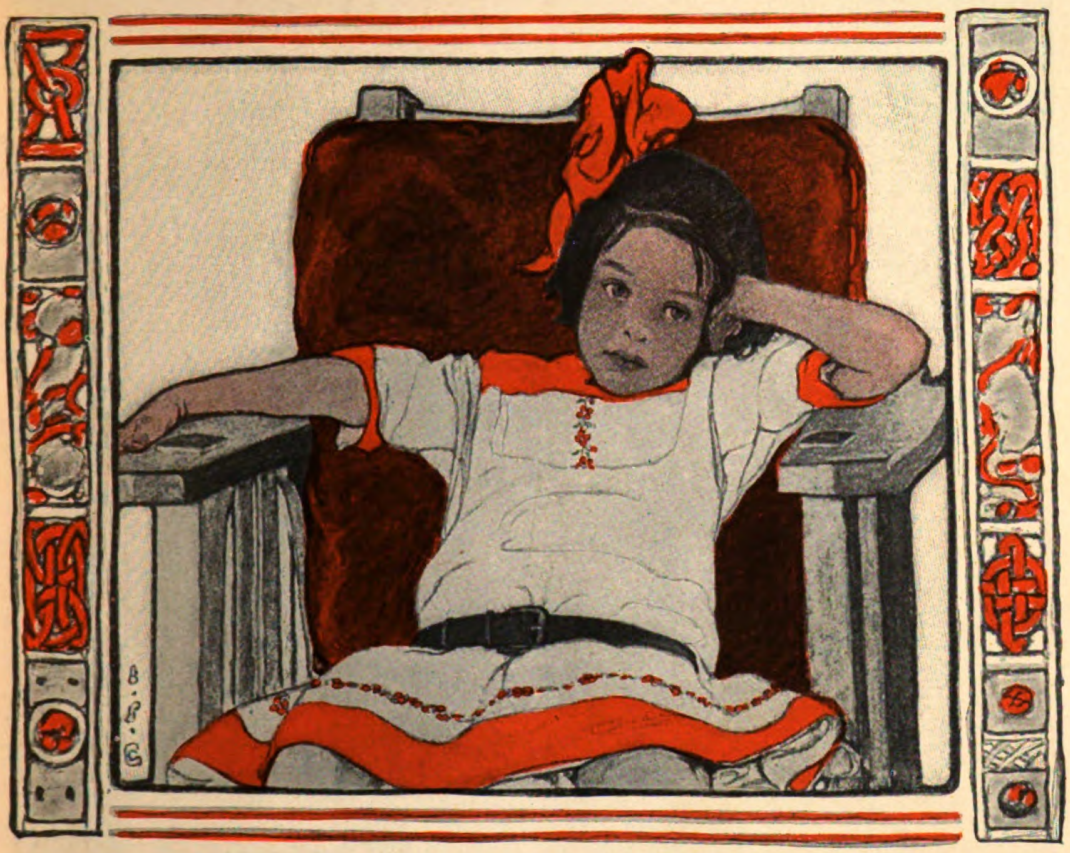

DREAMING

cation overmuch adapted and adjusted to breadwinning necessities. They can enable them to take full time for study and development before they set themselves to their life's work. All those things may be advantageous, but it is not advantageous to anybody to be spared too much from the common discipline of life. Liberty to do what one will, when one will, is liberty to do nothing in particular, or even to do much worse. When we dower our children with that kind of liberty, we deprive them of the stimulation of necessity, and leave it to their ambition or their sense of duty to determine whether they will truly run the race or sit by and watch the efforts of the other contestants. Almost invariably, however, we do dower them with it according to our several fiscal abilities—if we have any such abilities—giving them what we can, leaving them what we have left, and philosophically taking the chances—in most cases pretty small—of their being more harmed than helped by what dollars we can manage to interpolate between them and hard-pan.

So, whether it is wise or not, we make our children free from want, or any reasonable fear of it, if we can, though most of us can't. And if we cannot do that for them we are the more solicitous to put them in due season in the way of doing it for themselves. If they must be breadwinners, and that betimes, we want them to get the bread and get it abundantly, and by means that will leave them some time and some energy for the other concerns of life.

For, however clear it may have seemed to St. Francis to the contrary, our common twentieth-century sentiment is that a satisfactory experience of freedom is not possible for any one who has not the means of support, and if he has not got such means in his pocket or in the bank, it is the more imperative that he should have them in his head or his hands. Coincident with that—complementing, supplementing, and penetrating it generally



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THE BIRD-CAGE

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—is the need of that loftier freedom, the "perfect freedom" of the prayer-book's collect, which goes so far to make a man the master of his fate. We would have our children know that the thing that is vital is to do right, and we would have them learn to do it with grace, with sweetness and even gayety, and if possible with ample profit. And we would prefer that they should do it unconsciously and instinctively from an inward compulsion rather than outward constraint. We don't feel that their raising has been what it should have been unless it comes so natural to them to walk seemly that to walk otherwise requires a conscious effort which will be so uncomfortable that they will break with naughtiness on short acquaintance and revert to wisdom's pleasant paths.

And when one casts about for the means of implanting that sort of disposition in the young, he is bound to find that the corner-stone of it is the love of truth. A child that has been so raised that it can't conveniently lie, and is instinctively averse to deception, has been well started in the direction of right living. One way to promote that disposition is to respect a child's legitimate reserves. Very few of us are ready to disclose on demand all particulars of our conduct or employments. We feel that there are many things which we have full right to divulge or to withhold, as we see fit. It is not expedient that children should have an equal privilege of reticence. They must follow the judgment of their elders in many things, and that means that they must be obedient; and because their responsible elders must know whether they are sufficiently obedient or not, it becomes necessary oftentimes to ask them more searching questions than grown-ups commonly put to one another. But even a child is entitled not to be wantonly turned inside out. It may not be suffered to deceive; but as to what it shall tell and what not, the more that can safely be left to its discretion the better. It is only a halting and incomplete confidence that can be exacted. The confidence worth getting is that which is won, and the more it bubbles out of the child's own free will the more illuminating it will be. There is usually no need of holding court and examining suspects to learn who broke the vase. The vase is broken, sad to say, but it is only a vase. The story of its smash is almost sure to come out naturally, if you give it time, and do not make too violent a clamor about it. It is as well not to be impatient to know things not necessary to know.

The philosophic parent will be wary of expecting too much gratitude from the young while they are still young. The commandment that children shall honor their parents holds just as good to-day as when it was first recorded, and no modern commentary has lessened its force. We feel that parents should make it easy for them to respect that commandment by taking pains to be honorable, but even if they don't, we expect the children to do the best they can. But to inculcate in children an undue sense of debt to their parents seems a mistake, and rather prejudicial to the development of that freedom of spirit which we want our children to possess. It is the province of the parent to give and of the child to receive. An oppressive sense of obligation on the child's part for what the parent has done for it may mar the beauty of the relation. As there are few people in the world from whom we feel that we can afford to receive very much, so there will be few first-rate people who will think they can afford to receive very much from us. But the child may properly receive whatever the parent may confer, and pay its debt, not exactly in kind, but chiefly through profiting by the parent's effort. A child that is successfully brought up will eventually be ready to minister to its parent's needs in affection, in attention, and in material things up to the limit of its ability. Nevertheless, the child's more important debt is not to the generation that is passing, but to the generation that comes after. The debt that the ambitious parent will be most solicitous to have his child discharge is the debt to posterity. The father who spends himself for his sons and his daughters is repaid if they in turn shall spend themselves for their sons and their daughters. He says in his mind: "Freely ye have received, freely give, but what you have had from me give to my grandchildren. It is for them, newcomers in the world, that I am concerned. For myself, barring ac-

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IN THE HAY-FIELD

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THE GARDEN GATE

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cidents, I shall hope myself to provide." To pass on the torch is a child's natural office, rather than to pass it back.

Of course I do not mean to suggest or imply that it is not sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child, but the bitterest part of raising a thankless child must be the realization that one has failed as a parent. A child who lacks filial love is a very worthless and lamentable domestic product, the worst of it being that it is not likely in its turn to make a good parent. The parent's needs are a recognized lien on the child's future, but that parent is fortunate who, so far as material things go, has to the end enough for himself and something to share with his children, and is dependent upon them for no more than companionship and love. As we would have our children in due time enjoy that measure of freedom which comes from the possession of due store of this world's goods, and from the practice of such a degree of thrift as their circumstances require, we shall do well if in due season we shall ourselves pay attention to the duty of accumulation and practise such thrift as shall make for our own independence.

I suppose that most of us parents prefer that our children should not be snobs, at least not to an unusual and obnoxious degree. A moderate snobbishness regulated by intelligence and tempered by humor is not without some compensating advantages. Snobbishness rests on the admiration of what is not truly admirable; but a liberal snobbishness, that admires a good deal and merely includes details that ought to be weeded out, is not intolerable. To admire is one of the important pleasures of life, and to find plenty of people and things to admire is to be fortunately constituted. As between a moderate snob who includes more or less that is unworthy in his admirations and his aspirations, and a hypercritical person whose attention is engrossed by defects, the moderate snob has the better of it. A child that is brought up to withhold its skirts squeamishly from contact with the vulgar has a foolish raising and may have hard work to get over it, but as between a child that is disposed to exercise a choice in friends and one that is incapable of discerning differences in people, the observing parent is likely to feel most concern about the latter one. Parents seem to influence their children in two ways. They influence them by judicious precept and example to proceed in the direction they wish them to proceed in. That is one way. The other way is to crowd them so hard and with such imperfect judgment as to drive them in the direction contrary to that intended. This latter result often befalls parents who have hobbies, and who try to impose their whims on their children. So parents who are clamorous teetotalers not infrequently raise up exceeders in their families; and so in a great many cases parents who have been overinsistent about the exact regulation of their children's religious beliefs and deportment have lived to see them jump the rails and take most formidable liberties, both of thought and conduct. So hard it is to strait-jacket the mind of a child that has a mind worth directing.

So in the matter of snobs, some children are snobs because their parents were snobs before them, and some because their parents were too obstreperously democratic; and others still are democratic because snobbish parents crowded them too hard the other way. The way it works out in different cases is most amusing. Some schools are objected to by some people, and extravagantly lauded by other people, because they are believed to be so particularly select. The objectors perhaps send their boys to a school where they will have no choice but to mix with the general ruck of boys, and learn that in a good many respects one boy is about as good as another. The approver sends his boy, if he can, to the select school where all the boys are believed to be of superfine quality. Then, like as not, the approver's boy, striking a group of boys from the same place of life as himself, finds his level, and has sense and manners promptly imparted to him, and learns to estimate boys by their personal qualities. Whereas the objector's boy, being arbitrarily diverted from his natural companions, is quite apt to form an exaggerated estimate of the value of what he misses, and to overvalue circumstances and position and undervalue the essential qualities. So the chances are rather favorable for the approver's boy coming out

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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THE PONY RIDE

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more democratic than the objector's, to the concern, it may be, of both parents.

That form of self-respect which involves a reasonably contented opinion of one's own position in the scheme of things seems to me rather favorable to that condition of freedom which we would have our children attain. When Jonas and Clementine were lately discussing who were their social superiors, Clementine admitted that she had them, and gave examples of persons who, for one reason or another, she felt constrained to look up to. She seemed to select them not so much for their superiority of character or talent as because they were somewhat better equipped for polite life, and had better houses, better incomes, and a firmer hold than our family has on the mechanism of the nebulous association called Society. But Jonas did not see it so. What ailed our family? Were we stupid? Were we unduly ignorant? Were we ill-favored or ill-mannered? Had we an exceptional dearth of forebears or of friends? No! averred Jonas, and gallantly contended that we had no social superiors at all, since he claimed that we had pretty much everything that people ought to have except some surplus money; and as to that, while some of Clementine's admitted superiors were *nouveaux riches,* our family had, in Jonas's opinion, the counter-distinction of being *nouveau pauvre.* Jonas claims to be an aristocrat by preference and conviction, but I think his sense of being, so far as his social standing goes, as good as anybody, is, on the whole, a pretty good democratic asset. People who do not look up too much do not look down too much, and have a better point of view, I think, than folks whose minds run overmuch to the stratification of society and to the assignment of every human specimen to its proper layer.

The great social object in life is to get something worth having out of other folks. What you can try to get depends on what they have got, but almost all of them have something, if only you can get it. And there is no other way to get it except by swapping. You must have something to give in exchange that the other people want—kindness, wit, affection, knowledge, news—something that has an exchange value. Accordingly, if we have social aspirations for our children we take what thought we may—and do well to take it—that they shall have due store out of which to make these profitable exchanges. It is better that they should have a reasonable abundance to trade with than that they should be exceptionally shrewd in the trade, for too keen an eye for profit in social dealings works to the prejudice of joy, and it is joy, after all, that in these concerns is the main consideration. To be eager to give is a wiser social policy than to be oversolicitous to get, or overprecise in exacting what we may consider to be our due. To labor to create obligations which will presently have to be liquidated is not as wise a method of pursuing happiness as simply to try to diffuse joy and taste it as it goes. Bread cast upon the waters of society brings its best return to those who find their pleasure in dispensing it, and tie no strings to it, and are careless when or whence it is returned.

It belongs to us as parents to raise the children we have got, taking them as we find them. Even if they are not what we expected, that does not at all relieve us of responsibility. So far as we are concerned they had an indisputable right to be whatever they are, and while they may have fair grounds to grumble at us, because they are not different, we have no ground at all to grumble on that account at them. To make the best of what we have got is the parental aim, but what that best is must depend upon the child. Good of the kind gives satisfaction. What the kind is—I won't say does not matter, but at any rate it seems not to be vitally important, since it takes all kinds to make the world.



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# The Joy of Youth

*BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN*

EMMELINE AMES, going down the village street that winter afternoon, was conscious of a little uncomfortable lump in her right shoe. She was also conscious of an innocent bravado of shame as the lump worked from the hollow of her instep toward her toes. A soft red, and a delicious, silly smile, overspread her face. The lump was composed of some dried sprigs of the plant called boys'-love, or southernwood. Emmeline believed firmly in the superstition concerning it. She was sure that a girl with a sprig of boy's-love in her shoe would marry the first boy whom she met. In summer, when the plant with its long gray-green aromatic leaves flourished in the garden, she often wore a sprig in her shoe, and she had secretly pressed some in her own particular books, in order that she might be able to try the charm in the winter-time. Emmeline had too much credulity and imagination to be in a perfectly normal state; or, on the contrary, she may have been too normal, with all her human instincts dangerously near the surface, and as prone to injury as her great-grandmother's egg-shell china teacups.

There was a cousin of Mr. John Adams, whom her aunt Martha had married, who visited often at the Ames house. The cousin's name was Miss Abby Jennison; she was a professor in a girls' college, and rather uncomfortably analytical. One day she told Emmeline's anxious mother that Emmeline was a good example of overgrowth induced by the strain of civilization, and when Emmeline's mother had rejoined that she was such a simple, even primitive, child, Miss Jennison had triumphantly declared that that only confirmed her in her opinion. Emmeline had reverted to an original type. "How long can you keep a pansy from returning to a little heartsease, if it blooms season after season in the same garden?" inquired Miss Jennison. "Emmeline is a First Principle, bless her. I adore First Principles."

Emmeline's mother inferred that it must be desirable for a little girl to be a First Principle, still she felt a little uneasy. One day, after Miss Jennison had returned to her college, she asked her sister Martha, Mrs. John Adams, what she supposed Abby Jennison had meant. Martha was rocking comfortably with her second little girl in her lap. The first little girl was playing on the floor at her feet with six dolls, a very small horse, and a very large woolly lamb. Martha looked smilingly over the golden downy ball of the baby's head. "She meant what most people mean who live on paper and in words," said Martha Adams.

"You don't think she meant that Emmeline was not healthy, too nervous or anything?"

"Of course she is a little too nervous," said Martha, "but what would one give for a child without nerves? Emmeline never begun to have the nerves that my children have." She spoke as if nerves were a distinction, and her sister said no more. She had imbibed a hazy idea that being a First Principle meant being nervous, and that being nervous might be desirable; still, she remained somewhat uneasy. Had she begun to know what went on within Emmeline's little blossoming mind, she would have been distracted. Her own child was to her as a sealed casket filled with mysterious processes which were quite beyond her scope. Emmeline reflected much upon topics which her elders considered as being remote from her furthest imaginings. For instance, that sprig of dried southernwood in her shoe would have been incredible to her mother and aunt.

Emmeline walked along, gazing hopefully ahead. She was slight and straight, and carried her delicate chin high. She was very pretty, and she was glad on account of the Boy. She stepped daintily,

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carefully pointing her toes out. She had a tendency to toe in, which she was trying to overcome. She was going to the store. She had a number of commissions for her mother and aunt.

It was very cold, and the snow, which was trodden hard, gave out silvery creaks underfoot. The fields lay in wide frozen levels of a uniform pearl gray. There were no blue lights, the sky was clouded. The trees stretched out their limbs with a curious stiffness. The bushes, in which were still tangled a few dry leaves, looked brittle. Emmeline came to a large bush, and a swarm of sparrows flew out of it, as if the dead leaves had been assailed by a sudden wind. She walked on, gazing ahead for the Boy whom she should know for her future husband by virtue of that sprig of dry southernwood in her shoe.

Emmeline, as she went on, became very much afraid that this test would end as had former ones. She had been singularly unfortunate in her experiments with boy's-love. Her most intimate friend, Anita Lord, had met Johnny Woodfield while trying the charm, and Emmeline, who had included Johnny in her own list of possibilities, had straightway loyally eliminated him. After that it had seemed as if she were fated to meet Johnny Woodfield when she herself was afield with southernwood aromatically crushed underfoot. Now she saw him approaching and sighed. It did seem hard that she should inevitably meet a boy who was destined to become the husband of her dearest friend. She spoke rather stiffly to him and was passing on, but Johnny stopped her.

"What's your hurry?" he inquired, affably.

"I have some errands at the store, and I must get home before dark."

"Shucks! loads of time! Say, Emmeline—"

"Well?"

Johnny, who was rather large and stout for his age, hesitated. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. His cheeks were already crimson with the cold, but a warmer glow of young blood deepened the tint.

"It's a corking cold day, ain't it?" he said at length.

"Awful," returned Emmeline. She looked up in Johnny Woodfield's face. It was a handsome boy-face. She realized that had it not been for Anita, she might—but she shook her head impatiently. She made a motion to pass, then Johnny spoke to the point.

"Say, Emmeline," he blurted out, "don't you want to go to the concert with me to-morrow night?" It was the first time that Johnny Woodfield had ever invited a girl to go anywhere with him, and it was the first time that Emmeline had been invited. It was a tremendous moment for both of them. Emmeline, however, was a girl, and she had her wits about her. She knew exactly what to say, and she said it beautifully.

"Thank you," she said; "you are very kind, but I have a previous engagement."

Johnny Woodfield realized the dignity and finality of the reply. He jerked his cap from his head, which looked pathetically curly. His cheeks blazed. He stood aside for Emmeline to pass. Then the little girl's pitiful heart misgave her. She looked at him, and her pretty mouth quivered.

"You aren't mad, are you, Johnny?" she said.

"Of course I ain't," replied Johnny, manfully. "If you have a previous engagement, that settles it."

"I don't think Anita has any engagement."

"Oh, well, I may not go to the concert, anyway," returned Johnny. "Good evening, Emmeline."

"Good evening," returned Emmeline. She walked on rather sadly. She had no regrets concerning Johnny, since she firmly believed him to be Anita's property, but she was, of course, facing an irony of fate.

It was not long before she faced another. She saw some one approaching, and her heart leaped. Was it—? A young man jauntily swinging a tightly rolled umbrella came toward her. Emmeline did not raise her eyes until she met him. She was almost sure. When she did look up, she encountered the handsome patronizing eyes of Mr. Lionel Bates, who was going to be married in the spring to Miss Ellen Sylvester. Emmeline knew Mr. Bates. He was a lawyer, and had had business dealings with her mother.

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"How do you do, little one?" said Mr. Bates, as he passed. He did not even consider it worth his while to raise his hat. Emmeline passed on. She considered that if a grown-up young man could know what a girl of fourteen really thought of him, he perhaps would not swing his umbrella quite so airily.

Then she saw old Mr. Henry T. Meredith, who was eighty and had had three wives, approaching. Emmeline shuddered at the thought that the southernwood might point to him. Mr. Meredith was fond of little girls, and he was perpetually mistaking a little girl for one of his own descendants. He had grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and his memory had begun to fail. He stopped and rested on his stick when he met Emmeline, and felt in his overcoat pocket, from which he drew a sticky molasses drop. Then he thrust the sweet into Emmeline's mouth with a loud cackle of intense enjoyment.

"Didn't think ye was goin' to meet grandpa, did ye?" said he. "How be ye, grandpa's little Lizzie? How's your ma?"

Emmeline's disgust and indignation struggled with her native politeness and veneration for age. She spoke as well as she could on account of the sticky sweetmeat in her mouth. "I am not Lizzie," said she. "You have made a mistake, Mr. Meredith. I am Emmeline Ames."

It was all thrown away on Mr. Meredith. He did not hear one word. He thrust another molasses drop into Emmeline's hand, and he cackled again. "Here's another for ye," said he. "Now run right home to your ma, Lizzie, or you'll ketch cold."

Old Mr. Meredith went his way and Emmeline went hers. As soon as she was quite sure she was unobserved she disposed of the two molasses drops. This time the irony of fate had almost cuffed her ears.

She walked on a little farther. She had almost given up, when she saw the Boy advancing. This time she *knew*. When they met she glanced quickly at him, disclosing a flash of brilliant blue under gold-fringed lids which immediately dropped upon paling cheeks. She was *sure* the Boy's eyes had met hers, but he did not look away so quickly. She could feel his earnest gaze upon her face. She knew that he turned and looked after her. She wondered if she were walking straight. She felt the boy's-love in her shoe. Her heart beat so loud that she did not hear the resonant creak of the snow. She did not feel the bite of the winter wind upon her face. A sleigh passed with a loud jangle of bells. She did not notice it. She had met the Boy. She had no doubt. She did not know who he was. He was a beautiful boy. He was tall and straight and slender, and he had a handsome dark face. Emmeline had met him with a sprig of southernwood in her shoe, and she *knew*. It made no difference to her that the superstition was to the effect that a girl would marry the *first* one whom she met. She obviously could not marry a boy who was the property of her dearest friend, or an engaged young man, or an old gentleman who could not tell her from one of his own great-grandchildren.

In her agitation, Emmeline walked nearly a quarter of a mile past the store. Then she met Anita, who asked her where she was going, and she remembered.

"To the store?" repeated Anita. "Why, Emmeline Ames, you have walked 'way past it! It is freezing cold, too."

Anita was very fat, and there was a curious unfinished effect about her nose and mouth. She had a quantity of black hair, and she had just begun to do it up. A great knot of it wobbled about her neck as she spoke.

"I don't feel a bit cold," replied Emmeline.

"It is cold—the coldest day in the year. Well, turn round and walk back with me. I am going to the store, too. Aunt Rachel wants some knitting-cotton—she is out of it—for those everlasting facecloths she is always knitting."

"I suppose she likes to knit them," Emmeline remarked, dreamily, as she walked back with Anita.

"I suppose she does, or she knits them because she hasn't anything she *does* like to do."

Emmeline did not hear what Anita said. She was thinking of the Boy. Then suddenly she thought she must say something to her friend. "I met Johnny just now," she said.

The color flew into Anita's face. She

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*Drawn by Howard Smith* Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE HAD EVER INVITED A GIRL TO GO ANYWHERE

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tossed her head, and the great knot of black hair wobbled dangerously.

"Huh!" said she, "I don't know as I think so very much of Johnny Woodfield, after all."

"But, Anita," Emmeline said, wonderingly, "you remember how you met him last summer when you had that sprig of boy's-love in your shoe."

"Huh!" said Anita, quite violently. "I don't know as I have much faith in that sign, anyway. Johnny Woodfield isn't the only boy in this town, and I don't waste my thoughts on any boy myself. I am going to begin to study French with Miss Laselle next week. Grandmother says perhaps I can go to Europe for a year after I am through the high school, and if I can't speak French nobody can understand a word I say. I might just as well be a cat travelling!"

Emmeline stared at Anita.

"Grandmother says she thinks I shall need a year's rest before I go to college," said Anita, proudly. "I am not very strong."

Emmeline, little, slender, high-browed girl, looked at her with surprise. "Why, Anita, you look real strong!" said she.

"I know I weigh more than you do, Emmeline," Anita returned, severely, "but weight does not always mean health. I am *very* delicate."

Then they entered the store. Emmeline made her purchases, and Anita bought white knitting-cotton. Then she and Anita said good-by to each other and parted. Emmeline walked home through the deepening winter twilight. She gazed ahead with her innocent, serious blue eyes. She had a listening air, as if she heard music. She was very happy.

When she reached home she went into the sitting-room, where her mother and Aunt Martha and the children and her little dog Spotty were all grouped before the hearth fire. Spotty sprang at her, yelping with delight. He tried to reach her beloved little face with his affectionate, quivering tongue.

"Have you almost perished with the cold, dear?" asked Emmeline's mother.

"I am not a bit cold," replied Emmeline.

She removed her wraps, and sat down with the others before the fire, which cast a strange crimson glow upon her head. Emmeline sat still, smiling a strange inscrutable smile. Her eyes, very blue and bright, seemed gazing within herself into long vistas of joy. Little Sally was fast asleep on the bearskin rug. The firelight was playing over her, and she also was smiling, in her sleep, with ineffable mystery. The baby in Aunt Martha's arms laughed and crowed and held out little imploring arms to Emmeline, who immediately arose and took her carefully with tender kisses. The baby cuddled up against her shoulder when she sat down again, and Emmeline smiled over the little head, that same smile of inscrutable joy.

Mr. John Adams, Aunt Martha's husband, came in. "Whew! but it is a cold night! It seems mighty good to get home," he said. He kissed Martha and patted the children's and Emmeline's heads.

Then Annie came to the door and said that dinner was ready. After dinner Emmeline read a little while, then went to bed. When she had left the room after her good-night kisses, Mr. John Adams looked across his evening paper at his wife and sister-in-law.

"That girl is going to make havoc with young men's hearts before very long," said he.

"She is growing prettier every day," assented Martha.

Mrs. Ames smiled proudly, but a little uneasily. "Don't put such ideas into the child's head, John," she said.

"There is no need of putting in things which are there already," said John, shrewdly. Then the door-bell rang and he had to go into another room to see a man on business.

Mrs. Ames regarded her sister with a troubled expression. "You don't think that *baby* has begun to even think of such things?" she said, piteously.

"Of course not, dear," replied Martha. "It is only John's nonsense."

"She always tells me everything," said Mrs. Ames, looking somewhat consoled, "and I have never allowed her to read novels."

"I think you have been very wise about that," said Martha. "I don't mean that Sally and Rosamond shall read a page of a novel before they are eighteen."

Neither woman dreamed how the girl

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in her dainty nest overhead was lying awake and reading that novel of her own heart, which the most loving and watchful of guardians cannot close from the eyes of youth. Emmeline, curled up in her little white bed, was thinking of the Boy. An innocent rapture permeated every nerve when his face came before her mental vision. Such a beautiful boy, and she had not a doubt about the linking of his future with her own.

The next morning, when she woke, her first thought was of the Boy, and a great ecstasy followed the thought. She looked at her window and saw the snow drifting past it like a white veil. If it had been pleasant she might have gone to the post-office for the morning mail and she might have met the Boy; now Sydney would go. However, she was not troubled; the thought of the Boy was enough to fill her with strange content.

She was very happy all day. She sat beside a window, looking out often at the white storm. She had some embroidery in her lap, but she did not work much. She watched the snow fall and thought of the Boy. It was a very severe storm. The wind blew and the snow drifted in the yard with curling crests like waves. The trees stood as if knee-deep in eddying hollows of snow. It was strange, but the fiercer the storm became the greater became the spiritual exaltation of the little girl with first love blossoming in her heart. The storm and her happiness increased by a similar ratio. She would not have been as happy on a day when the weather was commonplace. She hardly spoke from morning until night. She had never, in all her life, been so happy. Even the baby's crying when the light began to wane did not disturb her. The baby was cutting teeth. Usually Emmeline was troubled when the baby, of whom she was very fond, cried. Now cutting teeth seemed a part of the universal joyous scheme of things. Emmeline took the baby and danced her up and down and comforted her. When the child finally fell asleep on her shoulder, the sleep also seemed a part of joy.

The storm continued all night and during the next day until noon. Then the sky cleared and the world was a great blue dazzle, sparkling as if with diamonds.

Emmeline watched the men clearing the road, and Sydney heaping up the snow in great ridges on either side of the front walk. She did not go out that day, and missed more chances of seeing the Boy, still the thought of him was entirely sufficient to content her.

The thought of him was sufficient to content her as days and weeks and months passed and she did not see him again. She was even curiously afraid that somebody might mention him to her and she might discover who he was. She felt instinctively that any mention of the Boy might disturb the beautiful crystalline isolation in which she dwelt with him.

The winter was over, then the spring school term when Emmeline graduated at the village high school, then the long summer vacation began. All this time Emmeline was very happy with her remembrance and her dream and her blossoming hopes, although she never saw the Boy. She grew taller, and people said she was fast becoming a beauty. Emmeline herself did not realize any difference. She had always considered herself pretty, and loved, very innocently, her face in her looking-glass. She lived so in her dream that she could not realize what changes the dream was working within herself.

Toward twilight one summer day Emmeline started to spend the night at Anita Lord's. Anita was to have a little party, and Emmeline was invited to remain all night with her. Emmeline wore her new white dress trimmed with lace and embroidery, and a white hat trimmed with white ribbon and roses. She carried a bag containing her nightgown and toilet things.

She walked fast, for there was a cloud in the northwest which might mean a thunder-shower, the light was waning fast, and she wanted to reach Anita's house. She had come to an unsettled place bordered by fields, when she heard a hoarse, drunken shout behind her which filled her with panic. She ran, but as she ran she glanced back. She saw a huge figure coming after her at a staggering run. She knew immediately who it was—Mr. Ticknor. He shouted again, and she understood. "Violetty! Violetty!" shouted Mr. Ticknor. Emmeline knew that he was mistaking her for his daughter Violetta.

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*Drawn by Howard Smith*

SHE HAD NEVER IN ALL HER LIFE BEEN SO HAPPY

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She had heard a great deal about Mr. Ticknor's brutal treatment of his family. She reflected that since Mr. Ticknor mistook her for his daughter Violetta he might, if he caught her, be brutal to her. She ran on. The hoarse shouts gained in intensity. She heard the name of Violetta coupled with alarming threats. She made out that she was to be beaten within an inch of her life. Her slim legs skimmed the ground as lightly as a bird's, but, alas! Mr. Ticknor could cover twice as much at a jump as she. He would certainly have caught her had it not been for his frequent departures from a straight course. As it was, Emmeline heard the heavy, padding footsteps nearer and nearer. She saw at a quick glance what might be her only chance. She had reached the field in which stood the little corn-house in which she had fastened Spotty four years ago.

She turned abruptly and made for the little structure. She flashed through the ranks of fodder-corn like a frightened bird. She heard a louder shout of rage from Mr. Ticknor. She did not look around. She wondered, as she ran, if she remembered correctly that, besides the wooden bolt on the outside of the corn-house door, there was a lock and key. If she were mistaken, and it was a padlock to be fastened only from the outside, she was lost. She hoped that she remembered rightly and that there was a lock, although it was unusual in such a place. When she reached the corn-house she saw that it had an old house-door which was equipped with a heavy lock and key. Emmeline dashed in. She slammed the door. She laid her hand on the key which was in the lock.

There was a moment of breathless agony; the key turned very hard. But at last it clicked, and Emmeline sank down on the dusty floor. She realized that she was faint. There was a singing in her ears, but through the singing she heard Mr. Ticknor's raging voice. Then suddenly it ceased. After a while Emmeline got strength enough to rise and stand on tiptoe and push the little sliding window a crack aside. No one was in sight. She tried to turn the key back, but she could not move it at all. It was hampered. Then she knew that she was a prisoner in the corn-house until some chance rescuer should arrive. The one window was high in the wall, and too small for even a girl of Emmeline's proportions to crawl through. Emmeline tugged again at the key. She blistered one hand, but it was all useless. Then she stood on tiptoe again and peeped out of the window. Presently a buggy drawn by a white horse passed, and she did make a dismal little outcry, but the buggy rattled rapidly past. Emmeline sat down on a pile of last year's corn. She did not weep. The situation was beyond tears.

She could not sit still long. She was at the window again. She saw in the dim light a figure pass along the road. Then she realized that she could not possibly know who it was, that she might be rushing from one danger to another. She realized that she must remain where she was all night! that she must make up her mind to it. She thought of the party at Anita's. She knew that her relatives would have no occasion to worry because she did not come home; that Anita would only think that something had detained her, and would not worry, either; that nobody would institute a search for her until the next day. Then she heard a familiar little sound which revived her. It was Spotty's small, far-reaching bark. The little dog came across the field like a flying shadow. First he leaped at the window, which he could not reach. He whined, he called his consternation, his sympathy, with all the tones in his faithful dog-voice. All night long he barked and howled at intervals. If it had not been for Spotty, Emmeline considered that she could never have endured such a night. The little dog's scratchings on the door and his commiserating cries were all she had to sustain her. She sat miserably on the pile of corn, and waited for morning. She soon realized that there were mice, if not rats, in the corn-house. She had frequently to move about to keep them quiet.

Finally the sun rose. Then she took up her station at the window. People began to pass, on the road, walking and driving. Emmeline, whenever she thought she was safe in so doing, cried out, but her voice did not carry well and nobody heard her. Spotty also made frantic dashes at everybody, but he was simply shooed away. Nobody understood his dog-language. It

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was ten o'clock before help came. Emmeline saw a slim, straight young figure swinging along the road. Spotty made one of his desperate dashes. The figure stopped. Then Emmeline saw the dog, mad with joy, careering back to her prison, and running in his wake the Boy. When the Boy reached the corn-house he saw, in a little window high in the wall, a beautiful little pale face fluffed around with yellow hair against a background of amber dusk.

"What *is* the matter?" said the Boy.

Emmeline explained in little gasps as well as she was able. The Boy immediately arose to the situation. He was a strong Boy. He put knee and shoulder against the corn-house door, and Emmeline was free. "You poor little soul!" said the Boy. Emmeline was so weak she could hardly stand. "Here, take my arm," said the Boy. He was not at all awkward with a girl, although he was a boy. Emmeline took his arm, and the two went through the corn, every blade of which was strung with a row of dewdrops, like a lily-of-the-valley, and Spotty raced ahead with joyous yelps, and returned to circle with leaping bounds around the two. "That's a nice little dog," said the Boy, when a lull in the explanations of the situation came.

"Yes," said Emmeline. "I don't know how I could ever have lived through the night if it hadn't been for Spotty."

"Poor little soul!" said the Boy, again.

Emmeline felt a thrill of something which seemed like the light of the dewy morning.

"I don't know what your name is," said the Boy.

"Emmeline Ames. I don't know what your name is, either."

"My name is Guy Russell. I am Mrs. Elizabeth Russell's nephew. My father and mother died when I was a baby. When I haven't been at school I have lived with my aunt Edith, but she died last winter, and now I suppose I shall be here with Aunt Elizabeth a good deal. I enter Yale next fall, and next summer I am going abroad."

Emmeline felt a sinking at her heart.

"Are you?" she said.

"Yes. I shall only be gone six weeks. I shall be here with Aunt Elizabeth the rest of the time when I am not at college. I am to stay here the rest of this summer."

"I am sorry your aunt Edith died," said Emmeline.

"She was just like a mother to me," said the Boy, simply.

Emmeline felt very sorry for him. It seemed to her that she had never felt so sorry for any one before. She gave the Boy's arm the most delicate little pressure with her hand, and he immediately pressed the arm closer against his side.

"But Aunt Elizabeth is all right," said the Boy. "Do you know her?"

"By sight," replied Emmeline, and she spoke with a little awe. Mrs. Elizabeth Russell was a very wealthy woman, the only really wealthy woman in the village. She lived in a most beautiful house. She had travelled. She had wonderful guests from cities during the summer. She mingled very little with the village people. She was popularly supposed to be very proud, although she was said to be charitable, and very pleasant "when you knew her." She had once called on Emmeline's mother, and Mrs. Ames, very particularly dressed, had returned the call, but that was when Emmeline was very young. She had only seen Mrs. Russell across the church or driving, but she had always regarded her with a sort of feudal admiration. "I think your aunt Elizabeth is beautiful," she said, warmly.

"Yes, she is," assented the Boy.

Then they had reached Emmeline's house, and Emmeline was trembling with irresolution as to whether she ought or ought not to invite the Boy in. Her mother and Aunt Martha solved the question by rushing out with exclamations and questions. They had just heard that Emmeline had not been at Anita's party, and Mr. John Adams was even then on another road with some men searching for her.

While Mrs. Ames and Aunt Martha hugged Emmeline and exclaimed over her, she and the Boy, between them, told the story. Then Emmeline and the Boy were in the house at the breakfast-table. It seemed that, although the Boy had already eaten one breakfast, there was something about Annie's waffles and coffee and omelette which surpassed his aunt's French cook's efforts. Emmeline was blissfully watchful of the Boy while

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*Drawn by Howard Smith*

SHE HEARD A HOARSE SHOUT BEHIND HER

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he ate. She herself ate, but did not seem to taste anything except what the Boy ate.

"I wonder the dear child looks so well after such an awful night," Aunt Martha said to Emmeline's mother.

Mrs. Ames looked happily at Emmeline's pink cheeks and the blue delight of her eyes. "I wonder she isn't down sick," said she. The two women looked approvingly at young Guy Russell. After he had gone, and Emmeline had been put to bed, they agreed that he looked as if he might grow to be a splendid man.

"I suppose he will have all his aunt's money, too," said Mrs. Ames. Then she looked ashamed of herself. "But that is nothing compared with his being such a good, honest, innocent boy," she said.

"His aunt Edith Slone was a splendid woman, from everything I have heard of her. It is easy to see that the boy has been brought up by a good woman. He shows it." Mrs. Ames had a dreamy look in her eyes. Her sister smiled a little furtive smile.

They both thought Emmeline, up-stairs in her little room, was asleep, but she was not. She was too happy to sleep. She was one of the very few on the face of this earth who dream, and keep the precious crystal of the dream unshattered by the shock with reality.

It was a week after that that Mrs. Elizabeth Russell gave a party for her nephew, and Emmeline was invited. Mrs. Russell sent her carriage for her. Emmeline had her first silk dress to wear. It was made over from one her mother had worn when a girl. It was white silk sprinkled with little silver dots. Emmeline's hair was tied with a great white bow, and she had white shoes, and she looked, her mother and aunt thought, the prettiest thing in the world. "I am glad the dear child doesn't know what a beauty she is," said Mrs. Ames, after the carriage had rolled away.

"She hasn't an idea," said Martha.

Neither dreamed that Emmeline knew perfectly well how she looked and that an innocent rapture because of her beauty in her silver-dotted gown seemed to perfume her very soul. It is more beautiful than beauty itself to be innocently conscious of it, and to value it more for the sake of the love of another than for self-love. Emmeline reflected how pleased the Boy would be with her appearance and she tasted that pleasure instead of her own, exactly as she had tasted the breakfast the morning after he had rescued her from her prison.

There was a palm-room in Mrs. Elizabeth Russell's house. An hour later Emmeline and the Boy were in there. They stood under some great spreading fronds and looked out of a wide window at a wonderful sight. The lawn was all dotted with swinging Japanese lanterns, and electric lights made strange shadows which looked alive. The night looked like another world, full of mysteries of beauty unfolding upon beauty, and joy upon joy. Each saw more than there really was, because each saw with the other's eyes. They looked out at the fairy night, then they looked at each other.

"You are the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my whole life," said the Boy with blunt fervor. He spoke as if he had lived ages. The girl made no disclaimer. She believed him. She gazed back at him with radiant delight in his appreciation of her.

The window opened like a door. The Boy threw it wide, and took Emmeline's hand with a caressing touch in his hard, boyish one. "Let's walk out there," he said, stammeringly. He and Emmeline went out. They strolled arm in arm along a broad gravel walk and finally sat down under a tree swarming with brilliant lanterns like butterflies. They were quite alone. Most of the guests were on the other side of the lawn, where refreshments were being served, and where the orchestra played behind some flowering bushes. The Boy put his arm around the girl. "I love you," he whispered. Emmeline said nothing. She felt as if some divine fluid were coursing through all her veins.

"Don't you love me?" said the Boy.

"Yes," replied Emmeline.

She and the Boy kissed each other.

"Then we are engaged," said the Boy. Emmeline nodded. She looked at him, and her face of love, and ignorance of love, was fairly dazzling. The Boy kissed her again. Then they sat still. The Boy's arm was around the girl and her head on his shoulder. Both tasted the uttermost joy of the present. Happiness stood still in their heaven.



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# The Coming and Going of Expletives

*BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY*

Professor of English, Yale University

DIFFICULT as it is in many cases, and impossible in some, to trace the dividing line between expressions which contribute to clearness and those which contribute to energy, there is one division of them which belongs unmistakably to the latter class. These go under the general name of intensives. In them is seen most sharply exhibited the action of this one of the two principal agencies which bring into being words and phrases seemingly unnecessary. From the point of view of the mere understanding, intensives are the most superfluous locutions to be found in the whole range of expression. Yet they are not merely more in number than those of all other kinds put together; they are the most frequently heard in colloquial speech. The impression they continue to make depends upon the infrequency of their use. Yet the repetition of them is so constant that in many cases it impairs in time their original vigor, and they sink into the ranks of hackneyed phrases without special significance, and therefore without force.

It is not, in truth, until men have reached a high degree of cultivation that they begin to appreciate the efficacy of understatement; that if properly and skilfully employed it is far more effective than the most emphatic assertion. The common mind thinks to convey the impression of strength by the strength of the language employed. It in consequence comes to employ this so much that the words lose at last the force they were originally intended to convey. We see this exemplified in the constant use of the adverbs *awfully, terribly, horribly,* where the things qualified indicate nothing awful, nor terrible, nor horrible. This is in no way peculiar to our speech. The users of all languages convey their feelings by resorting to such methods of expression. Of colloquial Latin no adequate representation has survived. Were we in possession of it through all its periods, we should see this principle of growth as fully exemplified in that tongue as in our own. Take the adverb *valde,* equivalent to our "mighty." Cicero, for instance, speaks of a man as *valde studiosus et diligens,* which, strictly, ought to mean "mighty assiduous and diligent." The word in this sense must have come at first into use in the language of conversation. At the outset it signified, doubtless, just exactly what it said. In process of time its original force was worn out by frequency and inappropriateness of use. Hence it came to be employed in serious discourse in about the same sense as our "very."

One proposition there is which needs to be stated emphatically at this point. Words and phrases which are amply sufficient for the understanding are often altogether inadequate for the expression of the feelings. The result of this mental dissatisfaction with the communication of mere knowledge is most conspicuously illustrated in the wide prevalence of profanity. Into the discussion of this practice its moral and religious aspect does not enter at all. It is purely from the linguistic side that it is here to be considered. So looked at, its existence and the extent of the indulgence in it bear out the truth of the principle just announced. Whatever intellectual justification there may be for profanity is based upon the fact that men are aiming to state strongly what they feel strongly. The habit is, in consequence, subject to the general law governing intensives. To a very great extent the practice of swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization. With the advance of culture profanity declines. It declines not so much because men become

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peculiarly sensitive to its viciousness, but they do to its ineffectiveness. The growth of refinement both in the individual and in the community tends more to its disuse than all the exhortations of moralists or the rebukes of divines. Much must always be allowed in the case of particular persons for the influence of early training and association. Exceptions are, therefore, too numerous to lay down any positive rule; still, it is safe to say in general that a man's intellectual development is largely determined by the extent of his indulgence in profanity. No one, indeed, doubts its wide prevalence at the present time. But compared to the practice of the past, it has been steadily, even if slowly, diminishing for centuries. This does not prove that men are better morally or intellectually than they were. It does show, however, that there exists now a higher average of cultivation, which renders the habit distasteful to increasingly large numbers.

No one, indeed, who makes himself familiar with the history of English usage in this particular can fail to be struck with the extent to which profanity once prevailed among all classes of our race. One oath especially was so general a favorite with our ancestors that it became the distinctive appellation by which for centuries they were designated. The historian Brantôme tells us that when Joan of Arc was imprisoned at Rouen, she was visited by the Sire de Luxembourg, accompanied by two or three of the English nobility. In reply to a question of his she expressed her feelings about the prospect of the conquest of France by the invaders. In so doing she called them by the term by which they were frequently if not commonly designated on the Continent. The word was apparently used in unconsciousness on her part that she was uttering anything which could be deemed a disparaging reflection upon the hostile race; though it must be admitted that it is never safe to assume the certain knowledge of what is passing through a woman's mind. "I know well," she said, "that the English will do me to death, believing that after my death they will gain the kingdom of France; but if there should be here one hundred thousand Goddems more than now, they shall not have this kingdom." This speech belongs to the fifteenth century; but in the nineteenth Byron represented Don Juan as not recognizing a word of English save this shibboleth of theirs, as it is termed, which he supposed to be merely a salaam equivalent to "God be with you."

Shakespeare, whose all-embracing eye nothing seems to have escaped, did not fail to notice this distinguishing peculiarity of his countrymen. In his time religion was coming to the aid of culture in arresting the progress of profanity. The Puritan hostility was as pronounced to the oath as it was to the theatre. In the representation of this feeling the dramatist puts into the mouth of one of his characters the protest of unregenerate and uncultivated human nature against the effort to substitute mild, euphemistic utterances for the more emphatic expressions then current. Incidentally, indeed, he may have had an intention of conveying indirectly a compliment to the Queen, who was distinctly noted for the profane as well as vigorous vernacular in which she occasionally indulged. In *Henry IV.*, Hotspur's wife is represented as saying, in reply to her husband's demand for her song, "Not mine, in good sooth!" It is not the denial, but the words with which they are accompanied, that excites her lord's anger. "Not yours, in good sooth!" is his contemptuous repetition of her answer. She swears, he tells her, like a comfit-maker's wife, in using expressions like "As true as I live," and "As God shall mend me," and "As sure as day." She gives such sarcenet surety for her oaths as if she had never walked farther than Finsbury. Then in the following words he sets forth the attitude towards profanity which found favor in the circles of the court as opposed to the practice of the Puritan city:

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave, In sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

One general principle can be laid down, though subject to exception. Expletives primarily designed to convey

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clearness usually hold their ground. Those which serve merely to impart energy die out with the progress of culture. It is not hostility to them which produces this result, but the loss of force from frequency of repetition and from misapplication. If the use of them could be reserved only for special occasions, they might last indefinitely. But rarely are single words or phrases which strike the popular fancy long confined to their original signification. *Blizzard,* as one example out of many, though in existence some time before, came into general use about twenty-five years ago as a combination of driving wind and drifting snow accompanied with intense cold, from the fury of which man and beast found safety only in shelter. Such was its sense in the far West. After its migration to the East it lost largely that distinctive meaning. Now there is hardly a snow-storm so meek in itself that it does not receive from some one this appellation, provided only that it be accompanied with wind. But in the discussion of the loss of force by expletives there is nothing of the kind so striking as the history of double comparison which prevailed for about three centuries in our speech and then died out from the language of literature, not from any known attack upon it, but merely from the burden of its own weight. The additional strength it originally imparted to expression ceased to be felt. This made it an easy conquest to that desire for strict regularity which is latent in the hearts of us all, and rages violently in the hearts of those who aim to be, what they deem, grammatically pure.

Double comparison came into being in the last part of the thirteenth century. In its case the usage was distinctly due to the desire of imparting to speech not perspicuity but force. The particular shape it took came from the coalescence in our tongue of the native and Romance elements. The original Anglo-Saxon terminations for expressing degrees of comparison are represented in modern English by *-er* and by *-est.* On the other hand, the French indicated these then, as it does now, by *plus* and *le plus.* Upon this model *more* and *most* were introduced for the same purpose into our speech. When the Romance element became a constituent part of the language, the foreign adjectives receiving the right of citizenship could not in the great majority of cases receive the native endings for comparison without rendering them particularly difficult to pronounce. Hence the two methods came to be treated with equal respect, and whenever possible were used indifferently. This has continued to our day. At the present time it is mainly, perhaps altogether, a matter of euphony to which method preference should be given. The choice becomes in consequence largely a question of taste, which cannot be decided by any fixed rules. Efforts are made at times to set up such. To some extent they may have influenced the practice of many; but in themselves they are merely the creation of grammarians and have no warrant in good usage. Difficulty of utterance is the all-sufficient reason for preferring *more* and *most* to *-er* and *-est* in the comparison of adjectives; and that in any given case is a matter to be decided by the individual judgment.

These two methods of comparison were flourishing side by side in the fourteenth century. Then the practice began of employing both with the same adjective in order to impart additional energy. The usage is found not unfrequently in "Piers Plowman" and Chaucer, and naturally in the writings of their successors. In the reign of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts it flourished luxuriantly. Especially did it abound with the story-tellers and the dramatists; but it is not absent from grave discourse. All of us are familiar — at least presumably familiar — with the speech of Paul to Agrippa in which he declared that "after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." As the construction is not common in the authorized version, it is to be presumed that the translators were here seeking to make emphatic the assertion of the apostle that he belonged to the most bigoted section of the most exclusive religious party among the Jews. It may be added that the recent revision, by dropping *most,* has gratified the devotees of modern grammar and removed from the view of common eyes another landmark in the history of the speech.

It is hardly necessary to say that

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in Shakespeare the usage is very frequent. One, indeed, of the passages of his containing it—"the most unkindest cut of all"—has become a stock quotation. His indulgence in the practice caused great grief to some of his early commentators; but he was not in the slightest degree singular in resorting to this method of expression. Apparently no one disapproved of it in his day; certainly no one seems to have censured it, at least not in print. So far, indeed, was it from being regarded with disfavor that approbation was publicly bestowed upon it by the greatest scholar of the time, at all events the greatest scholar among men of letters. In his English Grammar, Ben Jonson cited a sentence of Sir Thomas More, in which occurred the double comparisons "more readier" and "most loosest." He approved the usage. "This," he remarked, "is a certain kind of English Atticism, or elegant phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who for more emphasis and for vehemency's sake used so to speak."

Such was the opinion expressed in the former half of the seventeenth century by him who was then reckoned the head of living men of letters, the one writer to whose knowledge and judgment all deferred. Yet at the very time the doom of the usage was sealed. Its fate illustrates the truth of the dictum that overemphasis prepares its own death-bed. The usage slowly passed away. By the time of the Restoration it had practically sunk to the speech of the uneducated. Soon its employment was imputed as a reproach to the men of the generation gone by. How completely it had fallen not merely into disuse, but into disrepute, is made manifest by the words of Dryden in his Defence of the Epilogue to the second part of the *Conquest of Granada*. This piece appeared in 1678. In it the poet struggled to maintain the superiority of the contemporary dramatists to the giant race who had flourished before the great cataclysm of the Civil War. The latter could not equal the men of his own age, he affirmed, because "the times were ignorant in which they lived. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its vigor and maturity." Wit had now come, as he expressed it, "to a more high degree." As a proof of the lack of refinement existing then in the language he instanced the use of double comparison. He cited an illustration of it from the then all-admired Ben Jonson, not as a specimen of the carelessness of the dramatist, but as an impurity of expression into which he had fallen by conforming to the faulty practice of his age. "I think," he wrote, "few of our present writers would have left behind them such a line as this:

> Contain your spirits in more stricter bounds.

But this gross way of two comparatives was then ordinary, and therefore more pardonable in Jonson."

During the eighteenth century the use of double comparison in literature is confined to the speech of the inferior characters. Readers of Fielding will recall that in *Joseph Andrews* Mrs. Slipslop, the lady's-maid, terms the hero the "most properest man" she ever saw. In a similar way in *Tom Jones* Mrs. Honor, Sophia Western's maid, indulges in such expressions as "most whitest" and "most handsomest." Again in Charlotte Lennox's *Female Quixote*, the heroine's waiting-maid, overcome with compassion by the lover's letter, cannot refrain from telling her mistress that she is "the most hard-heartedest lady" she has ever known in her born days. Occasionally this all-sufficient fulness of utterance strikes us as both peculiarly expressive and impressive. In a medley published in 1753, entitled *Mother's Midnight Comical Pocket-Book*, the writer relieves his mind by terming the person to whom a poem is addressed "the most completest ass" that ever looked into a mirror. In the lives of all there are moments when we experience a keen sense of the inadequacy of ordinary speech to denote satisfactorily what we think and feel. Such affluence of energy as has just been exhibited is a painful reminder of our present penury of expression. One at times can hardly keep from a sigh of regret that modern grammatical effeminacy has debarred him from the privilege of setting forth all-sufficiently the idea he entertains of some one of his fellow beings by surrounding and strength-

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ening his opinion of him with this triple fortification of intensity.

All through the eighteenth century double comparisons of the sort here given could be quoted almost endlessly from its light literature. But from the speech of even the uneducated it seems now to have been dropped, if one can trust to his necessarily limited acquaintance with the abundant mass of fiction produced for a long time past. On the other hand, it has occasionally made its reappearance in poetry. In Tennyson's "Œnone," as it is found in the volume of 1833, the nymph declares that Paris was to her "more lovelier than all the world beside." This disappeared from the edition of 1842, when the whole poem was recast and largely changed throughout. Again in Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* one of the leaders of the White Hoods declares to the hero's sister that her charms would kindle valor "in the most coldest heart of Christendom." As a final example, in Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* the chief huntsman in the speech which opens the drama addresses the Sun-god in these words:

> Rise up, stretch thine hand out, with thy bow
> Touch the most dimmest heights of trembling heaven.

Such locutions, being intentional revivals, differ in character from forms still in use like *lesser* and *worser*. The existence of the ending denoting comparison was not perceptible in *worse* and *less*. Hence the regular suffix came to be appended also in their case. *Lesser*, which sprang into being in the fifteenth century, has lasted down to our own time, and its propriety has been but little challenged. *Worser* has not fared so well. Not uncommon in the writers of the Elizabethan period, it practically died out in the times succeeding. In the nineteenth century it was revived, and is occasionally found in good use.

Page after page could be taken up with the history of expletives that have come and gone. New ones are likely to spring into existence at any moment; old ones are similarly certain to die out. We rarely notice their redundant character while they are alive. It is only when, after their death, the ghosts of these buried locutions occasionally reappear that they startle us. We all use expletives in some form or another, generally without being aware of it. When, for instance, we say there is no reason whatever for following such and such a course, few of us reflect that, strictly speaking, there is no reason whatever for the "whatever." Nor are these locutions due always to the desire for greater clearness or force, though that is responsible for the majority of them. Numerous, indeed, are the causes which bring expletives into being. There is the influence of alliteration, joining together two words, one of which, if it does not directly convey the idea of the other, implies, nevertheless, its existence. Such, for illustration, are *first and foremost, hearth and home*. Again, resort is sometimes had to expletives merely for the sake of varying the expression, or from the influence of that subtle feeling which in classical grammars is called the sense of euphony. Thus we not unfrequently say *oftentimes* for *often*. But the truth is that expletives seem frequently to come and go by the operation of some mysterious law, the working of which we in many cases do not fully comprehend.

Take the case of *as*. It once often accompanied the imperative,—as, for illustration, in Chaucer's "as do me right." Such a usage has now entirely disappeared. Of a formerly fairly common employment of this same particle we have a solitary survivor in the literary speech. For no brief period in the history of our language *as* was joined to adverbs or adverbial phrases indicating sometimes place, but more usually time. Were "as now," which occurs not unfrequently in Chaucer and his successors, heard to-day, it would seem distinctly objectionable. In such a common sentence, however, as, "I have not seen him as yet," there is an instance of precisely the same character to which no one takes exception. Not merely in Chaucer's time, but in Elizabethan English and later, this particular expletive use of *as* was far from uncommon. Not to burden the page with examples, it suffices to be said that in "Paradise Lost" Milton speaks of God's applying his doom to Satan "in mysterious terms judged as then best." The usage had not even died out at the end of

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the following century. In 1783 a correspondent of one of the London papers called attention to certain objectionable peculiarities prevailing at that time in Parliamentary diction. From him it appears that in speaking of a matter that was to undergo discussion in one of the Houses, the member would announce that it was to be brought forward, say, for illustration, "as Monday night." Even as late as 1814 another relic of this once-prevalent usage can be found in so classic an author as Jane Austen. In one of her novels she describes a certain character as having "left them all well at Mansfield, and was to dine, as yesterday, with the Frasers."

One of the most noticeable of the expletive usages which beset the rapid writer is the repetition of *that* after a sentence containing an intervening proposition bearing upon the main statement. Few authors, indeed, there are who have not at some time experienced the risk if not the reality of being caught in this verbal pitfall. The difficulty of avoiding it is due to the fact that all the traditions of the speech are in its favor. The repetition of the conjunction in such cases has a very ancient and honorable history. It is frequent in Anglo-Saxon; and the same statement is true of later English. Chaucer, for instance, says:

> There is a law that sayeth thus:
> That if a man in one point be aggrieved,
> That in another he shall be relieved.

There are occasions, indeed, when this repetition becomes necessary to preserve clearness in consequence of the intervention of several clauses. In modern days, however, the practice has been so frowned upon that the employment of the second *that* has been reduced to its lowest possible limits. Yet idioms die hard; and this one has been so ingrained into the texture of the race that few persons there are who, after composing rapidly, do not find it incumbent upon them to cut out a redundant *that* which in an unguarded moment has escaped from the pen.

One kind of expletive usage there was which left a peculiar impression of itself upon a portion, at least, of our earlier literature. This was the tendency to employ two or more words, not widely different in meaning, to express the same idea. It is a usage so common in Chaucer that it might fairly be called a distinctive peculiarity of his style. To modern ears it has been made somewhat familiar by the language of the Prayer-book. There we find such combinations as "acknowledge and confess" and "assemble and meet together." This used to be explained as an effort to appeal to the two different elements which made up the population. For this purpose native and Romance words were supposed to be purposely brought into conjunction. Were all phrases of the kind just quoted, the explanation might be deemed satisfactory. But in a large number of cases the application of this rule breaks down. Naturally, indeed, this particular sort of combination would be met with frequently; for our language, owing to its double origin, is rich in synonyms derived from its two elements. The usage seems accordingly to be rather the result of the abundance of these than of any design. This is further indicated by the fact that synonyms of native origin are sometimes joined together, as also those of words derived from foreign sources. Chaucer, for instance, in his translation of Boethius is often in the habit of rendering one Latin word by two English ones. To select a couple of examples out of many score that could be cited, *liquet* appears in the English version as "it is clear and certain," and *excellentissimo* as "right excellent and noble." This very marked characteristic of our earlier speech, or at least of certain writers of it and of certain writings in it, seems to have largely died out by the beginning of the seventeenth century.

This subject of expletives has been far from exhausted, though the reader's patience may have been. There is an important but purely rhetorical side of it which lies outside the province of these papers. Of this, examples, usually of a strictly intensive character, are rare in prose, but are found not unfrequently in poetry. In the hands of the great masters the usage is apt to have a peculiarly impressive effect. When Milton tells us that "in the lowest deep a lower deep still opens wide," the meaning is perfectly clear to the imagination, though it may not be easily gauged by the meas-

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uring-rod of the understanding. There are, again, realms of the expletive lying in the border-land between grammar and rhetoric. They abound in locutions and constructions which are sometimes used for greater clearness, sometimes for making emphatic the particular matter under consideration, but most commonly for poetic effect. The doubling of the subject may be taken as a fair representative of the class. "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men?" asks Christ of the chief priests and the scribes. Here we have an imitation of the French construction, or at least a coincidence with it. Take, again, a sentence in which the usage is due to a distinctly different motive. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," says the Psalmist. No one will pretend that the *they* of this sentence—unfortunately left out in one or two of the sixteenth-century versions—is necessary to the comprehension. He who is so little steeped in the diction of our highest literature as to be unable to appreciate its effectiveness can never be made to feel its charm by any process of reasoning.

# Return

*BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE*

I SAID I had forgotten her,
That I had put away
Our memories of Paradise
Until the Judgment Day;

That nevermore the laughing earth
Should see us hand in hand,
That I long since had shut the door
Of our old fairyland.

Then, on a sudden, came strange news
Upon the gossip wind:
My love of those sweet years ago,
Great God!—my love was blind.

I said: the news must be a lie;
Cruel as are the years,
They could not be so merciless
To such great eyes as hers.

O little child of long ago,
God grant the news untrue—
Except for one strong selfish thought,
That I may come to you,

And sit beside you in the dark,
And, as in Paradise
I gave you all my breaking heart,
Now bring to you my—eyes.

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# The Community's Sunbeam

*BY ELIZABETH JORDAN*

MISS CLARKSON looked at the small boy, and the small boy looked back at Miss Clarkson with round, unwinking eyes. In the woman's glance were sympathy and a puzzled wonder; the child's gaze expressed only a calm and complete detachment. Subtly, but unmistakably, he succeeded in conveying the impression that he regarded this human object before him because it was in his line of vision, but that he found no interest in it, nor good reason for assuming an interest he did not feel: that if, indeed, he was conscious of any emotion at all, it was in the nature of a vaguely dawning desire that the object should remove itself, should cease to shut off the view from the one window of the tenement room that was his home. But it really did not matter much. Already, in his seven years of life, the small boy had decided that nothing really mattered much, and his dark, grim little face, with its deep-cut, unchildish lines, bore witness to the unwavering strength of this conviction. If the object preferred to stay— He settled himself more firmly on the rickety chair he occupied, crossed his feet with infinite care, and continued to regard the object with eyes that held the invariable expression with which they met the incidents of life, whether these incidents were the receiving of a banana from Miss Clarkson's hands, or, as had happened half an hour before, the spectacle of his dead mother being carried down-stairs.

It was not a stupid look; it was at once intent, unsympathetic, impersonal. Under it, now, its object experienced a moment of actual embarrassment. Miss Clarkson was not accustomed to the indifferent gaze of human eyes, and in her philanthropic work among the tenements she had been somewhat conspicuously successful with children. They seemed always to like her, to accept her, and, if her undoubted charm of face, of dress, and of smile failed to win them, Miss Clarkson was not above resorting to the aid of little gifts, of toys, even to the pernicious power of pennies. She did good, but she did it in her own way. She was young, she was rich, she was independent. She helped the poor because she pitied them and wished to aid them, but her methods were unique, and were followed none the less serenely when, as frequently happened, they conflicted with all the accepted notions of organized philanthropy.

She had come to this room almost daily. Miss Clarkson remembered, since she had discovered the destitute Russian woman and her child there a month ago. The mother was dying of consumption; the child was neglected and hungry—yet both had an unmistakable air of birth, of breeding; and the mother's French was as perfect as the exquisitely finished manner that drew from Anne Clarkson, in the wretched tenement room, her utmost deference and courtesy. The child, too, had glints of polish. Punctiliously he opened doors, placed chairs, bowed; punctiliously he stood when the lady stood, sat when the lady sat, met her requests for small services with composure and appreciation. And (here was the rub) each time she came, bringing in her generous wake the comforts that lightened his mother's dreary journey into another world, he received her with the air of one courteously greeting a stranger, or, at best, of one seeking an elusive memory as one surveys a half-familiar face.

Doggedly Anne Clarkson had persisted in her attentions to them both. The mother was grateful—there was no doubt of that. Under the ministrations of the nurse Miss Clarkson supplied, under the influence of food, of medicines, and of care, she brightened out of the apathy in which her new friend had found her. But to the last she retained something



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of her son's unresponsiveness, and an uncommunicativeness which tagged his as hereditary. She never spoke of herself, of her friends, or of her home. She made no last requests, left no last messages. Once as she looked at her boy her eyeballs exuded a film of moisture. Miss Clarkson interpreted this phenomenon rightly, and quietly said:

"I will see that he is well cared for." The sick woman gave her a long look, and then nodded.

"You will," she answered. "You are not of those who promise and do not perform. You are very good—you have been very good to us. Your reward should come. It does not always come to those who are good, but it should come to you. You should marry and leave this terrible country, and be happy."

The words impressed Miss Clarkson, because, as she reminded herself now, they were almost the last her protégée uttered. She considered them excessively unmodern, and strongly out of place on the lips of one whose romance had ended in disillusionment.

Well, it was over. The mother was gone. But the child remained, and his future—his immediate future, at least—must be decided here and now. With a restless movement Anne Clarkson leaned toward him. In her abstraction she had shifted her glance from him for a few moments, and he had taken advantage of the interval to survey dispassionately the toes of the new shoes she had given to him. He glanced up now, and met her look with the singular unresponsiveness which seemed his note.

"We're going away, Ivan," she said, speaking with that artificial cheerfulness practised so universally upon the helpless and the young. "Mother has gone, you know, and we can't stay here any more. We're going to the country, to a beautiful place where there are flowers, and birds, and dogs, and other little boys and girls. So get your cap, dear."

Ivan looked unimpressed, but he rose with instant obedience and crossed the room to its solitary closet. His little figure looked very trim in the new suit she had bought for him: she noticed how well he carried himself. His preparations for departure were humorously simple. He took his cap from its peg, put it on his head, and opened the door for her to precede him in the utter abandonment of his "home." Earlier in the day Miss Clarkson had presented to pleased neighbors the furniture and clothing of the dead woman, taking the precaution to have it fumigated in an empty room in the building. On the same impulse she had given to an old bedridden Irishwoman a few little articles that had soothed the Russian's last days: a small night-lamp, a bed-tray, and the like. Ivan's outfit, consisting solely of the things she herself had given him, had been packed in his mother's one small foreign trunk, which had held until then only an ikon, quaintly framed. Of letters, of souvenirs, of any clue of any kind to the identity of mother and son, there was none. She felt sure that the names they had given her were assumed.

Stiffly erect, Ivan waited beside the open door. Miss Clarkson gave a methodical last look around the dismantled room, and walked out of it, the child following. At the top of the stairs she turned her head sharply, a sudden curiosity uppermost in her mind. Was he glancing back? she wondered. Was he showing any emotion? Did he feel any? He seemed so horribly mature—he *must* understand something of what this departure meant. Did he, by chance, need comforting? But Ivan was close by her side, his sombre black eyes looking straight before him, his new shoes creaking freshly as he descended the rickety steps. Miss Clarkson sighed. If only he were pretty, she reflected. There were always sentimental women ready and willing to adopt a handsome child. But even Ivan's mother would have declared him not pretty. He was merely small, and dark, and foreign, and reserved, and horribly self-contained. His black hair was perfectly straight, his lips made a straight line in his face. He had no dimples, no curls, none of the appealing graces and charms of childhood. He was seven—seven decades, she almost thought, with a sudden throb of pity for him. But he had one quality of childhood—helplessness. To that, at least, the Community to which she had finally decided to entrust him would surely respond. She took his small hand in hers as they reached the street, and after an instinct-

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"WE'RE GOING AWAY, IVAN," SHE SAID

ive movement of withdrawal, like the startled fluttering of a bird, he suffered it to remain there. Together they walked to the nearest corner, and stood awaiting the coming of a trolley-car, the heat of an August sun blazing upon them, the stifling odors of the tenement quarter filling their nostrils. Rude, half-naked little boys jeered at them, and made invidious remarks about Ivan's new clothes; a small girl smiled shyly at him; a wretched yellow dog snapped at his heels. To these varying attentions the child gave the same quietly observant glance, a glance without rancor as without interest. Miss Clarkson experienced a sense of utter helplessness as she watched him.

"Did you know the little girl, Ivan?" she asked in English.

"Yes, madam."

"Do you like her?"

"No, madam."

"Why not? She seemed a nice little girl."

There was no response. She tried again.

"Are you tired, dear?"

"No, madam."

"Are you glad you are going into the country and away from the hot, dirty city?"

"No, madam."

"Would you rather stay here?"

"No, madam."

The quality of the negative was the same in all.

Miss Clarkson gave him up. When they entered the car she sank into a depressed silence, which endured until they reached the Grand Central Station. There, after she had sent off several telegrams, and bought their tickets, and established herself and her charge comfortably side by side on the end seat in a drawing-room car, she again essayed

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sprightly conversation adapted to the understanding of the young:

"Do you know the country, Ivan?" she asked, ingratiatingly. "Have you ever been there to see the grass and the cows and the blue skies?"

"No, madam."

"You will like them very much. All little boys and girls like the country, and are very happy there."

"Yes, madam."

"Do you like to play?"

"No, madam."

"Do you like to—to—look at picture-books?"

"No, madam."

"What do you like to do?"

There was no reply. Miss Clarkson groaned inwardly. Was he only a little monosyllabic machine? The infant regarded with calm eyes the sweep of the New York landscape across which the train was passing. His patron opened the new novel with which she had happily provided herself, plunged into its pages, and let herself rest by forgetting him for a while. He sat by her side motionless, observant, continuing to exude infinite patience.

"He ought to be planted on the Egyptian sands," reflected Miss Clarkson once, as she glanced at him. "He'd make a dear little brother to the Sphinx." She stopped a train-boy passing through the car and bought him a small box of chocolates, which he ate uninterruptedly, somewhat as the tiny hand of a clock marks the seconds. Later she presented him with a copy of a picture-paper. He surveyed its illustrations with studious intentness for five minutes, and then laid the paper on the seat beside him. Miss Clarkson again fled to sanctuary in her novel, wondering how long pure negation could enlist interest.

At the small station where they left the train the tension of the situation was slightly lessened. A plump little woman, with a round pink face, keen, very direct blue eyes, and live gray hair, deftly tooled a fat pony up to the asphalt, and greeted them with cheerful informality.

"Get in," she said briskly, after a brief hand-shake with Miss Clarkson. "There's plenty of room in the phaeton. We pack five in sometimes. I was sorely tempted to bring two of the children; they begged to come to meet the new boy; but it seemed best not to rush him in the beginning, don't you know, so I left Josephine squalling behind the wood-pile, and Augustus Adolphus strangling manfully on a glass of lemonade intended to comfort him."

She laughed as she spoke, but her blue eyes surveyed the boy appraisingly as she tucked him into the space between herself and Miss Clarkson. He had stood cap in hand during the meeting between the ladies; now he replaced his cap upon his head, fixed his black eyes on the restless tail of the fat pony, and remained submerged under the encroaching summer garments of both women. Mrs. Eltner, presiding genius of the Lotus Brotherhood Colony, exchanged an eloquent glance with Miss Clarkson as she started the pony along the winding ribbon of the country road. Then she prattled on.

"Well," she quoted in answer to Miss Clarkson's question, "they are so well that Fräulein von Hoffman is in despair over them. She has some new theories she's anxious to try when they're ill, but throughout the year she hasn't had one chance. Every blessed child is flamboyantly robust. Goodness! Why shouldn't they be? In the sunshine from eight in the morning until six at night. They have their lessons in a little roofed summer-house in the open air, their meals in another, and they almost sleep in the open air. There are ten of them now—counting your boy,"—she nodded toward the unconscious Ivan—"four girls and six boys. None of the parents interferes with them. They sleep in the dormitory with Fräulein, she teaches them a few hours a day, and the rest of the time we leave them alone. Fräulein assures me that the influence on their developing souls is wonderful,"—Mrs. Eltner laughed comfortably. "It's all an experiment," she went on more seriously. "Who can tell how it will end? But one thing is certain: we have taken these poor waifs from the New York streets, and we have at least made them healthy and happy to begin with. The rest must come later."

"An achievement," agreed Miss Clarkson. "I hope you will be as successful with my small charge. He is not healthy,

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"HE SHALL BE OUR LITTLE SUNBEAM"

and I doubt if he has ever known a moment of happiness. Possibly he can never take it in. I don't know—he puzzles me."

Her friend nodded, and they drove on in silence. It was almost sunset when the fat pony turned into an open gate leading to a big white Colonial house, whose wide verandas held hammocks, easy chairs, and one fat little girl asleep on a door-mat. On the sweeping lawn before the house an old man lounged comfortably in a garden-chair, surveying with quiet approval the efforts of a pretty girl in a wide sunbonnet who was weeding a flower-bed near him. Through the open window of a distant room came the sound of a piano. At the left of the house a solitary peacock strutted, his spreading tail alive in the sun's last rays. The effect of the place was deliciously "homey." With eyes slightly distended, Ivan surveyed the monstrous fowl, turning his head to follow its progress as the phaeton rolled around the drive and stopped before the wide front door. The two women again exchanged glances.

As they entered the wide hall, a picturesque group disintegrated suddenly. A slender German woman, tall, gray-haired, slightly bent, detached herself from an encircling mass of childish hands and arms and legs, gave a hurried greeting to Miss Clarkson, of whom she rather disapproved, and turned eyes alight with interest on the new claimant for her ministrations. Cap in hand, Ivan looked up at her. Mrs. Eltner introduced them briefly.

"Your new little boy, Fräulein," she said, "Ivan Ivanovitch. He speaks English and French and Russian. He is going to love his new teacher and his new little friends, and be very happy here."

Fräulein von Hoffman bent down and kissed the chilling surface of Ivan's pale cheek.

"But yes," she cried, "of a certainty

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he shall be happy. We are all happy here—all, all. He shall have his place, his lessons, his little duties—but, ach, he is so young! He is the youngest of us. Still, he must have his duty." She checked her rapid English for a courteous explanation to Miss Clarkson.

"Each has his duties," she told that lady, while the line of children lent polite interest to her words, drinking them in, apparently, with their open mouths. "Each of us must be useful to the community in some way, however small. That is our principle. Yes. Little Josephine waters every day the flowers in the dining-room, and they bloom gratefully for little Josephine—ach, how they bloom! Augustus Adolphus keeps the wood-box filled. It is Henry's task to water the growing plants, and Henry never forgets. So, too, it is with the others. But Ivan—Ivan is very young. He is but seven, you say. Yes, yes, what shall one do at seven?"

Her rapid broken English ceased again as she surveyed the child, her blond brows knit in deep reflection. Then her thin face lit suddenly.

"Ach," she cried enthusiastically, "an inspiration I have! He is too young to work as yet, this little Ivan, but he shall have his task, like the rest. He shall be our little sunbeam. He shall laugh and play and make us happy."

With a common hysterical impulse Miss Clarkson and Mrs. Eltner turned their heads to avoid each other's eyes, the former making a desperate effort at self-control as she gazed severely through a window near her. It was not funny, this thing, she reminded herself sternly; it was too ghastly to be funny, but there was no question that the selection of Ivan Ivanovitch as the joyous, all-pervasive sunbeam of the community at Locust Hall was slightly incongruous. When she could trust herself she glanced at him. He stood as he had stood before, his small, old, unchildish face turned up to the German, his black eyes fixed unwaveringly upon her gray ones. Under the glance Fräulein's expression changed. For an instant there was a look of bewilderment on her face, of a doubt of the wisdom of her choice of a mission for this unusual newcomer, but it disappeared as quickly as it had come. With recovered serenity she addressed him and those around him.

"But he need not begin to-night," she added kindly, "not when he is tired. He shall eat, he shall rest, he shall sleep. Then to-morrow he shall take his place among us and be the little sunbeam. Yes, yes—think how far the sunbeam has to travel!" she murmured inspirationally.

Miss Clarkson knelt down before the boy and gathered him into her arms. The act was spontaneous and sincere, but as she did it she realized that in the eyes of the German, and even in those of Mrs. Eltner, it seemed theatrical. It was one of the things Fräulein von Hoffman disapproved in her—this tendency to moments of emotion.

"Good night, Ivan," she said. "I am going to stay until morning, so I shall see you then. Sleep well. I am sure you will be a happy little boy in this pleasant home."

The unfathomable eyes of Ivan Ivanovitch looked back into hers.

"Good night, madam," he said quietly. Then, as she was about to turn away, his small face took on for an instant the dawn of an expression. "Good night, madam," he said again, more faintly.

Slight as the change had been, Miss Clarkson caught it. She swayed toward him.

"Are you homesick, Ivan?" she asked, caressingly, almost lovingly. "Would you like *me* to take you up-stairs and put you to bed?"

Fräulein von Hoffman broke in upon her speech.

"But they shall all go," she cried. "It is their time. He will not be alone. Josephine shall take him by the hand; Augustus Adolphus shall lead the way. It will be a little procession—ach, yes! And he shall have his supper in the nursery."

A chubby, confident little girl of nine detached herself from the group near them and grasped the hand of Ivan Ivanovitch firmly within her own. He regarded her stoically for an instant; then his eyes returned to Miss Clarkson's, who had risen, and was watching him closely. There was a faint flicker in them as he replied to her question.

"No, madam," he said gravely. "Thank you, madam. Good night, madam."

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He bowed deeply, drawing the reluctant figure of the startled Josephine into the salute as he did so. A sturdy German boy of eleven, with snapping brown eyes, placed himself before the children, his feet beating time, his head very high. "Forward, march!" he cried, in clear, boyish tones. The triumphant Josephine obeyed the command, dragging her charge after her. Thus convoyed, one companion leading, another pulling, the rest following with many happy giggles, Ivan Ivanovitch marched up-stairs to bed. His life as the Community's sunbeam had begun.

"YOU GOT TO DO IT! YOU HAVE TO"

The next morning Fräulein von Hoffman met Miss Clarkson in the hall, and turned upon her the regard of a worried gray eye. Miss Clarkson returned the look, her heart sinking as she did so.

"It is that child," the German began. "He is of an interest—and ach, ja! of a discouragement," she added, with a gusty sigh. "Already I can see it—what it will be. He speaks not; he plays not. He gazes always from the window, and when one speaks, he says, 'Yes, madam'—only that. This morning I looked to see him bright and happy, but it is not so. Is it that his little heart breaks for his mother? Is it—that he is always thus?"

"I don't know what you can do with him," said the American frankly. "He's like that all the time. I asked his mother, and she admitted it. I brought him here because I hoped the other children might brighten him up, and I knew you could arouse him if any one could."

The tribute, rare from Miss Clarkson, cheered Fräulein von Hoffman. Her face cleared. She began to regain her self-confidence.

"Ach, well," she said, comfortably, "we will see. We will do our best—yes, of a certainty. And we will see." She strolled away after this oracular utterance, and Miss Clarkson went to breakfast. Thus neither witnessed a scene taking place at that moment on the lawn near the front veranda. Standing there with his back against a pillar, surrounded by the other children of the community, was Ivan Ivanovitch. In the foreground, facing him, stood Augustus Adolphus, addressing the newcomer in firm accents; and emphasizing his remarks by waving a grimy forefinger before Ivan Ivanovitch's uninterested face. The high, positive tones of Augustus Adolphus filled the air.

"Well, then, why don't you do it?" he was asking, fiercely. "You *got* to do it. You *have* to. Fräulein says so. The rest of us has to do ours. I filled my wood-boxes already, and Josie watered

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the flowers. We did it early so we could watch you being a sunbeam, and now you ain't being one. Why ain't you? You *got* to! Why don't you begin?" The continued unresponsiveness of Ivan Ivanovitch irritated him at this point, and he turned excitedly to the others.

"Ain't he got to?" he cried. "Ain't he got to be a sunbeam? Fräulein said he should begin this morning. Well, then, why don't he begin?"

A childish buzz of corroboration answered him. It was plain that the assignment of Ivan's mission, publicly made as it had been the night before, had deeply impressed the children of the Community. They closed around the two boys. The small Josephine laid a propelling hand upon Ivan's shoulder and tried to push him forward, with a vague idea of thus accelerating his task.

"Begin now," she suggested, encouragingly. "Do it, and have it over. That's the way I do."

In response to this maiden appeal the lips of Ivan Ivanovitch parted.

"I do not know how to do it," he announced, distinctly. "How shall I do it?"

Augustus Adolphus broke in again. "Aw, say, go on," he urged. "You *got* to do it. Why *don't* you, then?"

Ivan Ivanovitch turned upon him an eye in which the habitual expression of patience was merely intensified.

"I do not know how to do it," he said again, speaking slowly and painstakingly. "You tell me how; then I will do it."

Under the force of this counter-charge, Augustus Adolphus fell back.

"I—I—don't know, neither," he muttered, feebly. "I thought you knew. You *got* to know, 'cause you got to do it."

The eye of the small Russian swept the little group, and lingered on the round face of Josephine.

"You tell me," he said to her. "Then I will do it."

Josephine rose to the occasion.

"Why, why," she began, doubtfully, "*I* know what it is. You be a sunbeam, you know. I know what a sunbeam is. It's a little piece of the sun. It is long and bright. It comes through the window and falls on the floor. You could do that. Sometimes it falls on us. Sometimes it falls on flowers."

Offered this choice, Ivan at once expressed his preference.

"I will fall on flowers," he announced with decision.

"LEMME GO!" SHRIEKED AUGUSTUS ADOLPHUS

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*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

FOR A MOMENT SHE HELD HIM CLOSE

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis



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The brown eyes of Augustus Adolphus glittered as he suddenly grasped the possibilities of the situation.

"No, you won't, neither," he cried, excitedly. "You got to do it *all*. You better begin now. You can fall through that window; it's open." He indicated, as he spoke, a low French window leading from the living-room on to the broad veranda. "He's got to," he cried, again. "Ain't he got to?" With a unanimous cry the meeting declared that he had got to. Some of the children knew better; others did not; but all knew Augustus Adolphus Schmidtt.

Without a word, Ivan turned, walked up the steps of the veranda, entered the wide hall, swung to the left, crossed the living-room, approached the window, and fell out, head first. There was something deeply impressive in the silence and swiftness of his action, something deliciously stimulating to the spectators in the thud of his small body on the unyielding wood. A long sigh of happiness was exhaled by the group of children. Certainly this was a new duty—a strange one, but worthy, no doubt, since it emanated from Fräulein, and beyond question interesting as a spectacle. Augustus Adolphus resolved in that instant to attend to his personal tasks at an early hour each day, that he might have uninterrupted leisure for getting new falls out of Ivan's. That infant had now found his feet, and was methodically brushing the dust from his clothes. There was a rapidly developing lump over one eye, but his expression remained unchanged. Josephine approached him with happy gurgles. Her heart was filled with womanly sympathy, but her soul remained undaunted. She was of the Spartan stuff that sends sons to the war, and holds a reception for them if they return—from victory,—on their shields. She cooed in conscious imitation of Fräulein's best manner. "Now you can fall on flowers."

Her victim followed her unresistingly to the spot she indicated, and, having arrived, cast himself violently upon a bed of blazing nasturtiums. The enthusiastic and approving group of children closed around him as he rose. Even Augustus Adolphus, as he surveyed the wreck that remained, yielded to Ivan's loyal devotion to his rôle the tribute of an envious sigh.

"Now you can fall on us," he suggested joyfully. Before the words had left his innocent lips, Ivan had made his choice. The next instant the air was full of arms, legs, caps, and hair.

"Lemme go," shrieked Augustus Adolphus, battling wildly with the unsuspected and terrible force that had suddenly assailed him. "Lemme go, I tell you."

The reply of Ivan came through set teeth as he planted one heel firmly in the left ear of the recumbent youth. "I have to fall on you," he explained mildly, suiting the action to the word. "First I fall on you; then I let you go."

There was no question in the minds of the spectators that this was the most brilliant and successfully performed of the strange and interesting tasks of Ivan. They clustered around to tell him so, while Augustus Adolphus sought the dormitory for needed repairs. One of the rules of the Community was that the children should settle their little disputes among themselves. Fortunately, perhaps, for Augustus Adolphus he found the dormitory empty, and was able to remove from his person the most obvious evidences of one hoisted by his own petard. In the mean time Ivan Ivanovitch was experiencing a new sensation—the pleasurable emotion caused by the praise of one's kind.

"I think your new duties is nice," Josephine informed him, as she gazed upon him with eyes humid with approval. "You have to do it every day," she added, gluttonously.

Ivan assented, but in his heart there lay a doubt. Seeking for light, he approached Fräulein von Hoffman that afternoon as she dozed and knitted under a sheltering tree.

He stopped before her and fixed her with his serious gaze.

"Does a sunbeam fall through windows?" he inquired, politely.

Fräulein von Hoffman regarded him with a drowsy lack of interest.

"But yes, surely, sometimes," she admitted.

"Does it fall always through the window—every day?"

"But yes, surely, if it is in the right place."

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The community's sunbeam sighed.

"Does it fall on flowers, and on boys and girls?" he persisted.

"But yes, it falls on everything that is near."

A look of pained surprise dawned upon the features of Ivan Ivanovitch.

"Always?" he asked quickly. "It falls on *everything* that is near?"

Fräulein von Hoffman placidly counted her stitches, confirming with a sigh her suspicion that she had dropped three.

"Not always," she murmured, absently. "But no. Only when the sun is shining."

Ivan carried this gleam of comfort with him when he went away, and it is very possible that he longed for a darkened world. But if indeed his daily task was difficult, as it frequently proved to be as the days passed, there were compensations—in the school games, in the companionship of his new friends, in the kindness of those around him. Even Augustus Adolphus was good to him at times. Unquestioningly, inscrutably, Ivan absorbed atmosphere, and did his share of the Community's work as he saw it.

The theories of the Community were consistently carried out. In the summer, after their few hours of study, the children were left to themselves. Together they worked out the problems of their little world; together they discussed, often with an uncanny insight, the grown-ups around them. Sometimes the tasks of the others were forgotten: frequently, in the stress of work and play, Augustus Adolphus's wood-box remained unfilled, Josephine's flowers were unwatered. But the mission of Ivan as a busy and strenuous sunbeam was regularly and consistently carried out—all the children saw to that. Regularly, that is, save on dark days. Here he drew the line.

"Fräulein says it only falls on things when the sun shines," he explained tersely, and he fulfilled his mission accordingly. Fräulein wondered where he had accumulated the choice collection of bumps and bruises that adorned his person; but he never told, and apparently nobody else knew. Mrs. Eltner marvelled darkly over the destruction of her favorite nasturtium-bed. Daily the stifled howls of Augustus Adolphus continued to rend the ambient air when the sunbeam fell on him; but he forbore to complain, suffering heroically this unpleasant feature of the programme, that the rest might not be curtailed. Once, indeed, he had rebelled.

"Why don't you fall on some one else?" he had demanded, sulkily. "You don't have to fall on me all the time."

The reply of the sunbeam was convincing in its simple truth.

"I do," he explained. "Fräulein has said so. It must fall always on the same place if it is there."

Augustus Adolphus was silenced. He was indeed there, always. It was unfortunate, but seemed inevitable, that he should contribute his share to the daily entertainment so deeply enjoyed by all.

It was, very appropriately, at Thanksgiving-time that Ivan's mission as an active sunbeam ended. He was engaged in his usual profound meditation in the presence of Miss Clarkson, who had come to see him, and who was at the moment digesting the information she had received, that not once in his months at Locust Hall had he been seen to smile. True, he seemed well and contented. His thin little figure was fast taking on plumpness; he was brown, bright-eyed. Studying him, Miss Clarkson observed a small bruise on his chin, another on his intellectual brow.

"How did you get those, Ivan?" she asked.

For some reason, Ivan suddenly decided to tell her.

"I fell through the window. This one I got yesterday"—he touched it; "this one I got Monday; this one I got last week." He revealed another that she had not discovered, lurking behind his left ear.

"But surely you didn't fall through the window as often as that!" gasped Miss Clarkson. The small boy surveyed her wearily.

"But yes," he murmured, in unconscious imitation of Fräulein. "I must fall through every day when the sun shines."

Miss Clarkson held him off at arm's length and stared at him.

"In Heaven's name, *why?*" she demanded.

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Ivan explained patiently. Miss Clarkson listened, asked a few questions, gave way to a moment of uncontrollable emotion. Then she called together the other children, and again heard the story. It came disjointedly from each in turn, but most fluently, more picturesquely, most convincingly, from the lips of Augustus Adolphus Schmidtt and the fair Josephine. When they had finished their artless recital, Miss Clarkson sought Fräulein von Hoffman. That afternoon, beside the big open fire in the children's winter play-room, Fräulein von Hoffman addressed her young charges in words brief but pointed, and as she talked the mission of Ivan at Locust Hall took on a new significance, clear to the dullest mind.

"You were very cruel to Ivan—ach, most cruel! And he is not to fall any more, anywhere, on anything, you understand," explained the German, clearly. "He has no tasks any more. He is but to be happy, and you should love him, and take care of him, because he is so small. That is all."

Ivan exhaled a sigh of deep contentment. Then he looked around him. The great logs on the andirons were blazing merrily. In the hands of Josephine a corn-popper waved above them, the corn inside burning unobserved as she lent her ears to Fräulein's earnest words. Ten apples, suspended on strings, swung from the mantel, spinning slowly as they roasted. It was a restful and agreeable scene to the eyes of little Ivan.

Josephine felt called upon to defend her friends.

"We didn't mean to be cruel," she explained, earnestly, answering the one of Fräulein's charges which had most impressed her. "We love Ivan. We love him lots. We like to see him be a sunbeam, an' we thought he liked to be one."

The faces of his little companions were all around him. Ivan surveyed them in turn. They loved him—lots. Had not Josephine just said so? And only yesterday Augustus Adolphus had played marbles with him. It was very good to be loved, to have a home, and not to be a little sunbeam any longer. Then his eyes met those of Miss Clarkson, fixed upon him sympathetically.

"Would you like to go away, Ivan?" she asked quietly. "Would you be happier somewhere else?"

The eyes of Ivan widened with sudden fear. To have this and to lose it!—now, if ever, he must speak! "Oh, *no*," he cried, earnestly; "no, *no*, madam!"

Reassured, she smiled at him, and as she did so something in her look, in the atmosphere, in the moment, opened the boy's closed heart. He drew a long breath, and smiled back at her—a shy, hesitant, unaccustomed smile, but one very charming on his serious little face. Miss Clarkson's heart leaped in sudden triumph. It was his first smile, and it was for her.

"I like it here," he said. "I like it very much, madam."

Miss Clarkson had moments of wisdom.

"Then you shall stay, my boy," she said. "You shall stay as long as you wish. But, remember, you must not be a sunbeam any more."

Ivan responded in one word—a simple, effective word, much used by his associates in response to pleasing announcements of holidays and vacations, but thus far a stranger on his lips. He threw back his head and straightened his shoulders.

"Hurray!" he cried, with deep fervor. This was enough for Augustus Adolphus and the fair Josephine. "Hurray!" they shrieked in jubilant duet—"Hurray! Hurray!"

The others joined in. "Hur-ray!" cried the nine small companions of Ivan. He looked at them for a moment, his thin mouth twitching. They were glad, too, then, that he was to stay! He walked straight to Miss Clarkson, buried his face in her lap, and burst into tears. For a moment she held him close, smoothing his black head with a tender hand. Almost immediately he straightened himself and returned to the side of Josephine, shy, shamefaced, but smiling again—a new Ivan.

"What did you cry for?" demanded that young lady, obtusely. "Because you feel bad?"

Augustus Adolphus replied for his friend, with an insight beyond his years.

"You let him alone," he said severely. "He don't never cry when he feels bad; *he* only cries when he feels good!"

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THE PRESENT VILLAGE OF FARA

Babylonians from earliest times to the present have built their villages of zrefes, or huts constructed with palm branches, brushwood, etc

# Civilization of Ancient Babylon

*BY FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH*

Professor in the University of Berlin

BABYLONIA, which about equals Italy in size, is a gift of the Euphrates and Tigris—a pure alluvial deposit, flat as a table from one end to the other. Although almost without rain, the land is unequalled in fruitfulness wherever it is touched by the waters of the two streams or of the canals branching from them. In olden times its wealth of grain and palms excelled that of all other lands, its fields yielded richer harvests than those of Egypt—it was an inexhaustible granary, looking at the same time like a palm forest clear down to the shores of the Persian Gulf.

Even to-day, when cultivation is confined chiefly to the river banks, the former fruitfulness of this "garden of the Old World" may still be imagined; one hears on all sides the gurgle and ripple of the water which is being conveyed from the river through small canals and ditches to every field, almost to every tree, bush, and shrub, and this toil is rewarded by a lavish abundance of melons, cucumbers, squashes, onions, pomegranates, figs, and grapes; also corn, wheat, maize, millet, and rice, while above all grow palms, which stretch off towards the mouths of the rivers like a primeval forest. There are also large and smaller navigable canals which carry the fruit-bringing moisture far from the banks of the rivers; but, as a general rule, the wonderful system of canals, which from most ancient times down to the days of the caliphs covered the land like a closely meshed net, is to-day filled with sand, and instead of the wheat

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PADDLING A BAGDAD "GOUPHA"
These round boats, woven of willow branches, described by Herodotus, are in use to-day

and barley fields bringing forth two and three hundredfold, and of the treelike sesame orchards, enthusiastically described by Herodotus, Ammianus, and other classic travellers, one sees long stretches of barren land covered with prickly desert plants and swept by sandstorms, while in the southern part of the country for many months of the year are waste stretches of water. Yet the day of resurrection appears to be approaching for "the most fruitful land of the whole Orient," as Pliny calls Babylonia.

The English engineer, Sir William Willcocks, has a plan to restore the old system of irrigation from Tekrit south to the Persian Gulf, and thus "to make Mesopotamia as rich as Egypt and one of the greatest cotton-producers of the world." According to Willcocks's calculation, land comprising about 12,000 square kilometres would, by the single outlay of $40,000,000, be transformed into first-class soil worth $180,000,000, and yielding a yearly interest of $19,200,000.

Hebrew tradition places Paradise, the garden of God and the original home of mankind, in the land of the Euphrates and Tigris, particularly in the part "Eastward," which had to be watered artificially—that is, the Babylonian lowland. And, as a matter of fact, we are perfectly justified in regarding Babylonia as one of the oldest seats of human civilization, if not the oldest. To control the annual inundations of the two powerful rivers, and by means of dams and canals to transform destructive forces into beneficial ones, required from the very outset the united and systematic collaboration of many individuals, and law and order became more and more indispensable for the keeping in order of the dams and canals, for the utilization of the water to the best advantage of every single farm, for the marking off of fishing rights, and for other such details. The need of safeguarding one's own plot and the costly products won from it with the sweat of the brow led further—and likewise in very ancient times—to the uniting of villages and cities into larger associations, and therewith to the foundation of an organized state.

There was room in the country for every one of its inhabitants, hence the Babylonians were not a race of conquerors. It is true that the need of defending their own territory against foreign attack—as against the Hittites living north of Mesopotamia—made it necessary to include the neighboring territory, stretching along the rivers to the

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SOLDIERS SWIMMING TO THE REFUGE OF THEIR FORTRESS

Babylonians of to-day use sheepskin swimming-bags, exactly like those portrayed in the ancient Assyrian bas-relief here illustrated

north, under Babylonian suzerainty as a "sphere of interest," and led to the foundation of Babylonian colonies in Ashur and Nineveh as early as the third millennium before Christ. But Babylonia never sent out large armies for the sole purpose of conquest. Not until the latest period, during the time of the Chaldean Empire, when Nebuchadnezzar had to defend his Assyrian inheritance in Hither Asia against the Egyptians, do Babylonian armies appear on the aggressive. But since at that time Judah, with its capital Jerusalem, still inclined towards Egypt, and hence, from the standpoint of a far-seeing and irreproachable policy, had to be brought under Chaldean sway, the erroneous impression arose from the comprehensible but very one-sided utterances of the Jewish prophets that the Babylonians represented the extreme of wickedness and godlessness and that they were a nation of warriors, which was not at all the case.

COSTUME WORN BY KING SAMSI-ADAD IV.

From the original stele in the British Museum

On the contrary, the Babylonian lowland, having no natural boundaries, lay open to attack on all sides, and was for the ancient civilized world a table ever spread which continually attracted foreign conquest. The most frequent and never satisfied table companions of the Babylonians were then, as now, the nomads of the Syro-Arabian desert and the Aramean shepherd people in the region east of the Tigris, numerous as the stars in the heavens, who

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THE EARLIEST KNOWN PAIRS OF TROUSERS

This Parthian stele, showing the unæsthetical garment invented by the Medes, dates from about 1 B.C. It was excavated in Assyria by the German Expedition

came with their herds of camels and cattle and with their flocks of sheep and goats. The Semitic Babylonians themselves were originally just such nomads, who in a remote past entered the country from the desert, adopted the civilization of the older Sumerian people, and became gradually the rulers of the land; in the course of later centuries still other Semitic nomads flooded the country again and again, leaving behind them as settlers a considerable number of their fighters. Besides them came the Kassû, that mountain tribe which even Alexander the Great failed to conquer, and who, two thousand years before Christ, poured down from their mountains in the north to the plain below, and long held sway in the land, while the warlike tribe of Elamites on the east continually plundered and devastated the country. Beginning with the ninth century B.C., the Assyrians in even more ruthless fashion extended their power over their once mother country. And yet, wonderful to say, in spite of all political changes, in spite of the almost endless visitations of marauding bands, the civilization, as it had been founded by the Sumerians and adopted and continued by the first Semitic intruders, remained untouched. Like the annually recurring harvests of the unconquerable soil, so also the culture remained indestructible, and the Babylonian state structure, welded together out of north and south by Hammurabi with iron and blood, and having Babylon as a political and religious centre, was preserved intact through more than fifteen hundred years.

The civilization of a country is inseparably connected with the character of its soil and with its climate, and since these natural foundations of Babylonian culture have remained almost unchanged down to our day, it will not cause surprise, especially in view of the stability of Oriental life in general, that the habits and customs of the present inhabitants of the country in many ways faithfully reflect the old mode of life. The same round boats woven of willow branches, described by Herodotus, are still in use and are called gouphas. And just as today no person living near the rivers or larger canals leaves the house without taking with him a sheepskin, which in case of need can be inflated and used as an aid in swimming across the water, so we find the same custom portrayed on

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Assyrian bas-reliefs, where hostile soldiers are seen swimming back to the refuge of their fortress.

Although Babylonia was rich in all kinds of fruit, especially in dates, although there was no lack of meat of goats and of sheep, and although the canals, as to-day, swarmed with fish, bread, kneaded flat in a kneading-trough, was the "staff" of life, and water constituted the favorite drink. Even to-day a foreigner finds a glass of Euphrates or Tigris water cooled in an earthen jug a most refreshing drink, and a native never quenches his thirst without sending a look of thanks to Allah, the giver of all. Likewise in olden times the placing of water in the grave was the best way of showing love and care for the departed. This can be the easier understood if we remember that the sun shines for eight or nine months out of a cloudless sky, and that the average noon temperature at Babylon is 50° C. in the sun and 42° C. in the shade, but that it often rises to 60° and more, so that one begins to shiver at 36° C. in the shade. Clothing and houses were naturally suited to the climatic conditions. Whereas the head was carefully protected from the sun by various wrappings, it was sufficient for the rest of the body to wear a thin woollen or linen garment bound at the hips with a girdle or shawl, over which sometimes another garment was picturesquely draped. In Babylonia, and Assyria also, head and foot coverings were subject to fashion, but the long close-fitting garment, as shown in the accompanying picture of King Samsi-Adad IV., fortunately never went out of style. Trousers—the unæsthetical invention of the Medes—are first found on the Parthian stele of about the first century B.C., which was excavated in Assyria.

The nomads who came to visit in Babylonia lived, of course, in tents, but a large part of the fixed population, especially in southern Babylonia, from the earliest times down to the present, occupied common zrefes—that is, huts built of palm branches, with a thatched roof to keep out the sun, and closed in on two or three sides with brushwood, straw mats, or earth—scantily, so as to allow free ingress to the air.

Since the Babylonian alluvial land has no building-stone, but instead an inexhaustible supply of clay of excellent quality, Babylonia became the original home of brick construction, and bricks dried in the open were used not only for private houses, but also for temples and for the walls surrounding the towns. In the larger houses the rooms were grouped about a court, and were probably all on the ground floor. Houses of several stories, as described by Herodotus in Babylonia, are extremely improbable. People ate with their hands, just as in the seventeenth century of our era, in French and Scottish convents, forks were scorned as being evidence of luxury and effeminacy. Tables, chairs, and footstools were known, also bedsteads, which makes one doubt whether the Babylonians used rugs to the same degree as is elsewhere customary in the Orient. Since the interior of the houses was lighted only sparingly with oil-lamps, it was the custom, as to-day, to get up before sunrise and to retire soon after sunset. The

CLAY VASE DECORATED WITH MYTHICAL FIGURES
From the original in the British Museum



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lighting of the streets also, in the towns and villages, with the exception of a few chance torches, was left to the moon and stars; only at the closely barred gate the guard watched by the watch-fire.

Babylonia supported a more numerous population than any other territory of its size in the world, and as this was accomplished by agriculture and cattle-raising in the case of the great mass of the people, the whole land, as in the time of the caliphs, was strewn with farms and villages, while real cities were comparatively rare. Communication from village to village was carried on chiefly by water, through the two large rivers and through the canals branching off from them like a labyrinth, while ferries and bridges made them passable for foot-passengers. The boats were towed up the Tigris and Euphrates, as to-day, from along the banks by means of ropes, and of course horses and donkeys as well as camels were used for this purpose, but there were no roads in our sense of the word, and there was no transportation on wheels: boats took the place of wagons, and for this reason Babylonia might be called the Holland of antiquity. The cultivable or cultivated land, the corn-fields and orchards, were from olden times to a great extent in the possession of especially wealthy families and of the larger temples; they were leased to the farmers for cultivation at a legally fixed rental. The hardest labor in town and country alike was placed upon male and female slaves, who were either captives in war or had been bought abroad by slave-dealers.

The wealth of the country and the prosperity of its inhabitants led at an early date to the development of certain luxurious habits of living, to the needs of which the crafts were quick to respond. Pottery, which is perhaps the oldest human handicraft, and which made use of the potters' wheel in Babylonia from the most ancient times, strove to beautify the vessels for eating and drinking, the lamps, etc., and decorated them with all kinds of chiselled and colored ornaments. It succeeded in producing real works of art, as, for example, the large two-handled vase shown in the accompanying illustration, which is decorated with various fabulous creatures; but, on the other hand, the potter's art did not disdain to make quantities of clay figures, some of which, like the little man here, may have served as toys for a small Bêl-Ibni. On account of the widespread custom of wearing seals—in form small cylinders of stone, pierced to admit a cord and covered with different sorts of figures in addition to the name—the art of stone-cutting attained a high development, and led to the art of engraving on hard stones. The polishing-wheel had already been invented. People learned to work in alabaster and ivory, to prepare and use colors, and finally at an early age they learned to make alloys and to work in metals, to make spades and axes from bronze—a mixture of tin and copper,—to hammer all sorts of orna-

ANCIENT CLAY FIGURE OF A MAN

This may have been a toy played with by Babylonian children thousands of years ago

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ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF OF SCRIBES

Especially interesting because it shows that the Babylonians used some flexible material as well as clay tablets to write upon

mental fastenings out of copper, to make, from gold and silver, arm and foot bands, earrings, finger and nose rings—in short, to make all kinds of ornaments with which the ladies adorned themselves. And as the free noble arts, which were handed down in one family, were honored in their own land, so the products of Babylonian industry—of weaving, for example—were known and prized beyond the borders of the country, as is illustrated by Achan in the time of Joshua, whose greed was excited by a Babylonian mantle.

Commerce, like the crafts, was centralized in the cities. The dwellers on the plain came into the towns to make their purchases, although there were travelling merchants or agents who went around to the villages to sell wool, oil, and other products, to negotiate loans, and to transact other business of the sort.

As far back as the monuments allow us to go we find Babylonian commerce favored by three great evidences of civilization: by the possession of a kind of money, by the wide-spread use of writing, and by a well-regulated system of laws, which have come down to us in codified form in the code of Hammurabi—the oldest law code in the world,—and which was brought to light by the French excavations in Susa.

In spite of the occasional recent finds of bars of silver bearing the inscription of the Assyrian King "Bar-rekûb, son of (bar) Panammû," of the eighth century B.C., we must probably still hold to the view that the subjects of Crœsus, the Lydians, were the inventors of stamped coins. But we may none the less be sure that the Babylonians and Assyrians not only weighed silver, but counted it too, and we may perhaps the more safely conclude that they had shekel pieces of a definite form, since in the later Babylonian contracts the condition is frequently made that if money is loaned in good shekel pieces of full value, it must be returned in just such pieces. The value of foodstuffs and of other necessaries of life was fixed at the city gate, which corresponded to our stock exchange.

It can easily be understood that the reading and writing of cuneiform was not an accomplishment in the possession of every one. Nevertheless, there were plenty of scribes everywhere, especially in the cities, where they sat at the temple gates to be at the service of the public. The frequent representations of scribes are hence interesting, and the accompanying one particularly so, because it shows that in addition to clay tablets the Babylonians used some sort of flexible material to write upon. The large number of letters which have been excavated, many of them from the ninth century before Christ, indicate that a very active cor-

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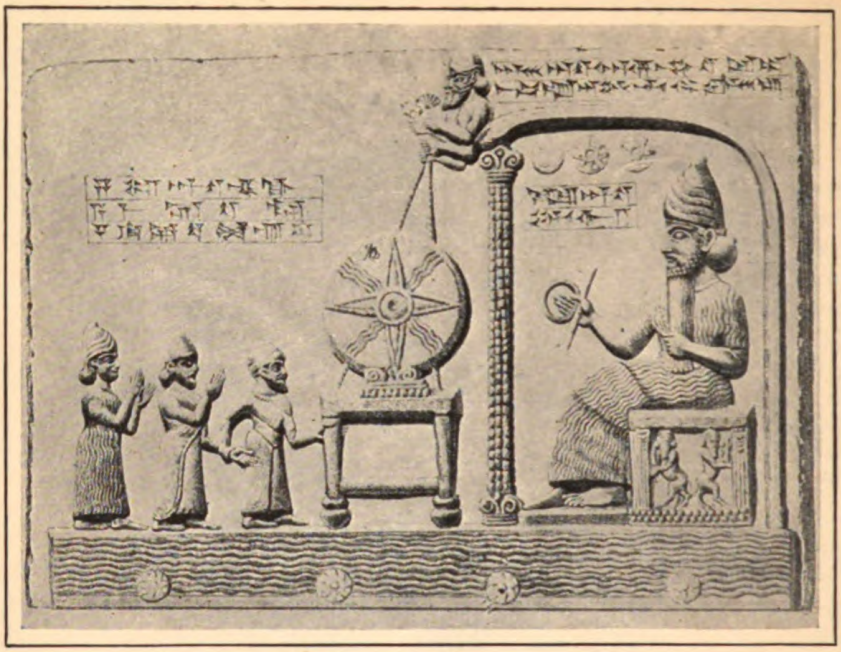

SUN-GOD IN HIS HOLY OF HOLIES AT SIPPAR
From the original in the British Museum

respondence was carried on in Babylonia by means of messengers, but even more active was the use of writing in commercial dealings, which was strictly enforced by law. Nothing was legally binding unless it was done into writing in the presence of witnesses.

As is still the case in Mesopotamia, every youth was married, and every maiden found her husband without recourse to the public market with its auction sales, described by Herodotus (I. 196), with as great detail as inaccuracy. The girl was purchased, and the prices varied as much as the girls. Among our Jebûr Arabs, who usually pay in kind, a man gets a wife for one buffalo cow (worth about $35), or for one donkey and three sheep. No marriage was legal without a written contract. A young man could then as now establish his own home at the age of fifteen, while a woman could be a grandmother at thirty-one. Marriage portions, under all circumstances, remained the possession of the wife, and after her death went to her children. If she died without children, the price paid for her as a bride and her dower were reexchanged by the respective families. The object of marriage was to have children, more especially a son. If the wife had no children, she gave her husband a slave, which custom is familiar to us from the Old Testament. If this woman bore him children, the law forbade his taking another wife. In contrast to the Assyrians, we find among the Babylonians a much more tender consideration for woman, which may be due to Sumerian influence.

In addition to the so-called seventh commandment, we also find that the Old Testament laws known as the fifth, sixth, eighth, and tenth commandments were as strongly impressed upon the Babylonians as upon the Hebrews. In some points even, the code of Hammurabi, which is a thousand years older than the code of Moses, goes far ahead of the latter. While the Pentateuch expressly sanctions blood revenge (Deut. 19, 11 ff.), which is hard to reconcile with the sixth commandment, and provides three cities of refuge only for those who have committed murder unintentionally, the law of Hammurabi does not allow private revenge under any circumstances, but takes the punishment of every evil deed into its own hand. This code, which for all times will remain the most telling

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witness of the incalculable age of Babylonian civilization, as early as the third millennium before Christ, insured to every Babylonian subject, whether man or woman, in the most explicit terms possible, liberty of person and protection of property and good name; but in return the law exacted from every single person, of whatever trade or profession, the most conscientious fulfilment of his duty, and imposed the direst penalties—evidently with the intent to terrify and to educate morally—upon any neglect of duty.

There were judges in Babylonia, and every subject could be sure that his case would be tried and decided justly, before the judges in the highest court of appeals in Sippar, or before the king himself.

Like the laws of the state, the religion of Babylonia strove to keep evil-doers at a distance, to check or prevent as far as possible the sin which would bring the wrath and punishment of the gods upon the individual as well as upon the community. It is true that in Babylonia, as everywhere else where priesthood intrudes between God and man, piety and the fear of God tended to find expression in the minute observance of priestly regulations regarding feasts, sacrifices, and prayers of adoration—that is, in external works. But there can be no doubt of the beneficent influence of the beautiful Babylonian belief that every man was the "child of his god," that the divinity which had given him life dwelled within him as his good spirit, but left him when he allowed sin to overrule, and the fear of being so forsaken, which was regarded as the greatest curse that could befall a man, was a very real factor in life. The frequent exhortations in the cuneiform books to feed the hungry, to give water to the thirsty, to free the captive, and not to deal harshly with one's dependents make it seem certain that the highest precept for a religious life given by the prophet Micah (vi. 8) —"to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"—found an echo in the hearts of seriously minded Babylonians.

Temple and palace, kinghood and priesthood, were in conjunction the most powerful factors of civilization, in that they continually gave an incentive to art and science and encouraged them in many ways. The palace of the king, the walls of which had to be more spacious and more splendid than those of ordinary mortals, and the interior of which had to serve as a dwelling not only for the king and his family, but also for the whole royal court with its army of great and small officials, furnished great and welcome opportunities for architecture. All the other arts, sculpture and painting in the lead, entered on a noble competition to decorate as beautifully as possible the walls of the royal apartments and, at the very door, to inspire every one entering with respect for the king's majesty. And although the exterior of the Babylonian temple kept its simplicity even to the latest times, every effort was expended on the innermost sanctuary—the holy of holies—where the divinity was enthroned on a high pediment, to make its walls, ceiling, and floor as gorgeous as possible.

Artists and art-dealers were continually incited to greater achievements in the effort to beautify the statue of the divinity which in dignified and noble fashion expressed the idea of the similarity in form of god and man. Its body of wood, which seems to point to the fact of its having been carried around in religious processions, was ornamented with metals and precious stones like the Greek statues. Palaces and temples were also places where music, vocal as well as instrumental, was cultivated. Music accompanied the sacrifices, as well as the marches and triumphant entries of the army, and while the priests on the top of the temple tower for centuries studied the heavens during the night-watches, observing and commenting on the revelations of the gods in the revolutions and conjunctions of the planets, they founded and promoted the science of astronomy, that branch of systematic investigation with which science everywhere begins, in Egypt as in Greece, in China as in Mexico.

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# Gardener Jim

*BY ALICE BROWN*

"JIM!" called Mrs. Marshall, as the old man, carrying a basket in one hand and a spade in the other, was trudging steadily by. His blue overalls and jumper were threadbare under the soft brown they had achieved through his strenuous kneeling and the general intimacy of weeds and sod. He had a curious neutrality of expression—perhaps an indifference to what his blue eyes fell upon, save when they looked out from under their rugged brows at the growing things he tended. Then the lines about them multiplied and deepened and his face took on new life. Mrs. Marshall, the large lady at the gate, splendidly starched in her afternoon calico, regarded him without personal interest. He was merely an old resident likely to clear up a matter that had been blurred during her years of absence in the West. Jim's eyes travelled past her to the garden in the rear of the house, where yellow flower-de-luce was beginning to blow.

"They'd ought to put some muck on them pinies last fall," said he, in a soft voice which his gnarled aspect had not foretold.

"Now you stop thinkin' gardins for a minute an' pay some heed to me," said Mrs. Marshall. "How was I goin' to look out for the pinies, when I only come into the property this spring? Uncle 'd ha' seen 'em mowed down for fodder before he'd ha' let you or anybody else poke round over anything 't was his. But what I want to know is—what was 't the Miller twins had their quarrel about, all them years ago?"

Jim answered without hesitation or interest: "'Twas about a man. They both on 'em set by one man, an' he led 'em on. He made trouble betwixt 'em. 'Twas thirty year ago an' more."

"An' they ain't spoke sence! My! what fools anybody can make of themselves over a man! He's dead now, ain't he?"

"I dun'no'," said Jim. Abstraction had settled upon him. "Say, Mis' Marshall, what if I should drop in an' 'tend to them pinies?"

"Fush on the pinies!" said Mrs. Marshall, heartily. "You can, if 't 'll be any comfort to ye. 'Twas they that made me think o' the Miller twins. Husband never got over talkin' about their pinies. I'd ruther have a good head o' lettuce than all the pinies that ever blowed."

Jim dropped his traps, opened the gate, walked past her without a word, and began a professional examination of the garden-beds. When he came to a neglected line of box, he made a sympathetic clucking of the tongue, and before a rose-bush, coming out in meagre leafage, he stayed a long time.

"Too bad!" he said, as if the bush appealed to him for comfort. "Too bad!"

Mrs. Marshall had gone contentedly back to her sewing by the window, and a cautious voice challenged her from the bedroom, where her daughter, Lily, was changing her dress.

"Well," said Lily, "I guess you've done it this time. Didn't you know 'twas Jim's wife the man run off with? Well, it was."

Mrs. Marshall paused in her work.

"Well," said she, "I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I believe husband did use to say so. I ain't thought of it for years. How'd you find out so much?"

"I guess I don't have to be in a place long without hearin' all there is to hear," said Lily, coming out in her crisp pink muslin. "Here, you hook me up. Why, mother, he's Wilfred's own uncle! Wilfred told me. He said his uncle never 'd been the same man since his wife run away."

Jim was wandering back to the road, deflected now and then by some starveling plant.

"Anything you want to do," called Mrs.

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Marshall, with a compensatory impulse, "you're welcome to. I may put in a few seeds."

Jim stood there, shaking his head in great dissatisfaction.

"It wouldn't ha' done a mite o' good for me to come here while he was alive," he said, as if he accounted to himself for that grievous lapse. "He'd ha' turned me out, neck an' crop, if I'd laid a finger on it."

"Well, you come when you can," said Mrs. Marshall. She was benevolently willing to fall in with Gardener Jim's peculiarities, because, being love-cracked, he had no particular occupation save this self-chosen one. "What you s'pose I said to the new minister about you, Jim?" she continued, kindly.

"Dun'no'," returned Jim, in his soft voice. "Dun'no'."

"Well, he says to me, 'I never see such a lot o' nice gardins as there is round here.' 'Don't you know the reason?' says I. 'Why, Gardiner Jim goes round an' takes care of 'em without money an' without price.' Wake up, Jim. That's what I said."

The look of response had vanished from his face. He had taken a knife from his pocket and was clipping a dead branch from the prairie queen at the window. When the deed had been done with great nicety, he closed the knife, returned it to his pocket, and took his way silently out of the yard. Mrs. Marshall, glancing up from her sewing, saw him again trudging toward his lonely home.

When Jim went along like that, his head bent and his eyes fixed upon the ground, people often wondered whether he was thinking of anything at all, or whether such intentness did betoken a grave preoccupation. Sometimes they tested him. "What you thinkin' about, Jim?" one would ask him, when they met upon the road; but Jim never replied in any illuminating way. If he answered at all, it was only to query, "How's your gardin?" and then, as soon as the response was given, to nod and hurry on again. If the garden was reported as not doing very well, Jim was there next morning, like the family doctor. To-day, when he reached the cross-road leading to his little black house, he paused a moment, as if he were working out something and must wait for the answer. Then he continued on the way he had been going, and a quarter of a mile farther on stopped before a great house of a dull and time-worn yellow, where, in the corresponding front window of the upper chambers, two women sat, each in her own solitary state, binding shoes. These were the Miller twins. Sophy saw him as he opened the side gate and went along her path to the back of the house. She rose, tossed her work on the table, and ran into an overlooking chamber to watch him. Sophy had been the pretty one of the family. Now her fair face had broadened, her blond hair showed a wide track at the parting, and her mouth dropped at the corners; but her faded blue eyes still looked wistfully through their glasses. They had a grave simplicity, like that of a child.

As she watched Gardener Jim, a frown came upon her forehead. "What under heavens?" she muttered; and then she saw. Jim was examining her neglected garden, and the wonder was not in that. It was that after all these years, when he had worked for other people, suddenly he had come to her. A moment after, he looked up, to find her at his elbow.

"I should think anybody 'd be ashamed," said he, "to let things go to wrack an' ruin this way." The paths were thick with weeds. Faithful sweet-william and phlox had evidently struggled for years and barely held their own against misfortune, and bouncing-bet was thrifty. But other of the loved in old-time gardens had starved and died. "You used to have the handsomest canterbury-bells anywhere round," said Jim. He spoke seriously, as if it pained him to find things at such a pass. "Don't look as if you'd sowed a seed sence nobody knows when. Where's your pinies?"

Sophy turned toward the high board fence that ran from the exact middle of the house down through the garden.

"Over there," she said.

"Over where?"

"In her part."

"Her part o' the place? What you been an' cut it up this way for?" If Gardener Jim had ever heard of the feud that separated the two sisters he had ap-

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parently forgotten it, and Sophy, knowing his reputed state, felt no surprise.

"She lives in t'other part o' the house," she vouchsafed, cautiously.

"Well," he grumbled, "that's no reason, as I see, why you should ha' gone an' sliced up the gardin." He gave one more estimating look at the forlorn waste. "Well, I'll be over in the mornin'."

"You needn't," Sophy called after him. "I don't want any gardenin' done," she cried the louder; but Jim paid no attention.

He was at the other gate now, leading into Eliza's grounds, and there he found Eliza waiting for him. She looked older than her sister. She was thinner, her eyes were sharp, and her chin was square and firm.

"Well," said she, "what is it?"

Jim hardly seemed to see her.

"Where's your pinies?" he asked.

Eliza resolutely refrained from looking at the grassy plot where they sat in their neglected state.

"I dun'no's they're comin' up this year," she returned, speciously.

"Yes, they be, too," said Jim, with vigor. He had gone straight over to the spot where the juicy red-brown stalks were pushing up among the grass. "Well, if I don't git round this fall an' feed up them pinies I sha'n't have a wink o' sleep all winter."

Eliza had followed him, and now she stood regarding the peonies absently and with almost a wistful curiosity, as if they recalled something she had long forgotten to enjoy.

"I ain't done much in the gardin for a good many year," she said. "I got kinder stiff, an' then I give it up. It's too late to do anything to 'em now, I s'pose?"

"No, it ain't, either," said Jim. "I'll be round to-morrer an' git the grass out an' put suthin' on to make 'em grow. Trouble is, tain't so easy to do it in spring as 'tis in the fall, them stalks are so brittle. Don't you touch 'em, now. I'll see to 'em myself."

Eliza followed him to the gate. She was curious, and yet she hardly knew how to put her question with the indifference she sought. As he was taking up his spade, she found the words:

"What's started you up to come here arter so many years?"

His eyes dropped. The shaggy brows met over them in a defence.

"I kinder thought I would," said he. Then he went soberly back to his own house.

Jim had no garden. Years ago, when his wife had left him, to run away with another man, he had tried to wipe out every sign of his life with her. It was in the early spring of the year when it happened, and the first thing he did, after he came back from the field and found her letter, was to drive the oxen into the home plot and plough up the garden she had loved. The next day he had harrowed it and sown it down to grass, and then had taken to his bed, where the neighbors found him, and, one and another, nursed him through his fever. When he got up again, he was not entirely the same, but he went about his work, making shoes in the winter and in summer going from house to house to tend the gardens. At first the neighbors had deprecated his spending so much unrewarded time, or even forcing them to resuscitate old gardens against their will; but they had been obliged to yield. He continued his task with a gentle persistency, and the little town became resplendent in gardens—great tangles of cherished growth, or little thrifty squares like patchwork quilts. Jim was not particular as to color and effect. He was only determined that every plant should prosper. Only the Miller sisters he had neglected until to-day, and nobody knew whether he remembered that it was at their house the man had stayed, charming hearts, before he went away again upon his travels, taking the prettiest woman of all with him, or whether it was merely connected with a vague discomfort in his mind.

To-night Jim went into his kitchen and cooked his supper with all a woman's deftness. His kitchen was always clean, though, to the end of keeping it so, he had discarded one thing or another, not imperatively needed. One day he had made a collection of articles only used in a less primitive housekeeping, from nutmeg-grater to fluting-iron, and tossed them out of the window into a corner of the yard. There they stayed, while he added to them a footstool, a crib, and a mixed list of superfluities; then some of

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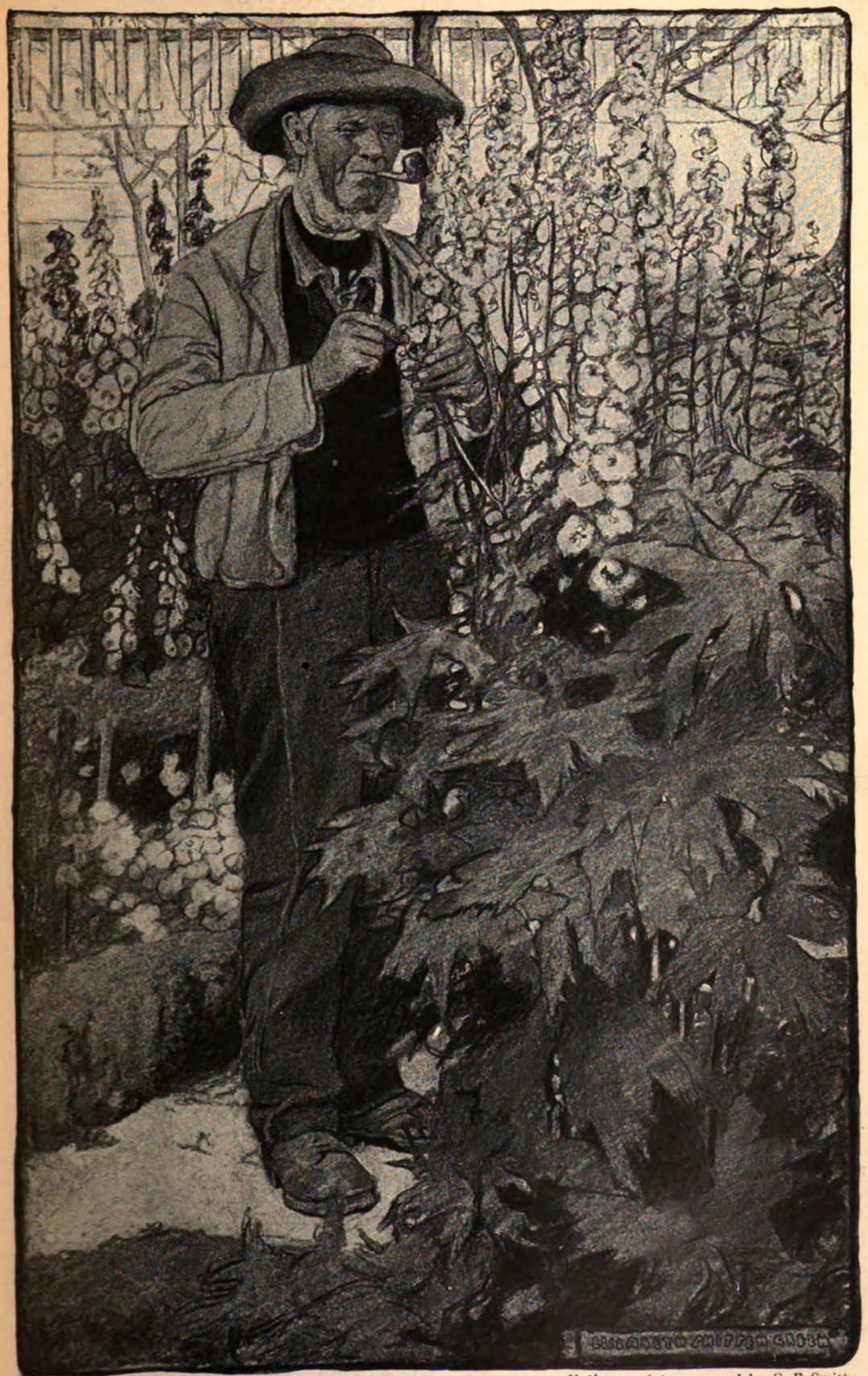

*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green* Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE WAS DETERMINED THAT EVERY PLANT SHOULD PROSPER



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the poorer inhabitants of the town, known as "Frenchies," discovered that such treasure was there, and grew into the habit of stealing into the yard twice a week or so and, unmolested, taking away the plunder.

To-night Jim determined to go to bed early. He had more to do next day than could possibly be done. As he sat on the front steps, having his after-supper smoke, he heard the beat of hoofs, and looked up to see Wilfred whirling by. Lily Marshall sat beside him, all color and radiance, in her youthful bloom. As Wilfred looked over at him, with a nod, Jim threw out his arm in a wild beckoning.

"Here!" he called. "Here, you stop a minute!"

Wilfred drew up at the gate, and Jim hurried down to them.

"Which way you goin'?" he called, while Lily looked at him curiously and Wilfred reddened with shame. He was sorry that this new girl come into town must see for herself how queer his uncle was.

"Oh, 'most anywheres!" he answered, bluffly. "We're just takin' a ride."

"Well, you go down over Alewife Bridge, then, an' cast a look into Annie Darling's gardin. She's gone away an' left it as neat as wax, an' that gate o' hern swings open sometimes an' them 'tarnal ducks 'll git in. You wait a minute. I'll give ye a mite o' wire I kep' to twist round the gate." He sought absorbedly in his pocket and pulled out a little coil. "There!" said he, "that's the talk."

Wilfred accepted the wire in silence, and drove along.

"Who's Annie Darling?" asked Lily with innocence. She had not been long in the town without hearing that Wilfred had been "going" with Annie Darling before his sudden invitation to her, that night after prayer-meeting, "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" Wilfred himself could not have told why he asked that question when Annie, he knew, was only a pace behind. The one thing he could remember was that when he saw Lily coming, he realized that he had never in his life known there were cheeks so red and eyes so dark.

"Who is she?" asked Lily, again, tightening her veil. It had been blowing against his cheek.

"Annie Darling?" said Wilfred, with difficulty. "Why, she's a girl lives round here. Her mother died last winter, and she's been tryin' to go out nursin'. That's where she's gone now, I guess."

Lily Marshall laughed.

"It's a funny name," she said. "I should think folks 'd turn it round and make it 'Darling Annie.'"

Wilfred felt a hot wave sweeping over him, the tide of recollection.

"Well," said he, "I guess they have —some of 'em."

Lily gave him a swift glance, and wondered how much she really liked him. He seemed "pretty country" sometimes beside the young hardware man who was writing her from the West. But she was one to "make things go," and she talked glibly on until they had crossed Alewife Bridge and Wilfred drew up before a gray house with a garden in front, marked out in little prim beds defined by pebbles, and all without a weed. The iris, purple and yellow, seemed to be holding banners, it was so gay, and the lilacs were in bloom. He left the reins in Lily's hands, and stood a moment at the gate, glancing at the beds. Then he went inside, tried the front door, and shut a blind that had failed to catch, and after a second frowning look at all the beds, came out and wired the gate.

"Well," said Lily, as they drove away, "ain't you good, takin' all that trouble!"

Wilfred frowned again.

"I don't like to see things go to wrack and ruin," he remarked.

"How's she look?"

"How's who look?"

"Annie Darling."

"I can't tell how folks look," said Wilfred. He spoke roughly, and she glanced at him in a calculated show of surprise. "Why, you've seen her. She was at the meetin' the night I walked home with you."

"Was she?" said Lily. "Well, I never noticed the folks here very much till I begun to get acquainted."

But she had brought back to him a picture he had been forgetting: Annie, standing in her garden, sweet, serious, and so kind. He had hardly thought before of Annie's looks. People never

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spoke of them when they were recalling her. She was simply a person they liked to live beside.

The next morning Jim was at Mrs. Marshall's before breakfast—almost before light, she thought, because through her last nap she had heard his hoe clicking, and when she went out, there was the track of his wheelbarrow through the dew, and the liberated peonies, free of grass, stood each in its rich dark circle of manure. A little later the Miller twins saw him coming, and Sophy was at the door awaiting him.

"Don't you want a cup o' tea?" she asked.

Sophy looked quite eager. It seemed to her that, with the garden resurrected, something was going to happen. Jim shook his head.

"I'll dig round them rose-bushes," said he. "Then I'll go an' git some dressin'."

"I'll pay for it," said Sophy. "You sha'n't have that to do."

"It's no consequence," returned Jim, indifferently. "I can git all I want out o' Squire's old yard. I pay him for it in the fall, cobblin'. It's no great matter, anyways."

Sophy disappeared into the house, and came out again, hurriedly, with a trowel in her hand.

"I don't know but I'll work a mite myself," she said, "if you was to tell me where 'twas worth while to begin."

"Don't ye touch the spring things," said Jim, briefly. He was loosening the ground about the roses, with delicacy and despatch. "Let it be as it may with 'em this year. Come November, we'll overhaul 'em. You might see if you can git some o' the grass out o' that monkshood over there."

Sophy, in her sunbonnet, bent over her task, and for an hour they worked absorbedly. Suddenly she looked up, to find herself alone. But there were voices in the other yard. He was working for Eliza. But Eliza was not helping him. She walked back and forth—Sophy could see her passing the cracks in the high board fence—and once she called to Jim in a nervous voice, "I wisht you'd go away."

Jim apparently did not hear. He went on freeing the peonies.

"No wonder things git pindlin' under this old locust-tree," Sophy heard him grumble. "Throwin' down leaves an' branches every day in the year! Half on't's rotten. It ought to come down."

"Well," said Eliza, "if it ought to come down, let it come. You know where to find the axe."

Sophy, on the other side of the fence, could hardly bear the horror and surprise of it. She forgot she was "not speaking" to her sister.

"O 'Liza!" she cried, piercingly. "That was mother's tree. She set it out with her own hands. I dun'no' what she'd say."

There was a moment's quiet, and then Eliza's voice came gruffly:

"You let the tree alone."

But Jim had no thought of touching it. He was working silently at his task. Sophy went into the house, trembling. She had spoken first. But it was to save the tree.

The warm spring days went on, and Annie Darling had not come. Weeds began to devastate her garden, and Wilfred used to look over the fence and wish Uncle Jim would do something. Once he spoke to Uncle Jim about it, in the way everybody had of making him responsible for the floral well-being of the neighborhood; but Gardener Jim would hardly listen.

"You 'tend to it! you 'tend to it!" he cried, testily. "I've got all I can do to git them Miller gals' pieces into shape so't they can sow a few seeds." But one morning he sought out Wilfred, mending a gap in his own orchard wall by the road. "Wilfred," said Gardener Jim, "have you 'tended to Annie's gardin?" He had laid down his hoe and put up a foot on a stone in good position for talk.

Wilfred dropped his crowbar and came forward.

"Why, no," said he, irritated, he hardly knew why, as if by a call to a forgotten task. "Nobody's asked me to 'tend to it."

Jim stood for a moment looking through the tree spaces, and then his gaze came back to his nephew, and Wilfred, with a start, realized that he had never before had the chance to look into Uncle Jim's eyes. Now he found them direct and rather stern.

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"Wilfred," said Gardener Jim, "don't you be a 'tarnal fool."

Wilfred said nothing, but immediately, he could not tell why, he seemed to be looking upon a picture of Annie standing among the flowers in her little plain dress. His heart was beating faster, and he said to himself that, after all, it would be sort of nice if Annie would come home. Gardener Jim was speaking laboriously, as if he dragged out conclusions he had perhaps reached long ago and had not yet compared with any one.

"There's a time for everything. There's a time to graft a tree an' a time to cut it down. Well, it's your time o' life to make a 'tarnal fool o' yourself. Don't ye do it. If you do, like's not when you're my age you'll be all soul alone, like me, an' goin' round tendin' to other folks's gardins."

Wilfred stared at him in wonder.

"I don't know," he found himself saying. "I might fix it, but I guess 'twould be kind o' queer."

Gardener Jim screwed up his face until his eyes were quite eclipsed.

"Queer!" said he. "Nothin's queer if you go ahead an' do it an' say nothin' to nobody. What if they do call ye crazed? That's another way to make 'em stan' from under an' let ye go it. There! I've said my say. Ain't that your axe over there by the well? You take it an' come along o' me. I'd ha' brought mine, only I thought mebbe I shouldn't need it till to-morrer. But I guess I shall. I guess I shall."

Wilfred followed him along the road to the Miller house, and there they saw the twins. Sophy, obscured by her sunbonnet, was on her knees, sowing seeds in a bed Jim had made for her the day before; but Eliza stood quite still among the peonies, looking off down the road. Gardener Jim took his way into Eliza's part of the yard. She turned and looked at him uneasily, as if she wondered what exactions he might make to-day. Wilfred thought her face had changed of late. There were marks of agitation upon it, as if she had been stirred by unaccustomed thoughts and then had tried to hide them. Her eyes were troubled. Gardener Jim walked over to the tall fence.

"Here, Wilfred," said he, "you take your axe an' knock off them boards. The posts 'll go too, give 'em a chance. They're pretty nigh rotted off."

Eliza came awake.

"Don't you touch my fence!" she called. "Don't you so much as lay a finger on it."

Wilfred gave her a compliant look.

"You can't do that, you know," he said, in an undertone, to Gardener Jim. "It's their fence. They don't want it down."

Gardener Jim made no answer. He took the axe from Wilfred's hand and dealt the fence a stroke, and then another, and at every one it seemed as if something fell. Eliza strode over to him, and, without reason, stood there. Sophy left her seed-sowing on the other side and came also, and she, too, watched the boards falling. The women were pale and their eyes showed terror; whether at the unchained power of the man or at the wonder of life, no one could have told.

Wilfred sauntered away to the old apple-tree, and began picking off twigs here and there, to drop them on the grass.

Gardener Jim threw down the axe at last and wiped his forehead.

"Where you want them boards piled?" he asked Eliza, briefly.

"Down there by the wood-shed." Her voice trembled. "They'll make good kindlin'."

Over the space where two or three sound posts were standing, she spoke to her sister. There was something strident in her voice, as if she pleaded for strength to break the web of years.

"You better have some o' them boards."

"Mebbe I had," said Sophy.

"Here, Wilfred," called Gardener Jim. "You pile them boards an' I'll see if I can't loosen up the dirt a mite round this old phlox. Anybody must be a 'tarnal fool to build up a high board fence an' cut off the sun from things when they're tryin' to grow."

Sophy looked timidly at her sister.

"I s'pose 'tis foolish to try to have anything if you don't take care on't," she said.

Eliza cleared her throat and answered with the same irrelevance:

"He's fixed up the pinies real nice. See 'f you remember which the white one was."

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*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

HE HAD HARDLY THOUGHT BEFORE OF ANNIE'S LOOKS

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Sophy stepped over the dividing line, and the two sisters walked away to the peony settlement. Gardener Jim touched Wilfred on the arm.

"You go along," said he. "I'll finish here. You 'tend to Annie's gardin. I hove a trowel over the fence there this mornin'. You go an' git up some o' them weeds."

Wilfred nodded in unquestioning compliance. As he hesitated then for a moment, watching the sisters, and wondering what they were talking about, Eliza raised her hand and brushed a leaf from Sophy's shoulder. Then they went on talking, but apparently of the garden, for they pointed here and there in a fervor of discovery. Wilfred turned with a rush and went off to Annie Darling's.

He found the trowel under the fence, as Gardener Jim had prophesied, and he worked all day, with a brief nooning at home. The garden was full of voices. Here was a plant he had driven ten miles to get for her; here were the mint and balm she loved. It seemed to him, as the hours went by, that he was talking with her and telling her many things—confessions, some of them, and pleas for her continued kindliness. When he had finished, all but carrying away his pile of weeds, he heard a voice at the gate. It was Lily, under a bright parasol, her face repeating its bloom.

"Well, I never!" she called. "You goin' to turn gardener, same as your uncle did?"

Wilfred took off his hat, to feel the cool air, and went forward toward her. He was not embarrassed. She seemed to him quite a different person from what she had before.

"I've just got it done," said he, with a perfect simplicity. "Don't it look nice?"

Lily had flushed, and, he thought with surprise, she looked almost angry. But she laughed with the same gay note.

"Been doin' it for Annie Darling?" she asked. "For darling Annie?"

"Yes," said Wilfred, "I've been doin' it for Annie."

"Mercy! how hot it is!" said Lily. "Seems if there wasn't a breath of air anywhere. I must get home and see if I can find me a fan." She was rustling away, but Wilfred did not look after her. He was too busy.

When the weeds had all been carried away, he stood looking at the orderly garden with something like love for it in his heart. And then the gate clicked and Annie came in and up the path. There was a strange, wistful radiance in her face, as if she had chanced upon an undreamed-of joy. It was like the homecoming of a bride. Wilfred strode over the beds and put his arms about her.

"O Annie!" he said. "I'm glad you've come!"

At six o'clock they were still in the garden, talking, though she had opened the house, and the smoke was coming out of the chimney from the fire boiling the water for their tea. Gardener Jim, going home from his work, came up to the fence and leaned on it, eying the garden critically.

"Well, Wilfred," said he, "you've done a good day's work."

The youth and maid came forward. His arm was about her waist and her cheeks were pink.

"How'd you leave the twins?" asked Wilfred.

Gardener Jim looked off into the road vista, and shook all over, mirthlessly.

"I heerd 'em say they were goin' to have flapjacks for supper," said he, gravely, "an' fry 'em in Sophy's part." His eyes came back to Annie and studied her for a moment. Then he spoke abruptly. "I'm goin' to give you suthin', Annie—that set o' flowered chiny. It's all there is left in the house that's wuth anything. 'Twas my mother's, an' her mother's afore her, an' there ain't a piece missin'. When you git ready for it, Wilfred here he'll come round an' pack it up."

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# London by Night

*BY THOMAS A. JANVIER*

ONE of the few distinctions—for an American—between going to heaven and going to London is based in the differing impressions produced by their respective lighting systems. None of us, I fancy, when we come to take our first evening stroll around the celestial city—being very pleased, and possibly agreeably surprised, by finding that we are not doing our strolling elsewhere—will be at all astonished by anything that may develop in the way of brilliancy. Having been educated to expect almost a superfluity of radiance in that region, we shall accept quite as a matter of course all that we find there. But when we take our first evening stroll around London—all athrill with the half-doubting yet wholly tingling joy that comes when a long-dreamt dream is realized—even the more sophisticated of us are likely to be surprised by finding such a glitter of brightness in the streets which the romance-writers have taught us to believe everywhere are shadowy and dark.

I pause here to say—it is a good place to say it—that another article of English faith that will perish in the course of that walk (in the improbable case of its having survived the landing, and the railway journey up to town) is belief in English phlegm.

Steadfastness in time of great trial, coolness in time of great danger, the English possess; and to a degree that brings them, on occasion—in an easy matter-of-course way that stirs one's heart to the very roots in admiration of it—to superb sublimities. In sternly grave matters they can hold themselves in very nobly. Look at the way that they stood at ease—silent, passive, their hands at their sides—through the settlement of the North Sea "incident." It was rather rigid ease, to be sure; and their fingers did work a little, and their eyes did twitch a little in the direction of the warships. But with an outward calm they threshed through that grim business: and so brought it—with more of sheer heroism than would have been needed to fight a half-dozen campaigns out—to a brave and a good end.

But when it comes to small matters, and notably matters in which the action is by groups and there is a chance for contagion—as to a general scramble for a railway train in a crowded station, or even to the scramble of a half-dozen determined Britons for the same omnibus—these brave, self-controlled, resolute English fly off the handle into a state of excitement that would be appropriate to (only then they would restrain it) fires and earthquakes! Eagerness — to get somewhere or to do something, and to get it or to do it in a desperate hurry—is what one sees by night (and by day, too) in London streets; and the perception of that unexpected characteristic—precisely the reverse of phlegm—is a more startling matter than is the glare of the unexpected electric lamps. How they do bustle about, and push and jostle, and vent themselves in funny little petulant outbreaks over the veriest trifles that happen to go wrong! And when, passing beyond trifles, some great emotion possesses this most emotional race, they fill their London with a ferment that all the Latin races put together could not surpass. I have seen them do it. I may add that I have helped them do it—and with all my heart!

"Mafeking Night" gave a verb to the English language. "To maffik," defined in a phrase, means to turn everything upside down in a wild outburst of joy. Certainly, we did turn everything upside down that night — Friday, May 18, 1900—in London; and we had joy, and to spare, to justify us. It was not merely that Mafeking was relieved —the town in which Baden-Powell and his men, edging close to starvation,

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had sat tight so long and so pluckily; it was the far greater relief that came to all England—at the end of that dark winter through which all England, silently, doggedly, had taken its nasty punishment—with the winning at last of a substantial victory. The tense strain was relaxed suddenly—and London, with good cause for it, maffiked exultingly through all that glad night long.

Tiddlers are peacock tail - feathers. Tiddling is tickling other people's noses with them. With my own happy eyes, that night, I saw two Whitechapel girls (with proper Whitechapel curls twirled on their temples) tiddle the nose of a Pall Mall policeman! And that policeman—imagine, if you please, all possible impossibilities fused into one single ultra-violet ray of incredibility—fairly thrust forward his law-embodying nose to be tiddled by those worse than regicides (he was a Pall Mall policeman, remember) and benignly rewarded them with the sneeze of their desire! To be sure, Whitechapel girls — a naturally light-hearted race, untrammelled by conventions—have been known to overstep the bounds of a strict decorum, in their own gay way, even at times when the nation's heart was not in its mouth. Taken alone, the act of lèse-majesté on the part of these spirited East End young persons does not support my proposition that the English are exceptionally excitable. But what does support that proposition convincingly is the conduct of the policeman: who was so overwrought with emotional excitement as to forget his own monumental dignity, and even to blot out the affront upon it with a smile!

On the same lines, I may cite another example from that same evening. I saw on Piccadilly an intensely respectable-looking Englishman—middle-aged, stout, gray-whiskered, dressed in seemly black and wearing a seemly top-hat—who most obviously was a member of the conservative middle class: a well-to-do City man, I should say, with a tidy villa at Shepherd's Bush or Hackney, who on Sundays very likely handed the plate. And this by rights typically phlegmatic Briton was seated—with his chubby legs very wide outspread before him—on the roof of a four-wheeler; and he had the Union Jack in one hand and the Standard in the other; and he was coming along the middle of one of the great streets of London—in the thick of the roaring crowd filling it—waving those national banners with an incomparable fervor, and hurrahing just as loud as he possibly could hurrah!

But I saw no mote in the eye of my phlegmatic English brother—we were about of an age—flag-waving and hurrahing up there on the roof of his growler: possibly because, at the moment, I had something of a beam in my own. Strictly speaking, the relief of Mafeking was not my affair at all; but—God bless me!—there I was too with my Standard and my Union Jack (they cost me sixpence apiece, mounted on little bamboo poles, and as long as I live I shall cherish them) and I went about London that night waving those flags just as crazily as anybody; and roared away with the National Anthem, and "Soldiers of the Queen," and the "Absent-minded Beggar," just as loudly as anybody; and what with holding my part in that million-strong chorus, and doing what I could to help along with the cheering, I shouted myself so hoarse that my voice did not come right again for a week! But then, to be sure, we Americans make no pretensions to phlegm.

I must pause again before taking my theme up—being a careful person, properly fearful of giving false impressions—to charge it with a proviso. Even now there is to be had in London, off from the great thoroughfares, almost as glum a showing of dim-lit streets and squares as there was when Dickens—to whom mainly we owe our faith in them—set the pace for us. In his time—at least in his early time, when illuminating gas was a dangerous novelty, and when gas-lamps relatively were few—the dimness certainly was dimmer and better suited to his Tulkinghorning purposes; and there were then—but are not now—all the black pockets of foul little courts that he needed for his poor Jo's, and all the reeking little graveyards that he needed for his Lady Dedlocks. But even without the courts and the graveyards, it still is possible—by going only a little aside—to get into something very like the dusky London that Dickens made the most of for his mysteries and his tragedies: and

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*Photograph by Arthur Hewitt*

A TYPICAL CAB STAND IN THE HAYMARKET



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this not because gas-lamps are not far more plentiful in our time than they were in his time, but because gaslight has a way of sinking into London's soot-grimed house-fronts, and of being lost there, almost as water sinks into and is lost in sand.

About Bloomsbury, for example — a quarter so filled with lodging-houses filled, in the Season and later, with Americans that it is almost a summer suburb of New York—there is a night-time leaden gloominess that I am persuaded would cling to it through a general conflagration. Can anybody imagine Gower Street—its sombre name is against the possibility — lighted into cheerfulness? Chinese lanterns strung zigzag across it from the Euston Road to the British Museum—in addition, mind you, to its really plentiful supply of gas-lamps—would not brighten that trist thoroughfare: they would but suggest the painful probability that all of its decorous residents—I know of no street in London where Decorum reigns more absolutely —simultaneously had taken to drink to drown their sorrow over having to live there; and in their cups had burst forth with colored lanterns, vainly hoping in that flagrant fashion to dispel their dusky dismalness!

I would note in passing the curious, and I think the suggestive, fact that the very cats of Gower Street practically without exception are black cats: which statement is not generalized from appropriate conditions, but is the result of my own careful observation continued over a period of more than three years. All of them, I may add, are elderly. I never have seen a kitten in Gower Street —it would be almost indecently out of place there. By day—like so many little black patriarchs at the doors of their tents—they sit on the top steps of their respective area stairways, always with a staid propriety that fits to a hair their staid environment. By night, busied with their own little cat projects and enterprises, they are as flitting black shadows; but—minute points of darkness though they be—they still help on with light-absorbence, and are not to be dismissed as negligible quantities from Gower Street's sum of gloom.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
The light burning near the summit of the tower indicates that the House is sitting

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

It is not in Bloomsbury, though, among the black cats of Gower Street, that the just-come-to-London traveller will take that thrilling first evening's stroll. It may begin there—and so bring him up an artistic ascent, through steadily increasing brightness, to the radiant climax; or it may begin in the very thick of that climax: should his start be made from one of the new big hotels—patterned on our own—which provide Americans with all manner of homelike discomforts, together with an abundance of strictly English discomforts by way of giving them their money's worth of the agreeable feeling that they really are in a foreign land. But wherever his walk may have its beginning, it certainly will lead him into the glittering region of which Piccadilly Circus is the centre; and there his previous misconceptions of London's night-gloom at a stroke will be dissipated in the all-pervading electric glare.

That region is the night heart of London. Into it all London—excepting the insignificant three millions or so that remain at home quietly—crushes after nightfall: to the clubs, to the restaurants, to the play. Piccadilly Circus is the very focus of London's night brightness—literally the focus: the blazing hearthplace around which the Metropolitan family assembles nightly to be fed, to enjoy its own society, to be amused. Within a few steps, or a few minutes' walk, or at most a sixpenny fare in a taximeter, from the middle of it—from the fountain monument to the philanthropical Lord Shaftesbury, on top of which an unclad winged person most unphilanthropically is taking pot-shots with a bow and arrow at passing cab-drivers—are all the great clubs and restaurants and theatres and music-halls of the town.

The clubs, being the private abodes of gentlemen, are sacrosanct. Still more sacrosanct is another private abode that stands not far away from the Pall Mall row of them, across St. James's Park. Only the outsides of these buildings are public property. When a general illumination is in order—for a royal birthday, or what not—the blaze upon the exteriors of the club-houses adds a pretty item to

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the general brilliance; and the other edifice—its bright-lit windows glowing above its quiet courtyard; stone royal lions on guard upon the columns of its gateway, and on guard below them stone-rigid royal sentries—provides a night effect of so calm a dignity that it fittingly is approached, and left again, through the park's shadowy stillness and the cool silence of the night.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, THE NIGHT HEART OF LONDON

As to the playhouses, all that is worth seeing at them—save the dear Christmas pantomime, where the real show is the ecstacized beholders of it—comes along in due course to, or possibly has come from, New York; and the only differences noticeable by an American frequenting them are that he must submit to the minor extortions of having to tip the usher and to pay sixpence for a play-bill, and to the major extortion of having to pay half a guinea for an orchestra chair.

But by a dispensation of Providence that is especially merciful to London theatre-managers, playgoing is sequent to dining: and dinners are so good and so cheap in London that only a very crusty person—or one, it is much the same thing, whose digestion is out of order—will go on from the dinner-table to the playhouse in other than a mellow mood; a mood too tolerant to haggle over ticket prices or even greatly to resent the more nettling tip and charge.

Money for money, London is far ahead of New York (it is out of sight ahead of Paris) as a middle-class dining-place. With the half-guinea ordinaries no parallel can be instituted: our prices do not go that high. The seven-and-six ordinaries we can meet on even terms—I think that we can give them odds. But I know of only one restaurant in New York where for seventy-five cents (the test is not quite accurate) can be had a dinner fairly comparable in quality with the three-and-six dinners which may be had at a round score of restaurants in London; and even in our dreams of avarice we never get along here to anything that will class with the dinners to be had at half a dozen queer little cribs in Soho for eighteenpence—though I will

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*Photograph by Arthur Hewitt*

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Cleopatra's Needle in the middle distance. Blackfriar's Bridge in far distance

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admit that if you are a lusty eater you may have to eat two of those eighteen-penny dinners at one sitting really to get your fill. Wine is not included in these lower prices—in the higher prices it sometimes is, and you drink it at your peril!—but even in Soho, if you are careful, and at pretty much all the three-and-six ordinaries by exercising no more than a reasonable discretion, you can get an unpretentious sound wine for a price in keeping with the price of the food.

It is no wonder that all London—with the excepted millions above noted—crowds nightly into this gay bright region: where it can eat and drink so pleasantly and so cheaply; and where it can have—at least in the case of those who continue the economies of Soho and accept the hard benches of the upper circle—a satisfying three or four shillings' worth of the play. And so this electric oasis seethes and surges until midnight—after which hour the curious laws of the metropolis decree that hunger can be appeased and (non-alcoholic) thirst quenched only at cabmen's shelters—and for an hour or so longer is all aflush with the ebbing tide.

The outflow from it begins with the fall of the theatre curtains; and thence onward, as the frightened suppers are ended—you eat them with your loins girded and your watch in your hand, as though you were a child of Israel ready to bolt at the first glimpse of Egyptian policemen—cabs flit out from it, and motor-buses pant out from it, and Tube trains whiz out from it: carrying its transient population home again to all the ends of the London earth.

During the period of disintegration those brightly lit streets are not alluring to moralists. Perhaps I should say that, in a stern way, moralists do find them alluring: since the condition of them so pointedly indicates very desirable possibilities in the way of social reform. But my present concern is with the bright night side of London, not with its dark night side; and—God help all of us!—while we happen to be outwardly less flagrant, only a very sanguine pharisee would venture to assert that we inwardly are less peccable here in New York.

To go into the City at night is to have the feeling of entering another Nineveh at the crisic moment of its abandonment: before ruin has fallen upon it, but after every soul has fled from it save its devoted postal officials—and even these have their dromedaries (in the shape of red mail-wagons) all in readiness, as though they were about to become a retreating rear-guard from the last stronghold in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

That the streets should be lighted at all—and they are very well lighted—seems a sheer waste of illuminants. Save in the immediate vicinity of the General Post-office—where the bustle of live peo-

THE ENTRANCE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

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"THE CENTRE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE"
Trafalgar Square on a wet night. One of Nelson's lions in the foreground

ple distinctly is jarring and incongruous —only ghosts are in possession of them: and when ghosts need light—their normal preference is for darkness—the fact is well known that they bring it along with them in the convenient form of such easily managed supernatural incandescents as hands-of-glory and corpse-candles.

When you come to think of it, what a vast congregation of ghosts must be packed at night within the limits of the City—that central bit of London which has been, of sorts or really, a city for more than two thousand years! By day there is something of a crowd of live people there. But by night it must be a dense ghostly mass: through which—the thought is grisly—the few wandering live people may be said to wriggle their way. In those seemingly deserted but dead-filled streets you can do some queer thinking in the course of a night walk to post a late-mail letter: and very likely the ghost-agglomeration you are walking through—made up of Britons, Saxons, Romans, Normans, and old-time strays from the world over—does some queer thinking too. Indeed, the majority of those ancient ghosts—if they stick at the stage of intelligence that was theirs in life—cannot but be out-and-out puzzled by nearly everything that they see.

Most of all, I think, must they marvel —they with their poor little corpse-candles and hands-of-glory! — over the lighting miracles worked by Mr. Edison's golden fire-balls and by the big arc-lamps. Nowanights the very Monument shows its base clearly—and rises less and less clearly until it vanishes in the night mist from the river, or is but a dark splotch against the stars. Around the Post-office the out-of-place live people load their red mail-wagons in a good imitation of daylight. In the very heart of the City the Mansion House stands forth illuminate; and facing it—across the great open space that by night, in its desolateness, is the most impressive spot in all London because of the contrast with its daytime tumultuousness—rise glowingly the pillars of the Royal Exchange. Even London Bridge at night —no longer barred, as the ghosts so well remember it—is a bright-lit way.

That lighted bridge, and the other

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THE TOWER BRIDGE AT NIGHT

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lighted bridges, with the greater and lesser lights along the riverside, together make the most beautiful of all the effects —it is a whole world's width away from the West End's turbulent dazzle—to be found in London's night brightness. From the gleaming Houses of Parliament at Westminster the glow goes gleaming onward—past Cleopatra's ravished Needle —along the lighted Embankment to the Temple; and beyond the Temple the lighted bridges catch it up and carry it still farther onward clear away to the last and (by night) the stateliest of them, at the Tower. Always the glow is doubled by reflection in the water; and the more perfectly because of the water's loneliness. Traffic on the Thames—there is little even in the daytime above the bridges—practically ceases at nightfall. After sunset, save for the black loom now and then of a belated lighter stealing along it softly, and for its tide-swirled eddies which turn the reflected lights into fiery serpents, and for its gently remonstrant chatter with the piers of the bridges, the river is still and hushed.

In passing from the lights of the West End to the lights of the City and of the river, I have by intention skirted Trafalgar Square: where Nelson stands watch along with a triumvirate of lesser, but very noble, conquering captains; and where the only jarring note is the irrelevant George the Fourth—who has the pained look of a self-recognized intruder, and the very naturally troubled look that any gentleman (let alone the first of Europe) would have on finding himself on horseback in a public place without his trousers. When I get along into a fresh incarnation and go again for the first time to London—for the twentieth first time perhaps: there is no keeping track of such matters—it is to that spot that I shall come for the ending and the climax of my first evening's walk. And I hope—the wonderful photograph tells why I hope it—that the pavements may be rain-splashed, and that the night may be murky and dull.

If you have a taste for heroic sentiments, Trafalgar Square gives you large opportunities to be inspired by them. To my mind, it is the very centre of the British Empire: because there in the midst of it on his column—surrounded by Napier and Havelock and Gordon, who had their share in the Empire's making or holding—stands the great Admiral who saved the very life of it on the sea! Yet that is putting the case too strongly. Unpleasant things very likely would have happened had that last tremendous sea-fight ended differently; but, no matter how it had ended, I am most confident that the phrase "came over with Napoleon" never would have had a chance to take its place in England along with "came over with the Conqueror"—and that the descendants of my English ancestors seated in Derbyshire were in no danger at that period of being unseated by descendants of my French ancestors migrant from Anjou. Anyhow, speculation over what might have happened is academic. It didn't happen—and that is the glorious enough!

Strictly speaking, I suppose that my sympathies should be with poor Villeneuve, my ancestral countryman. But old dogs do not learn new tricks easily; and in my love for England, founded in great gratitude, I am a very old—nearly a three-hundred-years-old—dog: since my love had its beginning in the reverent thankfulness that filled me (in what literally was one of my earlier incarnations) when I was come safe there from La Rochelle. And so, what with that, and with the English blood that came later, all my sympathies are on Nelson's side.

He and his bronze companions—always rejecting the misplaced monarch—make as fine a company of heroes as you will find assembled anywhere, not excepting the Abbey, in all the world. Within this restricted statement, which excludes the King, I include the lions: whose superb up-loom of a murky night against the electric glitter shows, better than the daylight shows, the strength, the bravery, the nobility, which are embodied in their massive majesty. They are fit wardens of Nelson's monument: being fit symbols of the race that Nelson, and those other heroes there with him, fought for —and were of.



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# Editor's Easy Chair

A CONSTANT reader of this department has come to it with a difficulty which, at the generous Christmas-tide, we hope his fellow readers will join us in helping solve: they may, if they like, regard it as a merry jest of the patron saint of the day, a sort of riddle thrown upon the table at the general feast, for each to try his wits upon—

Across the walnuts and the wine.

"How," this puzzled spirit has asked, "shall I address a friend of mine who, besides being a person of civil condition, with a right to the respect that we like to show people of standing in directing our letters to them, has the distinction of being a doctor of philosophy, of letters, and of laws, by the vote of several great universities? Shall I greet him as, say, Smythe Johnes, Esq., or Dr. Smythe Johnes, or Smythe Johnes, Ph. D., Litt. D., LL.D., or simply Mr. Smythe Johnes?"

Decidedly, we should answer, to begin with, not "Mr. Smythe Johnes," if you wish to keep the finest bloom on your friendship with any man who knows the world. He will much prefer being addressed simply "Smythe Johnes," with his street and number, for he feels himself classed by your "Mr. Smythe Johnes" with all those Mr. Smythe Johneses whom he loves and honors in their quality of tradesmen and workingmen, but does not hold of quite the same social rank as himself. After our revolt in essentials from the English in the eighteenth century, we are now conforming more and more in the twentieth to their usages in non-essentials, and the English always write Smythe Johnes, Esq., or Dr. Smythe Johnes, or the like, unless Mr. Smythe Johnes is in trade or below it. They indeed sometimes carry their scruple so far that they will address him as Mr. Smythe Johnes at his place of business, and Smythe Johnes, Esq., at his private residence.

The English, who like their taffy thick and slab, and who, if one of them happens to be the Earl of Tolloller, are not richly enough satisfied to be so accosted by letter, but exact some such address as The Right Honorable the Earl of Tolloller, all like distinctions in their taffy, and are offended if you give them a commoner sort than they think their due. But the Americans, who pretend to a manlier self-respect, had once pretty generally decided upon Mr. Smythe Jones as the right direction for his letters. They argued that Esquire was the proper address for lawyers, apparently because lawyers are so commonly called Squire, in the simpler life. In the disuse of the older form of Armiger they forgot that *inter arma silent leges*, and that Esquire was logically as unfit for lawyers as for civil doctors, divines, or mediciners. He of the Easy Chair, when an editor long ago, yielded to the prevalent American misrendering for a time, and indiscriminately addressed all his contributors as "Mr." One of them, the most liberal of them in principle, bore the ignominy for about a year, and then he protested. After that the young editor (he was then almost as young as any one now writing deathless fiction) indiscriminately addressed his contributors as Esq. Yet he had an abiding sense of the absurdity in directing letters to John G. Whittier, Esq., for if the poet was truly a Friend and an abhorrer of war, he could not be hailed Armiger without something like insult.

With doctors of divinity the question is not so vexing or vexed; but it is said that of late a lion is rising in the way of rightly addressing doctors of medicine. If you wish to be attended by a physician who pays all visits after nightfall in evening dress, it is said that you are now to write Smythe Johnes, M.D., Esq., and not Dr. Smythe Johnes, as formerly. In England, the source of all our ceremonial woes, you

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cannot call a surgeon "doctor" without offence; he is Mr. Smythe Johnes when spoken to, but whether he is Mr. Smythe Johnes through the post, Heaven knows.

It is a thousand pities that when we cut ourselves off from that troubled source politically, we did not dam it up in all the things of etiquette. We indeed struck for freedom and sense at the very highest point, and began at once to write George Washington, President, as we still write Theodore Roosevelt, President. The Chief Magistrate is offered no taffy in our nation, or perhaps the word President is held to be taffy enough and to spare; for only the Governor of Massachusetts is legally even so much as Excellency. Yet by usage you are expected to address all ambassadors and ministers as Excellencies, and all persons in public office from members of Congress and of the cabinet down to the lowest legislative or judicial functionaries as Honorables. This simplifies the task of directing envelopes to them, and if a man once holds military rank in any peace establishment, he makes life a little easier for his correspondents by remaining general, or captain, or admiral, or commander. You cannot Mister him, and you cannot Esquire him, and there is therefore no question as to which you shall superscribe him.

A score of years ago two friends, now, alas! both doctors of philosophy, of letters, and of laws, agreed to superscribe their letters simply Smythe Johnes and Johnes Smythe respectively, without any vain prefix or affix. They kept up this good custom till in process of time they went to Europe for prolonged sojourns, and there corrupted their manners, so that when they came home they began addressing each other as Esq., and have done so ever since. Neither is any the better for the honors they exchange on the envelopes they do not look at, and doubtless if mankind could be brought to the renunciation of the vain prefixes and affixes which these friends once disused the race would be none the worse for it, but all the better. One prints Mr. Smythe Johnes on one's visiting-card because it passes through the hands of a menial who is not to be supposed for a moment to announce plain Smythe Johnes; but it is the United States post-office which delivers the letters of Smythe Johnes, and they can suffer no contamination from a service which conveys the letters of plain Theodore Roosevelt to him with merely the explanatory affix of President, lest they should go to some other Theodore Roosevelt.

Undoubtedly the address of a person by the name with which he was christened can convey no shadow of disrespect. The Society of Friends understood this from the beginning, and they felt that they were wanting in no essential civility when they refused name-honor as well as hat-honor to all and every. They remained covered in the highest presences, and addressed each by his Christian name, without conveying slight; so that the King and Queen of England who had once questioned whether they could suffer themselves to be called Thy Majesty instead of Your Majesty by certain Quakers, found it no derogation of their dignity to be saluted as Friend George and Friend Charlotte. The signory of the proudest republic in the world held that their family names were of a sufficiency to which titles could add nothing, and the Venetian who called himself Loredano, or Gradenigo, or Morosini, or Renier, or Rezzonico, did not ask to be called differently. In our own day a lady of the ancient and splendid family of the Peruzzi in Florence denied that the title of count existed in it or need exist: "Ognuno può essere conte: Peruzzi, no." (Any one may be a count; but not a Peruzzi.) In like manner such names as Lincoln and Franklin, and Washington and Grant, and Longfellow and Bryant, could have gained nothing by Mr. before them or Esq. after them. Dr. Socrates or Dr. Seneca would not have descended to us in higher regard with the help of these titles; and Rear-Admiral Themistocles or Major-General Epaminondas could not have had greater glory from the survival of parchments so directed to them.

The Venetian nobles who disdained titles came in process of time to be saluted as Illustrissimo; but in process of time this address when used orally began to shed its syllables till Illustrissimo became Lustrissimo, and then Strissimo, and at last Striss, when perhaps the family name again sufficed. So with us,

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Doctor has familiarly become "Doc," and Captain, "Cap," until one might rather have no title at all. Mr. itself is a grotesque malformation of a better word, and Miss is a silly shortening of the fine form of Mistress. This, pronounced Misses, can hardly add dignity to the name of the lady addressed, though doubtless it cannot be disused till we are all of the Society of Friends. The popular necessity has resulted in the vulgar vocative use of Lady, but the same use of Gentleman has not even a vulgar success, though it is not unknown. You may say, with your hand on the bell-strap, "Step lively, lady," but you cannot say, "Step lively, gentleman," and the fine old vocative "Sir" is quite obsolete. We ourselves remember it on the tongues of two elderly men who greeted each other with "Sir!" and "Sir!" when they met; and "Step lively, Sir," might convey the same delicate regard from the trolley conductor as "Step lively, Lady." Sir might look very well on the back of a letter; Smythe Johnes, Sir, would on some accounts be preferable to Smythe Johnes, Esq., and, oddly enough, it would be less archaic.

Such of our readers as have dined with the late Queen or the present King of England will recall how much it eased the yoke of ceremony to say to the sovereign, "Yes, ma'am," or "Yes, sir," as the use is, instead of your Majesty. But to others you cannot say "Yes, ma'am," or "Yes, sir," unless you are in that station of life to which you would be very sorry it had pleased God to call you. Yet these forms seem undeniably fit when used by the young to their elders, if the difference of years is great enough.

The difficulty remains, however. You cannot as yet write on an envelope, Smythe Johnes, Sir, or Mary Johnes, Lady; and in view of this fact, we find ourselves no nearer the solution of our constant reader's difficulty than we were at first. The Socialists, who wish to simplify themselves and others, would address Mr. Johnes as Comrade Smythe Johnes, but could they address Mrs. Johnes as Comradess? We fancy not; besides, Comrade suggests arms and bloodshed, which is hardly the meaning of the red flag of brotherhood, and at the best Comrade looks affected and sounds even more so. Friend would be better, but orally, on the lips of non-Quakers, it has an effect of patronage, though no one could rightly feel slight in a letter addressed to him as Friend Smythe Johnes.

It is wonderful to consider how the ancients apparently got on without the use of any sort of prefix or affix to their names on the roll of parchment, or a fold of papyrus addressed to them. For all we know, Cæsar was simply C. Julius Cæsar to his correspondents, and Pericles was yet more simply Pericles, to the least of his fellow citizens. These historical personages may have had the number of their houses inscribed on their letters; or Pericles might have had Son of Xanthippus added to his name for purposes of identification; but apparently he managed quite as well as our Presidents, without anything equivalent to Excellency, or Hon., or Mr., or Esq. To be sure, with the decline of

> The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome,

name-honors crept in more and more. It was then not only politer but much safer to address your petition To the Divine Domitian, or To the Divine Nero, than to greet those emperors by the mere given names which were not yet Christian; probably it would not have been enough to add Cæsar to the last name, though Cæsar seems to have finally served the turn of Esq., for all the right that the emperors had to bear it. In the Eastern empire, we are not ready to say what was the correct style for imperial dignities; but among the sovereigns who divided the Roman state and inherited its splendor, some rulers came to be sacred majesties, though this is still a sensible remove from divine.

However, our present difficulty is with that vast average who in common parlance are Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Johnes. How shall they be styled on the backs of their letters? How shall Mrs. Smythe Johnes especially, in signing herself Mary Johnes, indicate that she is not Miss Mary but Mrs. Smythe Johnes? When she is left a widow how soon does she cease to be Mrs. Smythe Johnes and become Mrs. Mary? Is it requisite to write in the case of any literary doctorate, Smythe Johnes, LL.D., or Litt. D., or

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Ph.D., or is it sufficient to write Dr. before his name? In the case of a divine do you put Rev. Dr. before the name, or Rev. before it and D.D. after it? These are important questions, or if they are not important, they are at least interesting. Among the vast mass of unceremonied, or call it unmannered, Americans the receiver of a letter probably knows no better than the sender how it should be addressed; but in the rarer case in which he does know, his self-respect or his self-love is wounded if it is misaddressed. It is something like having your name misspelled, though of course not so bad as that, quite; and every one would be glad to avoid the chance of it.

The matter is very delicate and can hardly be managed by legislation, as it was on the point of our pen to suggest it should be. The first French Republic, one and indivisible, decreed a really charming form of address, which could be used without offence to the self-love or the self-respect of any one. Citoyen for all men and Citoyenne for all women was absolutely tasteful, modest, and dignified; but some things, though they are such kindred things, cannot be done as well as others. The same imaginative commonwealth invented a decimal chronology, and a new era, very handy and very clear; but the old week of seven days came back and replaced the week of ten days, and the Year of our Lord resumed the place of the Year of the Republic, as Monsieur and Madame returned victorious over Citoyen and Citoyenne. Yet the reform of weights and measures, when once established, continued, and spread from France to most other countries—to nearly all, indeed, less stupid than Great Britain and the United States—so that the whole civilized world now counts in grammes and metres. What can be the fine difference? Here is a pretty inquiry for the psychologist, who has an opportunity to prove himself practically useful. Is it that grammes and metres are less personal than week-days and addresses? That can hardly be, or else the Society of Friends could not have so absolutely substituted First Day and Second Day, etc., for the old heathen names of our week-days, and could not have successfully refused all name-honor whatsoever in addressing their fellow mortals.

But titles have come back full-tide in the third French Republic, one and indivisible, so that anybody may wear them, though the oldest nobility are officially and legally known only by their Christian and family names, without any prefix. This is practically returning to Citoyen and Citoyenne, and it almost gives us the courage to suggest the experiment of Citizen and Citizenne as a proper address on the letters of American republicans. The matter might be referred to a Board, something like that of the simplified spelling board, though we should not like to be included in a committee whose members must be prepared to take their lives in their hands, or, short of death, to suffer every manner of shame at the hands of our journalists and their correspondents. Mr. Roosevelt would properly continue President, but Citizen Root, Citizen Straus, Citizen Garfield, and the rest might well be glad to merge their present name-honors in that fine prefix. Citizen Bonaparte could feel a rich historical thrill in it, and could meditate an Eighteenth Brumaire for habitual criminals with the afterglow of the Terror in his breast. As for Citizen Bryan, the fit would be better than Commoner, which implies that some of us are peers, though so very few of us really are.

Short of the adoption of Citizen and Citizenne, we have no choice but to address one another by our given names and surnames merely, unless we prefer to remain in our present confusion of Mr. and Esq. In a very little while, we dare say, no lady or gentleman would mind being so addressed on his or her letters; but perhaps some men and women might. Now that we no longer use pet names so much, except among the very highest of our noblesse, where there are still Jimmies and Mamies, we believe, plain Gladys Smythe or Reginald Johnes would be the usual superscription. Such an address could bring no discomfort to the recipient (a beautiful word, very proper in this connection), and if it could once be generally adopted it would save a great deal of anxiety. The lady's condition could be indicated by the suffix Spinster, in the case of her being single; if married, the initials of her husband's given names could be added.

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# Editor's Study

THE Editor wishes his readers a merry Christmas. At this season he especially enjoys the opportunity given him in this department for direct communication with those to whom during the year—and to a large number of them during many years—the Magazine has been a familiar and welcome guest. This guest brings entertainment and, in that delightful office, is itself a host, but it cherishes the guestly function, and would fain be, first of all, hospitably entertained in the many homes it enters, greeted with accustomed fondness and with the old smile betokening a cheerful and confident welcome, before the reader opens the door to its own hostelry. It would be loved for old sake's sake. Then it can more gracefully assume the hostly attitude and display its new treasures to eyes that have first beamed with that coveted old treasure of affection.

The reader knows that the friendly cloak conceals no venomous shafts, that no insidious poison lurks in the cup offered him to drink, and that his retreat is to the magic isle which has only "healing airs" and where he cannot be disturbed by any breath of the animosities which agitate the outside world.

The Christmas season means a good deal more to us than it was ever permitted to mean in former times. To our iconoclastic Puritan ancestors it was, socially and ecclesiastically, an object of aversion, associated with revels and mummeries that seemed more pagan than Christian. Perhaps we are nearer to their mood than we think, though we have a different expression of it. Unlike us, they took rather to fasting than to feasting, indulging in festivity only in homely fashion as an expression of gratitude for divine bounty, and therefore making much of their Thanksgiving day. If they had celebrated Christmas after the manner of their contemporaries, they would have been obliged to make it more of an outdoor spectacular carnival than a homely festival. Therefore they did not then feast at all or indulge in any ceremony, but only remembered by an inward exercise their Lord's nativity—thus reverting to what was purely essential in their spiritual interpretation of a holy day rather than of a holiday.

Have we not really, though without their severely sanctimonious temper, experienced a similar reversion and come to regard the spirit of Christmas as the real essence of the holiday? The carnal accidents of this festival have been more prominent in England in determining the significance of a "merry" Christmas than they have been in America, and naturally enough, since the English cling more tenaciously, as well as with fonder inclination, to traditions, especially to those which perpetuate the outward pageantry of life—in the coronations of sovereigns, and other stately installations, and in popular festivities like the May-day Morris-dance which Max Beerbohm so charmingly portrayed in our October number. We are not more aware of the essential meanings of life than our English kin, and certainly are not more democratic than they in our ideas of government—but we have not these outward distractions from the simpler view which are the Englishman's heritage.

Something of the old revels, therefore, has always remained to characterize the English Christmas. We can see in Irving's *Old Christmas* sketches, written about a century ago, to what modest proportions the masquerade had even then been subdued, but many of the old-time customs still remain in their quaint charm and beauty, without the antique extravagance. Dickens had abundantly the cheerful and generous sentiment of the season in his stories, but his pages are redolent with the more sensuous flavors of the feast.

Our merriment to-day is warm and glowing. We still cherish the festival,

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but especially the spirit of it rather than the material investment; at least, whatever remains of any appeal to the senses, it is less than ever a sop to the palate. The most patent evidence of this is the fact that Christmas has become preeminently the gift season. Possibly the beauty of giving has been much spoiled by sordid motives and by the spirit of ostentation, often disproportionate to the means of the giver. But giving expresses, more than anything else could, the spirit of the season. Its distinction, however, depends upon the nature of the gift—upon the substitution of really essential for merely sordid values. It is not the price of the gift in money that counts, but its worth in terms of affection—of loving regard and service.

The service which literature renders—that is, the kind of literature prized by the editor and his readers—cannot be marred or degraded by any of the unworthy motives we have mentioned. It is a ministration to the mind and the affections—the highest and noblest entertainment the world can offer. Therefore the editor finds for himself and for his readers a special significance in the Christmas season. It comes toward the year's end, when he is laden with gifts richer and more varied than Santa Claus brings. And, as he stands at the door of the house of entertainment opened with the holiday number, he is agreeably sensible of a wealth of treasure beyond what is there disclosed to his readers, and, prompted by the distinctive note of the season, he cannot refrain from taking these readers into his confidence as to what is invisibly in store for them in future numbers. He cannot make a clean breast of the whole matter, since more than two-thirds of the incoming argosy is hidden from his own vision, and will be as much of a surprise to him as to the readers of the Magazine, who must therefore be content with the few promissory notes he offers them and which in due time are sure to be redeemed.

On the other hand, there is one very important feature of the Magazine during the coming year with which our readers are already pretty well acquainted—the new serial novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Among the present writers of fiction, Mrs. Ward not only stands first in the finished excellence of her art, but is almost without a rival in the dramatic interest and popular appeal of her novels. It is a significant fact that serial fiction of this high order is now invariably published in some first-class American magazine even when it is written by English authors. A generation ago this honor was still to a large extent shared by the best English magazines with the best American. Now, in this or any other respect, there is no English magazine which can compete with any one of several first-class American magazines.

This is conspicuously the case in the matter of short stories, and yet we can remember when there were some excellent ones in *Blackwood* and a few other English periodicals. Of those now appearing in these publications an American magazine could print few, they are so inferior to the excellent American standard. When an English writer happens to excel in the production of short stories, he offers them to some good magazine on this side of the Atlantic.

In this kind of fiction American writers have held the first place for half a century. But the advance they have made in the last ten years is amazing, whether we consider the artistic quality of the work or its wide appeal. Where we could get one good story ten years ago we can get a dozen better ones to-day.

In this field, which is of the greatest importance to a magazine standing chiefly for excellence in imaginative literature, the editor need make no promises to his readers, to whom the names of a score of writers and the quality of their work are familiar, and who have learned to expect new names and new types.

We give as much of other literature in this Magazine as we give of fiction, but it is exacted from the writers of it that it shall be as interesting. It must be, in its several fields, new knowledge, as truly as the imaginative writer must make new disclosures in his creations. Those readers who have been interested in Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan's remarkable revelations in the department of chemistry, as to the creation of new and the transformation of old commercial factors, will be prepared to relish with fresh zest the results of his second trip for us to Europe, where he has made

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himself acquainted with the latest experiments in the laboratories of the great chemists, leading to new and important discoveries, some of which belong to the region of pure science and have no direct relation to commerce.

The famous inventor Thomas A. Edison will tell through his friends, Frank L. Dyer and T. Commerford Martin, some striking chapters in the story of his singular career.

In exploration and travel, the reader is accustomed to expect the best from a Magazine which during its whole career has made this field peculiarly its own. The continuation of its arctic record will soon appear in a dramatic story of the Anglo-American Polar Expedition, which had for its object the clearing up of the most important geographic question involved in the exploration of this region. The story abounds in exciting adventure.

Dr. Henry van Dyke will write of his travels in the Holy Land. Norman Duncan, who has won rare distinction by his graphic and realistic Labrador stories, now turns from the fishers of that northern coast to the Bedouins on the crimson sands of the vast Arabian Desert. Charles Wellington Furlong, whose picturesque and masterly Oriental sketches, portrayed by pen and pencil, have already illuminated our pages, is to travel for us in the unexplored interior of Patagonia. Jack London will tell of his trip around the world in his tiny yacht, and Marie Van Vorst will give us new studies of the great rivers of the world, which she has followed from their sources to the sea, with illustrations by Castaigne. The mention of these names of travelling writers will recall to our readers the significant fact that all but one of them have been widely known as writers of fiction; and that exceptional one is richly endowed with imagination. Certainly their articles will have the interest of stories, will be, indeed, contributions to current imaginative literature. The imaginative writer alone fully tells the truth.

Stories of the great battles of recent modern history, as told by the survivors of these conflicts, have been collected by Robert Shackleton, who will make of them fascinating narratives of heroic actions. Frederick Trevor Hill, author of the intensely interesting series, "Decisive Battles of the Law," will revive with like dramatic force the agitating critical moments of the most famous street in America—will, in fact, tell the story of Wall Street. Those who like to see—and who does not?—the great personalities of American history divested of the official masque will enjoy Colonel William H. Crook's familiar portrayal of General Grant, the prospect of which must vividly appeal to the curiosity of all who have read his homely chronicle of Lincoln's days in the White House.

Here the editor pauses in his hurried and almost breathless display of his good fortune. He might go on with his promises — he might speak of coming articles by Professor Lounsbury and the light they will throw upon disputed questions of usages in English speech; and he might assure the reader that he shall not lack his wonted satisfaction with new disclosures in science, literature, archæology, biography, and history; but these are the constant currents of the Magazine's bountiful stream which never fail. He cannot, however, refrain from an expression of recognition and appreciation due to the artists whose brilliant and varied illustrations heighten the charm of every number of the Magazine and give an added accent of color and fancy to the holiday numbers. The work done by the most eminent of these artists—by Edwin A. Abbey, Howard Pyle, and others—this Magazine has exclusively. Mr. Pyle is not only preeminently a master of his art, but as an imaginative writer excels in a kind of romance which he has made quite entirely his own, and of which he has often contributed fine examples to this Magazine.

Thus we are brought back to our holiday number, which our artists have done so much for. It is called the Christmas holiday number, yet in none of the numerous stories which it contains is there any mention of Christmas. But the spirit of the season animates every fibre of its being, and is so generous in its affluence that it overflows the limits of the special issue and makes for the reader a Christmas all the year round.

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# Caligula's Vaudeville Début

*BY N. A. JENNINGS*

CALIGULA was the mildest-mannered, sweetest-tempered, gentlest, most lovable of creatures. If Caligula had known anything about ancient Roman history, he would have felt sorely aggrieved that such a name had been given him, for it did not fit him a bit. But Caligula knew nothing of history. He could not read, although, for one of his family, he was highly educated.

Caligula was a big African lion; or, rather, a great big New Jersey lion of African lineage. He was born in captivity, as the saying is; but it is not exactly the right expression to use, for Caligula was no more a captive than is a house cat. It would be better to say, perhaps, that Caligula was born in domesticity, although he first saw the light of day in the little menagerie tent which formed an important part of the Biggs Brothers' Consolidated Colossal Circus and Monster Menagerie of the Universe. But just as the most infinitesimal microbe may have the longest of names, so it was with the Biggs Brothers' show. There was but one small circus-ring, and John and James Biggs, their wives and sisters, sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, and a few of the older children, made up the whole troupe of performers.

From the day he was born Caligula was the pet of the entire Biggs family, and when, a few weeks later, Empress escaped one night from her cage and was shot to death by a badly frightened village constable, her motherless baby was carefully brought up on the bottle by good Mrs. James Biggs. The Biggs children played with Caligula just as any other children would have played with a kitten, and he grew up as one of the family, loving and kind and gentle as a Newfoundland dog.

The whole family took a great pride in Caligula's education, and no one enjoyed the lessons more thoroughly than Caligula himself. He roared with joy when he first learned to jump through a paper-covered hoop, held high in the air by Miss Gwendolyn Biggs, known to the public as Mlle. Dalza, the Dainty Bareback Equestrienne. He manifested huge delight when he at last succeeded in waltzing on his hind legs to the plaintive piping of the steam-calliope.

When Caligula was four years old and

THE BIGGS CHILDREN PLAYED WITH CALIGULA JUST AS OTHER CHILDREN WOULD HAVE PLAYED WITH A KITTEN



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majestically beautiful, disaster overtook the Biggs Brothers' Consolidated Colossal Circus and Monster Menagerie of the Universe, which resulted in the show going into the hands of the sheriff, and the properties and live stock passing into strange hands under the hammer of the auctioneer. But James Biggs would as soon have thought of selling one of his children into slavery as of parting with Caligula. So, although it took nearly every dollar of the careful savings of Mrs. Biggs, the good woman cheerfully gave the money, and Caligula was saved from the general wreck.

"Of course, Jim, I wouldn't have had Cal go into a stranger's hands," said Mrs. Biggs to her husband later, "but I can't help wondering what we are going to do with him now that we've got him. You know Cal eats an awful lot, and he has always been used to the best. I know he is the dearest, sweetest lion I ever knew; but we can't start a menagerie with only one lion and nothing else, can we, dear?"

"No, Betty, we can't," said Mr. Biggs, "but I'll tell you what we can do: we can go into vaudeville with him, and make good money, too. Why, Cal knows more tricks than any lion ever knew in the world, and they are just aching for novelties."

That very morning James Biggs went to the local vaudeville theatre and asked to see the manager.

"He's back on the stage," said the man in the box-office.

Mr. Biggs went around to the stage door.

"He's down under the stage," said the property-man.

Mr. Biggs found the manager sitting on a trunk in the low-ceilinged room under the stage. He was smoking a cigar and gazing pensively at a lot of large French-plate mirrors which were leaning up against a wall.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Biggs, cheerfully.

"Mornin'," growled the manager, puffing at his cigar.

"I've called to see if you don't want a good lion act," went on Mr. Biggs. "I'm Jim Biggs, lion-tamer."

"Huh! How many lions you got?"

"Well, I've only got one, but he is—"

"Nothin' doin'," interrupted the manager.

"I'll work cheap to begin with," persisted Mr. Biggs. "Take a chance and you won't regret it. I'll make good all right, and I'm up against it hard, man. I need the money."

"Do, eh? Up against it, are you?" said the manager with a grunt. "Well, so'm I. See them there mirrors leanin' there? D'ye know what them things cost me? They stand me, just as they be, more'n a thousand dollars cash. A gal comes along, a couple o' weeks ago, an' says as how she's the real thing when it comes to dancin' an' gives me a string o' talk 'bout bein' broke, same's you done. Said if I'd get these mirrors that she needed she'd do a dance, an it 'd look like there was a whole ballet troupe on the stage, what with the reflectin' o' the glasses an' the way she'd arrange the lights. I bit all right. She works me into orderin' all them lookin'-glasses, an advancin' her a hundred to live on while they're comin' from New York. Yesterday she skips out an' leaves me with the goods on me hands. And now you come along with a measly old moth-eaten one-lion act an' want me to set you up in business, build a big cage on my stage, and go to a lot o' expense for an act that's a frost on the face of it. No, sirree!"

But Mr. Biggs, experienced showman, had been thinking hard while the manager relieved his feelings.

"Who said anything about a one-lion act?" he inquired, with a curious smile. "I can give you a twenty-lion act!"

"Twenty potato-bugs, you mean. Quit yer kiddin'."

"I mean exactly what I say. I can give you twenty trained lions on the stage at once—forty, if you want them, or a hundred—all doing the same tricks at the same time, like a—like a company of soldiers."

"Oh, go on," said the manager, wearily.

"Very well," said Mr. Biggs, as he turned to go. "If you can afford to throw away the chance to exhibit a couple of hundred trained lions at one time on your stage for the sake of saving two or three hundred dollars, I have nothing more to say."

"Why don't you make it a thousand lions and be done with it?"

"Oh, a few hundred more or less won't bother me. It depends upon how those mirrors work."

"Say, what are you a-gettin' at, anyway?"

"Why, can't you see? Those mirrors are on your hands, a dead loss up to date. Set them up on the stage the way they were to be put for that girl, who was going to make a whole ballet troupe of herself. Instead of the girl, put Caligula on the stage and—"

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Who?"

"Galagher."

"Oh, Caligula? He's the lion. Put him and me in the centre of the stage with the mirrors all around behind us, ring up the curtain, and the audience will think the stage is full of men and lions, instead of only Cal and me being there. See now?"

"Great!" shouted the manager, jumping up and slapping Mr. Biggs on the shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? It 'll be the biggest animal act in the world. There ain't never been nothin' like it nowhere. We can coin money at it, me an' you. You put in the lion and yourself, an' I'll put in the lookin'-glasses an' book the act, an' we'll have to hire a man just to count money for us. But let's get right down to business. I s'pose there'll have to be a high fence o' iron bars, or somethin', at the front o' the stage to keep the lion from jumpin' down into the orchestry."

"Oh, you can make the fence of wood and paint the bars black. So that it is high enough and looks strong it will be all right. Caligula won't try to break through, and he wouldn't hurt a baby if he did. He was

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raised a pet right in my family. Plays with my children."

"It's a go. Come up to my office an' we'll fix up the deal and sign a contrack."

The manager was a busy man for the balance of the week, and posters appeared on all the fences announcing that "Caligular, the Great and Only Mirror-dancing Lion in the World," had been engaged at enormous expense direct from Europe, and would positively appear for the first time in America at the regular matinée on Monday. For further particulars see daily papers.

Mr. Biggs and the manager talked it all over, and concluded that it wouldn't do to have the stage full of lions at the rise of the curtain on the act, for the sudden appearance of several hundred lions might possibly startle the ladies and children so that a panic might result.

"You an' Galagher had better come on from the side after the curtain's up," said the manager. "It won't be so sensational, but it 'll be safe. It won't scare 'em if they are on to it that there ain't no bunch o' lions there, no matter how it looks. An' look a-here. Don't you go an' weaken on that there business o' puttin' yer head in Galagher's mouth. I seen a man do that thing at a circus one time, but I ain't never seen two hundred men do it to wonst."

"Don't worry; I'll deliver the goods," said Mr. Biggs.

"GREAT!" SHOUTED THE MANAGER, JUMPING UP AND SLAPPING MR. BIGGS ON THE SHOULDER

On Sunday night Caligula was quietly installed in his cage at the extreme back of the stage, where he would be out of the way. Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Biggs and their five children were early at the theatre, and soon thereafter Mr. Biggs came out of his dressing-room in pink fleshings with a leopard-skin or two picturesquely disposed about his person. He wore a bath-robe over this prehistoric costume, and carried a large pasteboard club in his hand to heighten the resemblance to a mighty hunter of the Stone Age. The gentle Caligula had never been touched with a club or a whip in his peaceful life.

The great lion act had been kept for the last of the performance. All was ready. Mr. Biggs opened the door of the cage and called Caligula out, while the stage hands made a rush to get up into the flies, and the other performers locked themselves in their dressing-rooms. Only Mrs. Biggs and the five children were on the stage when the curtain went up to the grand march from "Tannhäuser" by the orchestra. The children stood in the rear entrance with their mother and patted the family pet as he waited to go on. Then, with a great fanfare of trumpets—a little shaky and off key on the part of the trombone-player, Mr. Biggs and Caligula walked quickly out on the stage. The glare of the footlights and the blaring brass instruments interested Caligula so at first that he did not notice the mirrors until he was well in the centre of the stage.

Then, for the first time in his quiet life, Caligula saw a full-grown lion glaring at him. Then he saw another and another and another! There were whole vistas of lions. They stretched away in long lines until they were lost in the hazy distance. There were regiments of lions, armies of lions, multitudes of lions, and behind them a million lights were glaring and lighting up the terrifying scene!

Caligula's mane stood on end. Instantly thousands of manes bristled on every side. Caligula waved his tufted tail and gently swayed from side to side. All the other lions did the same thing. Caligula showed his teeth and took a step forward as he

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gave a mighty roar. Countless lions bared their teeth and stepped towards him, but the orchestra made such a noise that Caligula did not notice their silence. He was badly frightened. With a howl of terror, he sprang back from the lions on his left and dashed for the other side of the stage, only to find that hundreds of lions were coming for him there. He turned and went flying back and met another advancing horde!

Mr. Biggs rushed after him and called to him not to be frightened, but the music drowned his voice and Caligula was too panic-stricken to pay attention to anything except the world of lions which threatened him. The civilized New Jersey lion felt that his last hour was come. He was driven to bay by a multitude of cruel-looking beasts, all thirsting for his blood. Very well; if he had to die, die he would; but not without a mighty struggle. For the first time in his life Caligula felt stirring in his blood the fierce lust for battle, such as had been that of his ancestors in tropical Africa for generations, but which had been always dormant in him.

With his tail lashing angrily from side to side, and his great tawny body quivering with rage, he faced the mighty host of his enemies. They, too, had suddenly become enraged, and their eyes gave back glare for glare. Mr. Biggs, armed with his paper club, saw the danger-signal, and tiptoed as softly as possible as far as he could get from his transformed pet. Before he could reach the entrance, where his wife stood trembling for his safety, Caligula, with a blood-curdling roar of ferocious hate, gave a flying leap for one of the lions at the back of the stage. His chosen adversary leaped for him at the same moment. They met in mid-air with a crash, and the largest of the mirrors crashed with them into a thousand pieces.

Caligula, cut and bleeding and terribly frightened, darted out of the open stage door, into the warm sunlight, and down the street. A moment later Mr. Biggs, in his pink tights and leopard-skins, burst from the doorway and sprinted after him. Pedestrians gave one horrified look and fled for their lives. Horses ran away, and their drivers did not try to stop them. The faster they went the better the drivers liked it.

On and on, out beyond the houses into the country, went Caligula and the pursuing Mr. Biggs, the lion far in advance. At last the great tame cat stopped at the edge of a bit of woods, and a little later Mr. Biggs, all out of breath, reached him. Caligula rubbed himself against his master and purred gladly with a noise remotely resembling a circular saw.

THEY MET IN MID-AIR WITH A CRASH

In the mean time the audience in the theatre applauded and clapped their hands until they were tired. It had been the most exciting act they had ever seen, and they wanted more. They wanted an encore. They thought that the least Caligula and the man with the leopard-skins could do was to come back and bow their acknowledgments.

But Mr. Biggs and Caligula never came back. Mrs. Biggs, carrying her husband's proper clothes, traced them, by dint of inquiries, to the woods. That night Caligula was led back to the town and shipped in a big crate by the 3.42 A.M. train to an animal-dealer in New York. A little later he was sold to a big circus. Mr. Biggs bought a moving-picture show with the proceeds. At last accounts he was doing well. So was Caligula.

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# Stars and Dimples

*BY RUTH McENERY STUART*

OLE Sis Cow was jes' a-perishin' to laugh,
So she had to chaw hard on her cud
When she come a-trudgin' home wid a little spotted calf
Dat she 'lowed she had found in de wood.

Three white stars like its mammy's on its ears—
Cow, she took de number wid a grin,
Same as de chillen's mammy, tickled mos' to tears
At her dimples breakin' out in baby's chin.

Six white stars down a-waitin' at de gate—
Sundown drappin' into dark—
Calfie ambles middlin' stiddy, spotted head agin' its mate;
Wonder do it reco'nize de mark!

Wonder do de Baby know de mammy dimples, too,
When he doubles up his fist to pound 'em in,
A-crowin' an' a-preachin', wid a high ole hullabaloo,
While dey interchange de secret, chin to chin.

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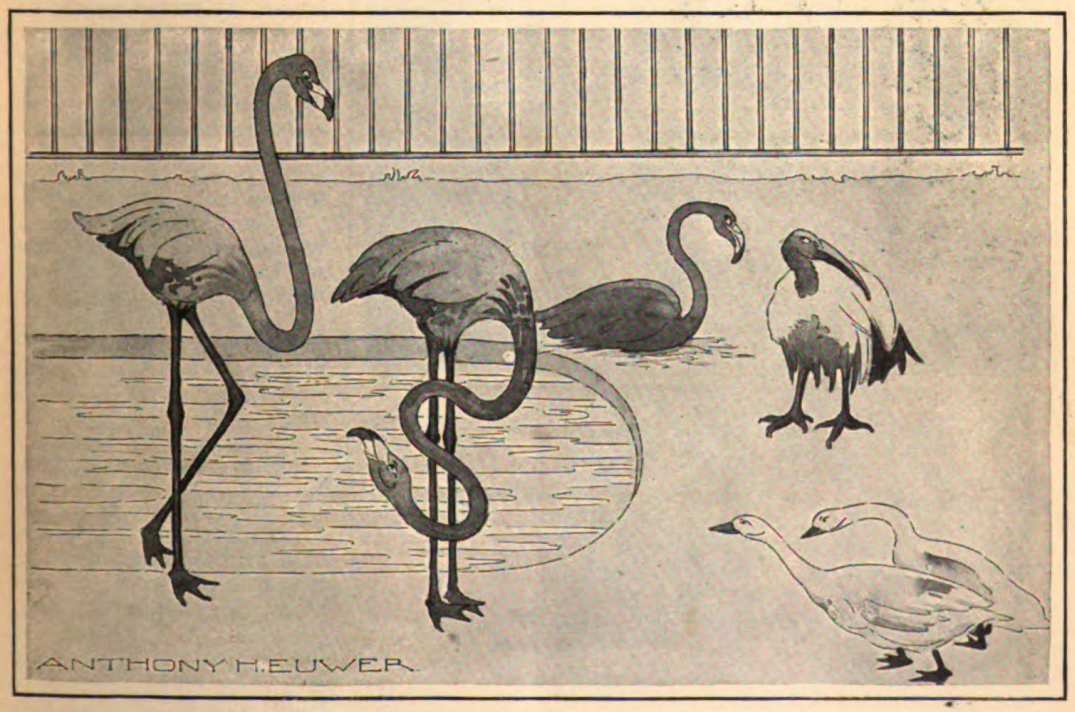


In the Bird-House

*"Say, what's goin' on over in the flamingo ranch?"*
*"Oh, that old fellow is proposing; he's lost the power of words, so he's talkin' in signs."*

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### A Just Punishment

THE play of the evening was *Julius Cæsar*. Two young high-school boys sat near me. The assassination scene had just come to its climax and great Cæsar had fallen. Just then I heard one of the boys whisper to the other:

"Gee! I'm glad Brutus killed him. He's the man that wrote *Cæsar*."

### He Knew Father

A BROOKLYN teacher relates how he once endeavored to convey to a nine-year-old pupil some idea of beauty in the abstract and its effect upon the cultivated individual.

"Now, William," said the teacher, "we will suppose that your mother should place a vase of beautiful flowers in the centre of the dining-table. What would your worthy father say as he sat down to eat?"

"What are those weeds doing there?" said William, promptly.

## Posing

POSING for a picture on the garden gate,
Sat as high up as the wall,
And was hardly 'fraid at all;
Higher up than Polly's head,
Twice as high as Kate,
Posing for a picture on the garden gate.

Posing for a picture on the garden gate,
Kind of funny how you look
When you have your picture took;
Don't feel just the same, somehow,
While you sit and wait,
Posing for a picture on the garden gate.

EDWARD HALL PUTNAM.

### Not Satisfied

THERE is a bright young *attaché* at the British Embassy in Washington who, shortly after his arrival in this country, was a guest at a dinner given by the wife of a well-known official at the national capital, a hostess whose hospitality is notoriously inadequate.

The repast was of the usual "sample" kind expected by any one who had ever been a guest at the house. It served merely as an appetizer to the hungry Briton, and when coffee was brought his ill-concealed dissatisfaction was most amusing to the other guests. The hostess, however, did not notice it, for she said to him amiably:

"Now, do tell me when we may have the pleasure of having you dine with us again?"

"Immediately, madam, immediately," was the unexpected reply.

### The Modern Child

ROBERT, aged four, the chubby and pretty son of a scientist, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller from the near-by city, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked, "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert, promptly, "but there are edible *fungi*."

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Miss Charity Slummer's Class

*The Sunday before—* *And the Sunday after Christmas.*

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### Brevity

THE following is told of two Maine farmers who were well known for the brevity of their speech. They met, one morning, on the village road, and each drew rein while this dialogue ensued:

"Mornin', Zeb."

"Mornin', Cy."

"What d'you give yer hoss when he was sick?"

"Turp'ntine."

"Turp'ntine?"

"Yep."

"Git-ap."

"Git-ap."

That was all; but the next morning they met again and once more drew rein:

"Mornin', Zeb."

"Mornin', Cy."

"What d'you say you give yer hoss when he was sick?"

"Turp'ntine."

"Turp'ntine?"

"Yep."

"*Killed* mine."

"Killed *mine*."

"Git-ap."

"Git-ap."

---

### Per Week

TROTTER. "How are you getting on?"

WALKER. "Fine! I'm running a hospital for cats, and I charge twenty dollars a weak purr."

---

### He Took the Liberty

A MEMBER of the International Prison Commission once inspected a jail in Kansas, and being much impressed with the appearance and behavior of the prisoners, took occasion to express his approval to the warden.

"Yes, they're a polite lot, all right," answered the warden, "and quite smooth. Not long ago the smoothest of the bunch left us quite informally, ever since which time I've been a little sceptical touching them. The man who escaped was thoughtful enough to leave me a note of apology. 'I hope you will pardon me,' he wrote, 'for the liberty I am taking.'"

*As Robby dangles from a branch, observe his splendid grit.*
*His curls they are so much like springs it doesn't hurt a bit!*

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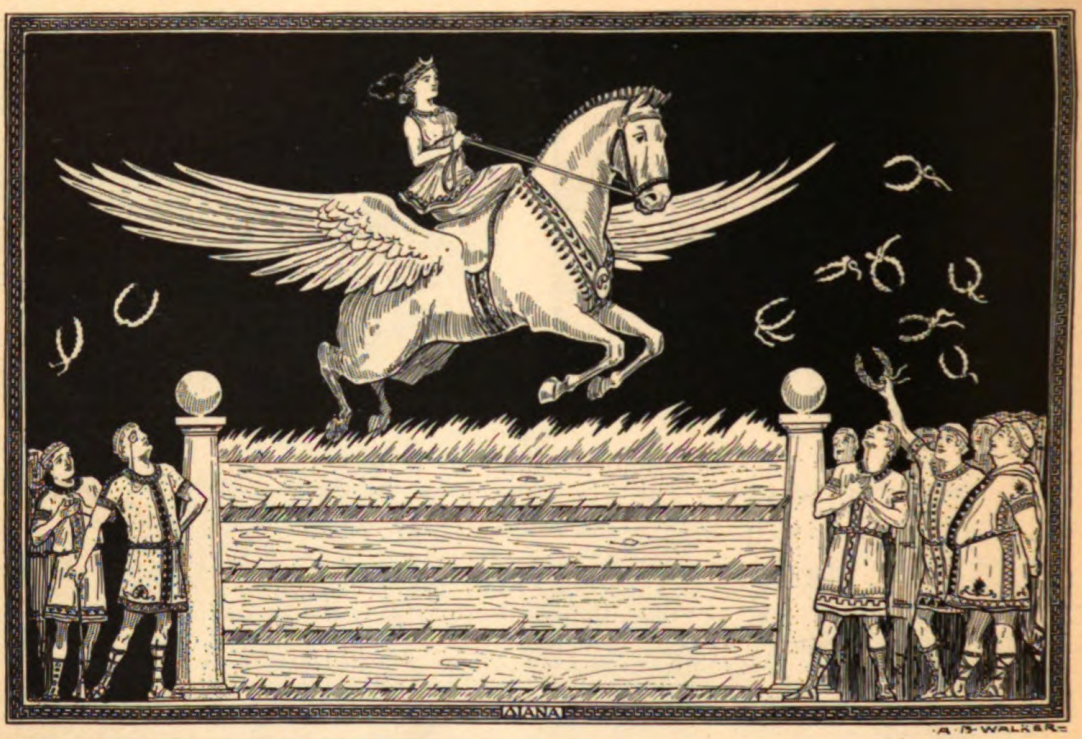


*The First Steeplechase.—Diana Wins on Pegasus.*

---

# The Sky

*BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING*

ABOVE the walls and climbing high,
The blue begins they call the sky;
It's made so high and wide—I know—
To give the wind a place to blow.

And clouds that go a-sailing by
Need every bit of all the sky;
Besides, if it were small and tight,
How could it hold the stars at night?

But one thing that I can't see through
Is why they made the sky all blue;
And now, in April, it is spread
With blue like violets overhead.

I think I'm glad it is not white,
For then the sun would be too bright;
Perhaps they thought blue sky might be
More comfortable for you and me.

Sometimes it looks so soft and deep
I wish it were not quite so steep:
Too steep to climb,—and when I fall
I don't go the right way at all!

One morning for an hour I
Kept trying to fall into the sky,
But fell into the grass instead,
And almost always bumped my head.

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*Painting by Howard Pyle* — Illustration for "A Sign from Heaven"

"OTHERS HAVE LIVED THROUGH GREATER WOES THAN OURS"

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVI JANUARY, 1908 No. DCXCII

# From the Springs of the Jordan to Damascus

*BY HENRY VAN DYKE*

YOU may go to Damascus now by rail, if you like, and have a choice between two rival routes, one under government ownership, the other built and managed by a corporation. But to us (the Patriarch, the Pastor, the Lady, and the Writer), encamped among the silvery olives at Baniyas, beside the springs of Jordan, it seemed a happy circumstance that both railways were so far away that it would have taken almost as long to reach them as to ride our horses straight into Damascus. We were delivered from the modern folly of saving time by travelling in a conveyance more speedy than picturesque, and left free to pursue our journey in a leisurely, independent fashion and by the road that would give us most pleasure. So we chose the longer way, the northern path around Mount Hermon, instead of the more frequented road to the east by Kafr Hawar.

How delightful is the morning of such a journey! The fresh face of the world bathed in sparkling dew; the greetings from tent to tent as we four friends made our rendezvous from the far countries of sleep; the relish of breakfast in the open air; the stir of the camp in preparation for a flitting; canvas sinking to the ground, bales and boxes heaped together, mule-bells tinkling through the grove, horses refreshed by their long rest whinnying and nipping at each other in play —all these were charming variations and accompaniments to the old tune of "Boots and Saddles." The immediate effect of such a setting out for a day's ride is to renew in the heart those "vital feelings of delight" which make us simply and inexplicably glad to be alive, and to deliver us from those morbid questionings and exorbitant demands by which we are so often possessed and plagued as by some strange inward malady. We felt a sense of health and harmony diffused through body and mind as we rode over the beautiful terrace which sloped down from Baniyas to Tel-el-Kâdi. We were glad of the green valonia-oaks that spread their shade over us, and of the blossoming hawthorns that scattered their flower-snow on the hillside. We were glad of the crested larks that rose warbling from the grass, and of the buntings and chaffinches that made their small merry music in every thicket, and of the black and white chats that shifted their burden of song from stone to stone beside the path, and of the cuckoo that told his name to us from far away, and of the splendid bee-eaters that glittered over us like a flock of winged emeralds as we climbed the rocky hill towards the north. We were glad of the broom in golden flower, and of the pink and white rock-roses, and of the spicy fragrance of mint and pennyroyal that our horses trampled out as they splashed through the spring holes and little brooks. We were

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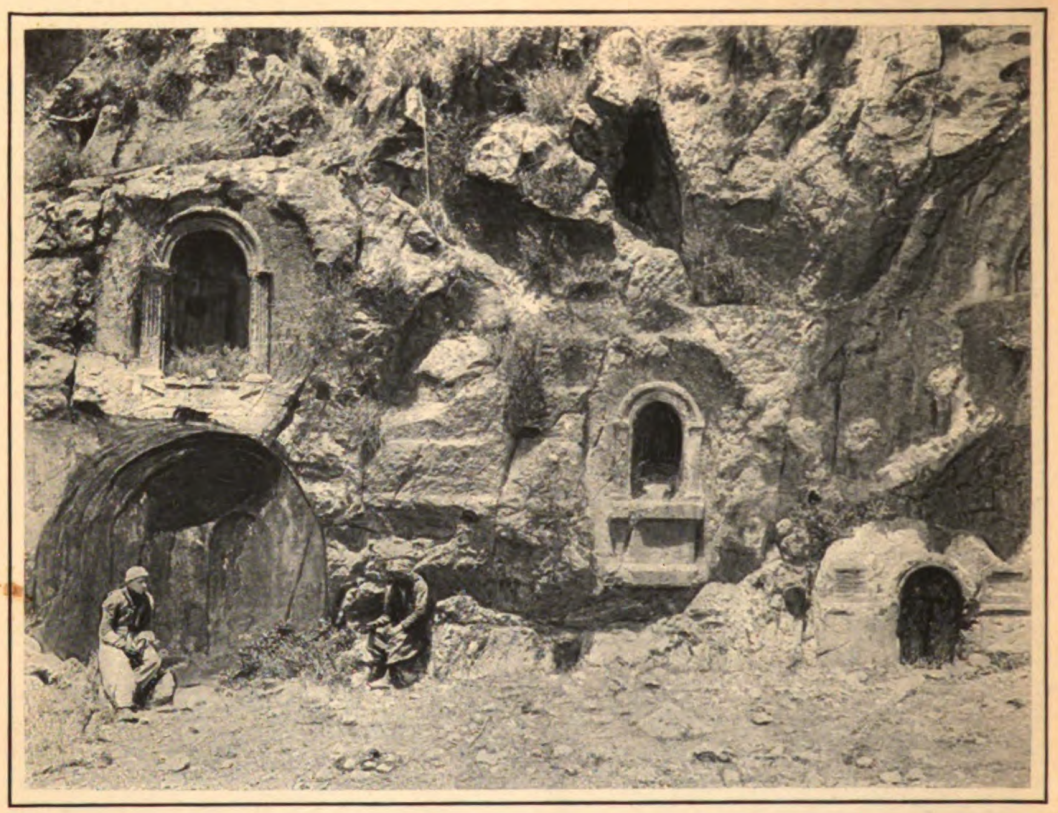

THE TEMPLE OF PAN ABOVE THE SPRINGS OF JORDAN

glad of the long, wide views westward over the treeless mountains of Naphtali and the southern ridges of the Lebanon, and of the glimpses of the ruined castles of the Crusaders, Kal'at esh-Shakif and Hûnîn, perched like dilapidated eagles on their distant crags. Everything seemed to us like a personal gift. We had the feeling of ownership for that day of all the world's beauty. We could not have explained or justified it to any sad philosopher who might have reproached us for unreasoning felicity. We should have been defenceless before his arguments and indifferent to his scorn, for we should have ridden on into the morning, reflecting in our hearts something of the brightness of the birds' plumage, the cheerfulness of the brooks' song, the undimmed hyaline of the sky, and so, perhaps, fulfilling the Divine Intention of nature as well as if we had clouded our mirror with melancholy thoughts.

We were following up the valley of the longest and highest, but not the largest, of the sources of the Jordan: the little river Hâsbânî, a strong and lovely stream, which rises somewhere in the northern end of the Wâdi et-Teim, and flows along the western base of Mount Hermon, receiving the tribute of torrents which burst out in foaming springs far up the ravines, and are fed underground by the melting of the perpetual snow of the great mountain. Now and then we had to cross one of these torrents, by a rude stone bridge or by wading. All along the way Hermon looked down upon us from his throne, nine thousand feet in air. His head was wrapped in a turban of spotless white, like a Druse chieftain, and his snowy winter cloak still hung down over his shoulders, though its lower edges were already fringed and its seams opened by the warm suns of April.

Presently we crossed a bridge to the west bank of the Hâsbânî, and rode up the delightful vale where poplars and mulberries, olives, almonds, vines and figs, grew abundantly along the course of the river. There were low weirs across the stream for purposes of irrigation, and a larger dam supplied a mill with power.

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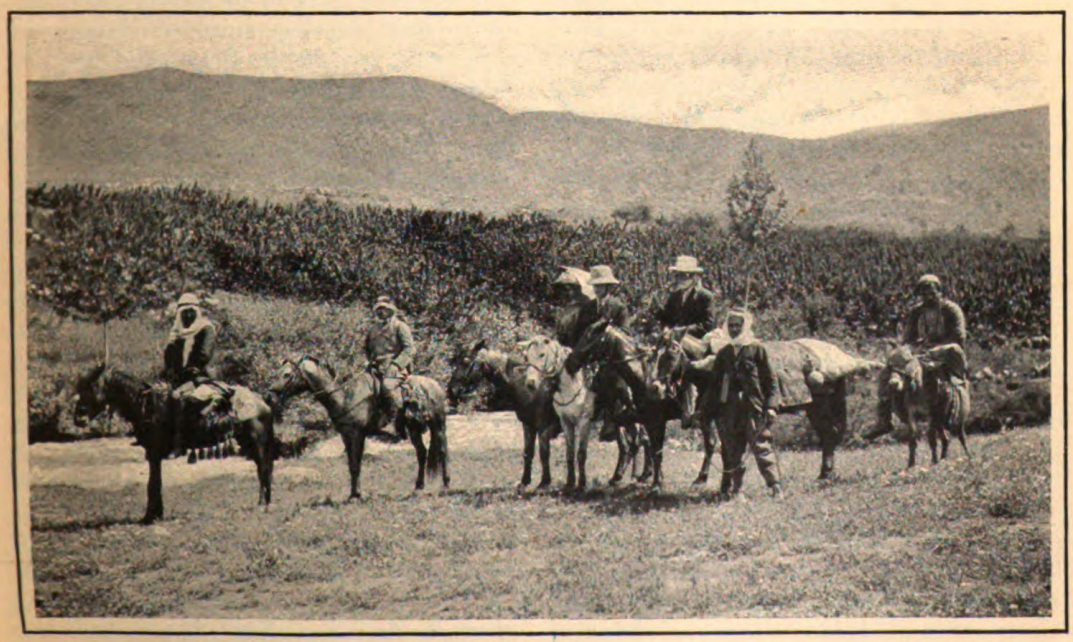
To the left was the sharp barren ridge of the Jebel ez-Zohr separating us from the gorge of the river Lîtânî. Groups of laborers were at work on the water-courses among the groves and gardens. Vine-dressers were busy in the vineyards. Ploughmen were driving their shallow furrows through the stony fields on the hillside. The little river, here in its friendliest mood, wound merrily among the plantations and orchards which it nourished, making a cheerful noise over beds of pebbles, and humming a deeper note where the clear green water plunged over a weir.

We had now been in the saddle five hours; the sun was ardent; the temperature was above eighty-five degrees in the shade, and along the bridle-path there was no shade. We were hungry, thirsty, and tired. As we crossed the river again, splashing through a ford, our horses drank eagerly and attempted to lie down in the cool water. We had to use strong persuasion not only with them, but also with our own spirits, to pass by the green grass and the sheltering olive-trees on the east bank and push on up the narrow, rocky defile in which Hâsbeiyâ was hidden. The bridle-path was partly paved with rough cobblestones, hard and slippery, which made the going weariful. The heat lay on us like a burden. Things that would have delighted us in the morning now gave us no pleasure. We had made the greedy traveller's mistake of measuring our march by the extent of our endurance instead of by the limit of our enjoyment.

Hâsbeiyâ proved to be a rather thriving and picturesque town built around the steep sides of a bay or opening in the valley. The amphitheatre of hills was terraced with olive-orchards and vineyards. There were also many mulberry-trees cultivated for the silkworms, and the ever-present figs and almonds were not wanting. The stone houses of the town rose, on winding paths, one above the other, many of them having arched porticoes, red-tiled roofs, and green-latticed windows. It was a place of about five thousand population, now more than three-fourths Christian, but formerly one of the strongholds and capitals of the mysterious Druse religion.

Our tents were pitched at the western end of the town, on a low terrace where olive-trees were growing. When we arrived we found the camp surrounded and filled with curious, laughing children. The boys were a little troublesome at first, but a word from an old man who seemed to be in charge brought them to order, and at least fifty of them, big and little, squatted in a semicircle on the grass below the terrace, watching us with



RIDING TOWARDS DAMASCUS

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their lustrous brown eyes. They looked full of fun, those young Druses and Maronites and Greeks and Mohammedans, so I tried a mild joke on them, by pretending that they were a class and that I was teaching them a lesson. "A, B, C," I chanted, and waited for them to repeat after me. They promptly took the lesson out of my hands and recited the entire English alphabet in chorus, winding up with shouts of "Goot mornin'! How you do?" and merry laughter. They were all pupils from the mission schools which have been established since the great massacre of 1860, and which are helping, I hope, to make another forever impossible.

One of our objects in coming to Hâsbeiyâ was to ascend Mount Hermon. We sent for the Druse guide and the Christian guide; both of them assured us that the adventure was impossible on account of the deep snow, which had increased during the last fortnight. We could not get within a mile of the summit. The snow would be waist-deep in the hollows. The mountain was inaccessible until June. So, after exchanging visits with the missionaries and seeing something of their good work, we rode on our way the next morning.

The journey to Râsheiyâ was like that of the preceding day, except that the bridle-paths were rougher and more precipitous, and the views wider and more splendid. We had crossed the Hâsbânî again, and leaving the Druses' valley, the Wâdi et-Teim, behind us, had climbed the high table-land to the west. We did not know why George Cavalcanty led us away from the path marked in our Baedekers, but we took it for granted that he had some good reason. It is well not to ask a wise dragoman all the questions that you can think of. Tell him where you want to go, and let him show you how to get there. Certainly we were not inclined to complain of the longer and steeper route by which he had brought us, when we sat down at lunch-time among the limestone crags and pinnacles of the wild upland and looked abroad upon a landscape which offered the grandeur of immense outlines and vast distances, the beauty of a crystal clearness in all its infinitely varied forms, and the enchantment of gemlike colors, delicate, translucent, vivid, shifting and playing in hues of rose and violet and azure and purple and golden brown and bright green, as if the bosom of Mother Earth were the breast of a dove, breathing softly in the sunlight.

As we climbed towards Râsheiyâ we found ourselves going back a month or more into early spring. Here were the flowers that we had seen in the plain of Sharon on the first of April, gorgeous red anemones, fragrant purple and white cyclamens, delicate blue irises. The fig-tree was putting forth her tender leaf. The vines, lying flat on the ground, were bare and dormant. The springing grain, a few inches long, was in its first flush of almost dazzling green.

The town, built in terraces on three sides of a rocky hill, 4100 feet above the sea, commanded an extensive view. Hermon was in full sight; snow-capped Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon faced each other for forty miles; and the little lake of Kafr Kûk made a spot of blue light in the foreground.

We camped on the threshing-floor, a level meadow beyond and below the town; and there the Râsheiyan gilded youth came riding their blooded horses in the afternoon, running races over the smooth turf and showing off their horsemanship for our benefit. There is something very attractive about these Arabian horses as you see them in their own country. They are spirited, fearless, sure-footed, and yet, as a rule, so docile that they may be ridden with a halter. They are good for a long journey, or a swift run, or a *fantasia*. The prevailing color among them is gray, but you see many bays and sorrels and a few splendid blacks. An Arabian stallion satisfies the romantic ideal of how a horse ought to look. His arched neck, small head, large eyes wide apart, short body, round flanks, delicate pasterns, and little feet; the way he tosses his mane and cocks his flowing tail when he is on parade; the swiftness and spring of his gallop, the dainty grace of his walk—when you see these things you recognize at once the real, original horse which the painters used to depict in their "Portraits of General X on his Favorite Charger." I asked Cavalcanty what one of these fine creatures would cost. "A good one, two or three hundred dollars;

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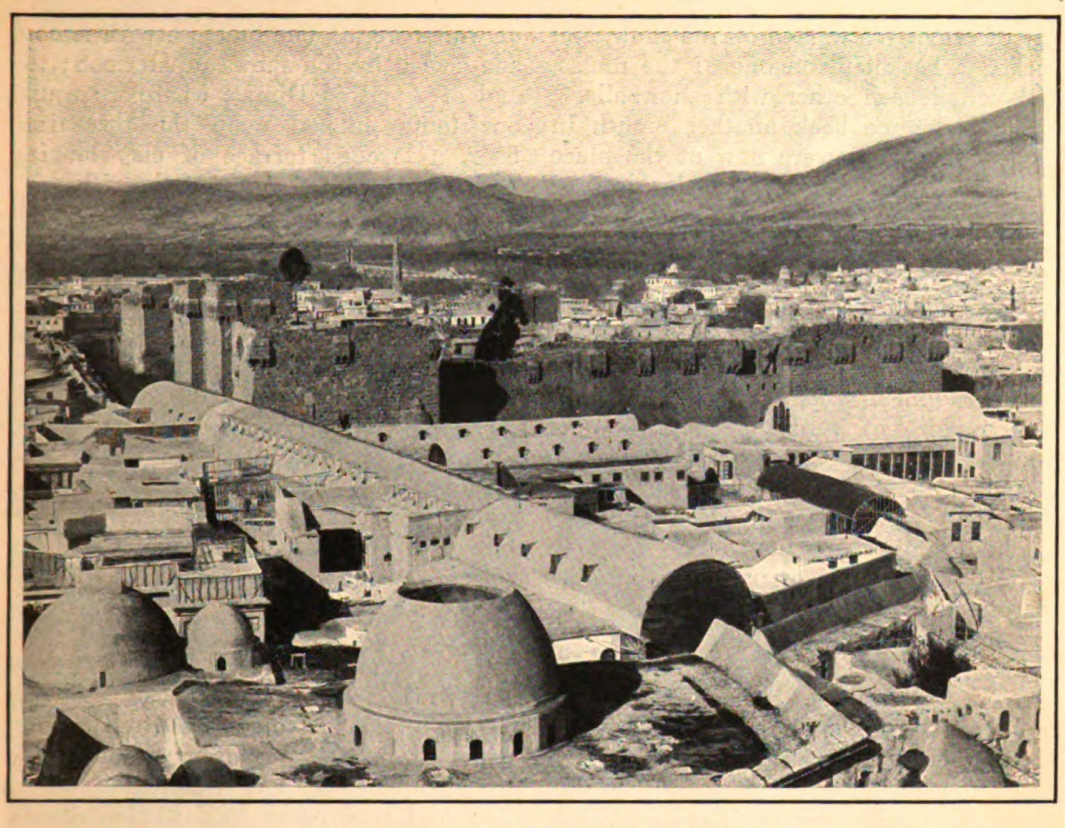

A View from the Minaret of the Bride

an extra-good one, four hundred; a fancy one, who knows?"

We found Râsheiyâ full of Americanism. We went out to take photographs, and at almost every street corner some young man who had been in the United States or Canada saluted us with: "How are you to-day? You fellows come from America? What's the news there? Is Bryan elected yet? I voted for McKinley. I got a store in Kankakee. I got one in Jackson, Miss." A beautiful dark-eyed girl, in a dreadful department-store dress, smiled at us from an open door and said: "Take my picture? I been at America." One talkative and friendly fellow joined us in our walk; in fact he took possession of us, guiding us up the crooked alleys and out on the housetops which commanded the best views, and showing us off to his friends, an old gentleman who was spinning goats' hair for the coarse black tents (St. Paul's trade), and two ladies who were grinding corn in a hand-mill, one pushing and the other pulling. Our self-elected guide had spent seven years in Illinois and Indiana, peddling and storekeeping. He had returned to Râsheiyâ as a successful adventurer and built him a stone house with a red roof and an arched portico. Was he going to settle down there for life? "I not know," said he. "Guess I want sell my house now. This country beautiful; I like look at her. But America free—good government—good place to live. Gee whiz! I go back quick, you bet."

Our path the next day led up to the east over the ridges of the slight depression which lies between Mount Hermon and the rest of the Anti-Lebanon range. We passed the disconsolate village and lake of Kafr Kûk. The water which shone so blue in the distance now confessed itself a turbid, stagnant pool, locked in among the hills, and breeding fevers for those who lived beside it. The landscape grew wild and sullen as we ascended; the hills were strewn with shattered fragments of rock, or worn into battered and fantastic crags; the bottoms of the ravines were soaked and barren as if the winter floods had just left them. Presently we were riding among great snowdrifts. It was the first

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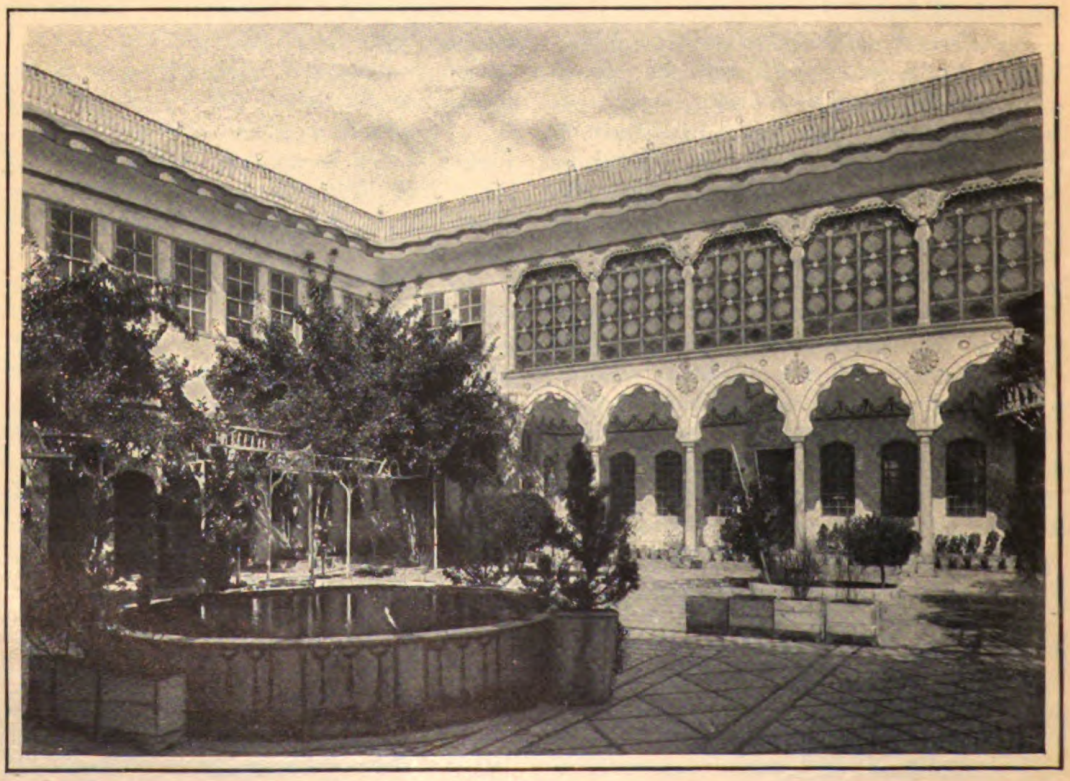
day of May. We walked on the snow, and packed a basketful on one of the mules, and pelted each other with snowballs.

We had gone back another month in the calendar and were now at the place where "winter lingers in the lap of spring." Snowdrops, crocuses, and little purple grape-hyacinths were blooming at the edge of the drifts. The thorny shrubs and bushes, and spiny herbs like astragalus and cousinia, were green-stemmed but leafless, and the birds that fluttered among them were still in the first rapture of vernal spring, the gay music that follows mating and precedes nesting. Big dove-colored partridges, beautifully marked with black and red, were running among the rocks. We were at the turn of the year, the surprising season when the tide of light and life and love swiftly begins to rise.

From this Alpine region we descended through two months in half a day. It was mid-March on a beautiful green plain where herds of horses were feeding around an encampment of black Bedouin tents; the beginning of April at Khan Meithelûn, on the post-road, where there were springs, and poplar-groves, in one of which we ate our lunches, with lemonade cooled by the snows of Hermon; the end of April at Dimas, where we found our tents pitched upon the threshing-floor, a levelled terrace of clay looking down upon the flat roofs of the village.

Our camp that night was 3600 feet above sea-level, and our morning path followed the telegraph-poles steeply down to the post-road, and so by a more gradual descent along the hard and dusty turnpike towards Damascus. The landscape, at first, was bare and arid, rounded reddish mountains, gray hillsides, yellowish plains faintly tinged with a thin green. But at El-Hâmi the road dropped into the valley of the Baradâ, the far-famed river Abana, and we found ourselves in a verdant paradise. Tall trees arched above the road; white balconies gleamed through the foliage; the murmur and the laughter of flowing streams surrounded us. The railroad and the carriage-road met and crossed each other down the vale. Country houses and cafés, some dingy and dilapidated, others new and trim, were half hidden among the groves or perched close beside the highway. Poplars and willows, plane-



THE INTERIOR OF A DAMASCUS MERCHANT'S HOUSE

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trees and lindens, walnuts and mulberries, apricots and almonds, twisted fig-trees and climbing roses, grew joyfully wherever the parcelled water flowed in its many channels. Above this line, on the sides of the vale, everything was bare and brown and dry. It was an embroidered sash of bloom laid across the sackcloth of the desert. And in the centre of this long verdure ran the parent river, a flood of clear green, rushing, leaping, curling into white foam, filling its channel of thirty or forty feet from bank to bank, and making the silver-leafed willows and poplars, that stood with their feet in the stream, tremble with the swiftness of its cool, strong current. Truly Naaman the Syrian was right in his boasting to the prophet Elisha: Abana, the river of Damascus, is better than all the waters of Israel.

The vale narrowed as we descended along the stream, until suddenly we passed through a gateway of steep cliffs and emerged upon an open plain beset with mountains on three sides. The river, parting into seven branches, went out to water a hundred and fifty square miles of groves and gardens, and we followed the road through the labyrinth of rich and luscious green. There were orchards of apricots enclosed with high mud walls; and open gates through which we caught glimpses of crimson rose-trees and scarlet pomegranates and little fields of wheat glowing with blood-red poppies; and hedges of white hawthorn and wild brier; and trees, trees, trees, everywhere embowering us and shutting us in. Presently we saw, above the leafy tops, a sharp-pointed minaret with a golden crescent above it. Then we found ourselves again beside the main current of the Baradâ, running swift and merry in a walled channel straight across an open common, where soldiers were exercising their horses, and donkeys and geese were feeding, and children were playing, and dyers were sprinkling their long strips of blue cotton cloth laid out upon the turf beside the river. The road began to look like the commencement of a street; domes and minarets rose before us; there were glimpses of gray walls and towers, a few shops and open-air cafés, a couple of hotel signs. The river passed under a bridge and disappeared by a hundred channels beneath the city, leaving us at the western entrance of Damascus.

I cannot tell whether the river, the gardens, and the city would have seemed so magical and entrancing if we had come upon them in some other way or seen them in a different setting. You can never detach an experience from its matrix and weigh it alone. Comparisons with the environs of Naples or Florence visited in an automobile, or with the suburbs of Boston seen from a trolley-car, are futile and unilluminating. The point about the Baradâ is that it springs full-born from the barren sides of the Anti-Lebanon, swiftly creates a paradise as it runs, and then disappears absolutely in a wide marsh on the edge of the desert. The point about Damascus is that she flourishes on a secluded plain, the Ghûtah, seventy miles from the sea and twenty-three hundred feet above it, with no *hinterland* and no sustaining provinces, no political leadership, and no special religious sanctity, with nothing, in fact, to account for her distinction, her splendor, her populous vitality, her self-sufficient charm, except her mysterious and enduring quality as a mere city, a hive of men. She is the oldest living city in the world; no one knows her birthday or her founder's name. She has survived the empires and kingdoms which conquered her,—Nineveh, Babylon, Samaria, Greece, Egypt—their capitals are dust, but Damascus still blooms "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." She has given her name to the reddest of roses, the sweetest of plums, the richest of metal-work, and the most lustrous of silks; her streets have bubbled and eddied with the currents of

> the multitudinous folk
> That do inhabit her and make her great.

She is the typical city, pure and simple, of the Orient, as New York or San Francisco is of the Occident: the open port on the edge of the desert, the trading-booth at the foot of the mountains, the pavilion in the heart of the blossoming bower—the wonderful offspring of a little river and an immemorial spirit of place.

Every time we went into the city (whether from our tents on the terrace above an ancient and dilapidated pleasure-

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garden, or from our red-tiled rooms in the good Hôtel d'Orient, to which we had been driven by a plague of sand-flies in the camp) we stepped at once into a chapter of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. It is true, there were electric lights, and there was a trolley-car crawling around the city; but they no more made it Western and modern than a bead necklace would change the character of the Venus of Milo. The driver of the trolley-car looked like one of "The Three Calenders," and a gayly dressed little boy beside him blew loudly on an instrument of discord as the machine tranquilly advanced through the crowd. (A man was run over a few months ago; his friends waited for the car to come around the next day, pulled the driver from his perch, and stuck a number of long knives through him in a truly Oriental manner.) The crowd itself was of the most indescribable and engaging variety and vivacity. The Turkish soldiers in blue uniform and red fez; the cheerful, grinning water-carriers with their dripping, bulbous goatskins on their shoulders; the white-turbaned Druses with their bold, clean-cut faces; the bronzed, impassive sons of the desert, with their flowing mantles and bright head-cloths held on by thick dark rolls of camel's-hair; the rich merchants in their silken robes of many colors; the picturesquely ragged beggars; the Muslim pilgrims washing their heads and feet, with much splashing, at the pools in the marble courtyards of the mosques; the merry children, running on errands or playing with the water that gushed from many a spout at the corner of a street or on the wall of a house; the veiled Muslim women slipping silently through the throng, or bending over the trinkets or fabrics in some open-fronted shop, lifting the veil for a moment to show an olive-tinted cheek and a pair of long, liquid brown eyes; the bearded Greek priests in their black robes and cylinder hats; the Christian women wrapped in their long white sheets, but with their pretty faces uncovered, and a red rose or a white jasmine stuck among their smooth, shining black tresses; the seller of lemonade with his gayly decorated glass vessel on his back and his clinking brass cups in his hand, shouting, "*A remedy for the heat,*"—"*Cheer up your hearts,*"—"*Take care of your teeth*"; the boy peddling bread, with an immense tray of thin, flat loaves on his head, crying continually to Allah to send him customers; the seller of turnip-pickle with a huge pink globe upon his shoulder looking like the inside of a pale watermelon; the donkeys pattering along between fat burdens of grass or charcoal; a much-bedizened horseman with embroidered saddle-cloth and glittering bridle, riding silent and haughty through the crowd as if it did not exist; a victoria dashing along the street at a trot, with whip cracking like a pack of firecrackers, and shouts of, "*O boy! Look out for your back! your foot! your side!*"—all these figures mingled in a passing show of which we never grew weary.

The long bazaars, covered with a round wooden roof rising from the second story of the houses, were filled with a rich brown hue like a well-colored meerschaum pipe; and through this mellow, brumous atmosphere beams of golden sunlight slanted vividly from holes in the roof. An immense number of shops, small and great, sheltered themselves in these bazaars, for the most part opening, without any reserve of a front wall or a door, in frank invitation to the street. On the earthen pavement, beaten hard as cement, camels were kneeling, while the merchants let down their corded bales and displayed their Persian carpets or striped silks. The cook-shops showed their wares and their processes, and sent up an appetizing smell of lamb *kibâbs* and fried fish and stuffed cucumbers and stewed beans and okra, and many other dainties preparing on diminutive charcoal grills. In the larger and richer shops, arranged in semi-European fashion, there were splendid rugs, and embroideries old and new, and delicately chiselled brasswork, and furniture of strange patterns lavishly inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and there I went with the Lady to study the art of bargaining as practised between the trained skill of the Levant and the native genius of Walla Walla, Washington. In the smaller and poorer bazaars the high, arched roofs gave place to tattered awnings, and sometimes to branches of trees; the brown air changed to an atmosphere

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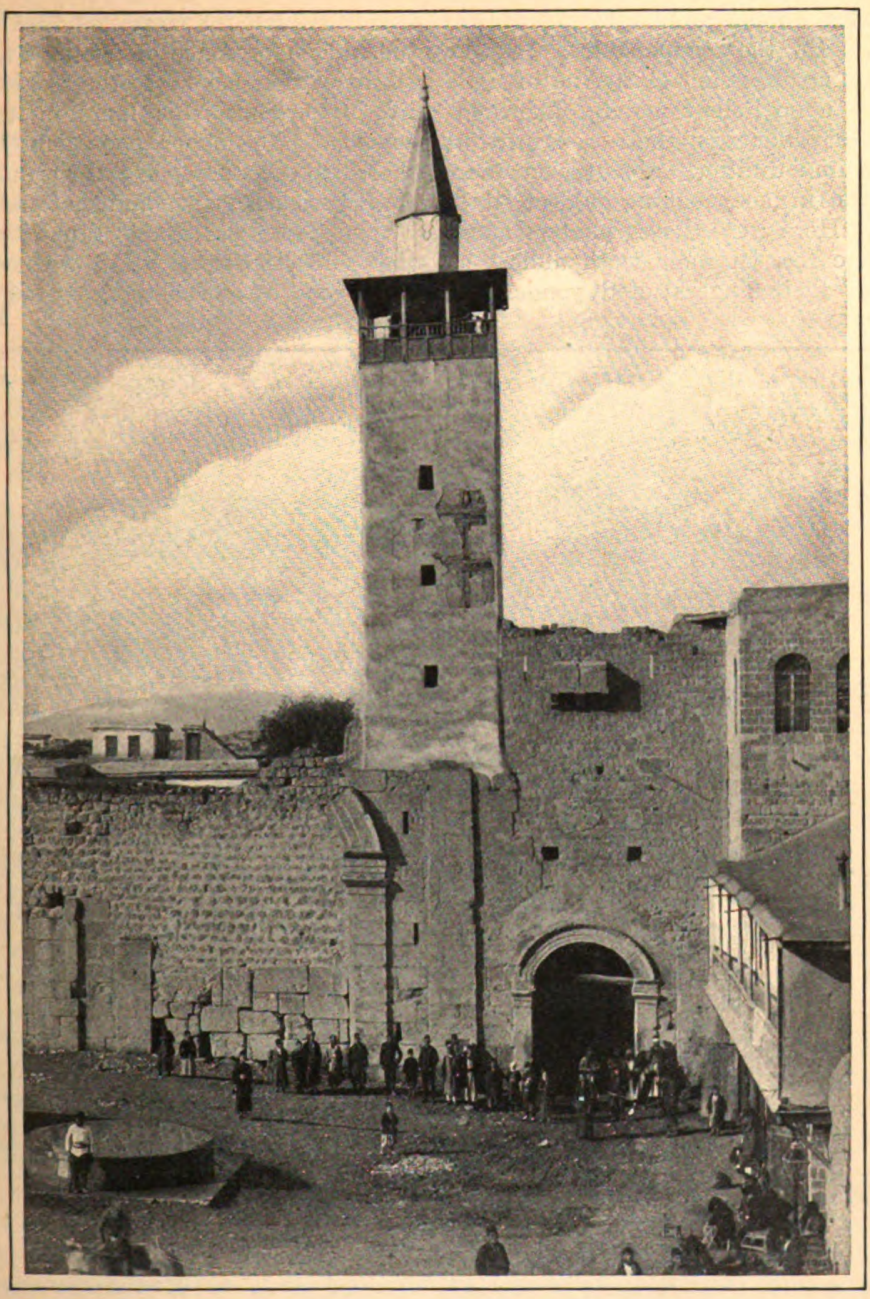

A NARROW GATEWAY OF THE CITY

of brilliant stripes and patches; the tiny shops (hardly more than open booths) were packed and festooned with all kinds of goods, garments and ornaments: the chafferers conducted their negotiations from the street (sidewalk there was none) or squatted beside the proprietor on the little platform of his stall.

The custom of massing the various trades and manufactures added to the picturesque joy of shopping or dawdling in Damascus. It was like passing through rows of different kinds of strange fruits. There was a region of dangling slippers, red and yellow, like cherries; a little farther on we came to a long trellis of clothes, limp and pendulous, like bunches of grapes; then we passed through a patch of saddles, plain and colored, decorated with all sorts of beads and tinsel, velvet and morocco, lying on the ground or hung



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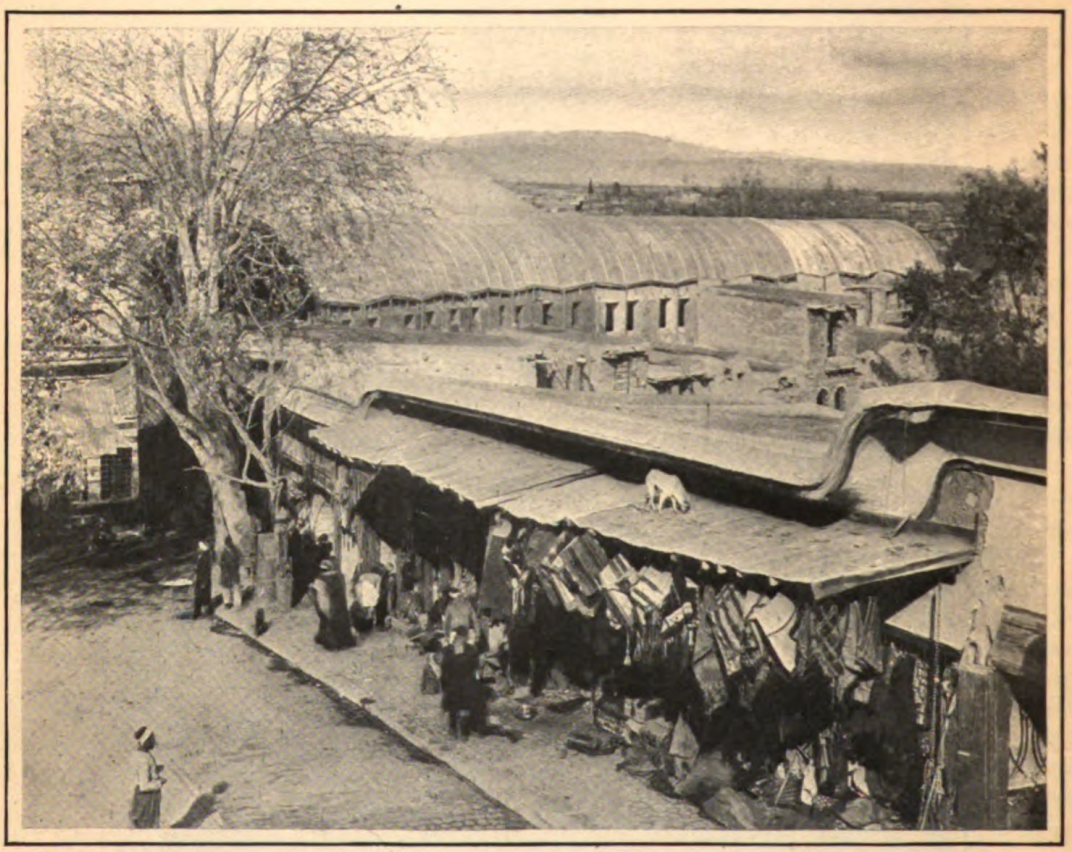
on wooden supports, like big, fantastic melons. In the coppersmiths' bazaar there was an incessant clattering of little hammers upon hollow metal. The goldsmiths sat silent in their pens within a vast, dim building, or bent over their miniature furnaces making gold or silver filigree. Here were the carpenters using their bare feet in their work almost as deftly as their fingers; and yonder the dyers festooning their long strips of blue cotton from their windows and balconies; and down there, on the way to the Great Mosque, the booksellers held together: a dwindling tribe, apparently, for of the thirty or forty shops which were formerly theirs not more than half a dozen remained true to literature, the rest were full of red and yellow slippers. Damascus is more inclined to loafing or to dancing than to reading. It seems to belong to the gay, smiling, easy-going East of Scheherazade and Aladdin, not to the sombre and reserved Orient of fierce mystics and fanatical fatalists.



A SMALL BAZAAR IN DAMASCUS

Yet we felt, or imagined that we felt, the hidden presence of passions and possibilities that belong to the tragic side of life underneath this laughing mask of comedy. No longer ago than 1860, in the great massacre, five thousand Christians perished by fire and shot and dagger in two days; the streets ran with blood; the churches were piled with corpses; hundreds of Christian women were dragged away to Muslim harems; only the brave Abd-el-Kader, with his bodyguard of dauntless Algerine veterans, was able to stay the butchery by flinging himself between the blood-drunken mob and their helpless victims. This was the last wholesale assassination of modern times, and prosperous, pleasure-loving, insouciant Damascus seems to have quite forgotten it. Yet there are still enough wild Kurdish shepherds, and fierce Bedouins of the desert, and riffraff of camel-drivers and herdsmen and sturdy beggars and homeless men, among her three hundred thousand people, to make dangerous

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material if the tiger-madness should break loose again. A gay city is not always a safe city. The Lady and I saw a man stabbed to death at noon, not fifty feet away from us, in a street beside the Ottoman Bank. Nothing is safe until justice and benevolence and tolerance and mutual respect are diffused in the hearts of men. How far this inward change has gone in Damascus no one can tell. But that some advance has been made, by real reforms in the Turkish government, by the spread of intelligence and the enlightenment of self-interest, by the sense of next-doorness to Paris and Berlin and London which telegraphs, railways, and steamships have produced, above all by the useful work of missionary hospitals and schools, and by the humanizing process which has been going on inside of all the creeds, no careful observer can doubt. I fear that men will still continue to kill each other, for various causes, privately and publicly. But thank God it is not likely to be done often, if ever again, in the name of Religion.

The medley of things seen and half understood has left patterns damascened upon my memory with intricate clearness: immense droves of camels coming up from the wilderness to be sold in the market; factories of inlaid woodwork and wrought brasswork in which hundreds of young children, with beautiful and seeming-merry faces, were hammering and filing and cutting out the designs traced by the draughtsmen who sat at their desks like schoolmasters; vast mosques with rows of marble columns, and floors covered with bright-colored rugs, and files of men, sometimes two hundred in a line, with a leader in front of them, making their concerted genuflections towards Mecca; costly interiors of private houses which outwardly showed bare whitewashed walls, but within welcomed the stranger to hospitality of fruits, coffee, and sweetmeats, in stately rooms ornamented with rich tiles and precious marbles, looking upon arcaded courtyards fragrant with blossoming orange-trees and musical with tinkling fountains; tombs of Muslim warriors and saints—Saladin, the Sultan Beibars, the Sheikh Arslân, the philosopher Ibn-el-Arabi, great fighters quiet, and restless thinkers satisfied; public gardens full of rose-bushes, traversed by clear, swift streams, where groups of women sat gossiping in the shade of the trees or in little kiosques, the Mohammedans with their light veils not altogether hiding their olive faces and languid eyes, the Christians and Jewesses with bare heads, heavy necklaces of amber, flowers behind

ONE OF OUR MULETEERS IN HIS "STORE CLOTHES," DRESSED FOR A WEDDING IN DAMASCUS

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their ears, silken dresses of soft and varied shades; cafés by the river, where grave and important Turks posed for hours on red velvet divans, smoking the successive cigarette or the continuous nargileh—out of these memory-pictures of Damascus I choose three.

The Lady and I are climbing up from the great Mosque of the Ommayyades into the Minaret of the Bride, at the hour of 'Asr, or afternoon prayer. As we tread the worn spiral steps in the darkness we hear, far above, the chant of the choir of muezzins, high-pitched, long-drawn, infinitely melancholy, calling the faithful to their devotions: *"Allah akbar! Allah akbar! Allah is great! I testify there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah! Come to prayer!"* The plaintive notes float away over the city towards all four quarters of the sky and quaver into silence. We come out from the gloom of the staircase into the dazzling light of the balcony which runs around the top of the minaret. For a few moments we can see little; but when the first bewilderment passes, we are conscious that all the charm and wonder of Damascus are spread at our feet. The oval mass of the city lies like a carving of old ivory, faintly tinged with pink, on a huge table of malachite. The setting of groves and gardens, luxuriant, interminable, deeply and beautifully green, covers a circuit of sixty miles. Beyond it, in sharpest contrast, rise the bare, fawn-colored mountains, savage, intractable, desolate; away to the west the snow-crowned bulk of Hermon; away to the east the low-rolling hills and slumberous haze of the desert. Under these flat roofs and white domes and long black archways of bazaars three hundred thousand folk are swarming; and there, half emerging from the huddle of decrepit modern buildings and partly hidden by the rounded shed of a bazaar, is the ruined top of a Roman arch of triumph, battered, proud, and indomitable.

An hour later we are scrambling up a long, shaky ladder to the flat roofs of the joiners' bazaar, built close against the southern wall of the Mosque. We walk across the roofs and find the ancient south door of the Mosque now filled up with masonry, and almost completely concealed by the shops above which we are standing. Only the entablature is visible, richly carved with garlands. Kneeling down, we read upon the lintel the Greek inscription in uncial letters, cut when the Mosque was a Christian church. The Muslims who are bowing and kneeling and stretching out their hands towards Mecca among the marble pillars below know nothing of this inscription. Few, even of the Christian visitors to Damascus, have ever seen it with their own eyes, for it is difficult to find and reach. But there it still endures and waits, the bravest inscription in the world: *"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion lasts throughout all generations."*

From this memorial and forgotten stone my memory turns to the Hospital of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. I see the lovely garden full of roses, columbines, lilies, pansies, sweet peas, strawberries just in bloom. I see the poor people coming in a steady stream to the neat, orderly dispensary; the sweet, clean wards with their spotless beds; the merciful candor and completeness of the operating-room; the patient, cheerful, vigorous, healing ways of the great Scotch doctor, who limps around on his broken leg to minister to the needs of other folk. I see the little group of nurses and physicians gathered on Sunday evening in the doctor's parlor for an hour of serious, friendly talk, hopeful and happy. And there, amid the murmur of Abana's rills, and close to the confused and glittering mystery of the Orient, I hear the music of a simple hymn:

> Dear Lord and Father of us all,
> Forgive our foolish ways!
> Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
> In purer lives thy service find,
> In deeper reverence, praise.

That is my last memory of Damascus.

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# A Sign from Heaven

*BY BASIL KING*

PELEG had often experienced the humiliation of being a little boy, but to-day he felt the condition as a dishonor. Ever since morning till now, in the late afternoon, grave events had been in hand, and he could be told nothing because he was too young. If he asked a question his father chided him for his curiosity; his mother informed him more gently that it was matter beyond his age; his grown-up half-sister, Mercy, was too unhappy to speak to him at all; while Abigail Crane, the still-woman, generally confidential and loquacious, threw at him the quotation,

> "Little boys without a beard
> Should be seen and never heerd,"

as she hurried about the house. To the colonial parent it would have seemed a weakness to keep a child in any other than a state of blind obedience; and Peleg found it hard to believe that his father and mother could love him tenderly, and yet, in these stirring times, affect to treat him as a negligible quantity.

As a matter of fact, he said to himself, he understood more than they supposed. It was impossible to be a boy of nine, with a revolution going on around him, and not know that the world was made up of good men and bad—the former being Tories, and the latter Whigs. His father was a Tory, and therefore a good man; though it was plain, from all the boy could gather, that, in this case, virtue was not reaping the reward of victory which was its due.

To Peleg this was a subject of some perplexity, only to be shelved by Abigail Crane's assurance that King George would shortly come in person to chastise the rebels for their audacity. There would then, so she said, be a great calling to account, and many would rue the day that ever they rose against His Majesty's authority. To Peleg's admiration, she was quite specific in stating the punishments to be allotted to certain offenders who came within her knowledge and his own. It was in trotting after her, as she whisked from storeroom to still-room, and from still-room to linen-chest, in her errands about the huge, lonely country house, that he gleaned the facts on which he based his opinions and laid up his store of hope. There would certainly be a readjustment of things when King George came sailing up the bay to which their lawn ran down; and it was a pleasure to know in advance, like Abigail Crane, of the speedy discomfiture of the enemy. The four thousand sons of Belial who had surrounded good Mr. Oliver's house at Cambridge, and forced him to resign from the "Mandamus Council," were, she declared, to be reduced to a state of slavery. The cruel Amalekites who had ducked that worthy apothecary, Samuel Drake, in his own horse-pond, until he recanted his Tory opinions and consented to take the test oath, were to be ducked in their own turn until they cried, "Hurrah for King George!" The congregation of Hivites, in their own church at Bearfield, who had refused to sing the psalm because the King's loyal subject, Deacon Ford, had started it, leaving him to finish it alone, were to be compelled to sing till they shouted themselves hoarse, and they lay gasping on the ground for breath. The Amorites who had torn Judge Prior's wig from his head, carrying it on a pole behind him, while he rushed home "in his bare pate," only because he had spoken in Bearfield court-house of "this fifteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King George the Third," were to be condemned to go wigless for the rest of their lives, exposing the disgrace of their own hair to a contemptuous, reorganized society.

There were to be many other arrows in the quiver of King George, according to Abigail Crane; but none were to go so straight to the mark as those which

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avenged the wrongs of her own master, Peleg's father, Christopher Dallas. For that noisy band calling themselves Patriots, who had hanged him in effigy in front of his own town mansion in Sudbury Street, Boston: for the base crowd who had hooted him with Whig insults as he fled to his country house: for the servants who had refused to follow a Tory master, leaving her and Simon Crane, her husband, to serve alone: for the inhabitants of Bearfield, who had placed him and his household under a ban, binding themselves together by oath neither to buy from him nor sell to him, neither to sow his fields nor reap them, neither to shoe his horses nor feed his oxen nor grind his corn, neither to speak with him, nor walk with him, nor pray with him, nor hold intercourse with any who dwelt beneath his roof, until such time as he had repented of his errors and taken the test oath of allegiance to the State—for all of these King George had retribution suited to the crime, and Abigail Crane was in his confidence.

Though satisfied with these assurances, Peleg could not help thinking that if he were King George he would have been more promptly on the spot, especially as the need of him was dire. When he expressed this opinion to Abigail Crane she rated him for incipient disloyalty. Driven in upon himself, he pondered the more deeply. From a safe distance he dogged his father's footsteps when the latter went cautiously about the grounds; he followed his mother's movements, when she stole out on mysterious errands to the shore, carrying her apron full of silver, but coming back empty-handed; he spied upon his sister Mercy's secret meetings with Greatheart Pelham, a known Whig, to whom she had been betrothed some three years back, before the country's woes had parted them. He had learned to do these things with discretion, knowing to his cost that sharp words were apt to follow on discovery. For nothing in the world would he have been guilty of a dishonorable act; but how else was a poor, lonely little lad to get some clue to the terrible events which were taking place around him, which his family would not explain to him, and in which he had his stake as well as they?

All this autumn day he was certain that something unusually grave was in the air. He knew it because Peter Snow, their old retainer, the one Whig who dared to hold communication with them, had arrived secretly at dawn, bringing a letter from Boston. Throughout the day there had been feverish activity within the house. In the library, his father was burning papers; in the storeroom, Abigail Crane was packing linen in a chest; in his mother's bedroom, he could not help committing the sin of eavesdropping, standing out of sight behind a screen.

"No, Mercy, my child!" he heard his mother say, "not the sea-green brocade! Bring me something stout and useful. There will be little need of silks at Port Roseway, where ten thousand people are living in tents, and subsisting on the King's rations."

"Oh, mother dear, I cannot bear it!" Mercy sobbed. "Why must we go away? Why must we leave Bearfield? Why cannot we stay in our home and be happy?"

"We must do as your father wills, my child," he heard his mother return, almost breaking down in the effort to put courage in her voice.

At the sound Peleg crept away again. He could never bear to see his mother cry; and still less could he endure it when she checked her tears, as he had so often seen her do of late, and put on an air of fictitious bravery. Moreover, he had heard enough. Port Roseway! To his imagination the name was awful—awful not for himself, but for the dainty little mother who, until their recent sufferings, had never done harder work than her embroidery. Peleg reverenced his father; he loved his half-sister Mercy; but he regarded his mother as some exquisite fairy queen. And she might go to Port Roseway! All New England was ringing with the tales of what the exiles had to bear in that great camp on the Nova-Scotian coast. What the Whigs told with glee Abigail Crane had repeated to him in wrath. As he wandered about the grounds, once so trim and stately, but now unkempt, and dank with autumn leaves, he reflected that he had no fears for himself; he would have enjoyed the long voyage in the transport, together with the sleeping out-of-doors, and the

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fighting with the savages, when they came to land; his father was used to hunting and the life of camps; even Mercy was strong and young and able to endure hardship—but his mother! She would perish, like some sweet bird blown out into the storm.

Peleg did not use this simile, but he had the sense of it in his heart. Stealing down to the shore, he sat pensive, gazing seawards, and longing for the King to come.

It was a surprise to him, on waking from his reverie, to see his father standing on a neighboring bluff, a spy-glass in his hand. Long years afterwards, when he had lived far into other times, Peleg was fond of telling how his father had looked in the gathering dusk of that autumn afternoon—tall, erect, determined, grave, his face marked by the deep lines of the last two or three years' sufferings. In eyes, lips, and attitude, as he searched the horizon of the sea, there was the spirit of sacrifice as well as the resolution of despair.

Timidly Peleg crept along the rocks until he approached his father's side.

"Is the King coming, father?" he asked, tremblingly.

Christopher Dallas turned with a start of displeasure. To a man whose main charge against his sovereign was that of indifference and inactivity the question was a sting.

"Run away, boy. Go play," he answered, harshly.

Peleg fled in fear, not so much at the words as from the expression in his father's face. Speeding across the grass, the tears smarted in his eyes. Why was he so kept in the dark? Why would no one tell him what was astir, and whether the King were coming or not?

Half-way to the house he paused. He was not used to crying, and he would not, if he could help it, be caught in the act of doing so. Turning into the wood, which protected the house from the north, he skirted the shore. There were queer little rocky caves just here, in which he had often solaced his lonely hours by being a gang of pirates. A pleasant occupation at all times, piracy would now, Peleg reflected, be a real diversion from care.

It was as he approached the spot where he usually descended to his haunts that he was startled by a sound which suggested that real pirates were at work. There was an occasional murmur of voices, and, now and then, a curious metallic clinking. Peleg lay down and, dragging himself to the edge of the cliff, peered over. In the excitement of his curiosity, he suppressed the cry that would have betrayed him. Down below, amid the granite boulders, his mother stood, whispering her orders to some one who seemed to be invisible within the rock. Around her were strewn the silver objects with which Peleg had been familiar since his birth, but which produced a strange, rich, fairylike effect here on the wild shore. Vases, trays, and candelabra, together with every kind of table plate, lay scattered as if the sea had cast them up, while his mother, standing with clasped hands among them, looked more than ever like some diaphanous little creature, scarcely of this earth. Peleg had to listen with attention to perceive that she was counting and recounting the household treasures, over which she could with difficulty restrain her tears.

"There's still the cover of the large tureen," he heard her say, in a loud whisper.

"It's here, madam," came a muffled reply; and then Simon Crane wriggled into view, with the cover in his hands.

He came like a gnome from the very bowels of the rock, and by an opening so skilfully masked that only the sharpest eye could detect it. Peleg's first sensation was one of self-reproach that, in all his hours of being a gang of pirates, he had never discovered this retreat himself. It was evidently warm and snug within, for Simon Crane came out covered with straws, and with flecks of the wool in which the precious articles had been laid away. Clearly this was a spot for later investigation, but other thoughts were too pressing to allow of his giving attention to it now. He understood well enough that the silver had been hidden from the "Tory-hunters," but why was it being brought out again? There could be but one explanation, and in the agitation of the thought he forgot himself.

"Is the King coming, mother?" he called out.

"Oh, Peleg, go away," Madam Dallas

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begged, when she had discovered the boy's small face peering through the overhanging grass.

"Can't I stay and help you, mother?" he entreated.

"Go away, my precious," she insisted. "You'll help mother best by leaving her to do her work alone."

"But if the King comes, shall I see him, mother?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but now you must go away."

He rose slowly and turned to go, struggling hard to keep down the big sob in his throat. Nobody wanted him. Even his mother shut him out. He knew well enough that if he were older they would have given him his part in whatever was afoot; but because he was only nine he was excluded from it all. This time the tears would force themselves, and he sought a new refuge in which to weep.

He thought of the long arbor. It was at the far end of the flower-garden, where none ever ventured now, because flowers had no place in a life which the "Tory-hunter" made one of misery. There was a path which led almost directly from where he stood to the entrance of the arbor; but, because he was a little boy, Peleg took a circuitous route, through a shrubbery, a kitchen-garden, and a pasture, bringing him to the path by the rear. It was not until he was close beneath the high brick wall that he heard a sound of muffled weeping, while a man's voice was whispering soothing words.

"Don't cry, my dove, my sweet one. Be calm. Be courageous. Others have lived through greater woes than ours, and been happy in the end."

"But how can we be happy, Greatheart?" Mercy protested. "You don't know what is to take place. I haven't had the strength to tell you. We are going away to-night."

"Away? Where? To Boston?"

"No, to Port Roseway."

Mercy brought out the words with a stifled cry, and buried her face on her lover's shoulder. Peleg knew he ought to leave them, but it was not in human power to do it when the clue to the mystery might be in his hands.

"Don't cry, my dove," Greatheart whispered again. "Be strong. If we are to save your father there's quick work to do. Tell me how he thinks to slip away."

"Peter Snow arrived at dawn this morning, bringing a letter out of Boston," she said, raising her head and stammering through her tears.

"'Tis a known fact in the village," Greatheart explained. "Peter Snow has since been tarred and feathered for holding speech with your father's household. What said the letter?"

"That the transport-schooner *Hannah* would pass our bay at nightfall, remaining till the rising of the moon, in case my father should be of a mind to go. Should we not be at the ship's side by the time the moon is seen over Bearfield Hill they will fire a cannon and sail away."

"'Tis moonrise at seven of the clock. We have till then."

"Till then to do—what?" the girl questioned.

"To convince your father—to make him take the oath."

"You will never do it, Greatheart. You needn't try."

"It is not I who will try. Listen, love, and do not be frightened. I have come to warn you in advance. Six hundred patriots are moving from Harchester, Greenport, and Bayford—to deal with your father. They will be here within an hour."

"Oh, God pity us!" the girl cried out. "They'll kill him."

"Not while I'm here," Pelham assured her. "Besides, they will not go as far as bloodshed; they will deal with him otherwise."

"How—otherwise? Not as they've dealt with Peter Snow? Not that, Greatheart? Say it will not be that. For a proud man like my father the indignity would be worse than death."

"It will not be that," he returned. "Rather than that we must let him go. But, my dove, you will not go with him?"

The girl moved back. "Not go with him, Greatheart? How should I not? He is my father. I must obey him. If he go I must go."

"No, no, you will stay with me. You will be my wife. Mayhap it would bring him to reason, and force him to stay too."

"Oh no, Greatheart. Don't hope for it. You don't know my father. You might

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as easily persuade yon tide to go out instead of to come in, as to induce him to act against his principles — above all, where there is question of the King."

"And yet he is reported as none too great an admirer of the King's counsels. There be who say that he is a patriot and a lover of liberty at heart."

"Oh, he is sore, sore distressed, Greatheart, and much misunderstood. There is no one who loves this dear land more than he, or who would more gladly live and die therein. He is no blind admirer of the King nor of the King's measures—"

"For that very reason we patriots hope to win him to our cause."

"It's too late for that, Greatheart. The time has gone by. Too many harsh steps have been taken against him. He will go now—"

"But surely not if you stayed," Pelham said, again.

"He would go if I stayed; he would go if my mother stayed; exile will kill her, but he would not hesitate for that; he would leave us all behind—unless," she added, as an afterthought—"unless it were Peleg. He wouldn't go without him."

"No," Pelham echoed, "he wouldn't go without him. But Peleg is a child. He cannot aid us. What we do we must do together, and do quickly. Dusk is already gathering, and there will be scarce an hour before moonrise. What if the *Hannah* be already there? Come, my dove, and let us see."

They started from the arbor, and a few seconds later Peleg, crouching behind the lattice-work, heard Mercy's cry: "A sail! A sail! Oh, Greatheart, we must part!"

"Come with me to your father," was the reply, and they hurried to the house.

The boy listened while the sound of their footsteps died away, and still lay for a minute or two behind the arbor. So the King was not coming, after all! They were to go to Port Roseway and fight the savages and sleep out-of-doors! They would never see Bearfield any more, nor would he play in the old familiar haunts. Very well; since it was to be so, he would accept the event with a boy's philosophy. In view of the fact that there was to be a long voyage in the transport, on which, so Abigail Crane explained to him, the passengers were huddled together like pigs, the outlook was not wholly dark. There would be other adventures, too, which must necessarily add spice to a little boy's experience, so that he would no longer fight against fate. He rose slowly to his feet, and, standing a minute in meditation, reviewed the good and the evil of the situation.

Since they were soon to sail, he knew it was time to follow his sister to the house; but there remained one final thing to do. It would take but a few minutes, and it was impossible to go leaving it undone. It was the only opportunity he should ever have, and he knew it would embitter all his future memories of Bearfield were he not to use it. Through pasture, kitchen-garden, and shrubbery, he retraced his steps to the spot where he was accustomed to be a gang of pirates, and where, as he had seen just now, there was still one last, strange hiding-place to be explored.

Meanwhile, within the house, the preparations for flight were ended. Simon Crane had already carried to an unfrequented cove the three small chests of linen, silver, and clothing for which the *Hannah* would have space. The mansion, with everything it contained, was to be left as it stood—a prey to the patriots; and Madam Dallas, mute with misery, was traversing its silent rooms, bidding it good-by.

The sad round ended, she came into the library, where candles had been already lighted. Her husband stood at a window, his eyes fixed on the *Hannah*, barely visible through the twilight, and awaiting him like an impending doom.

"Must we indeed go, Christopher?" she asked, timidly laying a hand on his arm and looking up at him with pleading eyes.

For answer he could only gaze down at her, as unhappy as herself. He had not yet found words, when there was a hurried entry, and Greatheart Pelham stood before him—with Mercy clinging to his arm. The color rose swiftly to the old man's face.

"You, sir?" he said, angrily.

"Yes, I, sir," Greatheart Pelham replied, stepping forward. "But I come peaceably, and as a friend."

"No rebel can come peaceably beneath this roof," Christopher Dallas retorted.



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"Explain your errand; but do not, I beg, attempt to excuse your presence."

The young man bowed. "I trust," he said, "that my presence will excuse itself when you have heard what I have come to say. You will pardon me if I speak bluntly, for there is no time to lose. First, your former servant, Peter Snow, has been tarred and feathered at Bearfield for bringing you a letter out of Boston."

"He shall receive amends—as also, I trust, the cowards who so handled him."

"Then, six hundred men of Harchester, Greenport, and Bayford are moving on this house, and must be already at the gates."

Madam Dallas gave a little cry, but the old man preserved his calm.

"For what purpose?" he asked, quietly.

"To beg you to take the test oath to the State."

"Since you are in their confidence, you will save them trouble, and perhaps some danger, if you will go and tell them that their errand is in vain."

"I should not be credited. They would none the less insist on seeing you in person."

"Very well. They shall. If they have reason to regret it, the fault will not be mine. And now, sir, since you have delivered your message, perhaps you will be good enough to leave my family and me together. You find us at a time which is much occupied and somewhat disturbed—a time in which we can ill endure the uninvited presence of—strangers."

"Oh, father," Mercy cried, "Greatheart is not a stranger. He is my betrothed."

"I beg, sir," Pelham insisted, "that you will allow me to remain with you—as your future son. It may be that when the patriots come I can be of use to you."

"No rebel can be of use to me," the old man returned, haughtily, "still less could any tie of blood be formed between us. As I gave you to understand three years ago, at the beginning of these troubles, you will save both yourself and my daughter needless pain by dismissing any such subject from your mind. I may add that she sails with me for Port Rosemay to-night. 'Tis unlikely that you and she will meet again."

"Father, you are cruel," the girl exclaimed. "How can I go and leave the man I love behind?"

"Your mother and I are leaving much that we love behind—"

"But it isn't the same thing, Christopher," his wife interrupted. "You and I are taking our best love with us; and where we have that, all other things can be endured."

"And she is taking her sense of duty. For human conduct there is no higher support than that."

"Oh yes, there is, father, dear," Mercy declared. But before she could continue, the hum of many voices and the tramp of many men were heard outside.

"The patriots!" Madam Dallas cried, in terror. "Now, may God protect us!"

"The Philistines be upon us!" Abigail Crane called out, rushing wildly into the room. "Fly, master, while there is time. All is ready at the cove. We may yet outwit them."

"Peace, my good woman. If any seek me they shall find me here. Go open," he added to the still-woman, as a loud knocking sounded on the door.

While the patriots were entering, Madam Dallas and Mercy instinctively placed themselves, the one at the old man's right, the other at his left. Greatheart Pelham stationed himself so as to be midway between the opposing groups. To the relief of all, the great body of men remained outside, a deputation of some twenty, representing the three towns, making their way to the threshold of the library. It was a further assurance to see that none but Squire Peabody, the spokesman, Christopher Dallas's former friend, actually entered the room. For a minute there was a dead silence, which the newcomer was the first to break.

"Good evening, Neighbor Dallas," he said, formally; "good evening, madam; good evening, Mistress Mercy."

In response to his stately bows, there was nothing to do but to bow with equal courtesy. This done, there was another pause, during which Squire Peabody cleared his throat. When he began to speak it was with some embarrassment.

"I must, first of all, inform you, Neighbor Dallas," he said, awkwardly, "that we be here with peaceable intent."

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"So it would seem," Dallas returned, with a glance through the window at the six hundred men surrounding the house.

"These be your friends, Neighbor Dallas—as much as I be."

"About as much," Dallas assented, dryly.

"We be come to say that you have always been an honored man among us, and one whom we fain would retain as a leader in our midst. There be who whisper that you have thoughts of flight; and I, as one who love you well, have gathered these brethren together to reason with you—if so be that means may be found to keep you in the land where you were born, and which still has need of you."

"Is the tarring and feathering of my servant, Peter Snow, one of the means of which you speak?"

"Nay, Neighbor Dallas; Peter Snow has been no servant of yours these three months gone; and he has been tarred and feathered, not for bringing you a letter out of Boston, but for breaking the solemn league and covenant into which he entered, not to deal with you or yours until such time as the whole town had given him warranty. Peter Snow is neither here nor there. We can settle his matter in due time. What concerns us to know is whether you will take the test oath to the State, or whether you mean to get you beyond the State's authority."

"And if I do so mean—what then?"

"Then you will show yourself an exceeding foolish man, Neighbor Dallas—a man of such high stomach as to set his own pride above the interests of his wife and family."

"My wife and family have no interests apart from mine."

"Had you not rather say, friend Dallas, that you have none apart from theirs? That would be the speech of a sensible, honest man—not the proud boasting which has fallen from your lips. The Lord who made you a husband and father never gave you the power of a tyrant; no more than he ever gave to our Rehoboam across the seas the right to chastise us with scorpions."

The hum of approval from his supporters at the doorway encouraged Neighbor Peabody to go on in the same vein.

"It is well known throughout the colony that you be rather of this opinion than of the one you have so vainly uttered. All Massachusetts holds you for a just and righteous man, who in the King's counsels has disapproved much—"

"And more," Dallas broke in, "in those of the noisy rabble who have overturned the King's authority."

"May be, may be, good friend. We be all sinful men, as likely to speak unadvisedly with our lips as you be yourself. 'Reprove, rebuke, exhort,' is the Good Book's command for our speech with one another; and we six hundred Massachusetts men should not love you as we do did we not make a last attempt to convince you of your error. 'Tis nothing short of wicked to let a man go headlong to destruction, more especially when his mind is set to drag down with him two poor women and a helpless child."

Another murmur of approval from the doorway silenced the old man's protest against this intrusion into his private life, and the Squire was able to continue.

"Who are you, good friend, to set yourself up against the wisdom of the Lord, who is giving victory to our arms, and settling the question in His own Almighty way? Who are you to tear asunder those whom God hath virtually made one—as He made Greatheart Pelham and Mistress Mercy Dallas, three years agone, when they were betrothed in sight of the whole world and of the town of Bearfield? Who are you to take as your second wife a woman less than half your age, one who, as the Prophet Isaiah saith, would not put the sole of her foot to the ground for delicateness, and bring her to the misery of exile at Port Roseway, where, 'tis said, there is scarce room on the earth for the refugees to lie abreast, and the stoutest stomach refuseth the King's rations of salt pork? Who are you to take the noble estate your father handed on to you, and his father to him, and his father to him, ever since there hath been a colonist on the soil of Massachusetts, and wrest it from your son?—your son of such tender age that he cannot speak for himself or lift up his voice against you! Who are you—?"

But this time the applause at the doorway was so insistent that it broke in on Squire Peabody himself, while the six

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hundred men outside, knowing that a point had been scored, gave vent to a loud hurrah.

"Oh, father, hear him!" Mercy pleaded, when silence was restored.

"I hear him, my child," Dallas said, with the self-control he had maintained hitherto, "and now you shall hear me. These be no new arguments to me, though they may strike our good friend here as vastly cogent. I have weighed them all—weighed them many a day and many a night. It is after long and calm reflection that I have taken my course, and now nothing short of a sign from heaven could change it."

Madam Dallas uttered one stifled sob, while Squire Peabody cried:

"Take care, my friend, take care! An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given it save that of the prophet Jonas. Pray God you do not get it."

"If it come I shall obey it," the old man answered, proudly; "but if any such were to be vouchsafed to me it would have been here ere now."

"God alone knows that," Greatheart interjected, piously.

"I have taken my course," Dallas continued, "and these good friends may as well learn it. My thanks for their kind intentions shall be also my farewell. 'Tis now past six of the clock. At seven the moon will rise over Bearfield Hill. When it does, I shall be aboard the transport that is to bear me into exile. But," he added, turning with stateliness towards his wife, "I am quite ready to go alone—my son and I—alone. It shall not be said when I am gone that I coerced any one to follow me into hardship. You, my wife, are at full liberty to go or stay, as your heart directs you."

She bowed humbly before him. "I'm your wife, Christopher; I have no will but yours, no way but yours."

"And you, my child," he continued, turning with the same dignity towards his daughter, "you are free to choose."

She moved forward a pace or two, till she stood before him. "I'm not free, father," she cried, with a passionate gesture. "How can I be free, when this hand is bound by love and that by duty? I'm a prisoner, a captive—the helpless woman victim of men's ambitions and cruel unchristian wars. What does it matter to me who levies a tax, or who is made to pay it? What does it matter to me whether a King or a Congress rule in the land? I'm ready to obey the one as willingly as the other; and yet I, the woman, with no ambitions and nothing but good will to all, am made to suffer most. I suffer if I go; I suffer if I stay; and," she added, half turning towards Pelham, with her right hand outstretched in a last token of farewell, "I'm going. Good-by, Greatheart. I must follow my father, but my love will stay with you."

"There spoke my daughter," the old man said, approvingly.

Pelham bent over her hand and kissed it. Then turning to the patriots about the doorway he said:

"I take you all to witness that I shall not have earned a man's place among you until I follow her and bring her back."

"Now, friends," Dallas called out, in a ringing voice, "the time presses, and we must say farewell. I have only to beg you to allow me and mine to pass quietly through your midst, and go our way. After that this house and all that is in it, as well as all I have ever possessed, shall be yours. Come, my wife; come, my daughter."

He took each by the hand, and began moving towards the door.

"Go call my son," he commanded Abigail Crane, who appeared suddenly among the men on the threshold.

"Oh, master," the still-woman cried, "I have been calling him this half-hour gone, and he is not to be found anywhere."

Madam Dallas started and grew pale. She would have broken from her husband, only that he held her tightly by the hand.

"Nonsense, good woman," he said, impatiently. "Go call him again. Bid him hasten. The time presses. Should we not be aboard by moonrise the transport will sail away."

Madam Dallas and Mercy exchanged anxious glances. There was a quick lighting up of Greatheart Pelham's face.

"Oh, master," the still-woman wept, "Simon is beating the shrubbery, with fifty patriots all spread abroad and calling lustily, and still he is not to be found."

"What jest is this?" Dallas asked,

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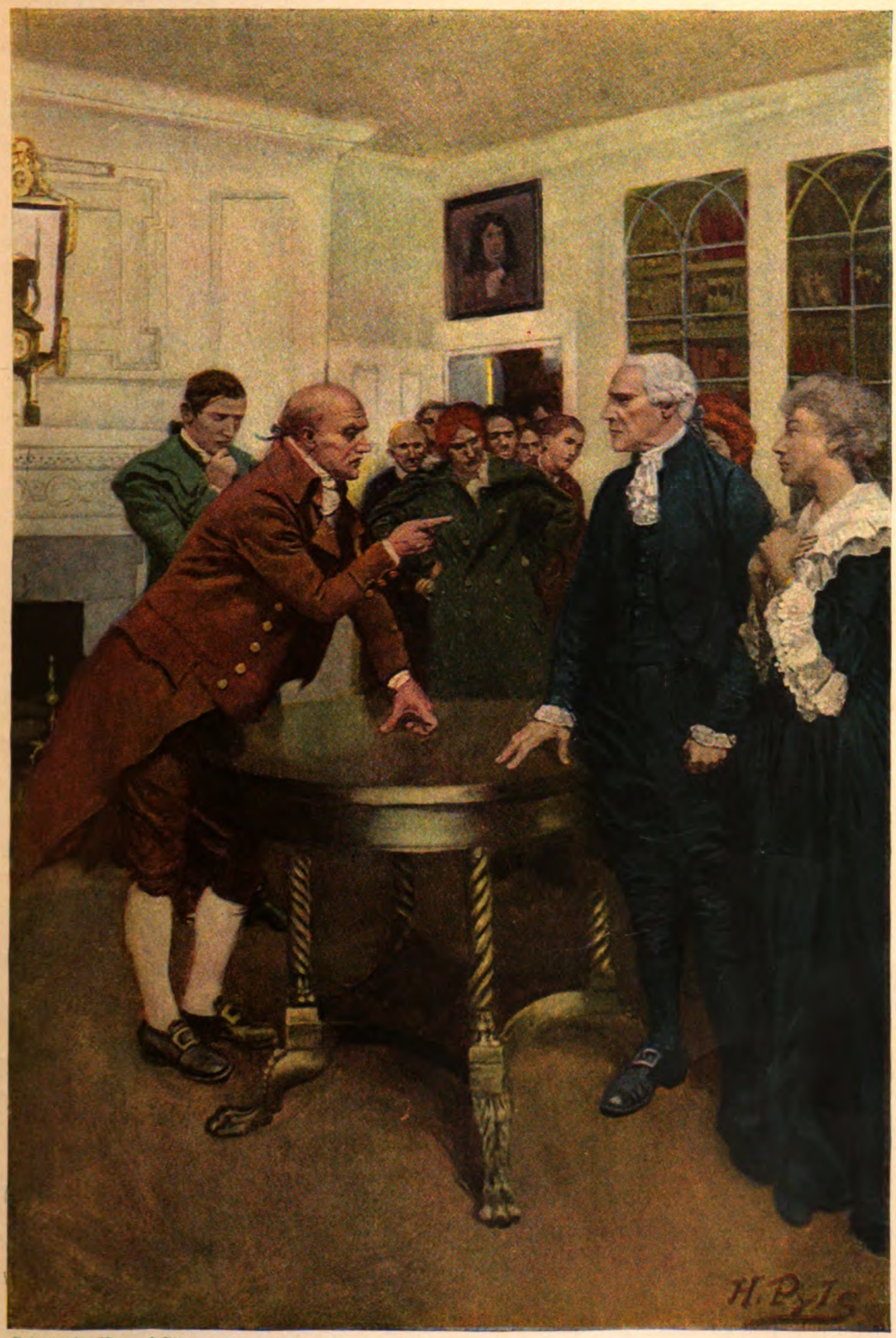


*Painting by Howard Pyle*

"TAKE CARE, MY FRIEND, TAKE CARE!"

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with sudden anger. Releasing the two women, he turned towards Pelham and Squire Peabody.

"No jest of mine, neighbor," Peabody declared.

"Nor of mine," Pelham added.

"Is this one of your patriots' tricks?"

"Before God it is not, sir," Pelham answered, stoutly. "Patriots have done some foolish things, but they have not, to my knowledge, come to spiriting away children."

Spiriting away children! The words struck alarm into the mother's heart. Dashing through the company in the doorway, she began calling, "Peleg! Peleg!" through the darkened rooms. Mercy Dallas and Abigail Crane followed her, calling likewise.

The men who had remained outside began to scatter in the search, though some entered the house, massing themselves in the hallway. Dallas advanced towards them.

"Who among you has done this?" he demanded.

The murmur which at first was the sole reply was low and menacing. Then a voice shouted:

"No man of our whole six hundred has had a hand in it."

Another cried, more threateningly:

"He who says we've touched the lad will lie."

Still another cried, scornfully:

"To fight with women and children we leave to the King's subjects."

"Peace, good neighbors!" the Squire begged, coming forward. "Add not to the troubles of a much-tried man, even though he be in the utter wrong. Good friend," he continued, addressing Dallas, "you spoke just now—lightly, I fear me—of a sign from heaven. Have you not got it?"

"The lad will be found," the father answered, hoarsely. "'Tis not yet half past six of the clock. We have time before us."

"And yet, sir," Greatheart Pelham declared, striding to a window that led out to the lawn and throwing it wide open, "yet there is a bright light over Bearfield Hill. The moon is not far below it."

"The child will be found," the old man repeated; but as if to belie his words the voice of the child's mother could be heard from the lawns, crying, "Peleg, my precious! Peleg! Peleg!" until it died away towards the shrubbery.

Almost at the same minute Simon Crane rushed in breathlessly.

"Oh, master, what is to be done? Six hundred men are beating every inch of ground 'twixt here and Bearfield, and the child is gone—clean gone! What is to be done? The boat is at the cove, and the chests therein; but the lights on the transport show that she is getting under way."

"Wait!"

Dallas spoke briefly, because he could say no more. He stood erect and still, scarcely moving a muscle in his effort to preserve his calm.

The minutes went by painfully, and Squire Peabody broke the silence first.

"Think you not, neighbor, that it is the sign that God wills you to take the oath and stay?"

"Wait."

It was the only answer of which the old man was capable. He still stood erect, but his head was bowing on his breast. Again the minutes went by painfully, while men began to return to the house, having given up the fruitless search.

"Master," said Simon Crane at last, "it be full twenty minutes from the cove to the transport's side. They who be going had best be gone."

"Wait."

Again the minutes dragged themselves away. More men returned to the house. Some panted, some laughed, some swore. One man could be heard suggesting that they betake themselves to prayer. It was an age in which men were not afraid to pray.

Suddenly Christopher Dallas raised his sunken head, and spoke:

"Oh, Almighty and Everlasting God, King and Leader of men, show whether Thou wouldst have me go or stay. Thou Who art a Father knowest that I cannot leave without the lad. If it be Thy purpose bring him back to me; if not, let me bow to Thy decree. Make clear Thy will, and give me strength to do it, for Jesus Christ's sake."

"Amen," said Squire Peabody.

"Amen," said Greatheart Pelham.

"Amen," repeated the group about the doorway.

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"Amen," came in a loud murmur from the men outside, who understood that some one had offered prayer.

The silence fell again, while more men returned; though still the mother's voice cried up and down the lawns, "Peleg, my precious! Peleg!"

Then there came a shout: "The moon! The moon!"

Christopher Dallas lifted his eyes to Bearfield Hill, over whose brow there was a thin gold rim.

"Master, the transport will be gone," Simon Crane cried, despairingly.

"Wait."

This time the silence was of short duration. Over the bay came the low dull boom of the parting gun. Christopher Dallas waited till its echoes had died away among the hills, and wheeled from the open window.

"Be good enough to call my wife and daughter," he said to Greatheart Pelham; "and you, neighbor," he added to the Squire, "bring me the oath."

The words were repeated from mouth to mouth, and the crowd of men without surged in. A few minutes later Pelham returned with the two women, both diverted for a moment from their grief about the boy by the new turn things had taken.

"My wife, my child," the old man said, quaveringly, "the Lord has spoken to me in His own righteous way, and blessed be His name. I am going to swear."

"'Tis a hard oath, neighbor," the Squire said, drawing forth a paper. "I warn you in advance."

"God's will is never hard, good friend. I am ready. Pray go on."

"Then," said the Squire, "say after me: 'I, Christopher Dallas—'"

"I, Christopher Dallas—"

"'As I hope for ease and honor in this world, and happiness in the world to come—'"

"As I hope for ease and honor in this world, and happiness in the world to come—"

"'Most earnestly and devoutly swear, by the tremendous and Almighty God—'"

"Most earnestly and devoutly swear, by the tremendous and Almighty God—"

"'That I will truly serve the colonies of this continent—'"

"That I will truly serve the colonies of this continent—"

"'Renouncing all allegiance to George, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and to his heirs forever—'"

"Renouncing—"

The old man paused, his eyes filling with tears. There was some fear that he would not go on.

"God's will is never hard, good friend," the Squire reminded him, using his own words.

"Renouncing," the old man continued, more firmly, "all allegiance to George, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and to his heirs forever."

"'So help me God!'"

"So help me God!"

It was said. It was done. God's will was to be accomplished. But Christopher Dallas knew that thenceforward he was to be a broken man. For an instant he stood still, as if dazed with the wonder of a strange awakening. Then he tottered, and sinking into a chair, with his head on the nearest table, he gave way to sobs.

"Come along, men," Greatheart cried to those who looked on curiously. "This is no place for us."

But the movement, which began at once, was checked by another cry:

"The boy!"

Out on the lawn a little figure was advancing in the moonlight. Christopher Dallas raised his head again. Peleg came forward slowly into the light, straws hanging from his hair, and flecks of wool clinging to his clothing.

"Oh, father, do not chastise me," he pleaded, before coming in.

"Whence comest thou, my son?"

"I come from the cave where I was a gang of pirates—the cave whence mother took the silver things this morning. There I fell asleep. Father, chastise me not, and I will promise to do so no more."

There was no pardon in words as the old man gathered the boy into his trembling arms, while the mother and sister knelt with tears of joy. But Squire Peabody felt it his duty of exhortation to explain to the men of Greenport, as they plodded homeward through the moonlight, that it was not the first time that babes and sucklings had been instruments for the handling of the Lord.

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# Writing

*BY EDWARD S. MARTIN*

PERHAPS the practised reader who has learned how, can read so that you forget that he is reading, and take his words as though they came popping at you fresh from the mind that thought them; but with most of us it happens that the instant we proceed from talk into reading there comes a change in the quality of our intonations. It is not our talk any longer, but some one else's, of which we are the mouthpiece.

A subtle distinction very like this difference between talk that is talked and talk that is read is apt to obtain between talk and writing. Most of us, when we undertake to write anything, instinctively assume, as our pen comes out of the ink-pot, a tone a little different from our natural tone of voice. Practice of the right kind tends to obliterate this difference, and to make the writer's writing more like good talk, and, incidentally, to make his talk more like good writing. It is not a bad thing for a man to talk like a book, provided it is exactly the right sort of book and he doesn't talk like too much of it at once. It is high praise for some kinds of writing to say that it reads like oral speech, but it won't be good writing unless the talk it sounds like is very good talk. In good writing there is the sound of the writer's voice. Surely Milton's living voice is in his prose, and Ruskin's voice in Ruskin's prose, and another voice in Hawthorne's, and another in Newman's, and another in Thackeray's. Style is not an arbitrary thing. It is personal. It has a different tone in every writer, just as the living voice and enunciation are different in each person, and no two painters paint alike. Style regards words as sounds, and puts them together so that they sound well. To reconcile them to grammar is not difficult. To observe how alliterations and assonances enter into style is analytically interesting, but of no practical value in writing. The ear attends to those details.

It is wonderful what subtleties of tone, of feeling, of sentiment, of emotion, can be put into written words, and into very common little words at that. Provided you know something—not so very much—about how to use them, words seem to hold just what you entrust to them, both the sense and the spirit, and keep it to show to any pair of eyes that comes looking for it and have a discerning and sympathetic mind behind them. You put tears into your words, and the sympathetic reader will snuffle when he comes to them, but you must have snuffled first yourself; put in a smile, and he will smile; catch your spirit at a moment of exaltation or of strong emotion and capture its message with a pencil—there it will be alive and inspiring for whoever reads it with competent eyes.

A great charm about writing is the possibility of writing better than you know; of getting hold of better thoughts than you are fairly entitled to think, or do think, as a rule, and putting them into words of unsuspected felicity. But you must think the thoughts for the moment. You can't put down what you never had, but you can put down what you had and lost.

Most of us are uneven in our mental processes. We don't think big thoughts all the time. We think them under pressure of strong emotions or of fortunate physical conditions. Even when there is no special occasion to inspire a thought that is better than common, it will often come as the result of concentration of the mind, conscious or unconscious, on some particular subject. The mind's automatic action is a very important phase of its activities. It keeps going all the time, and strikes a good many sparks on its own hook. Once a good mind has been headed on a certain course, it is apt to hold that course more or less closely, or at least to revert to it, until it arrives somewhere;

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and this it will often do whether its owner keeps his watch at the wheel or not. I think that most writers, when they have got some particularly good idea into some particularly lucid and effective form of words, often feel that the job is only partly of their doing, and that a good deal of it, and probably the very best of it, came to them by processes more or less independent of their volition. Nobody writes without putting his will into the work and making the indispensable effort; but what comes is partly what is in him, and partly what is given him to say, and which is which he may not know, nor whence came what was given. What we call literary talent, or, in its rarer and more remarkable form, genius, seems to be the gift of having extra-good ideas come into the mind and clothe themselves with extra-good language. Very young writers have sometimes powers of expression which persons less lucky never get. There is an ear for language like the ear for music, and akin to it. Girls of the most limited experience and youths of inadequate education seem now and then to possess by instinct the faculty of expression; of putting their words where they ought to go, and doing the trick that makes literature.

It is a great advantage to a writer to have sense, but he can get along with a moderate supply of it if only he is a good enough writer. It is an advantage to him to have learning, provided he has it under good control and doesn't let it run away with him or dam him up. But the thing he *must* have is ideas. It is hard sledding for a writer to get along without ideas. Somehow, if he is going to be a writer, he must have bubbles in his mind. He can borrow a great many thoughts if he knows where to find them. What is learning but the assimilation of other men's ideas! But while some persons are writers because they are possessed with ideas that demand to be expounded, a good many others attain more or less painfully to the possession of ideas because they are called to be writers and are peremptorily constrained to have something to impart. It isn't quite enough to have language, though if you know enough words and attain to a truly skilful use of them, you can make them go a good ways. You must have some kind of an idea to string them on if you are going to make a tolerable literary job. Sit down with pen, paper, ink, and a dictionary—if you need one. Then we all know what happens. You have got to think. There is no way out of it. Thinking is to the natural man a severe and repugnant exercise, but the natural man is not a writer. Before anybody becomes a writer he must subjugate nature to the extent of partially overcoming his distaste for consecutive thought. I dare say it is a healthy distaste. I think the subjugation can be overdone, especially if the writer aspires to have many readers. If a writer thinks too fluently and exhaustively, even though he thinks well, he is liable to tire his reader out before he lets go himself. And when a reader is thoroughly tired he quits. That is his privilege, and that is one of the writer's risks that he must consider. If you sit under a speaker, you must often sit him out whether he thinks too exhaustively for you or not, but a writer can hardly put any one to so much inconvenience as that. If his thought is too protracted or doesn't strike you as edifying, you can shut him off in the middle of a sentence, without any lapse of manners or offence to any one. A man who has been a fairly successful writer for a good many years has been heard to attribute his success to the exceptionally feeble quality of his mind, which brought it about that he always got tired of any line of thought he was expounding before the reader did. There is something in that idea, though presumably that was not the whole story, but the same instinct that saves a talker from being a bore must save a writer from being the same. The proper aim of writers, however, is not so much to relieve the reader from the trouble of assimilating thoughts as to put the thought to him so skilfully, so concisely, in such an orderly way, and with such felicities of illustration and diction, that he will take it in gladly and without too much consciousness of effort.

I don't mean to say that it should be the chief end of every writer to make easy reading. A proper handling of his subject may not admit of that. But he should make as easy reading as the proper

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handling of his subject will allow. He ought to marshal his ideas, or his facts, in their proper order, and to use the right words, and to put them in the right places, so that the reader will have no unnecessary trouble in taking in what he gives out, but may find a profit in what he says and a pleasure in the way he says it.

Why does any one take to writing as a calling? There are reasons enough. It is one way to get an honest living, and a man may lawfully choose it, and may live by it, better or worse, and be happy in the practice of it. Writing is both a profession and an art. On its money-getting side it seems to me not a particularly good profession. A successful lawyer or a successful doctor commonly earns more money than a successful writer, and there are vastly more lawyers and doctors who succeed in a measure worth talking about than writers. But a man seldom takes to the profession of writing with money-making as his primary object, any more than he takes to the ministry or to teaching for that purpose. He takes to writing because he likes it and has a turn for it, or because he cannot wait to fit himself for some other profession, or is debarred for some reason from other professions, or because opportunity offers. Once he commences writing and undertakes to live by his work, he will probably want to get out of it all the money he can without sacrifice of things that are worth more to him than mere money. Mere money, for example, will not tempt a wise man, let alone a good one, to take service with a newspaper which he does not approve, nor to write trash, which, being capable of better things, he knows to be trash, because the market for trash happens to be better than the market for literature. There is no great harm in writing trash, sobeit it is not vicious, if a man can do no better. But for a man of real talent and literary power to turn away from art, and the truth that art must express, to trash and drivel is prostitution. It is a writer's duty to write his best, and he cannot turn his back on that duty for long without paying the penalty in reputation and in power. As for what he may earn, Stevenson says grandly about that, that "surely at this time of day in the nineteenth century there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves." That is a noble sentiment, and Stevenson, to do him justice, lived handsomely up to it, writing his best always, sticking to art which is difficult, shunning slop which is easy, taking what came to him, which eventually was a good deal, and earning more than he got. But Stevenson was always of a Bohemian turn. He did not raise a family, nor have boys and girls in school, and when he wrote down that fine sentiment I think he had not yet even acquired a wife. Most honest writers nowadays would rather that they themselves got and spent more than they deserved than that the excess was added to the moral burden of their publishers. To write down below your natural or possible level because it pays better is bad, and is even a bad business policy; but so long as you write the best you can it is no sin to take all you can gracefully get for what you have written.

But not many writers get rich. Some newspaper owners do, but that is business. Some successful novelists make a good deal of money. One or two books every year are worth a little fortune to their writers. The possibility thus illustrated of making a good pot of money rather suddenly in the writing business helps to make it attractive. There are good chances in it, good money prizes, and they are useful in any line of industry.

Stevenson says: "There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it." That seems to be very much to the point. Truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment are what we should aim at in the general conduct of life; but in writing, certainly, an endeavor after nothing less will serve. To disclose the truth—so much of it as is needed—seems to be the chief end of the profession of writing. No one can know



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all the truth. No one can even know as much of it as he needs to know. But any writer can avoid writing what he knows not to be true, and any reasonably careful writer can usually avoid committing himself to statements that he is not sure of. One defect in newspapers is that they print so much that is not so. They are full of half-truths; but, for that matter, so is the world generally. Getting at the whole truth about anything is apt to be a work of vast difficulty and slow accomplishment, and newspapers are always in a hurry; but newspapers in general take a vast deal more pains to learn and tell the truth than they get credit for.

The majority of writers seem to have come to that calling somewhat as men come to State-prison—without any original purpose to get there, but after failure to realize different and perhaps better intentions. It is a rare thing for a boy to be deliberately educated to be a writer. It has been so precarious a calling that the usage has been to train youths for some work in which the average chance of success is better. Then if they turn writers and don't succeed they will have something to fall back on. Sons of editors may tend naturally to the work on the family paper, but even then the attempt is often made to educate them as lawyers or put them into business. Examples may be cited at random: Lowell studied law, Emerson was a preacher, Holmes was a doctor and only practised literature as an avocation. Keats, who was born to write, went from school to be an apothecary's apprentice. The rule still seems to be that before any man takes to writing for his bread he must have made a serious effort to get his bread by some other means. A man rarely gets a license to be a writer until he has faithfully demonstrated his unfitness to be something else.

With women the way is less beset with obstacles. Writing is well adapted to be a domestic industry which folks can take up at home and work at in their spare time. On the whole, I think it is the industry in which women compete most successfully with men. Lots of women work for newspapers and magazines. Shoals of them write books, and they write their full proportion of successful books. They are particularly good at stories, long and short.

Even modest people like to make stir enough in the world while they are in it to be identified. The conditions for making that much of a stir are very favorable in the literary calling. The thing that most brings reputation is advertisement. A writer who puts his name to his work is constantly advertised. If he can break into print at all, his name gets to be known, and if anybody likes his deliverances they come to feel that they have made acquaintance with the writer of them. So the great writers are known by millions of people, and the lesser ones in their day by thousands. While a highly successful and useful man of business, or lawyer, or doctor, may be known only to a restricted circle of acquaintance and a limited number beyond it, a writer of perhaps less ability and less merit may be known, in a way, up and down the land. No profession is so well advertised, except perhaps that of the actor, the politician, and the high-class criminal; and the last is at a disadvantage, because when he becomes eminently famous they hang him or put him in jail.

Of course, a literary reputation, besides being gently gratifying to one's vanity, has a business value, because the writings of a man who is well known and has gained the ear of readers is worth a great deal more than the work of a man whom the public doesn't yet know. And besides the pecuniary value of a literary reputation, it is pleasant. To be looked up to a little, or even affectionately regarded, is one of the most compensating things in life, and many writers have been and are so regarded by a great number of readers whom they have never seen, but whom they have helped, or to whom they have given pleasure.

And besides all that, writing is interesting work. A man's work is the thing that is going to take most of his time and energy, that he is going to put his best into, and that is going to be his chief reliance for entertainment. Work in the long run is a vastly more durable form of entertainment than play, though play has its uses and is good for a change. Any work a man devotes himself to is apt to interest him, but some

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kinds of work are pleasanter and more intrinsically interesting than other kinds. Writing is exceedingly pleasant if you can make it go well enough. It is the practice of an art, and to practise an art with skill is delightful. It is a pleasure to be able to kick a football so that it will go between the goal-posts, or where you want it to. That is a mighty skilful job, and it gives pleasure in the doing because it is pretty and because it is difficult. To catch an idea, and send it where you want it to go, and have it go as it should and land where it is needed, is also an exploit that makes you happy. To do a good piece of work satisfies a certain hunger of the mind. Not that a writer always knows when a piece of his work is particularly good or not. Very often he doesn't. Once he gets started on his subject, all he can do is to keep his mind at work on it and put down, the best he knows how, the best his mind will yield. What he gets depends upon what is in him and whether he manages to get it out.

Writing verses is an entertaining branch of the literary calling, provided you can do it to your taste. Somehow, our faculties being such as they are, there are wonderful possibilities in poetry for stirring them. Verse-writing is good practice in getting the run of words and determining their order. You not only have to have a good many words at your command in order to choose such as make rhyme and rhythm come right, but you are apt to have to put them together in ever so many different combinations before you get the one you want. And there are such astounding possibilities in those combinations. The words are the same, or as good, as have served the English-writing poets since Chaucer. Is there not always the possibility that you may string a few dozen or a few hundred of them together in such a fashion that mankind will neither suffer them nor you to be forgotten? It has been done. Why may it not be done again? It can. There are all the pieces, if one only can invent a surpassing pattern. It always seems *possible* to put the familiar little words together so as to make a surpassing poem, but very, very few writers have done it, and those few have not done it by accident, but commonly as the fruit, more or less immediate, of long-continued effort coupled with genius.

Of making many books and myriads of magazines and newspapers there is no end, and armies of writers and would-be writers are always at it. And yet the supply of good writers is, nowadays, never equal to the demand. That is a great advantage. It keeps up rates, and makes it unnecessary for writers to form unions and have strikes. There is a natural monopoly of high talent. Money can stimulate the production of good writing somewhat by offering inducement to good minds to take literary exercise, but it cannot buy good writing unless it is written, and it very often pays for qualities that are not delivered. Inducement and inspiration are not identical. Money may offer inducement, but inspiration comes from other sources. The love of approbation is one source of inspiration, and in particular the hunger for the special approbation of careless young women of no particular discrimination about literature, has been the inspiration of more good verses than all the gold pieces any one ever saw. And the love of truth, and the love of beauty, and the love of nature and of mankind, are all inspirations of endless effectiveness.

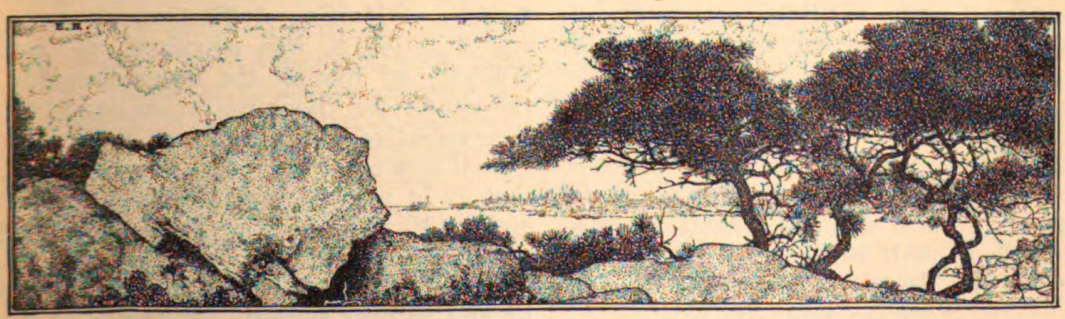

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Fig. 1.—Cabeço Gordo, a hill in the Azores, showing canal-like markings

# Different Explanations of the Canals of Mars

*BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING*

Of the Harvard Observatory

LEAVING aside the older and now generally discredited explanations that the canals are gigantic water-channels, that they are cracks in a universal covering of ice, and that they are grooves cut by colliding asteroids, we will turn to the explanations held as more probable by the astronomers of the present day.

Much the oldest of these* considers them to be caused by narrow ditches, which, crossing the desert regions of the planet, furnish water to vegetation growing along their banks. It is these comparatively broad bands of vegetation, and not the narrow water-channels themselves, which are visible in our telescopes. The chief advocate of this view at the present time is Professor Lowell, who has adopted it as the foundation of his theories of Martian civilization. A serious objection to this hypothesis is the difficulty of forcing the water through the canals for thousands of miles, over a comparatively level country. Professor Lowell gets over this difficulty by stating that it is pumped through them artificially. Many astronomers recoil from an artificial explanation, where it is possible to account for the phenomena observed by any natural method.

* *Science*, 1888, xii., 82.

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The difficulty of transporting the water is further enhanced if we consider the fact, which is generally admitted, that the amount of atmosphere we find on Mars does not exceed one-quarter the quantity per square mile of surface that we find upon the Earth. This view is based largely on Professor Campbell's spectroscopic investigations, confirmed by the clearness with which we see the details of the planet's surface. Since gravity upon Mars is but three-eighths of what it is upon the Earth, the atmospheric pressure on the Martian surface cannot exceed three thirty-seconds of our own, or 71 millimetres of mercury. Under this low pressure water boils at 113° Fahr. If the amount of atmosphere on Mars is only one-tenth as much as that on the Earth, which is highly probable, the boiling-point of water upon the surface of the planet would be reduced to 84° Fahr. That the daylight temperature of the surface does not differ greatly from our own, we know by the rapidity with which the polar ice-caps disappear on the approach of summer. It would, therefore, seem that the evaporation of water from the surface must proceed with extraordinary rapidity, and the difficulty of transporting it through canals, and supplying sufficient for the needs of vegetation upon the way, must be accordingly greatly enhanced.

Indeed, it would seem necessary to substitute gigantic water-mains for the canals, with a most extended system of supplementary piping. The amount of power required to pump sufficient water to irrigate anywhere between 100,000 and 1,000,000 square miles of surface, through such a system of piping, may be left to any competent hydraulic engineer to compute, with the added statement that most of the water is to be transported to a distance exceeding 1000 miles.

Fig. 2.—A series of dots which at a distance of 30 feet looks like a continuous line.

If we are to insist on a Martian civilization at all hazards, a more defensible explanation of the canals might be founded on the photograph shown in Fig. 1. This photograph was obtained by the writer during the past summer while on a vacation trip in the Azores. It represents a somewhat insignificant hill known as Cabeço Gordo, which was passed on the way to the summit of the volcano Pico, near Fayal.

There is a bush or low tree, known as the Urze, which grows on the slopes of the volcano, and which is analogous in character to our pines and spruces. This hill was originally covered with it, but most of it has now been cut down by the shepherds in order to afford pasturage to their flocks. Narrow areas of it have been permitted to stand, however, in order to furnish protection to the animals against the terrific winter winds sometimes occurring at these altitudes.

Similar markings might very readily be produced artificially on Mars, and we are not even obliged to assume that any portion of its surface is of a desert character. It must be remembered that the canals of Mars are not a few feet but several miles in breadth. Imagine that the whole surface of the planet was originally covered with some form of bush or tree, which in the northern and equatorial regions has now been largely destroyed. Its continued presence in the southern regions would account for the so-called seas, while narrow, more or less continuous, strips of it would account for the canals.

The vegetation, both field and woodland, would be supported by the atmospheric circulation, just as it is upon the Earth, and no gigantic engineering feats whatever are required of the assumed inhabitants. Why the inhabitants of Mars should grow their vegetation in these peculiar forms, the writer does not pretend to know, but very likely the same reason that influences the shepherds of Cabeço Gordo, protection against the severe winter climate, may be the explanation.

But is it necessary to assume a Martian civilization? Astronomers generally think not. The only argument in its favor is the artificial appearance of the

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drawings of the canal system of the planet. What the public generally does not understand, however, is that while the drawings may look thoroughly artificial, and may be most carefully made, yet that the planet itself, *if sufficiently well seen*, might not look artificial at all. The statement sometimes made that the canals really consist of straight uniform lines is by no means generally accepted by astronomers. In fact, as we shall presently see, what evidence we have points quite in the opposite direction.

If we make a horizontal row of dots or vertical lines on a piece of paper (Fig. 2), the distance between their centres being one-eighth of an inch, and if we view them from a distance of thirty feet, they will appear to our eyes simply as a continuous, uniform, horizontal line. If we scatter a sufficient number of dots and lines irregularly over the paper (Fig. 3), and view them also from a distance of thirty feet, it will be possible for us, after a careful examination, to see the three chief dots connected as shown by the heavy lines, Fig. 4. At a suitable distance these lines will appear perfectly straight and uniform. If we approach somewhat nearer, the finer lines will appear. These lines have a very artificial aspect, and yet, if we view the original (Fig. 3) close at hand, we shall see that the drawing really represents nothing but an irregular grouping of spots.

Photographs of fine planetary or lunar detail are much more unreliable than drawings, because they have to be on so small a scale in proportion to what is known to photographers as the "grain" of the plate. This grain is a sort of irregular background, which becomes very conspicuous as soon as the plate is sufficiently enlarged. Atmospheric difficulties and irregular motions of the driving-clock of the telescope are also much more serious to the photographer than to the visual astronomer. For these reasons astronomers generally consider that it was a great triumph for the photographers of the Lowell Observatory to be able to get any indications of the canals whatever upon their plates. As far as a detailed study of the planet's surface is concerned, however, the Lowell drawings are of much more value than the Lowell photographs.

As to the so-called doubling of the canals, most astronomers simply decline to admit the existence of the phenomena, on the visual and photographic evidence so far presented. That out of several hundred canals one or two might be double from merely accidental causes is not denied, but the demonstration of the

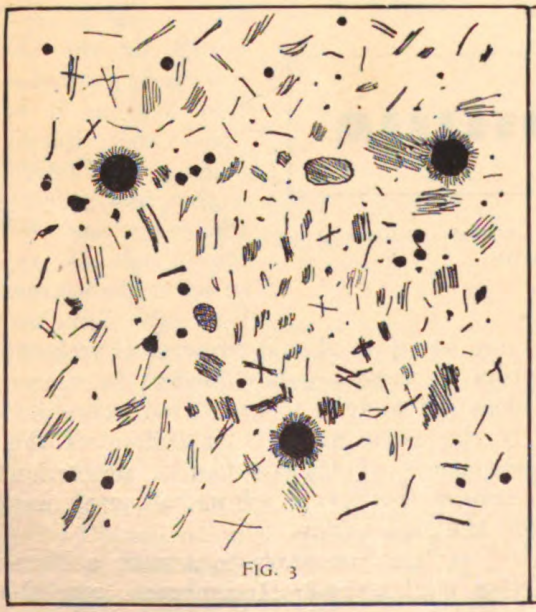

FIG. 3

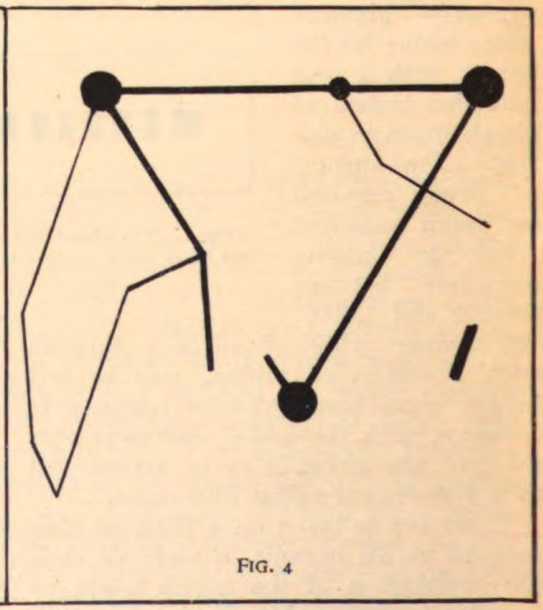

FIG. 4

Irregular markings, such as are shown in Fig. 3, when seen from a distance of 30 feet resemble the canals of Fig. 4

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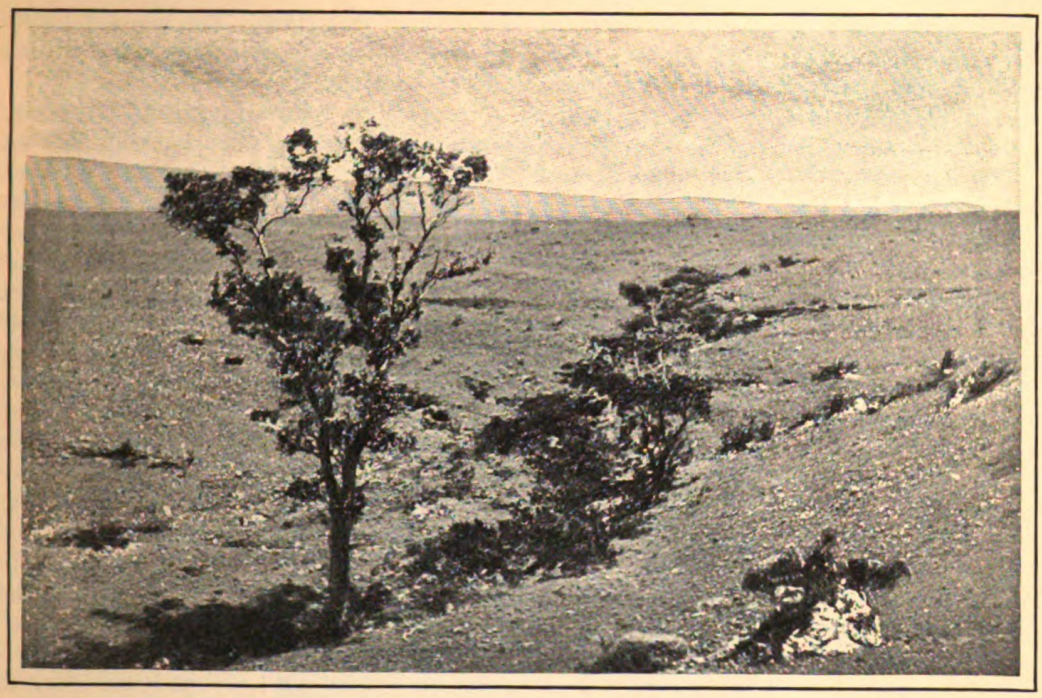

Fig. 5.—A canal-like marking produced naturally in the deserts of Hawaii by an active steam-crack

duplication of any large proportion, such as one-fourth, as claimed by Professor Lowell, is awaited with interest.

But if we deny that the canals are artificial, how then can they be explained? The alternative hypothesis,* and the one which it is believed from the writer's private correspondence is generally preferred by those astronomers interested in Mars, is that the canals are due to volcanic cracks lying between craterlets on the Martian surface. Water vapor escaping from these craterlets and cracks nourishes the vegetation growing along their sides, and it is this vegetation which is visible in our telescopes.

This latter view has the distinct advantage that it also explains the canals on the Moon, which, as seen through a small telescope, are indistinguishable from those on Mars. They also go through the same changes and transformations in the course of a lunation that the Martian canals do in the course of the Martian year, and differ from them only in the fact that they are on a much smaller scale. Through a large telescope, with good atmospheric conditions, the craterlets and cracks about which the lunar lakes and canals are formed can be distinctly seen, and the gradual transformation of a crack into a canal has been watched, and the rate of growth of the latter measured.* Through a small telescope the lunar canals, like the Martian ones, appear straight and perfectly uniform. Through a large glass, on the other hand, irregularities of outline appear, and marked variations in the depth of color.

Similar natural canals formed about terrestrial volcanic cracks have been studied and photographed in Hawaii. See Fig. 5. This view represents a portion of the desert extending to the south of Kilauea. The only vegetation growing upon it consists of trees, low bushes, and ferns, which stretch across it in long, narrow, straight lines, following the course of the steam cracks, whose exhalations furnish the necessary moisture on which the existence of the vegetation depends.

Stretching across Fig. 6 is shown the Ariadæus rill, a volcanic crack upon the Moon 150 miles in length. If it were still giving out steam, we should doubtless have here a straight lunar canal

* *Popular Astronomy*, 1904, xii., 439.

* *Annals Harvard College Observatory*, liii., 79. *Memoirs American Academy*, 1906, xiii., 176.

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quite comparable in size to many of those found on Mars. About one thousand of these rills, most of them much smaller than this one, are now catalogued upon the Moon.

The objection that most astronomers feel to the admission of the existence of civilization upon Mars is not, it seems to the writer, a sort of jealousy of the other planets, such as Professor Lowell has suggested, and a wish that intelligence should be confined to our Earth. On the contrary, trustworthy evidence of its existence would certainly be welcomed by them, as by every one else, not only with pleasure, but with wild enthusiasm. Their feeling, I believe, is rather that the four planets, Venus, the Earth, the Moon, and Mars, are all of about the same size, and are situated at similar distances from the Sun. Their surface conditions must therefore bear a general resemblance to one another. Life is so persistent, and will exist under such varied and apparently adverse conditions, that it is not surprising that it should be found on all of them. Indeed, as we have seen, we have already pretty strong visual evidence that it does exist on two of them besides the Earth. As compared with vegetation, it seems probable that human life, or its planetary equivalent, would have much more narrow limits. Vegetable life beneath the sea, for instance, is, as we all know, very luxuriant. The possible limits of civilization are still more narrow than those of human life.

Fig. 6.—The Ariadæus Rill, a straight volcanic crack upon the Moon, 150 miles in length. (Photographed at Yerkes Observatory with 40-inch telescope.)

Under the reduced atmospheric pressure and probable almost total lack of free oxygen upon Mars, we can still see no reason why vegetation should fail to exist. But is it likely that civilization should be found there also? We do not definitely deny that some form of civilization under these circumstances might be possible, but why invoke its aid to explain the various observed phenomena, such as the canals, if we can furnish a better, or even a nearly as good, explanation of them by some other hypothesis?

The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the Earth and the Moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the Moon, and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the Earth. Even if the physical conditions, as we understand them, were equally favorable with those on the Earth, civilization would by no means be a necessary consequence. Had it not been settled by Europeans, the United States would still be a wilderness. How much less should we hasten to accord civilization to a planet of which we know little, except that if we were transported there ourselves, we should instantly die.

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# The Eternal Feminine

*BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS*

BERMUDA, *March 11.*

I ONCE thought, when I was younger—at eleven or twelve years of age,—that the objects of life were to read lots and have a noble character and such things, but at a later age (I now have numbered thirteen summers) I see more clearly. Ethel DeKoven lent me a splendid book Thursday, called *Love's Great Reward,* which says how the clinging clasp of rose-leaf hands holds manhood's power in leash, and also how the upward glance of asking eyes appeals from woman's weakness to man's strength, and is—I forget the words. But the idea is perfectly lovely. That seems to me a good plan, because it's easier to give upward glances than it is to remember history and where the island of Formosa is, and also to be reliable and go to bed at nine by yourself. It's a good deal of trouble, too, to play tennis really well, which Rose says I must. If you're a nicer person by being ignorant and clinging, why not do that? "The eternal feminine," the book says—that's the greatest stunt you can do, and if you're naturally born a girl, how simple it is to be feminine! It was quite a revelation to me to get that idea, and it makes this sad old world so easy!

A person has to keep thoughts like this mostly to yourself, for the vulgar crowd doesn't understand. I told Rose a little about it because I was so interested, and she was horrid. Rose is my older sister (she has numbered twenty-two summers), and she's fair and beautiful as a lily; she's got a small head crowned with a wealth of red-gold hair, a slight, exquisitely graceful figure, large hazel eyes, and a voice of low music—she's perfectly corking for an eternal feminine, only she won't be it. She has the curse of intelligence, and how that rubs the charm from the flower of young womanhood, doesn't it? *Love's Great Reward* says so. Rose came into my room with a volume of Fiske's history of the American Revolution, and I knew she was going to do her half-hour, which she promised mother she would do every day, of solid reading. I'd stuck *Love's Great Reward* hurriedly under me and was sitting on it, because you can't tell how elderly sisters will take things, but I was chuck full of its lessons, and my heart ached to see Rose's lithe young charms frittered on the Am. Rev., so I said, sternly:

"What's the good of stuffing yourself with that history? Leave intellectual prizes to the men—it's their province. Men don't like learned women. It's the clinging clasp of rose-leaf hands that holds manhood's power in leash."

You ought to have seen Rose whirl. She was fussing with the silver on my bureau quite placidly, but she whisked around like a typhoon—or tycoon, is it?—and stood with her mouth open, struck speechless. I wish she'd stayed so.

"Dorothea Vanderpool, what have you been reading?" demanded she, outrageously overbearingly, and she didn't laugh. "I never heard such truck. Come—you might as well tell—somebody's been lending you novels again, and you know what mother will say to that. You come right into grandmamma's room, and repeat those sentiments to her. Get up—come on!"

I couldn't get up, because I was sitting on *Love's Great Reward,* and I could plainly see that Rose in her prejudiced condition would take it if she saw it. So I rocked.

"I don't care to see grandmamma just now," I said, coldly.

Rose went on. "Last time you were going to be a Joan of Arc, and you crammed history and tactics," she said, in a superior way which I hate. "This is a new line, and I know as well as if you told me that you've got hold of some fool book. 'Clinging clasp of rose-leaf hands'—you—you utter little donkey!"



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That wasn't nice of Rose, yet I answered gently back. "But, Rose—it's so," I said. "It's that sort of women that call forth the overpowering tenderness of strong manly love—I'm sure of that."

Rose looked as if she wanted to hit me, and then she dropped into her chair and howled, which was rude. She's a disappointment to me. Of course I'm too young to be a heroine myself, but it would be lovely to have one in the family, and Rose would make such a splendid one if she'd act properly. Everything's just like a novel, only her behavior. Her being fair as a lily is such luck, as slim as a wand of willow just like Hermione in *Love's Great Reward*—and then having a wealth of red-gold hair is a rare gift. And the passionate lovers which she ought to have—she's got them. There's Major Westfield, and Jimmie Durand of course—he's a chestnut,—and several of the officers on the ships (of which Captain Paine of the *Thunderer* is the most glorious), and Captain Lee and Captain Cecil and many plain leftenants. She has hunks of passionate lovers. Of course every self-respecting young lady has as many as convenient—but Rose has special hunks, because she's "ripping," as these English officers say. They give me brass buttons and ships' ribbons and take me into ward-rooms and gun-turrets, and I get lots of fun out of being her sister. They little know that I am reading all their inmost characters, and sizing them up to influence Rose about them. But I am—all the time I am being still and ladylike I am just bursting with thoughts. I heard Leftenant Wilson swear at a sailor who was doing his best, and I told Rose she mustn't let him love her, because real gentlemen are polite to servants who can't answer back. Also, I saw Captain Paine lick his finger to turn over a leaf, and I told Rose that at once, as I thought he'd been badly brought up, though kind. So it's important to behave before me. These soliloquizings are very interesting, but they slow down the story. Rose bullied me into grandmamma's room, and *Love's Great Reward* fell on the floor when I got up, and she pounced, and carried it off.

"See what this child's been reading!" she orated to grandmamma. "The most disgusting, trashy novel! How she can—a well-brought-up girl! Do talk to her, grandmamma."

Grandmamma was sitting by the window, reading, and her fluffy white hair looked like spun-sugar birds'-nests that they have around ice-cream. She gazed at me as solemn as an owl for half a minute, and then she grinned.

"You little sinner, Dotty!" she said. "You can't get along without romance by the pound, can you, dear?" Then she took the book from Rose and turned over a few pages. "*Oh! Oh!*" she said. "Really very bad. Where did you get it, dear?"

"Ethel DeKoven got it out of the library," I said. "*Her* mother lets *her* read anything she likes."

Grandmamma and Rose just looked at each other, and I knew they didn't approve, but Ethel DeKoven has numbered sixteen summers, and I think it's noble of her mother to trust her. But I didn't say anything—I knew better. Grandmamma thought a minute.

"I can't let you finish it, Dotty. I'm sorry. But I have an idea. Why don't you write a novel? Two years ago you were planning to lead a band of brigands, and then you thought the greatest thing on earth was to be strong and learn to shoot and ride; then last year you were anxious to be a professor in a college; and now you're having this attack of rabid sentiment. If you'd write a book yourself, you could get those ideas in, and you wouldn't need to read lurid stuff like this."

Grandmamma doesn't go at you viciously, as Rose does; she says the thing as if she just happened to be thinking of it, and so, even if you know she's wrong about "lurid stuff," you don't feel prodded. And that idea of writing a book seemed to me splendid. I told her so. I liked it so much that I rushed to my room to begin, and didn't mind much when I saw Rose, from the window, making tracks to the DeKoven cottage with *Love's Great Reward* under her arm. I'd looked over to the end and knew how it came out, anyway—but it was a perfectly lovely story.

Now I'm going to begin my novel. This isn't it, but I thought I'd write this to show how the novel happened to

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"MEN DON'T LIKE LEARNED WOMEN"

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be written—it will be so interesting in my biography. I'll jot down things about it, carelessly, from day to day. I've decided this—Rose is the heroine. She's named Rosemarie, the daughter of an astronomer and a lady brigand; she's as gentle as she's beautiful, and she sees how wrong it is of her mother to be a brigand, and how unwomanly, and she has besought her mother many times to give up such a life and just be beautiful and beloved; but her mother won't. She says that the astronomer won't talk anything but stars and arithmetic, and it's such a sedentary life that she's got to get exercise and amusement somehow. So Rose sees from her parents how sad it is to be learned or brigandish, and she longs to be feminine and beloved, which she can't find in her own family—like me. Then in comes the hero! He's to be enormously large and strong and handsome, with piercing blue eyes which shine out mysteriously from a pallid olive countenance — like Major Westfield's. I think I'll have him a younger son, too. I don't see why that's a misfortune—I'm a younger daughter, and I don't mind. But Lady Ellenwood said to grandmamma the other day that Major Westfield was "a younger son, poor dear, and there was nothing ahead of him"—so it must be sad, and I want Rollo Leslie Livingstone to be sad. I think that's a nice name—Rollo Leslie Livingstone—Major Westfield's name is Leslie.

I think I won't tell the rest of my plot just now, because I want to tell about Rose. Anyway, the book will give the plot. Now, among all Rose's suitors there are two that shine forth in devotion—Major Westfield and Jimmie Durand. Jimmie Durand is the sort that even I call Jimmie—you have to. He's American, and came down here to see Rose, and the way he does it is to load grandmamma and me with indelicate attentions. They don't know I know he's awfully rich, because I'm not supposed to notice such things; but gracious! can't I see, if I am only thirteen, that a young chap with automobiles and dozens of horses, and a yacht which is coming to fetch him, must have a princely fortune? I think it's a great thing, too, but not so great as Love, which is sweeter than honey in the honeycomb. Jimmie is young and fairly handsome, though a little pie-faced and squat-figured. But Major Westfield is a real hero. He's old—Lady Ellenwood said he was thirty-five, but that seems extreme—and he's got a very dark complexion and light-blue eyes, and he's tall and broad and awfully, awfully strong—"the most powerful man in the regiment," Captain Lee said. He's kind to everybody, and generally has time to talk to me seriously. I quite worried Rose and made grandmamma laugh yesterday by saying that I thought Major Westfield liked grandmamma most. Rose said:

"Of course he does—everybody does," but she looked bothered. After a while she came out, "He doesn't like me much, anyway."

Which, considering we had been talking about Panama hats last, was a give-away. I think it's a wise plan to pique Rose a little about grandmamma—it will make her value Major Westfield more highly, which is what she needs, with all these men spoiling her and her caring for none of them with a woman's all-absorbing love. My family are so careless and unresponsible that it's my duty to take care of Rose and settle her Life's destiny.

*March 16.*—My! but I wrote a lot the other day. Since then much has transpired (that means happened). It was my birthday yesterday, and Major Westfield gave me a sailing-party in his new sailboat, the *Water Baby*, and I asked the people, and we had tea on Darrell's Island. I thought I'd seize the occasion to gather material for my novel, so I just asked elderlies—grandmamma and Rose, of course, and Jimmie Durand, because he'd have swum after us if I hadn't; then I had Captain Paine, who richly rewarded my kindness by saying that he'd give me a birthday lunch-party on board the *Thunderer* next week. I'm to sit opposite the Captain at the other end of the table. Also, I had Captain Lee and Captain Cecil, because they're harmless and tame, Rose says; and an American Admiral who was grandmamma's sweetheart long, long years ago, and who says she's the prettiest woman in Bermuda to-day. She is pretty, too. The Admiral is seventy, and he dances.

I have decided at last that it is best

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"SHE WAS DISTINCTLY PIQUED, I'LL SAY THAT"

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for Rose to give her whole young heart to Major Westfield. I think he's poor and a younger son, which is very hard; and of course life with Jimmie would be one long carousal of joy—but how noble to sacrifice all for him she loves! And Major Westfield has such eyes, and such a nice sailboat! Having come to this decision, I saw it was my duty to pique Rose into valuing his love. I got him to let me sail the boat, and he sat close by me at the rudder, teaching me, and I seized the occasion to drop into serious conversation—there wasn't much wind.

I said: "It's funny how much Rose likes anybody if she thinks they like grandmamma better. I don't see why, but she does."

Major Westfield looked at me under his eyelashes, and said, "Really, now!" which is what he says when he doesn't mean a thing, but intends you to talk.

So I went on: "If a man wanted Rose to like him much, he'd just better stick tight to grandmamma and never notice Rose at all."

Major Westfield shot a look at me sort of sharply and suspiciously, but I just watched the sail, and I heard him opine to himself, "Out of the mouth of babes,"—and I didn't say another word.

He didn't look at Rose that whole afternoon—it was funny to see how surprised she was. He and the Admiral capered about grandmamma and fought for who should bring her tea, and grandmamma's eyes sparkled, and she had the time of her young life. I believe that if ladies are framed like she is to attract the adoration of the stronger sex, they hardly ever are entirely cured. Of course grandmamma's rather intelligent, but you don't notice that when she's the centre of masculine attention, as she frequently is, and she's certainly, except for that, an eternal feminine. She's just as slim as Rose is, and so she can skirmish about ships and landscapes comfortably. And she says funny speeches and likes joking, which makes her plausible with the young, and not a wet blanket like others of her ilk. She's sometimes quite amusing. And does she like being attentioned? "Rath-*er*," as Captain Paine says.

My plan worked like a charm. Major Westfield didn't give Rose a glance, but brooded over grandmamma like a dove, and that got the Admiral excited so he scrambled over the rocks boyishly, till I was afraid he'd break his old legs. Then the others—it's a curious thing, I've noticed that if two men are crazy about a lady all the others think there must be something in it, and stick about for fear they'll miss it. So Rose, the erstwhile belle, sat with her eyes getting more astonished every minute and saw her admirers circle around her grandmother. She's full of grand-filial devotion, but there's a limit. She was distinctly piqued, I'll say that. Grandmamma was enchanted. When we got home that night she gave a fat sigh like a girl that's had such a good time she's nearly burst.

"Dear me!" sighed grandmamma, "I didn't think it was still in me to enjoy anything so much! The Admiral was too delightful! What dear, nice boys those Englishmen are! And Major Westfield, my dear—Major Westfield is perfectly charming, Rose! *Charming!*"

Rose looked queer, and said with a snap, "Very—to you, but he was positively rude to me." And then she walked out of the room. I knew the piquedness was working, so I was pleased.

*March 18.*—I've gotten to a difficult place in my novel. It's where Rollo Leslie Livingstone asks Rosemarie to marry him, and I don't know exactly what he ought to say. There was a scene like it in *Love's Great Reward,* but the catastrophe came up differently, and, anyhow, I've forgotten. I've written this scene, but I'm not sure it's lifelike. This is how it goes:

*Rollo Leslie.* "Most lovely of women, there is something I would ask—would pour from my heart to yours."

*Rosemarie.* "You startle me. What can it be?"

*Rollo Leslie.* "Can you not imagine?"

*Rosemarie (thinks deeply for a moment and shakes her head).* "No, I can't."

*Rollo Leslie.* "It is this: Will you connect your life with mine?"

*Rosemarie.* "Oh yes—I have long wanted to do so."

And then they rise and shake hands.

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But I'm not sure that it sounds natural. I asked grandmamma if she remembered what she said, and the gentlemen said, when they proposed to her, and she said yes—she remembered. But she wouldn't tell. She looked embarrassed, which I thought rather kittenish. She ought to be frank at this era, and, besides, she knows how awfully important it is for my literature. So many times I'm disappointed in my family.

I wonder how this would do for the proposal scene? Marriage is a solemn vow, so why wouldn't it be an appropriate idea to have Rosemarie lift her yearning eyes to Rollo Leslie and answer reverently in a few chosen words of the church. Like this:

*Rollo Leslie.* "Flower of girlhood, will you bear the honored name of Livingstone?"

*Rosemarie (lifting her yearning eyes).* "Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will, and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father that He hath called me to this state of salvation."

I wonder will grandmamma and Rose jump on me for that? Probably they'll say it's profane, but I mean it quite respectfully. It would make things so simple if they would either of them tell me what is customary to be said. How can I know? And how can I write a great novel without knowing? I don't see why they're ashamed of it—it's a thing we all must face some time.

*March 21.*—Things aren't going well. I can't get the love scene right. I read my two plans to grandmamma and Rose, and they just roared—or perhaps I should say squealed—anyhow, they were not polite. Rose made some suggestions, but they seemed to me very pusillanimous. So I haven't done any more to the novel. After their laughing I shall consider it honorable—or at least honorable enough—if I can listen and hear either Rose or grandmamma being made love to. I'll tell after, but I *have* to get some idea what Rollo Leslie must say to Rosemarie.

Also, my family's lives are progressing miserably. Maybe I got Rose too piqued, because now she treats Major Westfield horribly, and plays with Jimmie all the time. I can't tell if her young heart is going out in one rushing flood to Major Westfield or to Jimmie. Major Westfield's the hero, of course—I have decided that forever—but yet Jimmie has great virtues. He brought me a five-pound box of candy, and that shows an affectionate disposition. Also, when I was let sit up for four dances at the hotel ball he asked me for two, and sat out the intermission as if I were a young lady, and said he'd teach me to drive his little automobile, and other pleasant things. He isn't so very squat-figured—Napoleon was not a tall man—and a warm heart is helpful. He's also funny and grotesque, which is a great charm, but yet is ready to laugh at the others. He always laughs at my jokes, and that shows a sense of humor. It would be jolly, too, to see Rose endowed with princely wealth, and probably they'd give me an automobile and a pony. Yes, it is wrong not to look on both sides of a question, and I'd hate to misjudge Jimmie.

I'm not sure but Rose thinks so too, for she's gay and laughable to him, while as to Major Westfield—my! she's so haughty to him I wonder he comes here. Only, of course, to see grandmamma—he talks to her all the time. But he looks at Rose, and he has that sad hound look in his eyes—I suppose it's a terrible blow to be a younger son, and makes life very bitter. Anyhow, I like to think of him having a deathless sorrow, and I don't see what else it is except that. I wish I knew if Rose loved him or Jimmie. I have *got* to get her settled. I can't write on my novel till I can overhear some love-making.

*March 22.*—Jimmie Durand asked me to go out in a rowboat. Later he asked me if we should invite Rose, too, and it was to be just as I said. So I said yes, and we three went. We dawdled down into Crow Lane, which is the name of the very end of the bay where it is narrow. The water was robin's-egg blue in the sunlight, and purple over the rocks, and creamy, opalish green in the shallows on the sand. I felt as if I could go around with bottles and get some of each color. There were sailboats careering about and people in them having fun, and the big *Bermudian* with her fat red smoke-stacks lay tied up at the wharf, and negroes were loading millions of boxes of onions and potatoes on her, and

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calling and laughing and whistling, and lots of other rowboats passed as we drifted about—everything was so gay. As we got out from shore we saw the town piled up, all white stone roofs and green trees, and the square tower of the cathedral standing guard high over it all, and the two thin towers and red arches of the court-house watching the cathedral in an absent-minded way, and the guns and barracks of the fort up in the distance. It's a pretty town; the dark green hills close around it all over, and here and there white roofs stick up from them like silent little enchanted castles. It looks like an illustration to a story.

I listened to everything Jimmie Durand and Rose said, though they thought I wasn't paying attention, because I was leaning over with my sleeves rolled up and my arms in the water, getting shells, or else seeing the fish swim down in the bottom. But all the time I was listening. Once I heard him call her "dear." I snapped a look at Rose, but she just said,

"Don't be an idiot, Jimmie. Look at that huge 'pudding' down there!"

By which I knew she knew I was listening, for there wasn't any pudding—a pudding's a big fishy sort of thing that grows to the rocks under water. So I can't tell if she's just chummy with Jimmie, the way she acts, or if she feels bounding in her pulses a wealth of unspoken tenderness for him. But I've got to find out, because Rosemarie and Rollo Leslie Livingstone can't hang around forever waiting to get engaged. I am going to do something to make Rose show what's going on inside of her. Day after to-morrow is my lunch on board the *Thunderer*. I am going to do it then.

*March 23.*—How strange a sex are men! I confess that after all my studies I don't understand them. I mean especially Major Westfield. No one could have those olive features and that sad and princely bearing and not be framed for a hero, yet he seems not to want to be one. Last night was another of the dances, and I was let sit up through the fourth, and Major Westfield asked for the last one, and Captain Cecil and Captain Lee and Leftenant Armstrong had put down their scribbles for the others on a card that Rose gave me, so when Jimmie Durand asked for one I was engaged for all four! That was a delicious moment—I felt just like Rose. And he said: "Hello! We're getting to be a belle, too, are we?" But that isn't what I'm writing about. In the intermission after the dances we went out on the veranda just as the grown-ups do, and I started serious conversation with Major Westfield—I wanted to sound him.

I said, "Don't you think it's wonderful how the clinging clasp of rose-leaf hands holds manhood's power in leash?" I thought that was about as stringent a way as I could begin (I'm not sure "stringent" is the word).

Well, he brought his chair around with a loud scrape and faced me as if I was a wildcat, and he said, "What the devil!" He did. I don't believe he knew he said it, for he didn't beg my pardon the way Jimmie does when he says "damn" unexpectedly. I repeated, and I must say I was surprised at his answer.

"What rot, my dear!" he said. "What bally rot!" And I'd thought, of all classes of people, a man would understand! So I put it to him more clearly.

"Don't you think," I asked him, "that the sort of a woman a man likes is the eternal feminine? Don't you think that a woman is more beloved and calls out the overpowering tenderness of strong manly love more — more hard — if she doesn't try to be intelligent and leaves intellectual contests to such as are masculine? Don't you believe that the upward glance of asking eyes appeals from woman's weakness to man's strength? Don't you, Major Westfield?" I thought that was plain enough, but all he did for two or three minutes was to stare and shake his head, and then he brought out—as if he was talking to himself, you know:

"Well, if this isn't rum!" and then in another minute: "A child of thirteen—quaint — devilish quaint! What have they been letting the infant read?"

That was disappointing to me, when I was looking forward to conversation about life's mysteries, so I wriggled. Then he brought his eyebrows down in a big frown as if he was angry, but his eyes were a little smiling—I couldn't tell how he was feeling by that look. And

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he began and talked a lot for him—he usually talks rather rarely. I've thought back hard and remember most that he said, and this is it.

"You're a rummy baby," he began—which offended me a little. "But I'm fond of you, and it's jolly sad to see you make a fool of yourself, don't you know? Now listen—you mind your books and don't be afraid of knowing too much, for that's not likely in a girl, or a boy, either. As for the kind of women a man likes, what's that to you? Let men look out for hitting off the kind a woman likes. Don't you bother. Personally I detest a pretty fool, and if my—"

He stopped then and gave a sort of a sniff and a cough as if to collect himself.

"If my wife knows more than I do, and I hope I'm lucky enough to get one that does" (maybe he thought I didn't know he meant Rose), "well—I'll respect her so much the more, don't you know.

"Men talk a lot of rot, but they like the women, the right ones, to be queens. A man likes deuced well to be servile to the right woman. He's a big brute and will bully whomever's afraid of him, but he's like a horse, and loves the rider who can handle him. This is certain, the prettier you are, and the cleverer, the thicker they'll drop. An advantage is an advantage, and knowing a bit is an advantage like the rest, don't you know? But, by Jove! that's not the point. In spite of Bernard Shaw, man's the pursuer. Woman sets the pace—she's civilization, if she knew it—it's all for her, and without her we'd revert to cave-dwelling. However, it's all one—we're

"I BURST INTO THE DOOR, AND WAVED MY HANDS, AND SHOUTED"



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humanity between us, and it's as if your left eye came it over your right—there's no real rivalry possible. We have to sink or swim together, and the big-minded ones, men or women, don't heave bricks at each other. Rum thing how a woman will throw away her pull, though!" he said. And then grinned again at me. "I'm talking above your head a bit, Dotty."

He said that in a cheerfuler tone.

"Here's the idea, chuck the sentiment. It 'll do you no good at your age, and that sort is rot. Stick to your book and mind your lessons, and get all the sense and learning you can into that pretty head, and you'll have none too much. But maybe some fine day you'll be half as good-looking and clever as your sister, and you'll do well if you pull it off at that."

The music began for the fifth dance and he marched me in to grandmamma.

"Mrs. Vanderpool," he announced, "I'll hand over a young earthquake. She's given me a shake-up. I'd recommend a doll and a tennis-racket and a few history and arithmetic lessons, and no novels—yet I'm no judge. I've got this next engaged. Good night, Dotty. Remember my advice."

Which left me feeling undignified. I'm disappointed about Major Westfield, yet he's a *little* undermined my confidence in *Love's Great Reward*. But there's my own novel to be done, and he's the hero. If there was anybody around as heroic as he is, I'd change, because I'm rather indignant at him now. Yet I like him, except when he talks essays, and he's all started for a hero, and I have hopes of overhearing him make love soon, and then I can get my scene done and feel independent. I wonder if he knows more about life than *Love's Great Reward* does? I wish I could catch him being loverish—I'll bet he doesn't talk essays then. I wish I knew which Rose liked best. The lunch on the *Thunderer* is to-morrow. I'll do something then. I have a plan.

*March 25.*—I did it. It's all settled. I know which. And I've already written the love scene, almost the very way they said it. I improved it a little. I'd never have thought of doing it that way, but I know it's right because it gave me cold shivers down my spine. This is how it happened.

The *Thunderer's* "judy-boat"—which is what the officers call it, but they mean "duty-boat," only the English never learn to speak properly—the "judy-boat" came to the Princess steps at noon to take us off to the ship. The two Miss Scudders and Major Westfield and Jimmie Durand went, besides grandmamma and the Admiral and Rose and me. It was a delicious day, and the judy-boat just flew. It fairly ate up islands and blue water, and soon we had passed Agar's, where the ammunition is, and Admiralty House, and a lot of places I knew, and were off Ireland Island, right by the hideous big red floating dock. Out in the wide water of Grassy Bay lay all the ships, six of them, like dark-gray bulldogs sitting quiet and peaceful for their masters, but ready to bite in a minute. Two of them were signalling, and it was funny to see the bright-colored flags flying up and down in bunches, and to know it meant words. And, just as we got near, the English Admiral went on board the *King Alfred*, one of the four-funnelled ones, and they fired a salute of a lot of guns, and I made believe to myself that it was the *Guerrière*, and I was commanding the *Constitution* against the dastardly British. I got so excited that I jumped up and said aloud, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" like Captain Isaac Hull, and Jimmie Durand laughed till he got purple. Rose laughed too, but when Major Westfield said, "Bravo for the patriot!" she looked coldly at him. I thought at that junction that she didn't like him, but I know now that a bursting heart oft covers itself with icicles. The lunch was lovely. I sat opposite Captain Paine at the end of the table, and felt happy but a little scared—it was queer to have all those big men in white uniforms and brass buttons drinking my health. But I liked it. I find as I go on living that one often likes things that embarrass one out of one's eyes. Then after lunch we went over the ship and saw the great hydropathic gun—that's the wrong word, but it's enough like that. And we went down greasy ladders into dark places and saw the torpedoes. My! they're enormous—I thought they'd be the kind I

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used to throw on the Fourth of July, so I was surprised. They're ten or fifteen feet long—of course it's necessary if you're going to blow up a ship. Then we went back on deck, and I knew it was time for my plan. I saw Major Westfield and Jimmie Durand go off with Captain Paine, and as I'd heard them talking I knew they'd gone to see about some question of the torpedoes, and I seized that crucial moment. Grandmamma and Rose were in the Captain's cabin with divers leftenants and men-things of that sort, and I burst into the door and waved my hands and shouted:

"Oh, Rose! Oh, grandmamma! Oh, Mr. Reynolds! Oh, Mr. Fletcher! Oh, Rose! Oh—*Rose!*"

Of course they were all crowding around me by then, and I wailed and wailed, calling their names over like a roll in school, till Rose caught my shoulders and gave me a shake, and said:

"What is it? Dotty, what *is* it? Tell me instantly!"

And then I wailed out, "Oh, Jimmie Durand's fallen overboard, and there's a shark after him!"

I wailed it distinctly, so they all could hear. The men started for the deck, and Rose gave a great jump and said, "Jimmie!" weakly. I had my eyes glued on her.

Then I wailed out quickly: "There's more—more!" They stopped and stared at me, and I instantly went on: "Major Westfield's jumped in after him, and the shark has bit—" but there wasn't anybody there—they'd bolted for the deck.

Except Rose. She got hold of a table, and stood staring at me, perfectly white, and trying to breathe and not doing it. I didn't like the way Rose looked. But before I could speak again she had melted past me through the doorway, and I turned and followed her. There was a grand hullabaloo out there, and Leftenant Armstrong was giving orders like thunder, and sailors were skedaddling about like mad, and in a minute a boat was shooting down to the water. I must say they were quick—I was delighted to have a chance to see how sailors could hurry in a critical epoch. Yet I have my doubts if a lively shark couldn't have hurried up his lunch quicker. Anyhow, just in the middle of the excitement Captain Paine came around the corner, looking astonished, and right behind him strolled Jimmie Durand and Major Westfield, chipper as jaybirds.

Then I knew which, for Rose never saw Jimmie at all. She shot past the others and caught Major Westfield's arm with both hands and gasped at him as if he was the most remarkable sight on earth—and he was, considering she thought a shark was eating him that minute. And then she sobbed. Just sobbed openly. Of course Major Westfield was surprised—who wouldn't be?

I think I won't recount what Rose said to me, or what grandmamma said to me shortly after, when I owned up I'd done it for a joke. They were rather unladylike, and I told them frankly that they'd no sense of humor. Neither had Captain Paine. He didn't say much, but what he did say threw a new light on his character. They all seemed to feel uneasy when things quieted down, and the gayety was strained, but we couldn't go home, because the judy-boat was off and wouldn't be back for three-quarters of an hour. So Captain Paine and the officers began to entertain us feverishly and marched us in a squad to see this and that, and "splits"—which is whiskey and soda, I learned—met the men at every corner. They didn't treat me with the distinguished attention which I had called forth before lunch. They let me alone. But I was interested, because I could see that Rose and Major Westfield were agitated; so I hung about meekly and watched my hero and my bella donna, and patience was rewarded.

Captain Paine, with one eye cocked for the judy-boat, hurried the party out of his cabin to see something of guns. Rose was the last, and I saw Major Westfield speak to her, and she dropped back, and he went out and circled around the deck and came in by another door. I was outside and I saw it. The party went on, and a sailor came along, and I nodded up to the port-hole, and said to him, "Boost me." He looked astonished, but I put up my foot and he put out his hand, and he boosted. I peeped in through the port-hole. There they were, right below me, alone in the Captain's cabin. He was holding both her hands like grim death—I almost

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*Drawn by W. D Stevens* Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THEY WERE THERE, RIGHT BELOW ME"

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squealed out loud for joy. I kicked about softly to find a foothold, and the sailor put my foot on something that stuck out high up the wall, and I was all right; so I drew back my face and grinned at him, and he went away. I had made up my mind to listen, you know, so it wasn't dishonorable. And, anyhow, what I heard and saw shall be forever sacred. This is it:

*Major Westfield.* "But you cared, dear." (I'd missed some, it was quite evident.)

*Rose.* "I—I made a horrible idiot of myself." (Then he kissed her hands, one after the other, lingeringly. I never thought of that—it was lovely. Rose went on.) "Before all those people!"

*Major Westfield.* "What do you care for the bally people!" (Huh! Grandmamma is a bally person, is she? and *Me!*) "You cared if I was in danger—tell me you cared."

*Rose.* "I won't tell you." (You'd think he might have guessed that much.) "But I'll tell you this—I'll never respect you again if you like me after I made such a fool of myself." (Then they both began to chuckle, which I was afraid might interrupt the loving—but it didn't.)

*Major Westfield (still chuckling).* "I have Dotty to thank for everything. If the devil hadn't prompted her to mischief, I might never have known."

*Rose.* "I could kill that child."

*Major Westfield.* "She ought to be spanked, of course" (I ought, ought I? *Me!*), "but I am grateful to her. I thought you liked Durand. I had about given up hope."

*Rose.* "Cherub-faced Jimmie! Nobody takes him seriously. He's a dear cub, that's all. But I thought you liked my grandmother!" (Then they both gurgled again. I thought loving was more tragic.)

*Major Westfield.* "You dear goose! That imp of a Dotty! An *enfant terrible* with a vengeance. But she's of small importance, and there's something very important you haven't told me yet."

*Rose (playing up innocent. I know her).* "What?"

*Major Westfield.* "That you care for me—that you will care for me—enough." (Then he held her hands against his coat lapels in a beautiful manner, and stared anxiously at her front hair—she had ducked her head modestly. He continued on.) "Tell me, dear." (It made cold shivers run over me when he said "dear.")

*Rose (whisperingly).* "I do—care."

Then I tell you there was something doing. They didn't stand up and shake hands like my idea—no, indeedy! I soon saw that wasn't sporting enough, as Jimmie says. Major Westfield's arms got around her awfully suddenly, and her head was down in his coat, and he bent over and gave her such a slow yet violent kiss as I'd never dreamed of. I should think it would have hurt, but Rose was furious when I asked. And continuous—my! it lasted one and three-quarters minutes (I looked at the Captain's clock), and I don't know how much longer it might have lasted if something hadn't unfortunately occurred. I suddenly felt my leg pulled from outside, and simultaneously I sneezed—from the startle, maybe—and off went my hat right on Major Westfield's head. You ought to have seen those two jump! Well, everything stopped, and in a second in came Jimmie Durand and all the others, full of curiosity about why I was hanging into the port-hole. Rose was in a fit for fear I'd tell, but I just said I was looking at something interesting, and Rose got scarlet, and Major Westfield half laughed and half looked raging, and they couldn't do anything to me. Of course it was important to me because of my novel. I've got the scene written, but I've half a mind to do the story over. Major Westfield has talked to me again, and I see now that it's better to be as intelligent as you can, which isn't much. Oh—he and Rose are engaged, and I don't mind about Jimmie's automobile, because Leslie—I call him that now—is going to have a pack of hounds in England, and I can ride with them. He's a younger son, but he says it isn't so bad when you've got an uncle. Brains are great things, Leslie says. Yet it's beautiful to think how the clinging clasp of rose-leaf hands holds manhood's power in leash, and I'm not sure but I'll be sorry when I grow up if I'm too clever to be an eternal feminine. That's quite dangerous.

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THE DUNES OF MONOMOY

# Life-savers on Old Malabar

*BY WILLIAM INGLIS*

WITHIN the memory of men still living, geographies contained this bit of knowledge:

*Q.* What three capes are on the east coast of Massachusetts?

*A.* Cape Ann, Cape Cod, and Cape Malabar.

Malabar—how the name rings of fat galleons and hungry pirates!—is the Monomoy of to-day, the lean elbow of Cape Cod thrust boldly out between the Atlantic Ocean and Nantucket Sound. Three life-saving stations on this short strip of sand bear testimony to the dangers of the coast, and it is in the house farthest seaward, the station at Monomoy Point, that Captain Joseph Kelley and his seven rowing-men are sedulously training and waiting for a challenge from the sea. Theirs is a boat-race worth winning—not a struggle for mere dollars or the applause of cheering spectators, but a heart-breaking combat whereof the reward is a handful of human lives dragged back from the edge of the next world. Fifty-two crews saved in the five years since the station was founded is their record.

Upon the sands of Monomoy the sea is always trying its white-edged teeth. The cape is such a shifting ridge of dunes loosely thrown together that he who stands on it must often find himself watching, listening, waiting, with a vague sense of doom, for the one great wave that will surely come and sweep its slack bulk far under the ocean. As the swift currents go racing by, now east, now west, they are ever shearing off part of the land and adding it to the banks and shoals that lie in wait on every hand for lives of men and the bones of stout ships.

Curious old foreign barks with prows quaintly carved, trim Yankee schooners that once looked smart enough to sail themselves, big ships and little, are lying dismembered on the shoals and beaches of this sea graveyard. The skippers lost their way in the fog, they misread the chart, they forgot the meaning of the light, and so staggered to their end. "Dry lead-line," is the epitaph

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of most of them, for if they cared enough to take frequent soundings all the Atlantic coast is so well charted that they could not go wrong. But no; the wise man has been over the road so often he needs no soundings even in thick weather; so the line lies snug in its coil—and presently a treacherous slant in the current veers the ship toward the trap, and in the twinkling of an eye the roar of breakers under her forefoot is followed by the crash of masts and spars swept by the board, and the deadly crunching of the ship's body on the close-packed sands. If she is a rotten old hulk sent to sea to gather a harvest of insurance, the fate of her company is swift and certain. A few blows of the ponderous waves, a few plunges of her worn old frame down upon the rigid sands, and she is dashed to pieces as swiftly as a house of laths. Four, five, half a dozen cheap sailormen are whirled away in the white spume, trying to swim in a madness of leaping waters where a gull could not live. Not so much as a fragment of clothing is washed up on the beach to tell their fate.

But if the ship is stout she will hold together for hours, and then her crew will be saved beyond doubt. They will be saved according to rule and formula in such cases made and provided by Uncle Sam, carried out precisely, amid the shrieking of the no'theaster and the thundering of the surges, by crews of men who regard the most terrifying displays of ocean's rage with the calm and cheerful impersonal concern that doctors give to an interesting case. Of danger to themselves they do not think. They are simply playing a game with Death. They play it with scrupulous regard to form. Form always wins—at least, almost always wins.

OFF DUTY—A GAME OF "63"

"Give me good gear and a crew that know their business," any life-saving captain will tell you, "and the sea hasn't been kicked up yet that 'll do us any great harm."

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All through the night the surfmen are patrolling the beach at Monomoy, as they do from Quoddy Head to Cape Florida, meeting in the little shanty on a sand-dune called Half-way House to tell one another the news of the hour, and to exchange the numbered brass tags by which the captains may know that the watch has gone faithfully to the end of his post. For ten months in the year the vigilance is not relaxed. During June and July the crews are rewarded for their year's labor by the gift of a generous vacation—without pay. They may fish or farm or do what they will for a living. The captains then sit, each one alone, in the life-saving stations, and if any ship is foolish enough to get wrecked at this time, when, according to the rules of Uncle Sam, there should be neither storm nor wreck, the nearest captain picks up a scratch crew of fishermen and other longshore folk and does the best he can to save lives. Storms and wrecks do occur now and then in these periods, but they really should not; and, therefore, Congress in its wisdom refuses to keep the life-savers on duty. From the wisdom of Congress there is no appeal.

Certainly there are more delightful places than the dunes of Monomoy on a raw, darksome March afternoon, when sand-drifts spin through the air, driven by a no'theast gale, stinging like an adder and blinding whom they assail, and the sun is hidden by rushing, ragged, leaden clouds that threaten to discharge at any moment a whirl of icy flakes upon the hissing sea. Yet no place could be more inspiring in its suggestions of heroes ever striving for the greatest prize in the world—the safety of their fellow men. There was no hint of a heroic pose in the homely welcome the cap'n and his hospitable crew gave to the unexpected visitors.

"Come right in and warm ye!" cried the leader. "Must be pretty cold after that walk along the beach. Cup of hot coffee 'll hearten ye up some."

The eight husky men were sitting not too far from the kitchen stove, puffing on pipes of corn-cob and brier, filling the room with strong tobacco smoke and deliberate conversation. Not one of them seemed over one hundred and sixty pounds, but they were of the sort of stuff that would make any rowing coach's heart hunger to train — clear-skinned, deep-chested men, quick and well-balanced, of medium size, but tough as strips of whalebone, bright-eyed and alert; the product of careful selection trained to the minute by right living, good feeding, and lively work in the brisk salt air. Outside, the gale roared and whistled. Now and then a spurt shook the solid wooden house and rattled the thick-framed windows.

The captain led his visitors up the dragging path, ankle-deep in sand, to the top of Gull Point, the very jumping-off place of Monomoy, with the sea grumbling at its foot. One sweeping glance around the horizon showed that the station is perched in the midst of perils, like a crafty spider in the heart of his web. Only, this spider is benevolent in his craft and saves life instead of taking it. Northeast of us the waves were pounding upon Bearse's Shoal; due east lay Pollock Rip, which has cost the lives of scores of ships and many seamen; southeast lurked Stone Horse, Little Round Shoal and Great Round Shoal, well off shore, while close at hand to the south'ard and sou'west'ard were the Shovelful and Handkerchief shoals. And this long spit of shifting sand under our feet afforded the only refuge from all the malices of sea and gale and shoal.

"It's the worst trap I ever saw," said one of the visitors. "I don't understand how your crew can risk their lives in such a place."

"It's a great game—if you like it," the cap'n replied. "Of course you've got to like it or the work would be too hard; and then your gear must be kept in first-class condition, and you've always got to keep cool and use judgment. That's about all you need—judgment and don't get wrought up, no matter how bad things look."

Truly, there must be all the fascination of a game in this serene and skilful contest with raging Death. It cannot be the bait of wages that attracts these heroes to the service. The captains receive $800 a year, and the surfmen $50 a month. During the two months of unpaid vacation they get $3 apiece for each occasion of service. No; there is no money lure in this game. The service

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*Painting by Harold Matthews Brett*

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT SURFMEN ARE PATROLLING THE BEACH



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THEIRS IS A BOAT-RACE WORTH WINNING

requires men of perfect health and strength. Whenever the surgeon discovers surfman or captain to have fallen below perfect condition, he is incontinently put out, no matter how many years he may have spent in life-saving. And there is no pension. Mr. Kimball, the superintendent of the department, has tried again and again to persuade Congress to grant pensions to these men, but Congress in its wisdom has always said no. And from the wisdom of Congress there is no appeal.

A stately procession was marching past Monomoy. One mile to the east'ard we could indistinctly make out, through the gray smother, a great tugboat, followed at long intervals by three huge barges with tall pole rig. This was a coal tow bound from Norfolk to Boston. In spite of the gale, they were making good weather of it; but if the storm should increase, and the heavy tow lurch too savagely upon the hawsers, then one of the barges, or all of them, might break adrift and — sailors' lives are cheap. Coal-towing is the least romantic and most dangerous business that is carried on at sea.

Two deep-laden coal-barges came up on Shovelful Shoal in a blow on March 12, 1902. The *Fitzpatrick* settled on the sands not too far off the beach, about a quarter of a mile south of Gull Point. The *Wadena* struck one-quarter of a mile farther out to sea. When the weather cleared, a few days later, Captain Mack, a stalwart young Ohioan who owned the *Wadena,* determined to do his own salvage work. He chartered two tugs in Boston, and brought over four Portuguese laborers from Marthas Vineyard to shovel off the coal. With the cargo jettisoned, it would be an easy matter for the stout tugs to haul the light barge off the sands. The men worked hard under the spur of the owner's presence, and on March 16 the *Wadena* was almost afloat. The tugs passed hawsers to her and crowded on all steam. She shook and groaned, but the sands still held her fast.

Toward sunset it came on to blow from the southeast. The sea rose. Vague masses of fog came rolling in. The skippers of the tugboats held a consultation, and then hailed the *Wadena* and ordered the hawsers cast off. When these had been properly coiled down, the old-

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*Painting by Harold Matthews Brett*

FIRING THE GUN—SENDING A LINE TO A WRECKED SHIP OFF SHORE

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est skipper ran as close to the barge as he dared and shouted a warning to Captain Mack.

"Goin' to be a nasty gale for a couple o' days," he said. "We're goin' over to Hyannis to wait till she blows out. You an' your men come aboard of us."

"No," Captain Mack yelled back. "No, 'twon't amount to much. We're going to stay right here. You fellows 'll be 'round here in the morning again, all right."

The tugs backed carefully away from the big waves that were leaping and growling at the edge of the shoal, set their course to the south'ard, passed safely around Handkerchief Shoals Light-ship, and were seen by the bargemen no more.

How the five wreckers passed the night is easily guessed. Seafarers from their youth, they had no fear of an ordinary March storm. The barge, they knew, was new and very stout. What if the ground-swell did lift her now and then and drop her groaning on the flinty sands? She was an able ship built to stand hard knocks, and not one of her seams was started in spite of all the sea's bombard-ment. So they ate their supper with good relish, smoked contentedly over their cards. and laughed at the foolish captains who had run away from no danger at all. All hands turned in at nine o'clock, and if any one lost sleep it was only the owner, who went on deck at times to see how fared the ship in which he had invested his fortune.

By daybreak the storm had increased. The wind was stronger. A drizzling rain set in. An occasional wall of fog still came rolling in from the southeast. The tide was slack, but would soon begin to ebb against the wind. A heavy ground-swell was running in from the Atlantic in the east. Yet none of these things worried Captain Mack. He knew how far he could depend on his able ship, and he joked with his Portuguese, and ate a big breakfast with them, and offered to bet that they'd all be safe at home within two days. Home!

A sturdy little man they called Manuel ran up to Mack at seven o'clock. His swarthy face had paled to the hue of new-carved meerschaum.

"Ah, Capitano!" he cried, "vaire bad for de sheep. She busta bot' sides an' all gone to de pieces—got two, t'ree feet of water in her. I tell you for sure!"

Mack hurried below and found that Manuel had spoken the truth; there was three feet of water in the hold. He was much cast down. The sea was getting its clutch on the *Wadena*. If this pound-ing continued she must soon break up. Disconsolate, he went into the cabin, brought up an American flag, bent it on to the main-rigging, union down, and raised it to the masthead. It was his acknowledgment of defeat by the forces of sea and gale. Whatever might hap-pen now to him and his Portuguese was in the hands of Fate and the life-savers. Soon the barge would be broken apart under their feet.

Marshal Eldredge, keeper of the life-saving station at Monomoy, waded through the sand and dead weeds to Gull Point at eight o'clock that morning. He knew there were five men aboard the *Wadena*, and the rising gale made him anxious. In a clear interval, between two walls of fog, he made out the signal of distress. He ran to the telephone in the little shelter on the Point and called up his station.

"Hello, Seth," he said. "This is Eldredge. Say, they're in trouble on that *Wadena* and want to be took ashore. Come on!"

Seth Ellis, the No. 1 man of the crew, wasted no time in explanations as he ran from the telephone to the boat-room.

"Stand by!" he called. And the men dropped their pipes and ran after him to the surf-boat—a long, handsome craft, sharp at each end, like a whale-boat, but much heavier in build. In less than a minute from the time the telephone-bell tinkled, they had launched the boat and were paddling down to the Point.

Cap'n Eldredge was waiting for them on the beach. His practised eye instantly detected a fault—the men had in their haste disobeyed one of the most impor-tant rules in the service: they had for-gotten to put on their cork life-belts. Should he take them back home? No; the five men out yonder on the barge were in danger, and he could not spare the time. He knew the risk that awaited men who omitted this precaution, but it was too late to go back. Seth Ellis

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MEN OF THE CREW SIGNALLING

dropped the steering-oar and clambered up to his station in the bow. Eldredge and No. 6 shoved the boat off the beach and leaped aboard as the men gave way on the long ash sweeps. Eldredge picked up the steering-oar in the stern and kept her head to the sea.

On a windless and glassy day in August you will still find the waves leaping and crashing on the sands of Shovelful Shoal. Imagine, then, with what vehemence they were now pushing heavenward, lashed by the conflict of wind and tide on this March day of storm; how they fell back in boiling white froth upon the maelstrom and raced away in swirling eddies! The tide was ebbing fast in the teeth of the southeast gale, and the easterly

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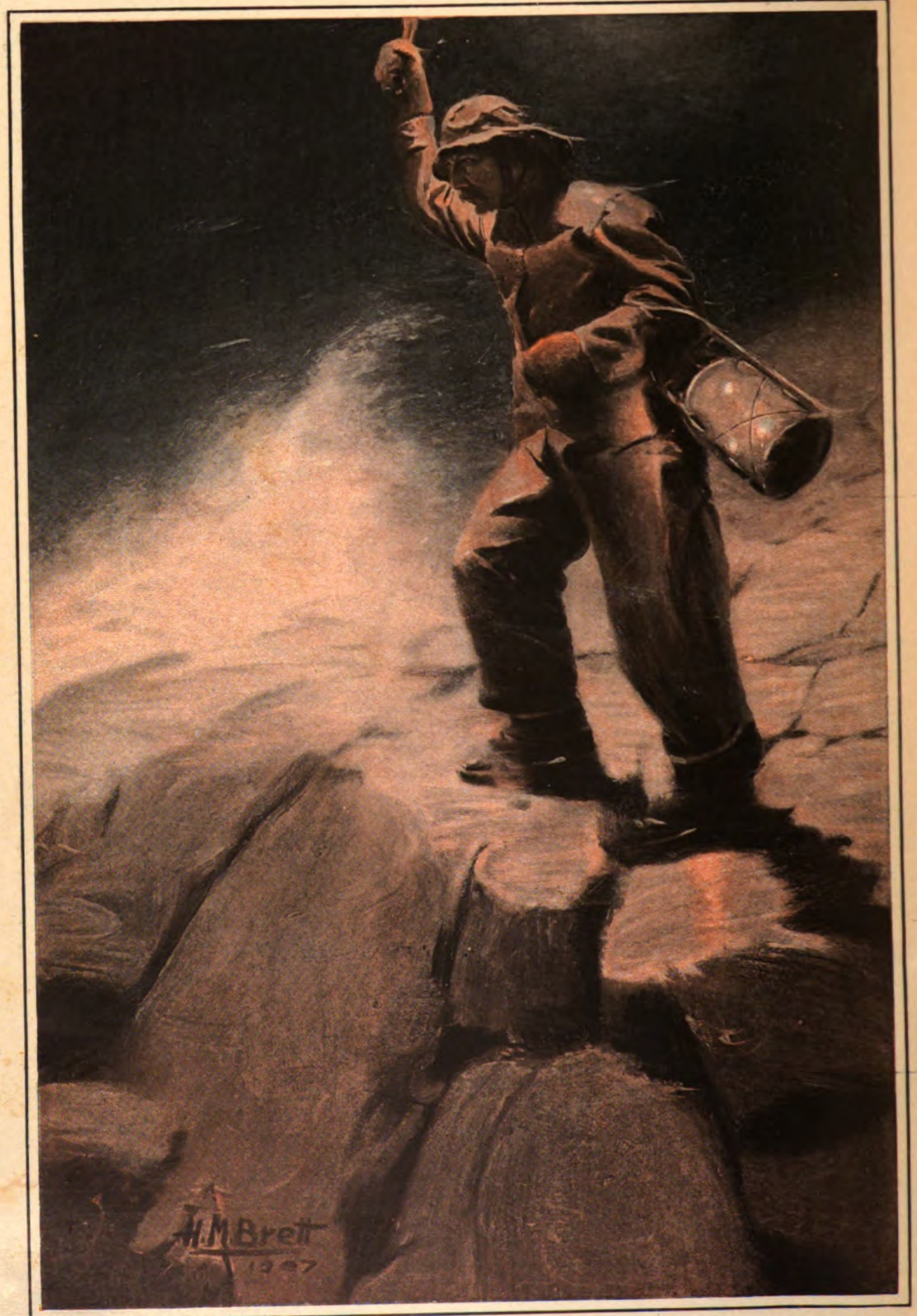


*Painting by Harold Matthews Brett*

LURID IN THE GLARE OF THE RED SIGNAL LIGHT

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ground-swell from the Atlantic, now heavier than ever, was multiplying the fury of the surges.

Eldredge took his boat well outside of the Shovelful Shoal, until he came to the very end whereon the *Wadena* was pounding. Cautiously he manœuvred his craft up in the lee of the barge and fended her off, while the eager Portuguese were hauling in the painter that Seth Ellis hove aboard. Captain Mack was doleful over the loss of his barge; but he was calm, as a good man should be, while he held back his impetuous men, and made them drop gently into the life-boat one by one as the seas swung her up close to the rail. He got in with three of them forward, leaving the cook, a fat Portuguese giant of some three hundred pounds, to take a place in the stern.

As the big fellow perched on the rail, he became frightened and leaped for the boat just as it rose on a wave. He came down feet first upon the after-thwart and went crashing through it. At the same instant Seth Ellis chopped the painter with his hatchet, and the life-boat was swept away on the tide.

The big cook and the three other Portuguese were stunned for a few moments by the crash of the thwart and the tumbling of the waves among which they rode. Just as the life-boat came clear of the shoal one of them leaped up in an agony of fear.

"*Dio mio!*" he cried, "we are all lost! We are all lost!"

"Sit down, you fool, or you *will* be lost," roared Cap'n Eldredge. "Seth, bat him on the head if ye have to, but git him down somehow."

But the cap'n spoke too late. All four of the Portuguese were afoot now, leaping and shrieking in frenzy. The life-savers tried to pull them down. A great sea broke over the gunwale as the boat yawed off her course, and in the twinkling of an eye swamped and capsized her. Not one of the Portuguese rose to the surface. All the Americans came up, swimming in spite of the oilskins and the heavy rubber hip-boots that cumbered them. They struck out for the capsized life-boat, grabbed her keel, and hung on. The sea was cold as ice, but they were still warm from the rowing. Now and then a great wave seized one or another, tore him away, and tossed him up as easily as if he were a moth, but always hands were reaching for him as he came down and helping him back to the keel. The wind and sea swept the boat toward Monomoy Beach.

Elmer Mayo and Ben Mallows, aboard the barge *Fitzpatrick*, aground on the same shoal, but a quarter of a mile nearer shore, saw the tragedy and were helpless to avert it. No, not quite helpless. Mayo, a gentle-featured, blue-eyed, soft-voiced, big fellow of middle age, ran toward a dory that lay on the deck.

"Don't try it! You can't *do* it, Elmer," cried Ben Mallows. "Your dory wouldn't live a min-nit in that sea, an' look—she hasn't any thole-pins on the sta'b'rd side."

"I'll git 'em, I tell ye," Elmer answered. "Don't you hinder me."

With a calking-mallet he drove a big file into the dory's gunwale for one thole-pin, then plucked out the handle of the mallet, and with the heel of his fist jammed it down into the place of the other missing pin. He tucked a pair of oars under the thwarts, and watching for a lull after three big seas had passed, hurled the dory off the deck into the maelstrom, and jumped. By some miracle he fell into the boat without injuring it, seized the oars, swung her head into the wind, and made for the life-boat.

When the big Portuguese crashed aboard the life-boat he was the thirteenth man in her; when she floated upside down after the capsize only eight were clinging to her keel. There were six left when Elmer Mayo launched his dory; but there were only three when he came near, and only one man was left when he drew alongside. By what process the number was reduced cannot be told here, for Mayo has always refused to talk about the struggles he witnessed that morning.

Well toward the stern of the life-boat, in the after-part of the centreboard trunk, there was a vacant space big enough to contain one hand. Into that space was thrust the right hand of Seth Ellis, No. 1, the biggest, strongest, man of the crew. All the others had vanished beneath the waves. Ellis was almost unconscious when Elmer Mayo dragged him into the dory and rowed him to the beach.

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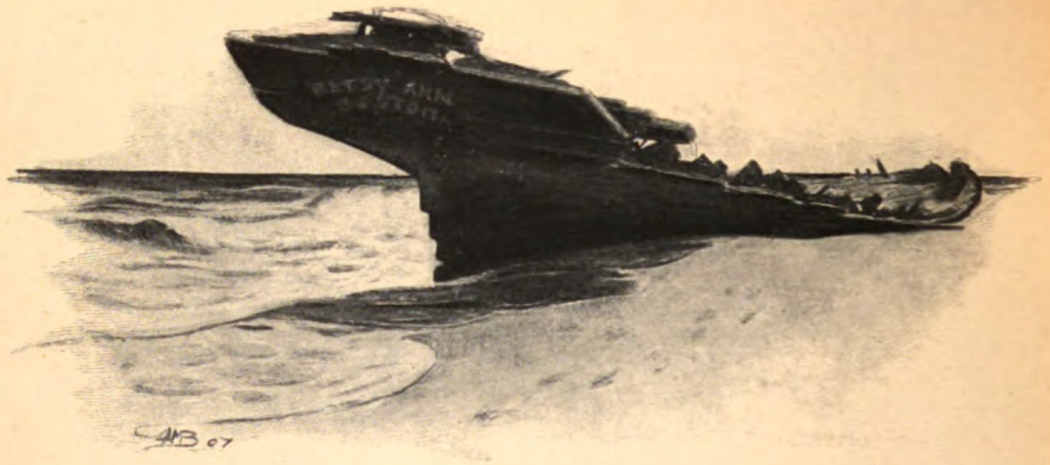

REQUIESCAT

Only once has Elmer spoken of that day's work. A score of men gathered about him in the bereft life-saving station immediately after the rescue, praised him, made much of him, asked him a hundred questions.

"Pretty tired. Cal'late I'll have a cup of coffee," was all they could draw from him. Soon New England raved with his fame. A theatrical manager offered him one hundred dollars a week to go on circuit and be exhibited as the hero of Monomoy. He refused to go; but his brother Ed took up the enterprise and travelled far, enjoying the incense of vicarious adulation and accumulating a tidy bit of money.

The Secretary of the Treasury was so much impressed by the *Wadena* incident that he awarded the Congressional gold medal for exceptional heroism to the rescuer and the rescued. On the day of the presentation the ancient Town Hall of Chatham was crowded with men and women of Cape Cod, who came to pay tribute to their heroes. The Congressman of the district made a speech, a fine speech, recapitulating the horrors of that day, and dwelling upon Mayo's acts. Then he called up Seth Ellis and pinned the gold medal upon his coat. Ellis was thankful. He said so simply and not without eloquence.

Elmer Mayo was called up on the platform. His face was pale, and his eyes were filled with apprehensions. The Congressman told again of his bravery, pinned on his medal, and waited for some reply. Elmer slowly glanced from the Congressman to the people about him, then looked long at Seth Ellis. A sudden sob broke the silence, and Elmer Mayo stumbled blindly from the platform with tears on his cheeks. Since that day Elmer Mayo has never met Seth Ellis face to face.

# Congratulations

*BY BRIAN HOOKER*

HOW can he know your worth so well
As I who never loved you, Sweet?
His love shall bind you, and compel
Your heart, his only, to forget
Whose word first taught that heart to beat.
He is the worthier man—and yet,
How can he know your worth so well?

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# The Flute-Player

*BY JENNETTE LEE*

IT was a morning early in January. There was no snow on the ground, but the air was full of unshed snow. The sun had not shone for days, and the gray light held a chill that struck the heart. Eunice Bennett, as she peered out into it, shivered and drew her worn jacket closer about her shoulders. She could not understand why the Boy did not come. He had been gone since eight o'clock.

Eunice was forty-six and the Boy was forty. But to her he was always the boy—as much as he had been that last morning when her mother had placed their two hands on her breast, clasping them in her cold, thin one. "Keep together, children—always," she had whispered, feebly, and then—after a little pause, and more feebly—"And remember—you—are—Godwins."

Eunice had never forgotten—not for a day. Though there had been times when it would have been easier to forget that they had been Godwins.

She took off the stove-lid and put in another stick, choosing the smallest one in the box. Then she put on the kettle to boil. He had said he would be back at once—and the doctor's office-hour was nine. She glanced up to the clock—twenty minutes to twelve. She brought out a handful of potatoes and washed them carefully at the sink. She did not pare them—it wasted less to peel them and eat them hot and salt—and Wallace liked them that way. A little smile came into her face, as she bent over the steaming kettle and dropped them in one by one. It was as if the gentle steam had loosed for a minute the deep wrinkles and set them free. Then she drew out the table and spread the cloth, placing the plates and cups and saucers with nice exactitude. The room was oppressively clean and very bare. There was not a piece of furniture that could be spared, nor a speck of dust to soften its edge. The light that came through the spotless window at either end did hardly more than spread a kind of grayness everywhere.

It was to this room that the Bennetts—whose mother had been a Godwin—had come after many changes. They did not own the ground under it nor the sky overhead. It might be said that no one owned the ground—since it was only an opening between two tall buildings that rose on either side. As for the sky, the buildings shut it out so completely that it could hardly be said to be there. But they had been comfortable here. . . . Wallace had come upon the place one day when the problem of rent was pressing them, and his hopeful eye had seen in it a home for them, rent-free. It had not troubled him that the two great warehouses on either side had once belonged to the Godwin estate. He had seen in it only a happy opportunity—a possible home for Eunice where no one would trouble them for rent. So he had built it—a board at a time, almost—a nail here, a brick there. Eunice could hardly have told how it was done. But they had been very comfortable in it—till now. She glanced again at the clock. She took off the kettle lid and tried the potatoes with anxious face. Then she looked up quickly—a smile of relief lighting her eyes. There was the quick tap of a cane outside . . . a touch on the latch.

"You are late," she said. She had lifted the kettle and was pouring off the water. The steam rose about her like a veil. It spread through the room.

The man came across, his step very light for a man of forty. He placed the cane in the corner by the table. "I'm late," he said, cheerfully. "Lots of people ahead of me."

"You didn't start early enough." It was half reproachful, half anxious. She was scanning his face.

The face glowed with a clear, rosy



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light. There was something of a child's look in it—in the quiet happiness. The glasses that covered the blue eyes seemed oddly out of place.

He took off the glasses and laid them on the shelf above the sink while he plunged his face into the basin of water and dried it on a gray linen towel that hung from its nail near by—spotlessly clean. There was something deft—almost feminine—in his movements.

His sister watched him as he came across and took his place at the table. "You've left your glasses," she said. Her breath shifted a little in the words and caught itself discreetly.

He turned toward her with a smile. "I don't need them any more," he said.

A light flooded her face. It was full of beauty—like some dim Madonna who sees the Child at last.

"You are cured!" she cried. She had set the plate of potatoes on the table. She was trembling like a thin blade.

He reached out a hand. "Hot potatoes," he said. "That's good!" His hand closed on one.

She came closer, scanning the clear face. The light in her own had gone out. "What did he say, Wallace?" she asked. She spoke very low.

"He said it's a sure thing. It's a great thing to be sure," he added, quietly. He had broken open the potato and was preparing it with quick, hot fingers. He reached out for the salt.

She pushed it toward him. "Can't he help you?"

"No."

She turned away, her worn face working harshly. She moved toward the sink, stumbling a little.

His ear waited on her movements, but the look in his face did not cloud. "Come and get your dinner, sister," he said, gently. "It is better to know for certain."

"I'm coming, Wallace." Her hand groped vaguely. It opened and shut, with a kind of tense clutch. "I'm coming—I just wanted to—put on the kettle."

She filled the teakettle with clumsy movements, slopping the water on the clean floor. She brought a cloth and wiped it up carefully, the tears that fell as she worked leaving no deeper stain than the water. She brushed away the last of them as she hung the cloth in its place and came back to the table.

The man was smiling as he ate—a gentle, thinking smile that made the day happy behind him. "There were some nice folks there," he said. "We had to wait a good while, and I got kind of acquainted. There was a little boy—not higher than that—" His hand measured the child with a little gesture that loved him. "He had the same trouble as mine—couldn't see a ray. They were going to see if there could be an operation—maybe."

"Can there?" Her voice was harsh.

He nodded—his face alight. "They went in ahead of me and went out another door, so I didn't see 'em. But I asked the doctor—the first thing. He said it's a growth that doesn't touch the nerve. He'll see as well as ever in two weeks." . . . The sightless eyes looked at something beautiful.

The sister's look grew gentle. "I forgot your toast," she said, in quick reproach. She had risen and was bustling about the stove, poking together the coals and opening draughts.

When she brought the thin, brown slice and laid it beside him, her hand rested a minute on his shoulder. "Don't you worry, Wallace," she said. "I'm strong enough to work for us both. I can find something to do."

He turned the blue eyes toward her with a little laugh. "Why, I never thought of worrying, Eunice. I was just feeling kind of glad—to know for sure. There's lots of things a blind man can do. I don't hardly know which to choose. . . ." He had finished the toast and sat looking with untroubled face into a bright future.

She brushed her hand across her eyes as she turned away. They were red-rimmed and full of shrinking care, but the eyes across the table were clear and shining. As she looked at them she was reminded suddenly of a day when they gathered wild flowers together—they two alone, in a great meadow—flowers everywhere, and grass and sunshine and soft wind, and somewhere, off in the grass, a bobolink tumbling and bubbling.

With a little sigh she gathered up the dishes and carried them to the sink.

The man had risen and was feeling in

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*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence* Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"WHAT DID HE SAY, WALLACE?"

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the pocket of a coat that hung on the wall. Presently he found it and drew it out—a tiny flute, half pipe, half reed. He rubbed it with slow fingers and raised it to his lips. Little sounds bubbled out—gay little notes like the spirit of sound—the breath of winds. They filled the bleak room with light and color—like little pipes of Arcady.

The New York express was half an hour late. There had been a narrow escape from an accident half-way down the road, and the passengers were still stirring with the excitement of it. As the train crossed the long bridge to Overton they began to gather up wraps and parcels with an air of relief. The car was filled with the quick sense of human sympathy that binds men together in the face of impending fate. They spoke in low, eager tones, conferring, as those who flee from some common enemy.

Only one man remained untouched by the life about him. He sat, as the train crossed the long bridge, looking from the window, his gloomy eyes fixed on the stretch of gray ice below. He had no sense of escape, no rejoicing that a monstrous hand, lifted to smite him, had been stayed by some beneficent power that watches over all the world, to protect it, but especially over passengers on Train 22 from New York. He was not thankful—almost aggrieved, rather—that fate had scorned him. . . . That, at least, would have been a decent way to end. He lifted his eyes a little contemptuously to the bustling throng about him—so happy to have saved their miserable, penny lives! What did they know of life? Let them look into the open door of a tomb as he had looked this morning, and feel the chill. . . . He shivered a little and turned in his seat. His eye fell on the travelling-bag at his side. It was a handsome bag, with the latest equipment, but no one—not even the valet who had packed it with such punctilious care—knew that in one of the pockets—the one provided for the flask of cordial—reposed a quiet, shining weapon, ready for use. . . . He might not touch it, but it was there, ready at any minute to serve him. He reached out his hand, almost affectionately, and laid it on the bag. There was a plain gold ring on the little finger—a ring not usual for a man. He had drawn it from her finger in the morning—before they shut the lid over her face. The hand on the bag clutched at nothing, a minute, and closed. . . . How he had fought for her—first, to win her—and then to keep her—and she had slipped from him like a mist.

The door of the car opened and a breath of clean air drew through. "Overton—Overton. Do not leave any articles in the car." The man took down his suit-case from the rack overhead and drew on a heavy fur-lined overcoat, buttoning it close about him. It would be cold outside. He remembered enough for that. Ten years would not have changed the climate of Overton—whatever it had done for the city. He stepped down from the car, a little dazed at the altered look of things. No carriages—no hackmen bawling. He let himself be carried with the crowd, looking about him idly. Men and women hurried past him, making toward a small, arched opening a little to the right. When he reached it he drew back an instant, almost with a start. A flight of stone steps led down into the half-darkness, and a swift chill swept up to him—and a soft echo of an open tomb. . . . He half turned aside, then he clutched a bag firmly in either hand and went quickly down the stone steps. . . . Half-way, he paused again—bewildered. A sense of spring was about him, lightness, and a kind of joy. He lifted his head. . . . What was it that shaped itself? A gay little tune, piping absently amid the din. A flute! Some one playing like that—for joy. He must come nearer to it. He turned back with a strange little sense of comfort. . . . Then he paused again—listening. . . . The sound came from below—out of darkness. . . . He went swiftly down the remaining steps. The flute-player stood against the opposite wall, his head thrown back, his eyes looking across the crowd that surged before him—a gray figure. So still he stood that he might have been carved out of the stone behind him—a statue-sentinel, standing there forever, flute at lip, to remind the quick and hurrying feet of the entrance to another world. But high above their heads tooted the little notes, alive and gay and real. Such a merry little tune it was that danced

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through the dusky underpass—the spirit of mockery and light . . . sunshine and still water and moving reeds . . . shepherd-boys upon the hills—a tiny, piping thread of sound—blown here and there in the scuff of feet and the rush of steam—but big with the breath of all out-doors, and gay as a heart that sings. The man coming down the steps went more slowly, feeling in his pocket. He stepped nearer, the half-dollar in his fingers. . . . Then he hesitated, peering in unbelief at the tranquil face under the old, soft, battered hat. The crowd surged by him, carrying him on. He yielded a few feet. Then he turned back sharply. He reached out the coin at arm's length, almost without breath, it seemed, and dropped it into the tin cup that was strapped to the man's breast. He went swiftly up the stone steps again—but only to turn at the top and come quickly down. He approached the flute-player with quick step—that halted in surprise. "Why— Hello, Wallace!—Wallace Bennett!—Is that you!"

The flute-player paused and turned his sightless eyes to the ringing voice. One hand reached out a little. The other still held the flute to his lips—but the little notes, caught in mid-flight, piped to the roof of the underpass and died away. The outstretched hand groped with vague touch. "That is Wilmot Baker," said the flute-player. A little smile was on his lips—waiting.

"Right—old Boy!" The warm hand had clasped his. "How are you, Wallace Bennett?"

No one could doubt the clear joy in the voice. It was not patronage, or tact, but quiet gladness—as if one had found something that was lost.

The flute-player smiled in the darkness. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I didn't expect to be here—I'm only come for a day—business. Off for Europe to-morrow."

The flute-player had slipped the reed into his pocket. "You'll stay with . . ." A little flush mounted to his forehead—slowly. "Where are you stopping?" he said. "I'll walk on with you."

"Come on!" The voice had almost a ring of happiness in it. "I'm going to the Windsor."

They turned toward the arched opening where the sun poured in. But the blind man touched something and stooped a little, putting down his hand.

"You have a bag," he said. "Let me carry it."

"Two of them, you beggar! Here, take it!"

The beggar took it with a little smile. It was twenty years since any one had called him beggar—to his face. How good it seemed!

Shoulder to shoulder, they made their way through the crowd. The millionaire knew no one, and the blind man could not see. They were alone together—shut in with themselves and the past, as if they walked by some quiet stream and listened to the sound of birds calling across the water.

"How did it happen?" said the millionaire. There was quick sympathy in the question, but no shame. It was as if he had found his friend at the foot of some great cliff—fallen and bruised.

The blind man pushed back his hat a little. "I don't know, Wilmot. I guess it just happened—a little at a time, you know."

"I thought you had a good berth—better than the rest of us?" said the man. There was indignation in the voice, and love.

"'Parsons and Call'—yes. They failed the next year," said the blind man.

"And then—?"

"Then there was the typhoid—I was slow getting up—and mother died that year. I've had good places—" He spoke thoughtfully, as if seeing them pass before the blind eyes. "I'm a kind of Jonah, I guess." He laughed a little. "Something always happened to them the minute they took *me* on board."

The other reached out a quick touch. "We'll fix all that," he said.

"Best not meddle," said the blind man, with a smile. "I'd swamp the craft."

"You'll catch it if you do. Here we are! Come in." He half reached out a hand, as if afraid the man might escape him.

"What time is it?" said the flute-player.

"Half past four. Time enough!"

"That's all right. Eunice doesn't expect me—not till six. Sometimes I'm later."

They entered the hotel lobby side by side. A buttoned boy sprang forward to

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take the bag from the hand of the millionaire, and the clerk behind the desk, as he dipped the pen in ink and whirled the register toward the newcomer, spoke a half-word to a boy beside him.

The boy approached the flute-player and bent to the bag in his hand, saying a word in his ear.

The flute-player, who had stood with head erect—a little smile on his lips—turned quietly toward the door. But the man writing his name at the desk looked up with quick gesture.

"Hello, Wallace— Hold on, won't you! I'm with you—in half a minute—" He finished the name hastily.

The clerk cast a glassy, suspended eye at the flute-player. The buttoned boy hovered near. But when the clerk had glanced carelessly at the name in the register, a magical change took place in the lobby. It broke into swift, scurrying feet—a reaching out of eager hands—two bags were too few to satisfy the yearning desire to serve the great man whose name stood for millions.

"Which way is the dining-room?" he asked, carelessly.

"This way, suh." Six eager, black palms would have carried him there bodily if it could have been done. "Take you to your room, suh?"

He smiled a little and crossed to his friend. "I'm starved, Wallace. Come on in while I get something. I haven't had a morsel to-day, and I didn't know I was hungry till I saw you."

The clerk watched the two cross the marble squares toward the dining-room, the flute-player's tin box suspended in front of him, the millionaire's hand laid affectionately on his arm, half guiding him as he went. He entered the number of the best suite in the house beside the name that was written there, smiling a little grimly as he blotted it. "The beggar is going to get a square meal for once," he said. "And not in the café, either!"

In the soft, curtained light of the dining-room the two men faced each other happily.

"What will you have, Wallace?" The man had taken up the menu and was studying it. "Let's make it a dinner—like old times. Half past four is all right for dinner—if you're hungry."

"We've had it at half past four in the morning," said the blind man, out of the past.

"Right you are—! They were good days, weren't they?" The man's fingers were on the table, drumming a little. The band of gold gleamed faintly, but the blind eyes could not see it.

"How is—your—wife, Wilmot?" he said. "I hope she is well." His voice had a kind of gentle happiness in it.

The man started. The fingers closed on the edge of the table under its white cover. He sat erect for a moment. Then the stiffness broke. "You didn't know—" he said. "She is dead."

The blind man leaned forward. "Hester—not Hester—dead—?" He paused, groping with it.

The other looked at him curiously. Then he, too, leaned forward. "Did you know her—so well?" It was under his breath.

"I—I loved—her, I think," said the blind man. "You must forgive me." He had taken a handkerchief from his pocket and was touching his forehead softly with it, as if dazed. "I never thought that Hester could die," he said.

"Nor I," said the man.

There was a long silence in the room. The soft-footed waiter came and went, bringing in trays and silvered dishes, one by one—removing the cover of each and holding it a minute before the unseeing eyes of host and guest before he served it.

By and by the blind man raised his head. His strange, sightless eyes looked into those of his friend. "Tell me about it," he said.

The other laughed a little. "There is nothing left to tell. I have told it to you—all of it."

"But you are rich—"

"I have made money—heaps of money." He spread his hands. "And I married Hester— She is dead."

He spoke with certain hardness, but the blue eyes looking toward him melted it. "*You* have lived," he said, more gently. "Tell me about that."

A smile filled the quiet face. "I have lived—yes—" It was a long, musing word—full of quaint delight.

"Tell me—" The other leaned forward. "Why did you not marry?"

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The sightless eyes were looking at the vision. "She was so beautiful!" he said, softly.

"Yes." It was jealous—almost sharp. "But you did not—ask her?"

A little sigh answered the words—so light that it might have been only the shadow of a wish—out of the past. . . . "There was my mother," he said, "and Eunice—and I never made things go. Once I thought it might be—I was working for Appleton, you know—old Appleton, the lawyer—"

"The scamp!"

"I don't know. He seemed to like me." He smiled faintly. "I suppose that's no credit to me. . . . Then there came the fire. And I was burned pretty bad." He touched his eyes. "That was the beginning of it—"

He did not add that he had risked his life to save papers for old Appleton—papers that had made him rich. But he did not need to say it. The man before him knew him.

He was looking at him now—almost humbly. "And so you've failed all through," he said. His voice broke a little in spite of him.

"All through," said the other. "But I've made my toll. I've known more people than you'd guess, Wilmot—and I've known them well. A man that's in the office all day—" He laughed a little. . . . "What can he know about folks—what they need and feel—?" He broke off—full of shining thought.

The other regarded him curiously. "What have you done, for instance?"

He roused himself with a quick smile that ran. Then he leaned back, thinking of it all. It played in his face as he talked. "I've put down carpets and taken 'em up and beat 'em. I've sifted ashes and cleaned cellars and back yards, and shovelled coal and snow and dirt. I've made flower-beds and planted cabbages. There isn't anything the Lord made a man to do with his hands that I haven't done, I guess—and maybe a few that he hoped he wouldn't," he added, quaintly. "But I've lived, Wilmot—I've seen folks through and through! How they live, and suffer, and are happy, and die. They're a wonderful people He's made down here, so full of bigness—and meanness. Since I've been shut in here"—his hand touched the eyes lightly again—"I've seen it in a kind of light—the way He means it, I guess, and it's worth while—all of it."

The man came around the table. "Have a cigar, Wallace." He sat down near him, holding out his lighted tip for the spark.

The other drew a few quick breaths from it.

The soft-footed waiter had gone out, and they had the great room to themselves.

They remained smoking quietly, the man who could see watching the tranquil face beside him. He was so near that he could put out his hand and touch him. . . . The morning and his grief, and the ride in the train, and the travelling-bag—and what was waiting in it—seemed far away. . . . Wallace was always like this. . . . He remembered now. . . . There was something about Wallace. . . . He took the cigar from his lips, watching the smoke drift. "Come to Europe with me," he said.

The other started, a half-wistful look in his face—then it slipped away. "What should *I* do in Europe?" he asked, quizzically.

"Quarrel with me. See things. I want the eyes that see inside."

"There's only one pair for that," said the blind man, with a little smile.

"I know." He nodded. "But mine have gone blind. Come and help—"

The blind man shook his head.

"You won't—?"

"I can't leave my work."

"Your work?" The question laughed. "Didn't you see my work?" He touched the cup that was strapped to his breast.

The man laughed out now. "There are plenty to do that," he said.

"Not so many," said the blind man. "I should be missed."

Wilmot Baker had a sudden flash of the underpass and the gay little tune that played there in the gloom.

"You are right," he said, slowly. "But you can't live on it. You will starve, you know."

The flute-player took the cup from his breast. "Count it," he said. He clinked it a little in his hand as he held it out.

The other took it slowly. He turned

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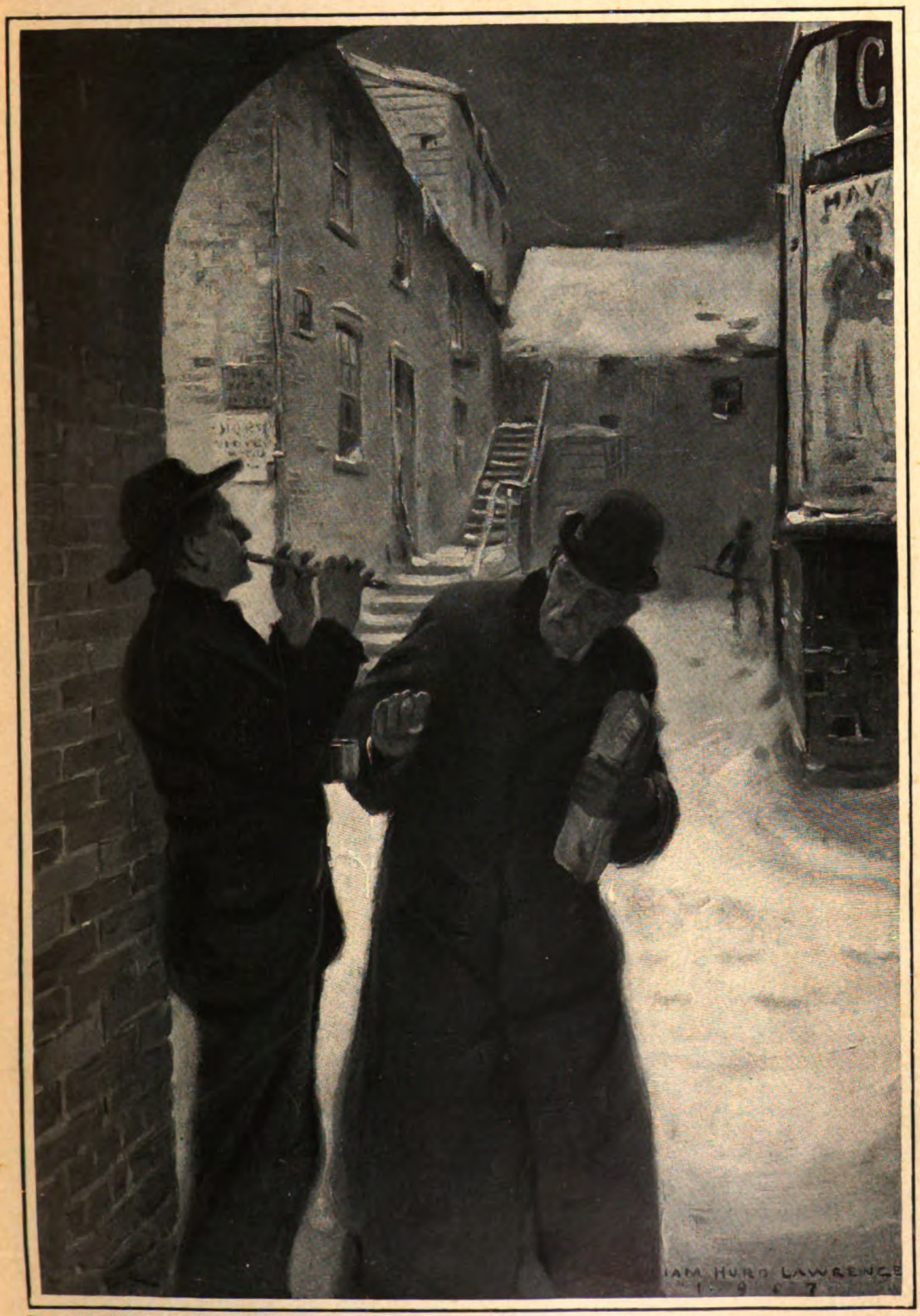

*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

SLIPPED A WHITE-WRAPPED COIN INTO THE BEGGAR'S CUP

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it on the white cover and the coins rolled here and there. He gathered them in with careful hand. There was the half-dollar, and a few nickels and pennies, and two dimes. He counted them off. "A dollar and three cents—is your plunder for the day," he said.

The blind man laughed gayly. "Why, that's great! Seventy-five is the limit. Most days it's fifty—a little more or less."

The millionaire was looking at the little stacks of wealth. "You live on fifty cents a day, do you?" he said, thoughtfully. "I wish I could."

"Easy—when you know how." He was like a child in his pleasure. "I've done it on less, you know—"

"No doubt," dryly. "Ate air, I suppose—nectar, too?"

"Well, something like that. . . . There are all sorts of ways—I could teach you—" He broke off with a quick smile. "I've never been so happy," he said. "It's the first time they've let me do what I wanted."

"They've—let you—?"

He nodded gayly. "I've beat their carpets—I don't like to beat carpets, you know—" He was looking toward his friend. "I don't do it well—I'm too slow. The gardens got ahead of me always. . . . I'd often thought of the flute," he said, almost shyly, "before this." His hand touched his eyes. "But I knew they wouldn't let me. They're afraid of pauperizing able-bodied men." The words laughed. "Now they're willing." He said it contentedly. He had taken out the flute and was fingering it. . . . "It's not so bad to be blind, if you can do something you're made for," he said, softly. "I can't play it well, you know. But sometimes it says things to people—"

"It sings them," said the other.

"And they listen," said the blind man. "I feel it in their feet as they pass, and in the pennies in the cup. . . . You see how it is, Wilmot." He had turned the sightless eyes to his friend. "I've found my place in the scheme—"

A clock somewhere sounded the hour, and he turned his head to listen. "Six o'clock—Eunice will be waiting." He got slowly to his feet. "Good-by, old man. It has been good to see you." He was holding out his hand.

The other took it, almost fiercely, as if he would hold it fast. But after a minute he let it go. "I'm your banker, you know, if you need anything."

"Yes—yes. Of course. I'll let you know. And when you're back from Europe— Come and see me— Tell me what I've missed."

"When I come back from Europe—I shall see you." The words were like a pledge.

Their hands met again. Then they went out across the marble squares to the great door of the vestibule, and the millionaire stood watching the gray figure as it went, with head erect and light-tapping cane, down the street and out of sight.

Eunice Bennett, as she bent over the square tin cup, started a little. . . . This was the fifth. . . . Something the size of a quarter-dollar, wrapped in white paper and neatly sealed, lay among the coppers and nickels. She did not need to break the seal to see the yellow wealth inside it—each week it had been the same. Her heart fluttered thankfully as she lifted the precious thing and concealed it swiftly in her gown. . . . The first week she had cried out in her joy, and the flute-player, sitting quietly by, had lifted his head and rejoiced with her over this strange, happy thing. But now she had learned wisdom. She had grown crafty in her love. For it had been spent for her—all of that first precious bit of gold. She could not have told how it went—a dollar here and a dollar there. Wallace had found so many wants for her! And he had given her no rest till it was gone. But not those that had followed. They lay, safe and yellow, in the bottom drawer, under her mother's China shawl—the one bit of elegance that had stayed with them through the years—to say that they had been Godwins once.

She counted out the rest of the coins and placed them before him in little piles. "Seventy-four, Wallace. It has been a good day, hasn't it?"

He fingered them lightly. "Is there a quarter, Eunice?"

"Yes—one." A deep flush had filled her face.

His fingers found it. "I thought so." He rubbed it contentedly. "Do you know, Eunice, I think I know who puts this in."

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"Who is it?" Her hand pressed tight the piece of gold over her guilty heart.

"I think it is Appleton—old Appleton, you know. I've thought once or twice lately—I seemed to feel. It isn't what Appleton would call evidence exactly." He laughed a little. "But he *is* near, and the money is too large for common coin. I feel it on my heart, you know, when it falls."

She laughed, too—a little trembling laugh—her old face growing glad. "A good many quarters on your heart, Wallace, wouldn't hurt much," she said.

"No. But somehow, sister, I feel glad when it falls—and the money in the cup seems to sing. . . . But that is foolish," he broke out, thoughtfully. "A good many things are foolish."

She had gone across the room and was kneeling before the bureau, opening the bottom drawer.

"What are you doing, sister?"

"Looking at mother's shawl," she said. She had lifted a corner and laid the precious packet beneath the soft folds.

"That is foolish, too," he said.

"I'm glad it is." She had risen from her knees. "*I* don't mind being foolish. I believe in having things and enjoying 'em, and keeping 'em. And now I'm going to get you a real good supper, Wallace Bennett."

The old lawyer had demurred. But the millionaire had pressed him too hard. "I want to leave it with some responsible person," he had said. "Some one who is interested in Wallace. I know he used to work for you—?"

"He worked for me—a while," said old Appleton.

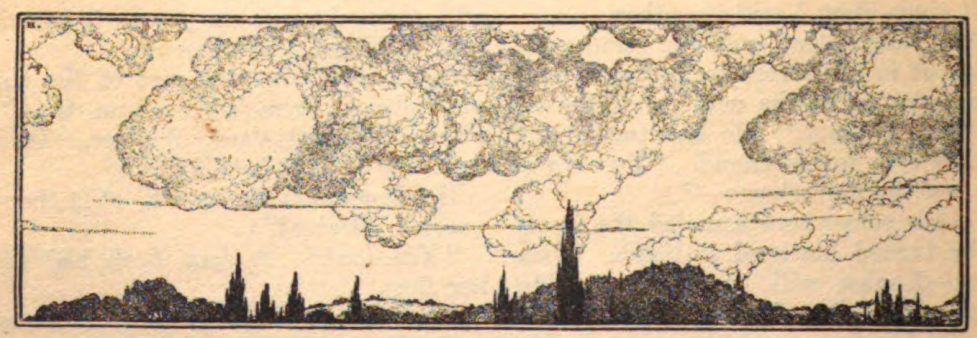
"Till you were burned out—?"

"Yes." The word was grudging.

"I thought you might like to have a hand in it. I shall make it worth some one's while, of course," carelessly. "You do not need to do it yourself. Send a clerk once a week with it. . . . I've sealed it up this way so he will know it is the same person—some one thinking about him, you know. He's a sensitive fellow—Wallace. It will please him. It's only a trifle—not worth making a fuss over. But we were chums—I like to think he is happy."

The old lawyer had received the sealed coins in silence—and with inscrutable face. But no clerk was intrusted to carry them to the underpass. Whether his thin, callous fingers knew, to a feel, the feather-weight of precious gold, or whether a sense of expiation led him, each week saw old Appleton—his long feet shuffling through the underpass—halt a moment while his fingers under his eager eyes slipped a white-wrapped coin into the beggar's cup.

And high in the underpass tooted the little tune, merrily—the song of the light in the sky and of the singing of the money in the cup. . . . And a dark-faced man, wandering over Europe, heard, now and then, the echoes of the little tunes coming across the sea. And somewhere, deep under the sea, grave little fishes, playing at endless tag, stopped and looked and waited, with waving tails, and peered curiously at something—a gleam of steel, straight and still and shining—and then swam away in the green light.



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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER V

THE last covert had been shot, and as Markham and his party, followed by scattered groups of beaters, turned homewards over the few fields that separated them from the park, figures appeared coming towards them in the rosy dusk —Mr. Ferrier and Diana in front, with most of the other guests of the house in their train. There was a merry fraternization between the two parties—a characteristic English scene, in a characteristic setting; the men in their tweed shooting-suits, some with their guns over their shoulders, for the most part young and tall, clean-limbed, and clear-eyed, the well-to-do Englishman at his most English moment, and brimming with the joy of life; the girls dressed in the same tweed stuffs, and with the same skilled and expensive simplicity, but wearing, some of them, over their cloth caps, bright veils, white or green or blue, which were tied under their chins, and framed faces aglow with exercise and health.

Markham's eyes flew to Diana, who was in black, with a white veil. Some of the natural curls on her temples, which reminded him of a Vandyck picture, had been a little blown by the wind across her beautiful brow; he liked the touch of wildness that they gave; and he was charmed anew by the contrast between her frank young strength and the wistful look, so full of *relation* to all about it, as though seeking to understand and be one with it. He perceived, too, her childish pleasure in each fresh incident and experience of the English winter, which proved to her anew that she had come home; and he flattered himself, as he went straight to her side, that his coming had at least no dimming effect on the radiance that had been there before.

"I believe you are not pining for the Mediterranean!" he said, laughing, as they walked on together.

In a smiling silence she drew in a great breath of the frosty air, while her eyes ranged along the chalk down, on the western edge of which they were walking, and then over the plain at their feet, the smoke wreaths that hung above the villages, the western sky filled stormily with the purples and grays and crimsons of the sunset, the woods that climbed the down or ran in a dark rampart along its crest.

"No one can ever love it as much as I do!" she said at last,—"because I have been an exile. That will be my advantage always."

"Your compensation—perhaps."

"Mrs. Colwood puts it that way. Only I don't like having my grievance taken away."

"Against whom?"

"Ah! not against papa!" she said, hurriedly,—"against Fate!"

"If you dislike being deprived of a grievance,—so do I. You have returned me my Rossetti."

She laughed merrily.

"You made sure I should lose or keep it?"

"It is the first book that anybody has returned to me for years. I was quite resigned."

"To a damaging estimate of my character? Thank you very much!"

"I wonder," he said, in another tone, "what sort of estimate you have of *my* character—false, or true?"

"Well, there have been a great many surprises!" said Diana, raising her eyebrows.

"In the matter of my character?"

"Not altogether."

"My surroundings? You mean, I talked Radicalism, or, as you would call it, Socialism, to you at Portofino, and



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here you find me in the character of a sporting Squire?"

"I hear," she said, deliberately looking about her, "that this is the finest shoot in the county."

"It is. There is no denying it. But, in the first place, it's my mother's shoot, not mine,—the estate is hers, not mine—and she wishes old customs to be kept up. In the next—well, of course, the truth is that I like it abominably!"

He had thrust his cap into his pocket and was walking bareheaded. In the glow of the evening air, his strong manhood seemed to gain an added force and vitality. He moved beside her, magnified and haloed, as it were, by the dusk and the sunset. Yet his effect upon her was no mere physical effect of good looks and a fine stature. It was rather the effect of a personality which strangely fitted with and evoked her own—of that congruity, indeed, from which all else springs.

She laughed at his confession.

"I hear also that you are the best shot in the neighborhood."

"Who has been talking to you about me?" he asked, with a slight knitting of the brows.

"Mr. Ferrier—a little."

He gave an impatient sigh, so disproportionate to the tone of their conversation that Diana looked at him in sudden surprise.

"Haven't you often wondered how it is that the very people who know you best—know you least?"

The question was impetuously delivered. Diana recalled Mr. Forbes's remarks as to dissensions behind the scenes. She stepped cautiously.

"I thought Mr. Ferrier knew everything!"

"I wish he knew something about his party—and the House of Commons!" cried Markham, as though a passion within leaped to the surface.

The startled eyes beside him beguiled him farther.

"I didn't mean to say anything indiscreet—or disloyal," he said, with a smile, recovering himself. "It is often the greatest men who cling to the old world,—when the new is clamoring. But the new means to be heard all the same."

Diana's color flashed.

"I would rather be in that old world with Mr. Ferrier than in the new with Mr. Barton!"

"What is the use of talking of preferences? The world is what it is,—and will be what it will be. Barton is our master —Ferrier's and mine. The point is to come to terms and make the best of it."

"No!—the point is—to hold the gate!—and die on the threshold, if need be."

They had come to a stile. Markham had crossed it, and Diana mounted. Her young form showed sharply against the west; he looked into her eyes, divided between laughter and feeling; she gave him her little hand. The man's pulses leaped anew. He was naturally of a cool and self-possessed temperament,—the life of the brain much stronger in him than the life of the senses. But at that moment he recognized—as perhaps, for the first time, the night before, —that Nature and youth had him at last in grip. At the same time the remembrance of a walk over the same ground that he had taken in the autumn with Alicia Drake flashed, unwelcome, into his mind. It stirred a half-uneasy, half-laughing compunction. He could not flatter himself—yet—that his cousin had forgotten it.

"What gate?—and what threshold?" he asked Diana, as they moved on. "If you mean the gate of power—it is too late. Democracy is in the citadel,—and has run up its own flag. Or to take another metaphor — the Whirlwind is in possession,—the only question is who shall ride it!"

Diana declared that the Socialists would ride it to the abyss,—with England on the crupper.

"Magnificent!" said Markham, "but merely rhetorical. Besides—all that we ask is that Ferrier should ride it. Let him only try the beast,—and he will find it tame enough."

"And if he won't?—"

"Ah, if he won't—" said Markham uncertainly, and paused. In the growing darkness she could no longer see his face plainly. But presently he resumed, more earnestly and simply.

"Don't misunderstand me! Ferrier is our chief,—my chief, above all,—and one does not even discuss whether one is loyal to him. The party owes him

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.* Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THE MAN'S PULSES LEAPED ANEW

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an enormous debt. As for myself—" He drew a long breath, which was again a sigh.

Then with a change of manner and in a lighter tone, "I seem to have given myself away—to an enemy!"

"Poor enemy!"

He looked at her, half laughing, half anxious.

"Tell me!—last night—you thought me intolerant—overbearing?"

"I disliked being beaten," said Diana, candidly; "especially as it was only my ignorance that was beaten,—not my cause."

"Shall we begin again?"

Through his gayety, however, a male satisfaction in victory pierced very plainly. Diana winced a little.

"No, no! I must go back to Captain Roughsedge first, and get some new arguments!"

"Roughsedge!" he said, in surprise. "Roughsedge? He never carried an argument through in his life!"

Diana defended her new friend, to ears unsympathetic. Her defence, indeed, evoked from him a series of the same impatient, sarcastic remarks on the subject of the neighbors as had scandalized her the day before. She fired up, and they were soon in the midst of another battle-royal, partly on the merits of particular persons, and partly on a more general theme,—the advantage or disadvantage of an optimist view of your fellow creatures.

Markham was, before long, hard put to it in argument, and very delicately and discreetly convicted of arrogance or worse. They were entering the woods of the park, when he suddenly stopped and said:

"Do you know that you have had a jolly good revenge?—pressed down and running over?"

Diana smiled and said nothing. She had delighted in the encounter; so, in spite of castigation, had he. There surged up in him a happy excited consciousness of quickened life and hurrying hours. He looked with distaste at the nearness of the house, and at the group of figures which had paused in front of them, waiting for them, on the farther edge of the broad lawn.

"You have convicted me of an odious, exclusive, bullying temper,—or you think you have,—and all you will allow *me* in the way of victory is that I got the best of it because Captain Roughsedge wasn't there!"

"Not at all. I respect your critical faculty!"

"You wish to hear me gush like Mrs. Minchin. It is simply astounding the number of people you like!"

Diana's laugh broke into a sigh.

"Perhaps it's like a hungry boy in a goodie-shop. He wants to eat them all."

"Were you so very solitary as a child?" he asked her gently, in a changed tone, which was itself an act of homage, almost a caress.

"Yes—I was very solitary," she said, after a pause. "And I am really gregarious—dreadfully fond of people!—and curious about them. And I think, oddly enough, papa was too."

A question rose naturally to his lips, but was checked unspoken. He well remembered Mr. Mallory at Portofino; a pleasant, courteous man, evidently by nature a man of the world, interested in affairs and in literature, with all the signs on him of the English governing class. It was certainly curious that he should have spent all those years in exile with his child, in a remote villa on the Italian coast. Health, Markham supposed, or finance,—the two chief motives of life. For himself, the thought of Diana's childhood between the pine woods and the sea gave him pleasure; it added another to the poetical and romantic ideas which she suggested. There came back on him the plash of the waves beneath the Portofino headland, the murmur of the pines, the fragrance of the underwood. He felt the kindred between all these and her maidenly energy, her unspoiled beauty.

"One moment!" he said, as they began to cross the lawn. "Has my sister attacked you yet?"

The smile with which the words were spoken could be heard though not seen. Diana laughed, a little awkwardly.

"I am afraid Mrs. Fotheringham thinks me a child of blood and thunder! I am so sorry!"

"If she presses you too hard, call me in. Isabel and I understand each other."

Diana murmured something polite.

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Mr. Frobisher meanwhile came to meet them with a remark upon the beauty of the evening, and Alicia Drake followed.

"I expect you found it a horrid long way," she said to Diana. Diana disclaimed fatigue.

"You came *so* slowly, we thought you must be tired."

Something in the drawling manner and the slightly insolent expression made the words sting. Diana hurried on to Marion Vincent's side. That lady was leaning on a stick, and for the first time Diana saw that she was slightly lame. She looked up with a pleasant smile and greeting; but before they could move on across the ample drive Mr. Frobisher overtook them.

"Won't you take my arm?" he said in a low voice.

Miss Vincent slipped her hand inside his arm and rested on him. He supported her with what seemed to Diana a tender carefulness, his head bent to hers, while he talked and she replied.

Diana followed, her girl's heart kindling.

"Surely!—surely!—they are in love?—engaged?"

But no one else appeared to take any notice or made any remark.

Long did the memory of the evening which followed live warm in the heart of Diana. It was to her an evening of triumph — triumph innocent, harmless, and complete. Her charm, her personality, had by now captured the whole party, save for an opposition of three,—and the three realized that they had for the moment no chance of influencing the popular voice. The rugged face of Mr. Barton stiffened as she approached; it seemed to him that the night before he had been snubbed by a chit, and he was not the man to forget it easily. Alicia Drake was a little pale and a little silent during the evening, till, late in its course, she succeeded in carrying off a group of young men who had come for the shoot and were staying the night, and in establishing a noisy court among them. Mrs. Fotheringham disapproved by now of almost everything that concerned Miss Mallory: of her taste in music or in books; of the touch of effusion in her manner, which was, of course, "affected" or "aristocratic"; of the enthusiasms she did *not* possess, no less than of those she did. On the sacred subject of the suffrage, for instance, which with Mrs. Fotheringham was a matter for propaganda everywhere and at all times, Diana was but a cracked cymbal; when struck she gave back either no sound at all or a wavering one. Her beautiful eyes were blank or hostile; she would escape like a fawn from the hunter. As for other politics, no one but Mrs. Fotheringham dreamed of introducing them. She, however, would have discovered many ways of dragging them in and of setting down Diana; but here her brother was on the watch, and time after time she found herself checked or warded off.

Diana, indeed, was well defended. The more ill-humored Mrs. Fotheringham grew, the more Lady Niton enjoyed the evening and her own "Nitonisms." It was she who after dinner suggested the clearing of the hall and an impromptu dance,—on the ground that "girls must waltz for their living." And when Diana proved to be one of those in whom dancing is a natural and shining gift, so that even the gilded youths of the party, who were perhaps inclined to fight shy of Miss Mallory as "a girl who talked clever," even they came crowding about her, like flies about a milk-pail,—it was Lady Niton who drew Isabel Fotheringham's attention to it, loudly and repeatedly. It was she also who at a pause in the dancing, and at a hint from Mrs. Colwood, insisted on making Diana sing, to the grand piano which had been pushed into a corner of the hall. And when the singing, helped by the looks and personality of the singer, had added to the girl's success, Lady Niton sat fanning herself in reflected triumph, appealing to the spectators on all sides for applause. The topics that Diana fled from, Lady Niton took up; and when Mrs. Fotheringham, bewildered by an avalanche of words, would say, "Give me time, please, Lady Niton,—I must think!" Lady Niton would reply coolly, "Not unless you're accustomed to it"; while she finally capped her misdeeds by insisting that it was no good to say Mr. Barton had a warm heart if he were without that much more useful possession, a narrow mind.

Thus buttressed and befriended on al-

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most all sides, Diana drank her cup of pleasure. Once in an interval between two dances, as she passed on Oliver Markham's arm close to Lady Lucy, that lady put up her frail old hand and gently touched Diana's. "Do not overtire yourself, my dear!" she said, with effusion,—and Oliver, looking down, knew very well what his mother's rare effusion meant, if Diana did not. On several occasions Mr. Ferrier sought her out, with every mark of flattering attention, while it often seemed to Diana as if the protecting kindness of Sir James Chide was never far away. In her white *ingénue's* dress she was an embodiment of youth, simplicity, and joy, such as perhaps our grandmothers knew more commonly than we, in our more hurried and complex day. And at the same time there floated round her something more than youth,—something more thrilling and challenging than mere girlish delight,—an effluence, a passion, a "swell of soul," which made this dawn of her life more bewitching even for its promise than for its performance.

For Markham, too, the hours flew. He was carried away, enchanted; he had eyes for no one, time for no one, but Diana; and before the end of the evening the gossip among the Tallyn guests ran fast and free. When at last the dance broke up, many a curious eye watched the parting between Markham and Diana; and in their bedroom on the top floor Lady Lucy's two nieces sat up till the small hours, discussing first the situation,—was Oliver really caught at last?—and then Alicia's refusal to discuss it. She had said bluntly that she was dog-tired,—and shut her door upon them.

On a hint from his mother, Markham went to say good night to her in her room. She threw her arms round his neck, whispering, "Dear Oliver!—dear Oliver!—I just wished you to know—if it is as I think—that you had my blessing."

He drew back, a little shrinking and reluctant,—yet still flushed, as it were, with the last rays Diana's sun had shed upon him.

"Things mustn't be hurried, mother."

"No—no—they sha'n't. But you know how I have wished to see you happy,—how ambitious I have been for you!"

"Yes, mother, I know. You have been always very good to me." He had recovered his composure, and stood holding her hand and smiling at her.

"What a charming creature, Oliver! It is a pity, of course, her father has indoctrinated her with those opinions, but—"

"Opinions!" he said, scornfully,—"what do they matter!" But he could not discuss Diana. His blood was still too hot within him.

"Of course—of course!" said Lady Lucy, soothingly. "She is so young—she will develop. But what a wife, Oliver, she will make,—how she might help a man on—with her talents and her beauty and her refinement. She has such dignity, too, for her years."

He made no reply, except to repeat,

"Don't hurry it, mother, — don't hurry it."

"No—no," she said, laughing, "I am not such a fool. There will be many natural opportunities of meeting."

"There are some difficulties with the Vavasours. They have been disagreeable about the gardens. Ferrier and I have promised to go over and advise her."

"Good!" said Lady Lucy, delighted that the Vavasours had been disagreeable. "Good night, my son, good night!"

A minute later Oliver stood meditating in his own room, where he had just donned his smoking-jacket. By one of the natural ironies of life, at a moment when he was more in love than he had ever been yet, he was nevertheless thinking eagerly of prospects and of money. Owing to his peculiar relation to his mother and his father's estate, marriage would be to him no mere satisfaction of a personal passion. It would be a vital incident in a politician's career, to whom larger means and greater independence were now urgently necessary. To marry with his mother's full approval would at last bring about that provision for himself which his father's will had most unjustly postponed. He was monstrously dependent upon her. It had been one of the chief checks on a strong and concentrated ambition. But Lady Lucy had long made him understand that to marry according to her wishes would mean emancipation; a much larger income in the present, and the final settlement of her will in his favor. It was amazing

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how she had taken to Diana! Diana had only to accept him, and his future was secured.

But though thoughts of this kind passed in tumultuous procession through the grooves of consciousness, they were soon expelled by others. Markham was no mere interested schemer. Diana should help him to his career; but, above all and before all, she was the adorable brown-eyed creature whose looks had just been shining upon him, whose soft hand had just been lingering in his! As he stood alone and spellbound in the dark, yielding himself to the surging waves of feeling which broke over his mind, the thought, the dream, of holding Diana Mallory in his arms,—of her head against his breast,—came upon him with a sudden and stinging delight.

Yet the delight was under control,—the control of a keen and practical intelligence. There rose in him a sharp sense of the unfathomed depths and possibilities in such a nature as Diana's. Once or twice that evening, through all her sweet forthcomingness, when he had forced the note a little, she had looked at him in sudden surprise or shrinking. No!—nothing premature! It seemed to him, as it had seemed to Bobbie Forbes, that she could only be won by the slow and gradual conquest of a rich personality. He set himself to the task.

Down-stairs, Mr. Ferrier and Sir James Chide were sitting together in a remote corner of the hall. Mr. Ferrier, in great good humor with the state of things, was discussing Oliver's chances confidentially with his old friend. Sir James sat smoking in silence. He listened to Ferrier's praises of Miss Mallory, to his generous appreciation of Markham's future, to his speculations as to what Lady Lucy would do for her son upon his marriage, or as to the part which a creature so brilliant and so winning as Diana might be expected to play in London and in political life.

Sir James said little or nothing. He knew Lady Lucy well, and had known her long. Presently he rose abruptly and went up-stairs to bed.

"Ought I to speak?" he asked himself, in an agony of doubt. "Perhaps a word to Ferrier—"

No!—impossible!—impossible! Yet, as he mounted the stairs, over the house which had just seen the triumph of Diana, over that radiant figure itself, the second sight of the great lawyer perceived the brooding of a cloud of fate, nor could he do anything to avert or soften its downfall.

Meanwhile Diana's golden hour had found an unexpected epilogue. After her good night to Markham, she was walking along the gallery corridor going towards her room, when she perceived Miss Vincent in front of her moving slowly and as it seemed with difficulty. A sudden impulse made Diana fly after her.

"Do let me help you!" she said, shyly.

Marion Vincent smiled and put her hand in the girl's arm.

"How do people manage to live at all in these big houses, and with dinner-parties every night!" she said, laughing. "After a day in the East End I am never half so tired."

She was, indeed, so pale that Diana was rather frightened, and remembering that in the afternoon she had seen Miss Vincent descend from an upper floor, she offered a rest in her own room, which was close by, before the evidently lame woman attempted further stairs.

Marion Vincent hesitated a moment, then accepted. Diana hurried up a chair to the fire, installed her there, and herself sat on the floor, watching her guest with some anxiety.

Yet as she did so she felt a certain antagonism. The face, of which the eyes were now closed, was nobly grave. The expression of its deeply marked lines appealed to her heart. But why this singularity—this eccentricity? Miss Vincent wore the same dress of dark woollen stuff, garnished with white frills, in which she had appeared the night before, and her morning attire, as Mr. Frobisher had foretold, had consisted of a precisely similar garment, adorned with a straight collar instead of frills. Surely a piece of acting!—of unnecessary self-assertion!

Yet all through the day—and the evening—Diana had been conscious of this woman's presence, in a strange penetrating way, even when they had had least to do with each other. In the intervals of her own joyous progress she had been

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often aware of Miss Vincent sitting apart, sometimes with Mr. Frobisher, who was reading or talking to her, sometimes with Lady Lucy, and—during the dance—with John Barton. Barton might have been the Jeremiah or the Ezekiel of the occasion. He sat astride upon a chair, in his respectable workman's clothes, his eyes under their shaggy brows, his weather-beaten features and compressed lips, expressing an ill-concealed contempt for the scene before him. It was rumored that he had wished to depart before dinner, having concluded his consultation with Mr. Ferrier, but that Mrs. Fotheringham had persuaded him to remain for the night. His presence seemed to make dancing a misdemeanor, and the rich house, with its services and appurtenances, an organized crime. But if his personality was the storm-point of the scene, charged with potential lightning, Marion Vincent's was the still, small voice, without threat or bitterness, which every now and then spoke to a quick imagination like Diana's its message from a world of poverty and pain. And sometimes Diana had been startled by the perception that the message seemed to be specially for her. Miss Vincent's eyes followed her; whenever Diana passed near her, she smiled—she admired. But always, as it seemed to Diana, with a meaning behind the smile. Yet what that meaning might be, the girl could not tell.

At last, as she watched her, Marion Vincent looked up.

"Mr. Barton would talk to me just now about the history of his own life. I suppose it was the dance and the supper excited him. He began to testify! Sometimes when he does that, he is magnificent. He said some fine things to-night. But I am run down and couldn't stand it."

Diana asked if Mr. Barton had himself gone through a great struggle with poverty.

"The usual struggle. No more than thousands of others. Only in him it is vocal—he can reflect upon it.—You had an easy triumph over him last night," she added, with a smile, turning to her companion.

"Who wouldn't have?" cried Diana. "What outrageous things he said!"

"He doesn't know much about India—or the colonies. He hasn't travelled; he reads very little. He showed badly. But on his own subjects he is good enough. I have known him impress or convert the most unlikely people—by nothing but a bare sincerity. Just now—while the servants were handing champagne—he and I were standing a little way off under the gallery. His eyes are weak, and he can't bear the glare of all these lights. Suddenly he told me the story of his father's death."

She paused and drew her hand across her eyes. Diana saw that they were wet. But although startled, the girl held herself a little aloof and erect, as though ready at a moment's notice to defend herself against a softening which might involve a treachery to glorious and sacred things.

"It so chanced," Miss Vincent resumed, "that it had a bearing on experiences of my own—just now."

"You are living in the East End?"

"At present. I am trying to find out the causes of a great wave of poverty and unemployment in a particular district." She named it. "It is hard work,—and not particularly good for the nerves."

She smiled, but at the same moment she turned extremely white, and as she fell back in her chair, Diana saw her clench her hand as though in a strong effort for physical self-control.

Diana sprang up.

"Let me get you some water!"

"Don't go. Don't tell anybody. Just open that window." Diana obeyed, and the northwest wind sweeping in seemed to revive her pale companion almost at once.

"I am very sorry!" said Miss Vincent, after a few minutes, in her natural voice. "Now I am all right." She drank some water and looked up.

"Shall I tell you the story he told me? It is very short, and it might change your view of him."

"If you feel able—if you are strong enough," said Diana, uncomfortably, wondering why it should matter to Miss Vincent or anybody else what view she might happen to take of Mr. Barton.

"He said he remembered his father—who was a house-painter—a very decent and hard-working man—having been out

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of work for eight weeks. He used to go out looking for work every day,—and there was the usual story, of course, of pawning or selling all their possessions,—odd jobs,—increasing starvation,—and so on. Meanwhile, *his* only pleasure—he was ten—was to go with his sister after school to look at two shops in the East India Dock Road,—one a draper's with a 'Christmas Bazaar'—the other a confectioner's. He declares it made him not more starved, but less, to look at the goodies and the cakes; they *imagined* eating them; but they were both too sickly, he thinks, to be really hungry. As for the Bazaar, with its dolls and toys, and its Father Christmas, and bright lights, they both thought it Paradise. They used to flatten their noses against the glass; sometimes a shopman drove them away; but they came back and back. At last the iron shutters would come down—slowly. Then he and his sister would stoop—and stoop—to get a last look. Presently there would be only a foot of bliss left; and then they both sank down flat on their stomachs on the pavement, and so stayed—greedily—till all was dark and Paradise had been swallowed up. Well, one night the show had been specially gorgeous; they took hands afterwards and ran home. Their father had just come in. Mr. Barton can remember his staggering into the room. I'll give it in his own words. 'Mother, have you got anything in the house?' 'Nothing, Tom.' And mother began to cry. 'Not a bit of bread, mother?' 'I gave the last bit to the children for their teas.' Father said nothing, but he lay down on the bed. Then he called me. 'Johnnie,' he said, 'I've got work—for next week—but I sha'n't never go to it—it's too late,' and then he asked me to hold his hand, and turned his face on the pillow. When my mother came to look, he was dead. 'Starvation and exhaustion,' the doctor said."

Marion Vincent paused.

"It's just like any other story of the kind—isn't it?" Her smile turned on Diana. "The charitable societies and missions send them out by scores in their appeals. But somehow as he told it just now, down-stairs, in that glaring hall, with the champagne going round,—it seemed intolerable."

"And you mean also," said Diana, slowly, "that a man with that history can't know or care very much about the Empire?"

"Our minds are all picture-books," said the woman beside her, in a low, dreamy voice; "it depends upon what the pictures are. To you the words 'England'—and the 'Empire'—represent one set of pictures—all bright and magnificent—like the Christmas Bazaar. To John Barton and me"—she smiled—"they represent another. We too have seen the lights and the candles and the toys; we have admired them, as you have; but we know the reality is not there. The reality is in the dark streets, where men tramp, looking for work; it is in the rooms where their wives and children live stifled and hungry;—the rooms where our working-folk die — without having lived."

Her eyes, above her pale cheeks, had opened to their fullest extent—the eyes of a seer. They held Diana. So did the voice, which was the voice of one in whom tragic passion and emotion are forever wearing away the physical frame, as the sea waves break down a crumbling shore.

Suddenly Diana bent over her and took her hands.

"I wonder why you thought me worth talking to like this?" she said, impetuously.

"I liked you!" said Marion Vincent, simply. "I liked you as you talked last night. Only I wanted to add some more pictures to your picture-book. *Your* set—the popular one—is called 'The Glories of England.'—There is another—I recommend it to you—'*The Shames of England.*'"

"You think poverty a disgrace?" murmured Diana, held by the glowing fanatical look of the speaker.

"*Our* poverty is a disgrace—the life of our poor is a disgrace. What does the Empire matter,—what do Afghan campaigns matter, while London is rotten? However"—she smiled again and caressed Diana's hand—"will you make friends with me?"

"Is it worth while for you?" said Diana, laughing. "I shall always prefer my picture-book to yours, I am afraid. And—I am not poor—and I don't give all my money away."

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"I HAVE PROTESTED IN VAIN," SAID THE VICAR

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Miss Vincent surveyed her gayly.

"Well, I come here"—she looked significantly round the luxurious room,—"and I am very good friends with the Markhams. Oliver Markham is one of the persons from whom I hope most."

"Not in pulling down wealth—and property!" cried Diana.

"Why not? Every revolution has its Philippe Égalité. Oh, it will come slowly—it will come slowly," said the other quietly. "And of course there will be tragedy—there always is—in everything. But not, I hope, for you—never for you!" And once more her hand dropped softly on Diana's.

"You were happy to-night?—you enjoyed the dance?"

The question, so put, with such a look, from another mouth, would have been an impertinence. Diana shrank, but could not resent it. Yet, against her will, she flushed deeply.

"Yes. It was delightful. I did not expect to enjoy it so much, but—"

"But you did! That's well. That's good!"

Marion Vincent rose feebly. And as she stood, leaning on the chair, she touched the folds of Diana's white dress.

"When shall I see you again?—and that dress?"

"I shall be in London in May," said Diana, eagerly. "May I come then? You must tell me where."

"Ah, you won't come to Bethnal Green in that dress. What a pity!"

Diana helped her to her room, where they shook hands and parted. Then Diana came back to her own quarters. She had put out the electric light for Miss Vincent's sake. The room was lit only by the fire. In the full-length mirror of the toilet-table Diana saw her own white reflection and the ivy leaves in her hair. The absence of her mourning was first a pain; then the joy of the evening surged up again. Oh, was it wrong, was it wrong to be happy,—in this world "where men sit and hear each other groan"? She clasped her hands to her soft breast, as though defending the warmth, the hope, that were springing there, against any dark protesting force that might threaten to take them from her.



## CHAPTER VI

"HENRY," said Mrs. Roughsedge to her husband, "I think it would do you good to walk to Beechcote."

"No, my dear, no! I have many proofs to get through before dinner. Take Hugh. Only!—"

Dr. Roughsedge, smiling, held up a beckoning finger. His wife approached.

"Don't let him fall in love with that young woman. It's no good."

"Well, she must marry somebody, Henry."

"Big fishes mate with big fishes,—minnows with minnows."

"Don't run down your own son, sir. Who, pray, is too good for him?"

"The world is divided into wise men, fools, and mothers. The characters of the first two are mingled—disproportionately—in the last," said Dr. Roughsedge, patiently enduring the kiss his wife inflicted upon him. "Don't kiss me, Patricia— Don't tread on my proofs—Go away—and tell Jane not to forget my tea, because you have gone out."

Mrs. Roughsedge departed, and the Doctor, who was devoted to her, sank at once into that disorderly welter of proofs and smoke which represented to him the best of the day. The morning he reserved for hard work, and during the course of it he smoked but one pipe. A quotation from Fuller which was often on his lips expressed his point of view: "Spill not the morning, which is the quintessence of the day, in recreation. For sleep itself is a recreation. And to open the morning thereto is to add sauce to sauce."

But in the afternoon he gave himself to all the delightful by-tasks, the works of supererogation, the excursions into side paths, the niggling with proofs, the toying with style, the potterings and polishings, the ruminations, and rewritings and refinements which make the joy of the man of letters. For five-and-twenty years he had been a busy Cambridge coach, tied year in and year out to the same strictness of hours, the same monotony of subjects, the same patient drumming on thick heads and dull brains. Now that was all over. A brother had left him a little money; he had saved the rest. At sixty he had begun to live. He was editing a series of reprints for

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the Cambridge University Press, and what mortal man could want more than a good wife and son, a cottage to live in, a fair cook, unlimited pipes, no debts, and the best of English literature to browse in? The rural afternoon, especially, when he smoked and grubbed and divagated as he pleased, was alone enough to make the five-and-twenty years of "swink" worth while.

Mrs. Roughsedge stayed to give very particular orders to the house parlor-maid about the doctor's tea, to open a window in the tiny drawing-room, and to put up in brown paper a pair of bed-socks that she had just finished knitting for an old man in the parish-houses. Then she joined her son, who was already waiting for her—impatiently—in the garden.

Hugh Roughsedge had only just returned from a month's stay in London, for the disagreeable purpose of some coaching in modern languages, made necessary by the new examination requirements in the army, which his soul detested. He had now returned home for a week's extra leave before rejoining his regiment; and one of the first questions on his tongue, as his mother instantly noticed, had been a question as to Miss Mallory. Was she still at Beechcote? Had his mother seen anything of her?

Yes, she was still at Beechcote. Mrs. Roughsedge, however, had seen her but seldom and slightly since her son's departure for London. If she had made one or two observations from a distance with respect to the young lady, she withheld them. And like the discerning mother that she was, at the very first opportunity she proposed to call at Beechcote.

On their way thither this February afternoon they talked in a desultory way about some new War Office reforms, which, as usual, the entire army believed to be merely intended—wilfully and deliberately—for its destruction; about a recent gambling scandal in the regiment, or the peculiarities of Hugh's commanding officer. Meanwhile he held his peace on the subject of some letters he had received that morning. There was to be an expedition in Nigeria. Officers were wanted; and he had volunteered. The result of his application was not yet known. He had no intention whatever of upsetting his parents till it was known.

"I wonder how Miss Mallory liked Tallyn?" said Mrs. Roughsedge, briskly.

She had already expressed the same wonder once or twice. But as neither she nor her son had any materials for deciding the point, the remark hardly promoted conversation. She added to it another of more effect.

"The Miss Bertrams have already made up their minds that she is to marry Oliver Markham."

"The deuce!" cried the startled Roughsedge. "Beg your pardon, mother, but how can those old cats possibly know?"

"They can't know," said Mrs. Roughsedge, placidly. "But as soon as you get a young woman like that into the neighborhood, of course everybody begins to speculate."

"They mumble any fresh person, like a dog with a bone," said Roughsedge, indignantly.

They were passing across the broad village street. On either hand were old timbered cottages, sun-mellowed and rain-beaten; a thatched roof showing here and there; or a bit of mean new building breaking the time-worn line. To their left, keeping watch over the graves which encircled it, rose the fourteenth-century church; amid the trees around it rooks were cawing and wheeling; and close beneath it huddled other cottages, ivy-grown, about the village well. Afternoon school was just over, and the children were skipping and running about the streets. Through the cottage doors could be seen occasionally the gleam of a fire, or a white cloth spread for tea. For the womenfolk at least, tea was the great meal of the day in Beechcote. So that what with the flickering of the fires, and the sunset light on the windows, the skipping children, the dogs, the tea-tables, and the rooks, Beechcote wore a cheerful and idyllic air. But Mrs. Roughsedge knew too much about these cottages. In this one to the left a girl had just borne her second illegitimate child; in that one farther on, were two mentally deficient children, the offspring of feeble-minded parents; in the next an old woman, the victim of pernicious anæmia, was moaning her life away; in the last to the right the mother of five small children had just died in her sixth confinement. Mrs. Roughsedge gave a

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long sigh as she looked at it. The tragedy was but forty-eight hours old; she had sat up with the mother through her dying hours.

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Roughsedge, suddenly, "here comes the Vicar. Do you know, it's so unlucky—and so strange!—but he has certainly taken a dislike to Miss Mallory—I believe it was because he had hoped some Christian Socialist friends of his would have taken Beechcote, and he was disappointed to find it let to some one with what he calls 'silly Tory notions' and no particular ideas about Church matters. Now there's a regular fuss. Something about the Book Club. I don't understand—"

The Vicar advanced towards them. He came along at a great pace, his lean figure closely sheathed in his long clerical coat, his face a little frowning and set.

At the sight of Mrs. Roughsedge he drew up and greeted the mother and son.

"May I have a few words with you?" he asked Mrs. Roughsedge, as he turned back with them towards the Beechcote lane. "I don't know whether you are acquainted, Mrs. Roughsedge, with what has just happened in the Book Club to which we both belong?"

The Book Club was a village institution of some antiquity. It embraced some ten families who drew up their Mudie lists in common, and sent the books from house to house. The Vicar and Dr. Roughsedge had been till now mainly responsible for these lists, so far at least as "serious books" were concerned, the ladies being allowed the chief voice in the novels.

Mrs. Roughsedge, a little fluttered, asked for information.

"Miss Mallory has recommended two books which in my opinion should not be circulated among us," said the Vicar. "I have protested—in vain. Miss Mallory maintains her recommendation. I propose therefore to withdraw from the club."

"Are they improper?" cried Mrs. Roughsedge, much distressed. Captain Roughsedge threw an angry look first at his mother and then at the Vicar.

"Not in the usual sense," said the Vicar, stiffly, "but highly improper for the reading of Christian people. One is by a Unitarian, and the other reproduces some of the worst speculations of an infidel German theology. I pointed out the nature of the books to Miss Mallory. She replied that they were both by authors whom her father liked. I regretted it. Then she fired up, refused to withdraw the names, and offered to resign. Miss Mallory's subscription to the club is, however, much larger than mine. *I* shall therefore resign,—protesting of course against the reason which induces me to take this course."

"What's wrong with the books?" asked Hugh Roughsedge.

The Vicar drew himself up.

"I have given my reasons."

"Why, you see that kind of thing in every newspaper," said Roughsedge, bluntly.

"All the more reason why I should endeavor to keep my parish free from it," was the Vicar's resolute reply. "However, there is no more to be said. I wished Mrs. Roughsedge to understand what had happened,—that is all."

He paused, and offered a limp hand in good-by.

"Let me speak to Miss Mallory," said Mrs. Roughsedge, soothingly.

The Vicar shook his head.

"She is a young lady of strong will." And with a hasty nod of farewell to the Captain, whose hostility he divined, he walked away.

"And what about obstinate and pig-headed parsons!" said Roughsedge, hotly, addressing his remark, however, safely to the Vicar's back and to his mother. "Who makes him a judge of what we shall read! I shall make a point of asking for both the books!"

"Oh, my dear Hugh!" cried his mother, in rather troubled protest. Then she happily reflected that if he asked for them, he was not in the least likely to read them. "I hope Miss Mallory is not really an unbeliever."

"Mother! Of course what that poker in a wide-awake did was to say something uncivil about her father, and she wasn't going to stand that. Quite right, too."

"She did come to church on Christmas day," said Mrs. Roughsedge, reflecting. "But then a great many people do that who don't believe anything. Anyway, she has always been quite charming to your

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father and me. And I think, besides, the Vicar might have been satisfied with your father's opinion—*he* made no complaint about the books. Oh, now the Miss Bertrams are going to stop us. They'll of course know all about it!"

If Captain Roughsedge growled ugly words into his mustache, his mother was able to pretend not to hear them, in the gentle excitement of shaking hands with the Miss Bertrams. These middle-aged ladies were the daughters of a deceased solicitor in a neighboring county town. They had settled in a house and garden belonging to the Vavasours, on the outskirts of the village, and were the close satellites of the Vicar and his wife.

"You will have heard of this disagreeable incident which has occurred," said Miss Maria to Mrs. Roughsedge, with a pinched mouth. "My sister and I shall of course remove our names from the club."

"I say—don't your subscribers order the books they like?" asked Roughsedge, half wroth and half laughing, surveying the lady with his hand on his side.

"There is a very clear understanding among us," said Miss Maria, sharply, "as to the character of the books to be ordered. No member of the club has yet transgressed it."

"There must be give and take, mustn't there?" said Miss Elizabeth in a deprecatory voice. She was the more amiable and the weaker of the two sisters. "*We* should *never* order books that would be offensive to Miss Mallory."

"But if you haven't read the books?"

"The Vicar's word is quite enough," said Miss Maria, with her most determined air.

They all moved on together, Captain Roughsedge smoothing or tugging at his mustache with a restless hand. But Miss Bertram, presently, dropping a little behind, drew Mrs. Roughsedge with her.

"There are all sorts of changes at the house," she said, confidentially. "The laundry-maids are allowed to go out every evening, if they like,—and Miss Mallory makes no attempt to influence the servants to come to church. The Vicar says the seats for the Beechcote servants have never been so empty."

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Roughsedge.

"And money is improperly given away. Several people whom the Vicar thinks most unfit objects of charity have been assisted. And in a conversation with her last week Miss Mallory expressed herself in a very sad way about foreign missions. Her father's idea again, no doubt,—but it is all very distressing. The Vicar doubts"—Miss Maria spoke warily, bringing her face very close to the gray curls,—"whether she has ever been confirmed."

This final stroke, however, fell flat. Mrs. Roughsedge showed no emotion. "Most of my aunts," she said, stoutly, "were never confirmed, and they were good Christians and communicants all their lives."

Miss Maria's expression showed that this reference to a preceding barbaric age of the Church had no relevance to the existing order of things.

"Of course," she added, hastily, "I do not wish to make myself troublesome or conspicuous in any way. I merely mention these things as explaining why the Vicar felt bound to make a stand. The Church feeling in this parish has been so strong; it would, indeed, be a pity if anything occurred to weaken it."

Mrs. Roughsedge gave a doubtful assent. As to the Church feeling, she was not so clear as Miss Bertram. One of her chief friends was a secularist cobbler, who lived under the very shadow of the church. The Miss Bertrams shuddered at his conversation. Mrs. Roughsedge found him racy company; and he presented to her aspects of village life and opinion with which the Miss Bertrams were not at all acquainted.

As the mother and son approached the old house in the sunset light, its aspect of mellow and intimate congruity with the woods and fields about it had never been more winning. The red, gray, and orange of its old brickwork played into the brown and purples of its engirdling trees, into the lilacs and golds and crimsons of the western sky behind it, into the cool and quiet tones of the meadows from which it rose. A spirit of beauty had been at work fusing man's perishable and passing work with Nature's eternal masterpiece; so that the old house had in it something immortal, and the light which played upon it something gently personal, relative, and fleet-

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ing. Winter was still dominant; a north-east wind blew. But on the grass under the spreading oaks which sheltered the eastern front a few snowdrops were out. And Diana was gathering them.

She came towards her visitors with alacrity. "Oh! what a long time since you have been to see me!"

Mrs. Roughsedge explained that she had been entertaining some relations, and Hugh had been in London. She hoped that Miss Mallory had enjoyed her stay at Tallyn. It certainly seemed to both mother and son that the ingenuous young face colored a little as its owner replied, "Thank you—it was very amusing,"—and then added, with a little hesitation, "Mr. Markham has been kindly advising me since about the gardens,—and the Vavasours. *They* were to keep up the gardens, you know,—and now they practically leave it to me,—which isn't fair."

Mrs. Roughsedge secretly wondered whether this statement was meant to account for the frequent presence of Oliver Markham at Beechcote. She had herself met him in the lane riding away from Beechcote no less than three times during the past fortnight.

"Please come in to tea!" said Diana. "I am just expecting my cousin—Miss Merton. Mrs. Colwood and I are so excited!—we have never had a visitor here before. I came out to try and find some snowdrops for her room. There is really nothing in the greenhouses,—and I can't make the house look nice."

Certainly, as they entered and passed through the panelled hall of the drawing-room, Hugh Roughsedge saw no need for apology. Amid the warm dimness of the house he was aware of a few starry flowers, a few gleaming and beautiful stuffs, the white and black of an engraving, or the blurred golds and reds of an old Italian picture, humble school-work perhaps, collected at small cost by Diana's father, yet still breathing the magic of the Enchanted Land. The house was refined, pleading, eager,—like its mistress. It made no display,—but it admitted no vulgarity. "These things are not here for mere decoration's sake," it seemed to say. "Dear kind hands have touched them; dear silent voices have spoken of them. Love them a little, you also!—and be at home."

Not that Hugh Roughsedge made any such conscious analysis of his impressions. Yet the house appealed to him strangely. He thought Miss Mallory's taste marvellous; and it is one of the superiorities in women to which men submit most readily.

The drawing-room had especially a festive air. Mrs. Colwood was keeping tea-cakes hot and building up a blazing fire with logs of beech-wood. When she had seated her guests, Diana put the snowdrops she had gathered into an empty vase, and looked round her happily, as though now she had put the last touch to all her preparations. She talked readily of her cousin's coming to Mrs. Roughsedge; and she inquired minutely of Hugh when the next meet was to be, that she might take her guest to see it.

"Fanny will be just as new to it all as I!" she said. "That's so nice, isn't it?" Then she offered Mrs. Roughsedge cake, and looked at her askance with a hanging head. "Have you heard—about the Vicar?"

Mrs. Roughsedge admitted it.

"I did lose my temper," said Diana, repentantly. "But *really!*—papa used to tell me it was a sign of weakness to say violent things you couldn't prove. Wasn't it Lord Shaftesbury that said some book he didn't like was 'vomited out of the jaws of hell'? Well, the Vicar said things very like that. He did indeed!"

"Oh no, my dear, no!" cried Mrs. Roughsedge, disturbed by the quotation, even, of such a remark. Hugh Roughsedge grinned. Diana, however, insisted.

"Of course I would have given them up. Only I just happened to say that papa always read everything he could by those two men,—and then"—she flushed. "Well, I don't exactly remember what Mr. Lavery said. But I know that when he'd said it—I wouldn't have given up either of those books for the world!"

"I hope, Miss Mallory, you won't think of giving them up," said Hugh, with vigor. "It will be an excellent thing for Lavery."

Mrs. Roughsedge, as the habitual peace-maker of the village, said hastily that Dr. Roughsedge should talk to the Vicar. Of course he must not be allowed to do anything so foolish as to withdraw from the club,—or the Miss Bertrams either.

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"Oh! my goodness," cried Diana, hiding her face,—and then raising it, crimson. "The Miss Bertrams too! Why, it's only six weeks since I first came to this place; and now I'm setting it by the ears."

Her aspect of mingled mirth and dismay had in it something so childish and disarming that Mrs. Roughsedge could only wish the Vicar had been there to see. His heretical parishioner fell into meditation.

"What can I do? If I could only be sure that he would never say things like that to me again—"

"But he will!" said Captain Roughsedge. "Don't give in, Miss Mallory."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Roughsedge, as the door opened, "shall we ask Mr. Markham?"

Diana turned with a startled movement. It was evident that Markham was not expected. But Mrs. Roughsedge also inferred from a shrewd observation of her hostess that he was not unwelcome. He had, in fact, looked in on his way home from hunting to give a message from his mother. That at least was the pretext. Hugh Roughsedge, reading him with a hostile eye, said to himself that if it hadn't been Lady Lucy, it would have been something else. As it happened, he was quite as well aware as his mother that Markham's visits to Beechcote of late had been far more frequent than mere neighborliness required.

Markham was in hunting dress, and made his usual handsome and energetic impression. Diana treated him with great self-possession, asking after Mr. Ferrier, who had just returned to Tallyn for the last fortnight before the opening of Parliament, and betraying to the Roughsedges that she was already on intimate terms with Lady Lucy, who was lending her patterns for her embroidery, driving over once or twice a week, and advising her about various household affairs. Mrs. Roughsedge, who had been Diana's first protector, saw herself supplanted, — not without a little natural chagrin.

The controversy of the moment was submitted to Markham, who decided hotly against the Vicar, and implored Diana to stand firm. But somehow his intervention only hastened the compunction that had already begun to work in her. She followed the Roughsedges to the door when they departed.

"What must I do?" she said, sheepishly, to Mrs. Roughsedge. "Write to him?"

"The Vicar? Oh, dear Miss Mallory, the Doctor will settle it. You *would* change the books?"

"Mother!" cried Hugh Roughsedge, indignantly, "we're all bullied—you know we are—and now you want Miss Mallory bullied too."

"'Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow,'" laughed Markham in the background, as he stood toying with his tea beside Mrs. Colwood.

Diana shook her head.

"I can't be friends with him," she said naïvely, "for a long, long time. But I'll rewrite my list. And *must* I go and call on the Miss Bertrams to-morrow?"

Her mock and smiling submission, as she stood, slender and lovely, amid the shadows of the hall, seemed to Hugh Roughsedge, as he looked back upon her, the prettiest piece of acting. Then she turned and he knew that she was going back to Markham. At the same moment he saw Mrs. Colwood's little figure disappearing up the main stairway. Frowning and silent, he followed his mother out of the house.

Diana looked round rather wistfully for Mrs. Colwood as she reentered the room; but that lady had many letters to write.

Markham noticed Mrs. Colwood's retreat with a thrill of pleasure. Yet even now he had no immediate declaration in his mind. The course that he had marked out for himself had been exactly followed. There had been no "hurrying it." Only, in these weeks before Parliament, while matters of great moment to his own political future were going forward and his participation in them was not a whit less cool and keen than it had always been, he had still found abundant time for the wooing of Diana. He had assumed a kind of guardian's attitude in the matter of her relations to the Vavasours, — who in business affairs had proved both greedy and muddle-headed; he had flattered her woman's vanity by the insight he had freely allowed her into his own Parliamentary position and his relations to Ferrier; and he had kept alive a kind of perpetual interest and

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flutter in her mind concerning him, by the challenge he was perpetually offering to the opinions and ideas in which she had been brought up,—while yet combining it with a respect towards her father's memory, so courteous and, in truth, sincere, that she was alternately roused and subdued.

On this February evening it seemed to his exultant sense, as Diana sat chatting to him beside the fire, that his power with her had substantially advanced, that by a hundred subtle signs—quite involuntary on her part—she let him understand that his personality was pressing upon hers, penetrating her will, transforming her gay and fearless composure.

For instance, he had been lending her books, representing his own political and social opinions. To her they were anathema. Her father's soul in her regarded them as forces of the pit, rising in ugly clamor to drag down England from her ancient place. But to hate and shudder at them from afar had been comparatively easy. To battle with them at close quarters, as presented by this able and courteous antagonist, who passed so easily and without presumption from the opponent into the teacher, was a more teasing matter. She had many small successes and side-victories; but they soon ceased to satisfy her, in presence of the knowledge and ability of a man who had been ten years in Parliament, and had made for himself, she began to understand, a considerable position there. She was hotly loyal to her own faiths; but she was conscious of what often seemed to her a dangerous and demoralizing interest in his! A demoralizing pleasure too in listening,—in sometimes laying aside the watchful, hostile air, in showing herself sweet, yielding, receptive.

These melting moods, indeed, were rare. But no one watching the two on this February evening could have failed to see in Diana signs of happiness, of a joyous and growing dependence, of something that refused to know itself, that masqueraded now as this feeling, now as that, yet was all the time stealing upon the sources of life, bewitching blood and brain. Markham lamented that in ten days he and his mother must be in town for the Parliamentary season. Diana clearly endeavored to show nothing more than a polite regret. But in the half-laughing, half-forlorn requests she made to him for advice in certain practical matters which must be decided in his absence, she betrayed herself; and Markham found it amazingly sweet that she should do so. He said eagerly that he and Lady Lucy must certainly come down to Tallyn every alternate Sunday, so that the various small matters he had made Diana entrust to him,—the finding of a new gardener, negotiations with the Vavasours, connected with the cutting of certain trees, or the repairs of a ruinous gable of the house,—should still be carried forward with all possible care and speed. Whereupon Diana inquired how such things could possibly engage the time and thought of a politician in the full stream of Parliament.

"They will be much more interesting to me," said Markham, in a low, steady voice, "than anything I shall be doing in Parliament."

Diana rose, in sudden vague terror,—as though with the roar in her ears of rapids ahead,—murmured some stammering thanks, walked across the room, lowered a lamp which was flaming, and recovered all her smiling self-possession. But she talked no more of her own affairs. She asked him, instead, for news of Miss Vincent.

Markham answered with difficulty. If there had been sudden alarm in her, there had been a sudden tumult of the blood in him. He had almost lost his hold upon himself; the great words had been almost spoken.

But when the conversation had been once more guided into normal channels, he felt that he had escaped a risk. No, no, not yet! One false step—one check—and he might still find himself groping in the dark. Better let himself be missed a little!—than move too soon. As to Roughsedge,—he had kept his eyes open. There was nothing there.

So he gave what news of Marion Vincent he had to give. She was still in Bethnal Green working at her inquiry, often very ill, but quite indomitable. As soon as Parliament began, she had promised to do some secretarial work for Markham, on two or three mornings a week.

"I saw her last week," said Markham. "She always asks after you."

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"I am so glad! I fell in love with her. Surely"—Diana hesitated—"surely—some day—she will marry Mr. Frobisher?"

Markham shook his head.

"I think she feels herself too frail."

Diana remembered that little scene of intimacy — of tenderness, — and Markham's words stirred about her, as it were, winds of sadness and renunciation. She shivered under them a little, feeling almost guiltily the glow of her own life, the passion of her own hopes.

Markham watched her, as she sat on the other side of the fire, her beautiful head a little bent and pensive, the firelight playing on the oval of her cheek. How glad he was that he had not spoken! —that the barrier between them still held. A man may find heaven or hell on the other side of it. But merely to have crossed it, makes life the poorer. One more of the great, the irrevocable moments spent and done,—yielded to devouring time. He hugged the thought that it was still before him. The very timidity and anxiety he felt were delightful to him; he had never felt them before. And once more—involuntarily, disagreeably,—he thought of Alicia Drake and of the passages between them in the preceding summer.

Alicia was still at Tallyn, and her presence was, in truth, a constant embarrassment to him. Lady Lucy, on the contrary, had a strong sense of family duty towards her young cousin, and liked to have her for long visits at Tallyn or in London. Markham believed his mother knew nothing of the old flirtation between them. Alicia, indeed, rarely showed any special interest in him now. He admitted her general discretion. Yet occasionally she would put in a claim, a light word, now mocking, now caressing, which betrayed the old intimacy, and Markham would wince under it. It was like a creeping touch in the dark. He had known what it was to feel both compunction and a kind of fear with regard to Alicia. But, normally, he told himself that both feelings were ridiculous. He had done nothing to compromise either himself or her. He had certainly flirted with Alicia; but he could not honestly feel that the chief part in the matter had been his.

These thoughts passed in a flash. The clock struck, and regretfully he got up to take his leave. Diana rose too, with a kindling face.

"My cousin will be here directly!" she said, joyously.

"Shall I find her installed when I come next time?"

"I mean to keep her as long—as long—as ever I can!"

Markham held her hand close and warm a moment, felt her look waver a second beneath his, and then, with a quick and resolute step, he went his way.

He was just putting on his coat in the outer hall, when there was a sound of approaching wheels. A carriage stopped at the door, to which the butler hurried. As he opened it, Markham saw in the light of the porch lamp the face of a girl peering out of the carriage window. It was a little awkward. His own horse was held by a groom on the other side of the carriage. There was nothing to do but to wait till the young lady had passed. He drew to one side.

Miss Merton descended. There was just time for Markham to notice an extravagant hat smothered in ostrich feathers, a large-featured, rather handsome face framed in a tangled mass of black hair, a pair of sharp eyes that seemed to take in hungrily all they saw—the old hall, the butler, and himself as he stood in the shadow. He heard the new guest speak to the butler about her luggage. Then the door of the inner hall opened, and he caught Diana's hurrying feet, and her cry—

"Fanny!"

He passed the lady and escaped. As he rode away into the darkness of the lanes, he was conscious of an impression which had for the moment checked the happy flutter of blood and pulse. Was *that* the long-expected cousin? Poor Diana! A common-looking, vulgar young woman,—with a most unpleasant voice and accent. An unpleasant manner, too, to the servants,—half arrogant, half familiar. What a hat!—and what a fringe! —worthy of some young "lidy" in the Old Kent Road! The thought of Diana sitting at table with such a person on equal terms pricked him with annoyance; for he had all his mother's fastidiousness, though it showed itself in different forms. He blamed Mrs. Colwood,—

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Diana ought to have been more cautiously guided. The thought of all the tender preparation made for the girl was both amusing and repellent.

Miss Merton, he understood, was Diana's cousin on the mother's side—the daughter of her mother's sister. A swarm of questions suddenly arose in his mind; questions not hitherto entertained. Had there been, in fact, a *mésalliance?*—some disagreeable story—which accounted perhaps for the self-banishment of Mr. Mallory?—the seclusion in which Diana had been brought up? The idea was most unwelcome; but the sight of Fanny Merton had inevitably provoked it. And it led on to a good many other ideas and speculations, of a mingled sort, connected, now with Diana, now with recollections, pleasant and unpleasant, of the eight or ten years which had preceded his first sight of her.

For Oliver Markham was now thirty-six, and he had not reached that age without at least one serious attempt—quite apart from any passages with Alicia Drake—to provide himself with a wife. Some two years before this date he had proposed to a pretty girl of great family and no money, with whom he supposed himself ardently in love. She, after some hesitation, had refused him, and Markham had had some reason to believe that, in spite of his mother's great fortune and his own expectations, his *provenance* had not been regarded as sufficiently aristocratic by the girl's fond parents. Perhaps had he—and not Lady Lucy—been the owner of Tallyn and its £18,000 a year, things might have been different. As it was, Markham had felt the affront, as a strong and self-confident man was likely to feel it; and it was perhaps in reaction from it that he had allowed himself those passages with Alicia Drake which had at least soothed his self-love.

In this affair Markham had acted on one of the convictions with which he had entered public life,—that there is no greater help to a politician than a distinguished, clever, and if possible beautiful wife. Distinction, Radical though he was, had at first seemed to him a matter of family and "connections." But after the Lady Frances of his first attempt had refused him, "family," in the ordinary sense, had ceased to attract him. Personal breeding, intelligence, and charm,—these, after all, are what the politician who is already provided with money wants to secure in his wife; without, of course, any obvious disqualification in the way of family history. Diana, as he had first met her among the woods at Portofino, side by side with her dignified and gentlemanly father, had made upon him precisely that impression of personal distinction of which he was in search,—upon his mother also.

The appearance and the accent, however, of the cousin had struck him with surprise; nor was it till he was nearing Tallyn that he succeeded in shaking off the impression. Absurd! Everybody has some relations that require to be masked,—like the stables, or the back door,—in a skilful arrangement of life. Diana, his beautiful, unapproachable Diana, would soon, no doubt, be relieved of this young lady, with whom she could have no possible interests in common. And meanwhile, on one of his week-end visits to Tallyn and Beechcote, perhaps half an hour's conversation with Mrs. Colwood might throw some light on the new guest.

Diana meanwhile, assisted by Mrs. Colwood, was hovering about her cousin. She and Miss Merton had kissed each other in the hall, and then Diana, seized with a sudden shyness, led her guest into the drawing-room, and stood there speechless, a little; holding her by both hands and gazing at her; mastered by feeling and excitement.

"Well, you *have* got a queer old place!" said Fanny Merton, withdrawing herself. She turned and looked about her, at the room, the flowers, the wide hearth, with its blazing logs, at Mrs. Colwood, and finally at Diana.

"We are so fond of it already!" said Diana. "Come and get warm." She settled her guest in a chair by the fire, and took a stool beside her. "Did you like Devonshire?"

The girl made a little face.

"It was awfully quiet. Oh, my friends, of course, made a lot of fuss over me—and that kind of thing. But I wouldn't live there, not if you paid me."

"We're very quiet here," said Diana timidly. She was examining the face beside



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her, with its bright crude color, its bold eyes, and sulky mouth, slightly underhung.

"Oh, well, you've got some good families about, I guess. I saw one or two awfully smart carriages waiting at the station."

"There are a good many nice people," murmured Diana. "But there is not much going on."

"I expect you could invite a good many here if you wanted," said the girl, once more looking round her. "Whatever made you take this place?"

"I like old things so much," laughed Diana. "Don't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I think there's more style about a new house. You can have electric light and all that sort of thing."

Diana admitted it, and changed the subject. Had the journey been cold?

Freezing, said Miss Merton. But a young man had lent her his fur coat to put over her knees, which had improved matters. She laughed, — rather consciously.

"He lives near here. I told him I was sure you'd ask him to something, if he called."

"Who was he?"

With much rattling of the bangles on her wrists, Fanny produced a card from her hand-bag. Diana looked at it in dismay. It was the card of a young solicitor whom she had once met at a local tea-party, and decided to avoid thenceforward.

She said nothing, however, and plunged into inquiries as to her aunt and cousins.

"Oh! they're all right. Mother's worried out of her life about money,— but then we've always been that poor, you couldn't skin a cent off us, so that's nothing new."

Diana murmured sympathy. She knew vaguely that her father had done a good deal to subsidize these relations. She could only suppose that in his ignorance he had not done enough.

Meanwhile Fanny Merton had fixed her eyes upon Diana with a curious hostile look, almost a stare, which had entered them as she spoke of the family poverty, and persisted as they travelled from Diana's face and figure to the pretty and spacious room beyond. She examined everything, in a swift keen scrutiny, and then, as the pouncing glance came back to her cousin, the girl suddenly exclaimed—

"Goodness! but you are like Aunt Sparling!"

Diana flushed crimson. She drew back and said hurriedly to Mrs. Colwood:

"Muriel, would you see if they have taken the luggage up-stairs?"

Mrs. Colwood went at once.

Fanny Merton had herself changed color, and looked a little embarrassed. She did not repeat her remark, but began to take her furs off, to smooth her hair deliberately, and settle her bracelets. Diana came nearer to her as soon as they were alone.

"Do you really think I am like mamma?" she said tremulously, all her eyes fixed upon her cousin.

"Well, of course I never saw her!" said Miss Merton, looking down at the fire. "How could I? But mother has a picture of her, and you're as like as two peas."

"I never saw any picture of mamma," said Diana; "I don't know at all what she was like."

"Ah, well—" said Miss Merton, still looking down. Then she stopped, and said no more. She took out her handkerchief and began to rub a spot of mud off her dress. It seemed to Diana that her manner was a little strange, and rather rude. But she had made up her mind there would be peculiarities in Fanny, and she did not mean to be repelled by them.

"Shall I take you to your room?" she said. "You must be tired, and we shall be dining directly."

Miss Merton allowed herself to be led up-stairs, looking curiously round her at every step.

"I say, you must be well off!" she burst out, as they came to the head of the stairs, "or you'd never be able to run a place like this!"

"Papa left me all his money," said Diana, coloring again. "I hope he wouldn't have thought it extravagant."

The girl's face suddenly resumed its sly hostility. And as Diana walked before her, Miss Merton again examined the house, the furniture, the pictures; but this time with an air of one half jealous, and half contemptuous, of all she saw.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# War

*BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

THE storm of battle which had roared and raged through Pinesville, Virginia, in April, 1865, had turned St. Stephen's Church into a field-hospital and then swept onward, leaving the little building dismantled and apparently forgotten. In the distance, thunderous cannonading still rattled the stained-glass windows from time to time, but the shuddering reverberations merely intensified the silence of desolation that had settled upon the countryside. Not a leaf stirred behind the gray shroud of vapor overhanging the trampled meadows, the birds had long since whirled away in terror, and all the voices of the field were stilled, as though nature itself had been throttled or stunned in the conflict. From a pole thrust through the belfry window a yellow hospital-flag sagged drearily in the breathless atmosphere; and tumbled about in the tiny churchyard, like uprooted coffins, lay scores of wooden pews, hastily torn from their fastenings and tossed from doors and windows. Books, papers, bits of clothing, remnants of food, rubbish and wreck of every kind, littered the ground, and propped up against a headstone almost hidden in long grass lay a stained and broken stretcher. Between the white columns of the portico gaped the entrance to the church, splintered fragments of the door still clinging to the hinges, and on its threshold stood a woman, her tall, girlish figure sharply outlined in the misty twilight against the dark background. For a moment she gazed at the ruin and disorder about her with an expression of despair, deepening as her glance fell upon the devastated fields beyond the soggy highway; but as she lifted her eyes to the darkening sky, and, spreading out her arms, inhaled a deep breath of air, the look of hopelessness in her face changed to resolute calm. In the sombre light she appeared pale and worn, but her simple gray gown open at the throat showed a contrasting line of tan, her rolled-up sleeves disclosed strong, sunburned arms, and her erect, well-moulded figure indicated vigorous bodily health. Absorbed in thought, she did not immediately notice the saturating mist; but presently, raising her hand and dusting the glistening moisture from her hair, she slowly untied a broad apron from her waist, and fashioning it into a sort of hood, stepped from the portico, and picking her way among the obstructing wreckage to the edge of the graveyard, stopped and whistled softly.

No response followed; but as she waited, the church windows shivered and rattled again to some inaudible concussion as though shaken by a ghostly hand. The effect was mournful and uncanny, and the listener, shuddering involuntarily, whistled again louder than before. Receiving no reply, she at last raised her hands to her mouth and called sharply:

"Sergeant! Sergeant Henry!"

A gruff halloo answered this summons, and from a dilapidated wagon-shed in the rear of the church there emerged a coatless, hatless, and barefooted tatterdemalion, his long gray beard, dishevelled hair, and general appearance suggesting Rip Van Winkle, save for the huge cavalry revolver which protruded from the leather holster hanging from his belt, and the remnants of a military stripe down the legs of his muddied blue trousers. For a few moments he remained under cover, sleepily knuckling his heavy eyelids, and then shambled forward, halting before the woman with an inquiring glance and the semblance of a salute.

"I hate to trouble you, Sergeant," she began, "but I want a couple of canteens of boiling water, and I daren't leave my patient long enough to—"

"Ain't he gone yet?"

The interruption was forbiddingly impatient, but the woman merely shook her head.

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"No, and he isn't going if I can help it," she responded, calmly. "You'll hurry, won't you?"

The man lazily hitched his belt as though he had not heard the question.

"What you want with canteens of boiling water?" he inquired, surlily.

"I'm going to use them for foot-warmers. The church is horribly damp, and I'm afraid the Captain will—"

"The Captain, indeed!" snorted the old soldier, contemptuously. "Where d'you suppose I'm goin' to git tinware for sech foolishness?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure you do."

The veteran's hard mouth relaxed into something like a smile.

"Humph!" he muttered. "You think I kin git anything and everything, don't yer?"

The woman nodded gravely.

"I know you're the best forager in the army," she responded, diplomatically. "But you haven't brought me a doctor yet," she added, reproachfully.

"Ain't none passed by."

"I'm sure you could find one if you were to ride down the valley a bit."

"And git gobbled up by the Rebs? I see myself!"

"Nonsense! They're retreating."

"Well, maybe they is, but sometimes they does it in a circle, and then who's chasin' who, I want ter know?"

No reply greeted this query, and the faint smile on the woman's lips quickly faded.

"My patient is terribly low to-night, Sergeant," she resumed, after a pause. "If you could find a doctor—"

"He ain't got no more use for doctors than a toad has fer side pockets!" interrupted the old man. "Best thing he kin do is to die quick and quiet, fer I kin tell you—"

"No, you can't," interposed the woman, sharply. "That's treason in my camp, and I won't listen to it. Now please hurry and see what you can do for me."

The veteran leisurely thrust a hand into his pocket, and producing a crumpled roll of paper, extracted a small wad of tobacco and stuffed it into his cheek.

"Major's orders was to stay by you, miss," he muttered.

"The Major's orders were to do everything possible for my patient," she corrected. "He's got a chance, and I want to make the most of it. You know it's my chance, too," she added, appealingly.

Sergeant Henry stared at the calm, sweet face confronting him, and, nodding comprehensively, swung upon his heel.

"You nurses are more trouble to me than all my money," he growled, as he moved away, but there was less harshness in his voice, and when he spoke again his tone was almost kindly. "Don't go workin' yourself to death over that young feller, miss," he continued, "fer I kin tell you—"

He paused, glancing over his shoulder, but the woman was already out of hearing, and after watching her for a moment, the veteran shrugged his shoulders, spat reflectively on the ground, and slouched off toward the wagon-shed.

The church was dark and cold, and the nurse shivered slightly as she groped her way over the straw-covered floor to a low cot standing near the altar and peered anxiously into the face of a man lying apparently in a deep stupor. For a moment she listened intently to his labored breathing, and then stealthily slipping her hand beneath his blankets, laid her fingers lightly on his wrist, and with her other hand pressed against the arteries of her own temple, counted his pulse. A shade of discouragement crossed her face as she noted the result, and lighting a lantern, she swiftly drew some bandages from a pail standing beside the bed, and wringing them out, laid them across the patient's forehead and breast. The shock of the cold water against his fevered body forced a moan from the sufferer's lips, and he turned restlessly, tossing the wet cloths aside. Waiting until he quieted again, the nurse skilfully readjusted them, and looking up, found Sergeant Henry beside her, canteens in hand, and a look of suppressed excitement in his face.

"I've more if you want 'em," he muttered, as she nodded her thanks, "and good news, too, if you want to hear it," he added, in a lower tone.

The woman glanced up expectantly.

"The doctor?" she whispered. "Have you seen one?"

"No, but I seen somebody else," he confided. "A despatch-bearer passed here just now. We're drivin' 'em like sheep!

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In another week we'll be around 'em, and then— God! but I want ter be in at the death. You take it pretty cool," he continued, as his hearer calmly resumed her work. "Well, I'll relieve you at ten."

"Not to-night," was the quiet answer. "I couldn't leave him to-night."

The old man picked up the lantern, and holding it above his head, peered down at the figure on the bed. Then he unbuckled his belt, and slipping off his revolver, laid it upon a chair.

"There's something to keep you company in case you need it," he muttered, pointing to the weapon as he retreated.

Left to herself, the woman bent again over her patient, and carefully raising his head, adjusted it more comfortably on the folded blanket which served as a pillow. The flushed face into which she gazed was that of a young man, shockingly aged and wasted, but with something of youthful beauty still remaining, and as she smoothed back the thick brown hair from his forehead her lips trembled ominously.

How she hated the barbarous war that was wrecking and destroying thousands of splendid lives like this! She had claimed that there was a chance for her patient, but what chance had he in her inexperienced hands? Had she not failed in every crisis she had faced during the hideous weeks that lay behind her? The Sergeant had understood what she meant by saying that this case was her chance. Everybody in the corps knew her humiliating record. No one but she, however, realized the full measure of her failure. The brutal realities of war, the monstrous indecencies of battle, had robbed her not only of courage, but of patriotism. Every feeling of loyalty to the cause which had inspired her enthusiam in the well-ordered probationary hospitals had died at sight of the madhouse scenes enacted in the first field-hospital to which she had been assigned. Even now, when she closed her eyes, she again lived through that riot of death, hearing the agonizing sounds, seeing the contorted faces, breathing the poisonous reek, enduring the appalling inhumanities that froze her blood and threatened her reason. Nothing in her previous experiences had even suggested the possibility of such spectacles, yet she had stood her ground, working desperately to aid the dripping surgeons at their awful work, until a stretcher-bearer, entering with something that had once been a man, had trod upon the raw stumps of a legless horror and, stumbling, cursed the helpless offender. Then for a time everything had been blotted from her mind, but when consciousness returned, she felt the clutch of terror tightening upon her heart and her whole being revolting against the cruelty of war with a passion which no will-power could control or love of country conquer. Again and again she had reported for duty, but each time she had miserably faltered—once during an operation upon a conscious man strapped hand and foot upon a slippery table because he could not yield quickly enough to the influence of chloroform; once at sight of a frightful blunder committed by a contract doctor and murderously corrected; and again when a prisoner crazed with agony had struck a surgeon with one of his own knives and been instantly shot to death by the infuriated physician.*

Thenceforward she had been relegated to the loathsome work of a hospital drudge, and when, by the merest chance, she had at last been recalled to special duty, all her patriotic impulses had waned. Even the news of victory failed to thrill her, and as she sat watching the man entrusted to her care rebellious questions forced themselves upon her.

Why should she rejoice in the ferocities of victory or defeat? Who could distinguish friends from foes in the madmen that clutched and tore at one another's throat? All were alike inhuman in their murderous work. . . . The sacred cause? Both sides committed atrocities that mocked the words, and each prayed to the same God for success. Could any cause or country or God justify the bestial spectacles she had witnessed, the depravities she had seen committed in the holiest of names? What purpose could sanctify or even condone the orgies that had confronted her on more than one battle-field, where glutted animals and gorged birds completed the work of

* The hospital experiences detailed in the course of this story are based upon actual occurrences during the Civil War.

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men lapsed to the level of brutes? What inspiration was there in restoring health to men whose only thought was to use their strength to maim or destroy other human beings as worthy or worthless as themselves? If she did not save this man whose life was now burning out on the couch before her, perhaps some other life might be spared. Did not every soldier's hand that relaxed in death release a brother's throat? Might it not be better, as her callous old body-guard had said, if he were to die just as quickly as—

The woman passed her hand across her brow as though to thrust back the wild thoughts that were crowding upon her, and leaning forward, touched the bandages upon her patient's head and chest. They were almost dry, and noting this, she instantly dipped them into the pail again and began bathing him with the icy water. Once, as she worked, the man's eyes opened, and meeting his dull stare, she instinctively smiled back at him and nodded encouragingly. It was only for an instant that his gaze rested upon her, but his fleeting glance of hope and confidence diverted the current of her thoughts and set her wondering for the first time why he had been selected for special care.

Who or what he was she did not know. All she remembered of the wild night that had witnessed her recall to duty was the merciless bundling of scores of wounded and dying men into ambulances, the shouting, confusion, and wild haste of a great army movement, and the unexpected summons to take charge of this desperate case and to spare no effort upon it. There was no time for questions, and the few hurried instructions uttered by the medical officer as though he knew of her humiliating record and did not expect her to comprehend him, left her ill-prepared for an emergency. At first she had not realized that she was to be left behind, but when the last ambulance had jolted away with its tortured load, she had breathed a prayer of thankfulness and turned her attention to her patient. Except for the blue uniform of an infantry captain which he had worn when first carried into the church, she had no clue to his identity, but one glance at the wound in his breast warned her that she had been assigned to a forlorn hope. A cruelly hasty operation had supplemented the work of a bullet, and pneumonia was fast completing it. Again and again during the long days and nights that followed she had thought that life was extinct, but nature had responded to her efforts and death had been averted, encouraging her to hope that the splendid vitality of youth might yet withstand the drain that was being made upon it. For the last twelve hours, however, the fever had been gaining, and, as she watched the man gasping in the vaultlike atmosphere of the church, she felt the end approaching.

Well, that would complete her record of failure. She had not been able to save even one life—and, what was worse, she was not sure she cared to. Why was that worse? Existence in a world that not only tolerated but encouraged wholesale murder was not so great a boon. Surely the grave held no terrors for those who had lived through the nightmare horrors of war. The only restful faces she could remember were those of the dead.

The sound of the patient's irregular breathing caught her ear, and leaning forward, she counted the telltale respirations. Then her hand flew to his wrist, and the thready pulse warned her that there was no time to lose. Raising his head, she forced some brandy down his throat, but at the same moment her eyes fell upon the bandage lying across his chest, and her own heart almost stopped beating. One glance at the spreading stain on the white linen was sufficient to tell her what was happening. His wound had opened, and the man was rapidly bleeding to death. Dropping upon her knees beside the cot, she strove desperately to stanch the flow of blood, summoning all her small resources and bitterly upbraiding herself for her incompetence.

If she knew a little — a very little more, she might check this hemorrhage! Why had she not better prepared herself for such an emergency? Oh, the hours she had wasted when she might have learned how to meet it! . . . She was ignorant—criminally ignorant—of even the rudiments of nursing. If this man died she would be responsible. She would have killed him just as certainly

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as though she had knowingly sought his life. Had it not been for her some qualified person would now be tending him. It was criminal of the surgeons to have placed him in her hands. They knew she had had practically no experience. Only once in all her hospital work had she . . . What was it she had seen them do in that case? . . . Yes—yes—she had done that! . . . And this, too! . . . But what else? *What else!* She *must* remember! . . .

Slower and slower throbbed the pulse; quicker and quicker came the gasping respirations. She could almost feel the ebbing life slipping through her hands.

But it should *not* slip. This was her chance. This was a fight for life. He should *not* die. . . . *Now* she remembered! Now it all came back to her! . . . It was very simple—only she must think quickly—not get frightened and never give up until— Why did the church seem so deathly quiet? Had he ceased breathing? Was it over already?

She hastily pressed her fingers against an artery, and feeling the faint responsive throb, tore a sheet into strips, and winding them tightly about the man's limbs, grasped the foot of the cot and raised it, exerting all her strength to hold it at a slant and control the circulation of her patient's blood. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and the desperate struggle continued. Every muscle in her body ached and her overwrought nerves throbbed as though something in her brain was on the point of bursting. But she dared not rest even for an instant. Behind the black shadows surrounding her, death seemed to be lurking, watching for the moment when exhaustion should force her to yield the prey.

Again and again she fancied a cold breath against her cheek, and beyond the waving veil of mist that swung in the lantern's glow she seemed to see bodies of men lying upon the floor, twisted and tumbled in horrible, fantastic attitudes, as she had seen them upon the battlefields. She strained her eyes to pierce the floating vapor which sometimes screened her like a curtain and sometimes receded, hanging motionless before her, hoping to solve the terrifying mystery. But the inert forms cluttering the floor would not fade.

Had the dead who had been carried from this gruesome hospital crawled from their shallow graves for sanctuary? Had the place become a charnel-house? . . . How horribly still they lay! Yet scarcely one seemed resting—many of them staring at her from wide-open, glazing eyes. Was not death satisfied with that grim harvest? Why should the one life entrusted to her care be coveted? He should *not* be surrendered! She would fight as long as breath remained in her body, and until then he was safe. She willed that he should live, and the power was hers. She defied death! . . .

Her fingers touched the patient's hands as she lowered the cot. They no longer had the icy chill that had numbed her heart, and the fresh bandage she applied showed a less rapidly spreading stain. Was it possible that the hemorrhage had been checked? With a gasp of hope she again lifted the cot, while from every corner of the church dark, shadowy hands seemed groping to touch the coverlet and bear her down. Nearer and nearer they swung toward her, heavier and heavier grew the strain upon her arms, until it seemed they must be torn from their sockets.

If those tireless, grimly reaching hands would pause, even for a heartbeat, she could rest and recover her strength. But once they reached her burden she would be helpless. . . . She could not keep up the struggle much longer. Her back was breaking. . . . Another moment and the greedy hands would clutch their prey, clawing at his wound. . . . There! It was almost over. But she had fallen fighting! The huddled dead, glaring at her from the floor, should testify that she had not yielded. . . . Ah—it was ended! His wound had opened again. . . . She could feel the fresh blood on her hands! . . .

Panting and exhausted she sank against the cot, her nerveless arms drooping at her side, her head buried in the tumbled coverings. For some seconds she lay there without moving, listening to the loud throbbing of her heart, and then slowly raising her head, gazed wonderingly about her. The silent church was flooded with moonlight, and the swaying branches of the vines against the windows were swinging long black

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shadows back and forth across the floor littered with bundles of straw and cushions. For a moment she continued staring at the scene, and then springing to her feet, thrust her hands into the light. They were moist, but not with blood. Like a flash she turned to the man lying upon the couch and passed her fingers over his brow. It was beaded with perspiration.

The cry of joy which rose to her lips startled the patient, and his closed eyelids twitched convulsively, quieting as she laid her hand soothingly upon them.

There was no time to be lost now in idle rejoicing. She must press her advantage, watch her opportunity, give no pause to the enemy. The slightest slip might yet undo her work—the fight was still all before her if she was to crown it with triumph. . . . Why had she never before felt the thrill that now revitalized her energies and glorified her task? Was it the possibility of her victory over disease and death?

The patient sighed wearily, and turning toward her, answered her inquiring gaze with a faint smile of recognition. Then his eyes closed drowsily again, and her hand stole once more to his pulse. It was holding steadily, and the watcher's face lit up with hope as she set to work anew.

If she could save this life, never again would she allow disgust or intolerance to master her. Terrible as war was, she had no right to condemn it as inhuman and without justification. Wiser heads than hers had failed to avert it, braver hearts than hers daily confronted its terrors unafraid. Was it not perhaps a plague bred of the centuries which had tolerated and encouraged human slavery—a visitation upon the people for their sin? Might not its bloodshed and barbarities be purging the nation of disease? Yes, yes! That was it. It was just as truly a conflict with disease and death as this life and death struggle which was teaching her humility and charity. . . . Was her patient sleeping? . . . Not yet, but every muscle of his body was relaxed, and the fever had broken. His breathing was lighter and more regular. . . .

She procured fresh blankets from a bundle on the floor, skilfully substituted them for the old ones, and resettling his pillow, spread her apron over it, laying his head more comfortably upon the cool, clean linen. If he could only sleep! . . . She tiptoed to the bedside, and shielding the light of the lantern, sank down beside the cot, watching the haggard face. . . . War!—Civilization's struggle against disease and death. . . . How had she ever lost sight of that glorifying aspect? She must never forget it again. All the real progress of the world had come of such convulsions. . . .

She bent forward once more, intently listening. . . . Yes, he was sleeping. . . . She must not stir now . . . nor breathe.

Fainter and fainter grew the swinging shadows on the floor—slower and slower their pendulous movement, and the first gray light of dawn stealing through the windows found the man still sleeping and the face of the watcher transfigured with triumph.

Outside, the land was ablaze with the glory of the rising sun, wondrous colors spreading in rapid succession over the fields, now purple, now crimson, and now gold. On the horizon floated a cloud of dust, billowing with every breath of the morning breeze, and finally lifting to disclose a distant column of marching men. Nearer and nearer they approached, unmasking another column farther away, and then another and another, moving in parallel lines—great masses of men and horses, their arms and accoutrements glittering in the sun, their guidons flapping bright bits of color, their flags showing bravely against the sky—an army sweeping forward, the ground shaking under its mighty tread.

There was victory in the springy step, the rapid pace, the slanting banners—in every aspect of the passing host, and the sound of a familiar chant rolled triumphantly across the field:

*He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;*
*He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.*
*O! be swift, my soul! to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!*
*Our God is marching on.*

Leaning against the white columns of the church portico, the tired nurse pieced

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out the words as she listened. How splendidly they interpreted her thought! She drew herself up and watched the scene exultantly.

The clatter of hoofs upon the road turned her gaze from the fields to the highway. A little group of horsemen were approaching, among whom she recognized Sergeant Henry. So! He had found a doctor at last, had he? Well, Mr. Surgeon had come too late to rob her of her triumph! . . . They were bringing an ambulance, were they? Probably the Sergeant had reported that she was incompetent to manage a desperate case and that it would be necessary to transfer the patient to the hospital. Well, he would see.—They should all see! And she had something worth showing! She would say nothing until the surgeon discovered for himself what had happened, and then— Oho!

Her heart laughed joyously within her.

"You feel you cannot come with us?"

The woman leaning against the wrecked doorway gazed at the travel-stained officer with a dazed expression as though she did not grasp his question. . . . What was he saying? Well, it did not matter. . . . Nothing mattered now. . . .

"I would wait if my orders permitted, but the wagon-trains will be up before long, and you can come then. Here is an order for your transportation."

The nurse's fingers closed mechanically on the slip of paper, but she gave no sign of comprehending.

"And I want to say"—the man paused, groping for words—"I want you to know I understand and am sorry. Good-by."

Dark clouds were moving rapidly across the sky, and the woman's eyes followed the big black shadows racing over the sunlit churchyard until the clatter of hoofs died away. Then she slowly sank upon the door-step, burying her face in her hands. Not a breath of air stirred the yellow flag, which, having almost flapped itself free in the early morning breeze, now hung like a long, limp rag from the end of its staff. Not a sound broke the desolate hush. On a broken pew in the churchyard a snake slowly uncoiled, and sliding noiselessly to the grass, wriggled to shelter as a distant mutter of thunder heralded the coming storm, and the trees on the horizon swayed low under the massing clouds.

The woman raised her head as the first fierce gust of wind reached her, and noting the lowering sky and changed outlook, rose and gazed after the distant ambulance creeping away with her patient, its broad wheels grating against the boulders in the road and lifting over them like big, clumsy feet. . . . So this was the end! The end of her victory. Her *victory!* Ha! That must move the gods to mirth! *Her patient was a spy, who'd be hanged in a day or two at most!* What had the officer said? *That she had done well—wonderfully well—but that this business of nursing wounded spies into condition for execution didn't appeal to him?* . . . To whom, dear God, did such a hellish thing appeal? Yet that had been her business—that was the chance which war had given her! She had been permitted to save a life—for the gallows! Her victory over death had been a mockery—one of the practical jokes of war. . . . Well, she could laugh! Not all the winds of the world could stifle her. They should blow the sound of her laughter about the earth and send peal upon peal of it to heaven! Oho-oo!

For a moment she faced the furious rush of the wind, her eyes closed, her hands clenched, her face contorted, her clothes and hair at the mercy of the tearing blast. Then she retreated slowly, backing into the cavernous doorway behind her.

The ambulance bumped and jolted forward, its inert burden slipping and sliding with every rise and fall of the hampered wheels. Suddenly Sergeant Henry reined in his horse, and turning in his saddle toward the coming storm, sat listening intently. Then he spurred furiously to the little escort of cavalry, and saluted the officer.

"Will you halt the prisoner for a minute, Lieutenant?" he whispered. "I left my revolver with that woman in the church!"



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# A Portrait by R. W. Vonnoh

REYNOLDS said, "A painter stands in need of more knowledge than is to be picked off his palette, or collected by looking on his model." The artist's province is to portray life, but he can only give back to us the illumination which his own soul has caught from the world. He may paint a good likeness and still not be a great portrait-painter. The quality which makes a great portraitist is the ability to understand and interpret the character of his sitter, to catch the finer intellectual and moral gradations of the sitter's personality. A large art is the measure of a large experience.

In Mr. Vonnoh's portraits we feel the truth of the image, but we are impressed also by his interest in life. They tell us that he feels the forces which surround us and which mould the characters of men and women. Through them are felt the properties which make us individual. Keenly alive to the artistic development of our time, his work has shown great advance in recent years; his insight has developed, his impressions have deepened, his sympathy broadened, and his hand has become more facile in recording his understanding. Formerly his portraits were an expression of the enterprise of youth; now he is striving to realize what the years have added, and what taken away. But there is no loss of vitality; there is always freshness, deep emotion, and passionate insight, which is the magic spell of art. In his technique the artist is never ponderous; on the contrary, there is a degree of elegance which shows the discrimination and elasticity of his mind.

The striking quality of this portrait, which is owned by Dr. W. W. Walker, of New York, is the imagination with which it is endowed. There is a sense of drama, of action, to it which suggests our many-sided modern life.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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A PORTRAIT BY ROBERT W. VONNOH

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

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A Georgian Village of the Alazan Valley

# A Valley of Caucasus

*BY HENRY W. NEVINSON*

I HAD come from Tiflis by a long day's journey, crammed into one little cart with a Russian officer of dragoons, a Russian soldier, an Armenian swindler, a Georgian prince and princess, and the driver. A brown cover was stretched over the inside, buckled down to keep out the air, but through the chinks I observed that at first we were crossing a bare and rolling country like the South-African veldt, and gradually mounting into higher hills covered with wood. For human interest we came through two of those strange religious colonies, common in all the south of Russia, but especially beyond the Caucasus. For orthodox Russia likes to feel a good big barrier between it and troublesome sectaries, just as the Cathedral people of an English close prefer to see Dissenting chapels restricted to the back streets.

One of the colonies held the great-grandchildren of a German host that marched away from their native Suabia the year after Waterloo was fought. They were driven by various causes—the extreme distress of the long wars, the loss of their men in Napoleon's Würtemberg Legion as it struggled back from Moscow, and sundry little differences with the Lutheran Church. The particular village I passed through called itself Mennonite, and regarded infant baptism with unusual abhorrence. But the inspiring hope of all the exodus had been, like a new Crusade, to reach Jerusalem in time for the end of the world, which was expected in 1836. I do not know why that particular year was pitched upon by the prophetess who led them to the promised heaven; but it was so, and twenty years was allowed for the journey, so that they might not be too late for the Last Judgment.

They were not late. In two years some five hundred families of them passed down the Danube in boats, proceeded by land through Odessa round the north coast

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of the Black Sea, and finally crossed the Caucasus by the great pass. Then they began to settle down upon lands granted by the government, and slowly to develop the rich German villages we now see. Adding house to house and field to field, they stand as examples of plodding industry in a careless country, and maintain their race unmixed. The old Suabian dialect, the German texts upon the walls, the copious sausages, the seat of honor upon the sofa, the white mats upon the table, the big feather pillows upon the foot of the beds, reveal tender memories of the distant fatherland and an obstinate resolve never to admit a different culture from their own. But the bright vision of the heavenly Jerusalem has slowly faded out. Seven years after the end of the world was due they sent a commission of three to inquire whether anything unusual had occurred. But finding Jerusalem still as unholy as other places, the three returned to their farms, and the last of those expectant pilgrims died a year or two ago, having survived the date fixed for the world's destruction by some seventy years.

The other religious village was distinctively Russian in thought, belonging to one of the many sects in which the brooding and imaginative Russian mind finds expression. The instinct of popular nicknames has called them Molokans, or milk-drinkers, because during the fasts of the Church they commit the enormity of drinking milk, if they can get it, and milk is an animal food. Similarly, a fashionable curate who abandons sugar at afternoon-tea tables during Lent might use the nickname "sugarers" for consciences more robust. That distinction alone might have sufficed to inspire martyrdom, just as for the ritual of holding up three fingers instead of two in making the sign of the cross thousands of Old Believers have endured every torture and every form of death—knouting, rack, flaying, mutilation, the stake, and the block. But to the Molokans the milk on fast-days is only a symbol of a spiritual intensity that can afford to neglect ritual of every kind and live only by the inward grace of the soul. Even the highest sacraments of the Church are despised as trivial aids, suited only for enfeebled spirits. Marriage is no binding rite, though divorce is hardly known. And in their scorn for the state, with its unspiritual oaths and military training to kill, the Molokans come very near their brothers, the Spirit Wrestlers, or Dukhobors, who from these very valleys of the Caucasus were emigrated to Canada by thousands together some ten or twelve years ago, and have there puzzled the comfortable mayors and policemen by wandering naked through the freezing colony in search of Christ.

So travelling, late in an autumnal evening, I reached the summit of the hills above a broad, long valley, straight and deep as a trough, down the middle of which the Alazan River runs to meet the Koura and Araxes—Caspian streams. I stood beside a convent where for thirteen or even fifteen centuries the bones of the poor woman have rested who first, from the bright cities of Asia, brought the news of Christ's existence into this savage land, where already, I suppose, dim rumors of Venus, Pan, and Jove had made an obscure twilight in the heathen gloom. Nina was her name, and how her bones came afterwards to be divided by loving admiration, so that some of them now lie in an old Belgian church while the rest are held in the Caucasus, I do not know. But certainly she would have grudged to no distant land any blessing that a piece of her dear body might convey.

Close in front of me the towered walls and white houses of an ancient town glimmered in the moon. It climbed up an isolated hill, connected with the mainland, as it were, only by a narrow isthmus of rock, like a drawbridge, and on every other side lay gulfs of darkness impenetrable. The gray valley beyond was to be conjectured under the transparent air, like a sea at night, and far above it a thin edge of frozen snow upon the Caucasus reflected the moon like steel. That was my first sight of the Alazan valley and the old fortress-town of Signakh—one of the many high-piled citadels of romance from which the Georgians for centuries beat back the Tartar and Persian hordes as they came creeping up the fertile watercourses from the Caspian.

Since then I have seen that valley in almost all its autumn aspects, rapidly as

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they change from hour to hour. The very next morning it lay before me like a vision of a mysterious and unvisited land. A flying mist blew from house to house, half concealing the mountain town. The river valley itself, twenty or thirty miles across, was hidden in purple gloom, and a deeper bank of purple, streaked with long bars of gray cloud, covered the base of the great mountain chain beyond, while, above the purple, sharp gleams of white and pale yellow peaks of snow, only partially revealed, appeared and disappeared at unexpected heights in the morning sky. Another day, from the fortress walls I have looked sheer down upon thick white clouds covering the valley with tossed and rolling billows of vapor, like a sea in storm, while in clear sunshine I looked across to the unbroken mountain barrier, visible and sunny from end to end under a quiet blue sky. And again I have passed up the valley below a chilling mist so thick that sunshine seemed impossible, and then suddenly have issued from it as from a vault or a municipal meeting, and there the wide valley has lain smiling in blue and orange light around me, the delicate slopes and thin, low angles of this side and that just meeting and parting and bearing fields and trees and vineyards gently on their edges till they swung upward in lines of infinite curve, on one side to the forests, on the other to the snow.

This is the Alazan valley, which forms the merry province of Kakhetia, nurse of heroes and of vines; and the snow-covered mountains on its northern side are the walls of Daghestan, over which for two hundred miles there is but one pass, and few care to cross it. Followers of the Prophet dwell in the wild gorges beyond—a shaggy, savage people, roughly classed as Lesghians, though they are really the drift and deposit of many unknown races thrown upon the mountain heights by wave after wave of human beings pushing their way from Asia to the north. Age after age has driven the weaker, not indeed to the wall, but up the hills, so that they talk different languages in layers, according to elevation—languages that are often unknown, unrelated, and soon to vanish from the

GREAT BUFFALO-SKINS JOGGLING WITH NEW-PRESSED WINE

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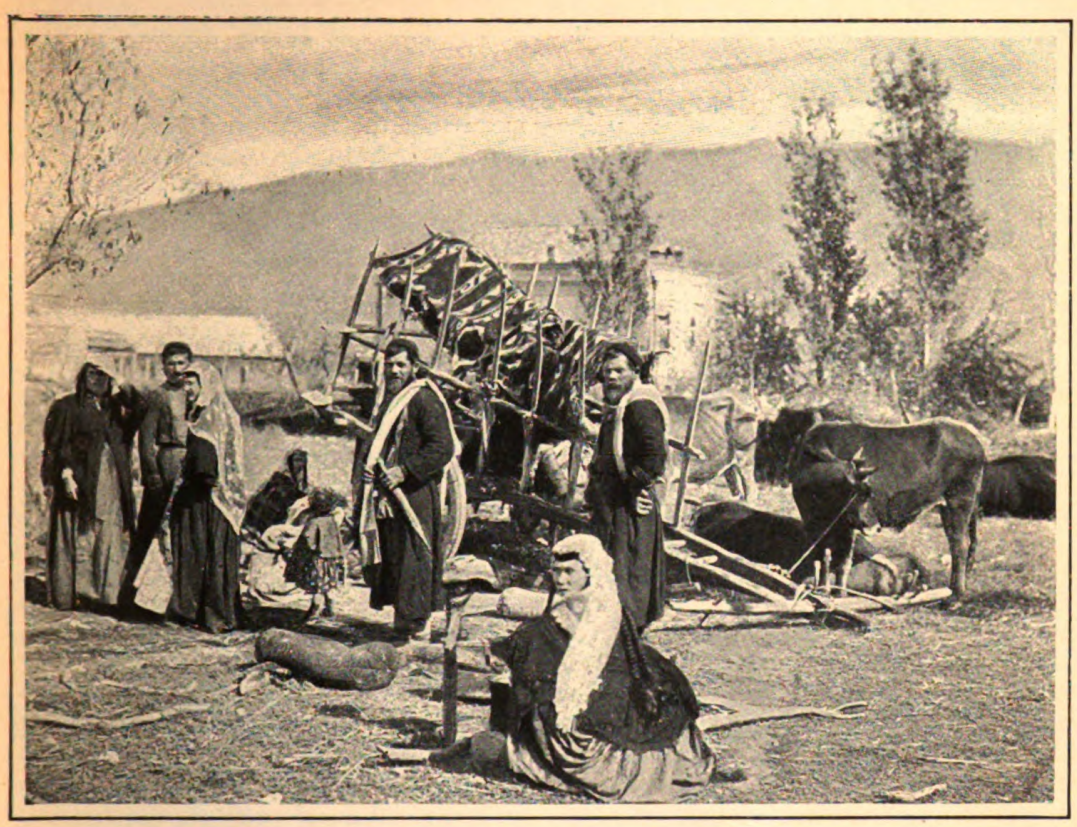

A Bridal Party of Georgians

knowledge of man. For under the bond of Islam the races are gradually uniting into the tribe of "Lesghians"—a fine, barbaric people, good at gardening, good at building (for which they wander far and wide through the Caucasus), and supreme in metal-work and the production of clasps for women and daggers for men.

I think it is they, too, who make the chain-armor helmets and breastplates in which they themselves and their Christian enemies go out to the fight when they feel inclined for battle. And it was certainly they who produced Chamyl, the national hero of the Caucasus, who for thirty years in the middle of the last century upheld the freedom of his land against all the hosts of Russia, and died only in 1871. I have myself spoken with a Georgian princess whom in her babyhood the great Chamyl carried off from this very valley together with her mother. She is not an old lady, certainly; but though she is distinguished in many other ways, it is of a baby's wild ride upon the saddle of Chamyl's raiders that every one first thinks when she appears.

A fine and turbulent people they are still, fit comrades for the bears and wolves of their mountains, or for the great wild boar which, as in an old Greek myth, was laying waste their land when I was there. Yet they are famed, as I said, for the peaceful arts of gardening and building, and once a year, in early autumn, they come down and join with Tartars and Christians in a kind of "truce of God" at the ancient church of Aliverde in the midst of the valley. It appears to be the relic of some immemorial vintage festival, for "Aliverde" is said to signify "God the giver," and it is the cry at table whenever Georgian Christians call on you to empty your glass at one great draught — which is often. Whatever the origin of the custom, all religions and tribes may meet once a year at the white church seen from all the hillsides, gleaming miles away, and there they celebrate a festival of ancient peace—a kind of Hague Conference, with roasting sheep and vats of wine to take the place of speeches.

I was myself just too late for that feast of reason, and the first Lesghians I

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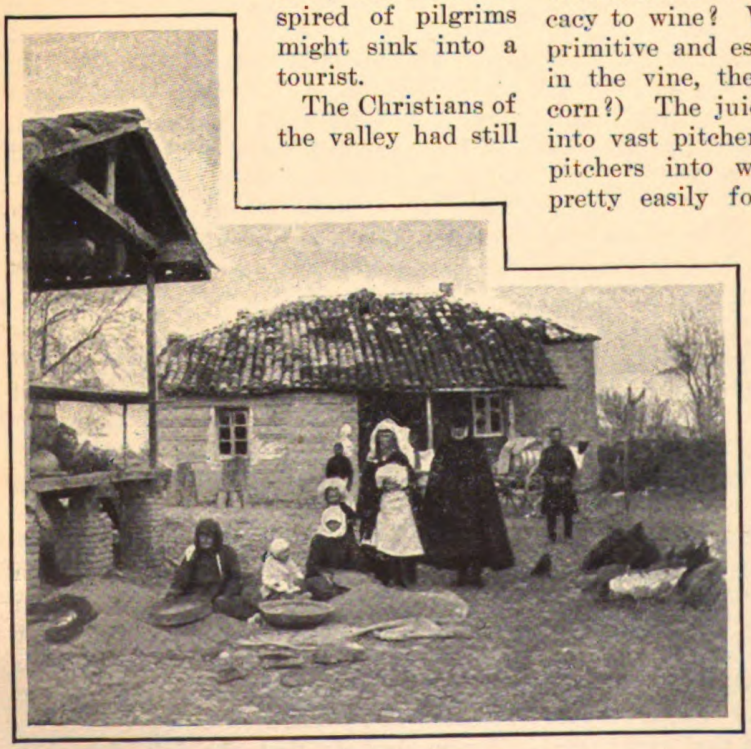
met in the valley had turned from revelry to the consolations of religion. Winding a white cloth round their caps, they were setting out to renew their souls with the vision of the Prophet's tomb. Most were lonely and on foot; a few dragged their families along in bullock-carts to share the blessing. They were bound for the sea, for Trebizond, for Constantinople, and Arabian sands. It is said that on the road they display a peculiar goodwill towards all mankind, and a spiritual radiance is shed from their savage hearts. Such has always been the blessing of pilgrims, and among the losses of Western civilization the loss of pilgrimage is one of the most to be regretted. Pilgrimage implies difficulty, hardship, simplicity, and a stern contact with the old realities of nature. How different to walk down the village street with staff and scrip, keeping one's face set towards the rising sun, from driving to a railway station in a cab with a portmanteau! The pilgrim's way is lighted by adoration for a saviour, a prophet, or a hero, for whose sake weariness and hunger are risked or welcomed, and the country along the path is hallowed with unearthly beauty. But among trains and restaurants the most inspired of pilgrims might sink into a tourist.



A Typical Family Group

The Christians of the valley had still a few days left before the Advent fast came to sober their gayety. The whole province lives on the vine. I do not mean that the meals are one long grape-cure, though in the autumn that is almost true. The people do grow maize and vegetables, and they do eat sheep, oxen, deer, and especially pheasants, which swarm in the woods and are native to the Caucasus, as their silly scientific name of *Phasianus colchicus* tries to show. But the wealth of the province is wine, and when vintage is over, the year's work is done. Then for a month or six weeks the villages of both slopes abandon themselves to love and joy and dancing. Young men and maidens rush headlong into marriage. Old men see visions and sing songs. Old women spread the feast and pour the wine. Garden walls echo the joyful barking of dogs and the games of plumpy children.

When I came, the vintage was over, but from end to end the long valley still reeked of the grape. The wine-presses, cut like troughs out of solid trees, were still wet and purple with the old familiar juice. The yew branches with which they are scoured lay damp beside them. (Who was it first found that a press cleaned with branches of yew gives an extra delicacy to wine? Who discovered all these primitive and essential things—the ruby in the vine, the bread in the grain of corn?) The juice had just been run off into vast pitchers sunk in the ground—pitchers into which a man can creep pretty easily for cleaning, and emerge purple from hair to sole. There for six weeks it was lying hidden in the darkness of the earth, suffering the mysterious change in which mankind has recognized the power of a kindly and terrible god. The skins and stalks of the grapes were piled outside the sheds in purple heaps, waiting to have their last drop of strength distilled out of them as spirit. In some places the process was over, and pigs and geese, with purple mouths and feet,

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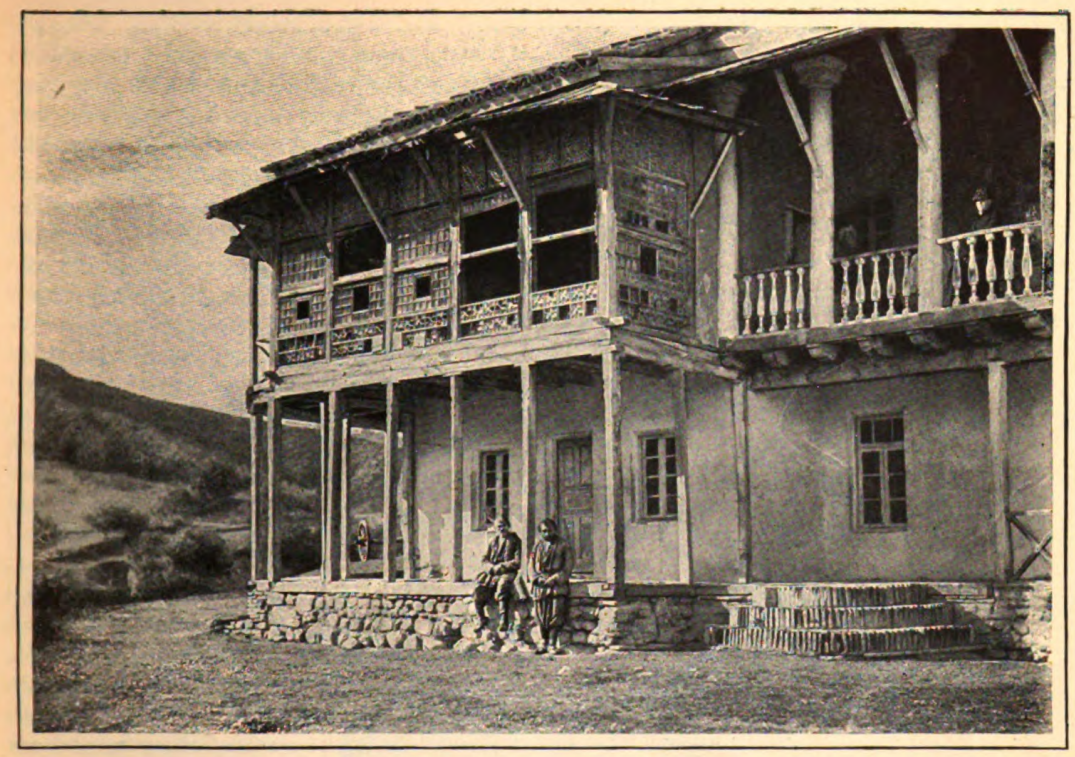

ONE OF THE BETTER GEORGIAN HOUSES

were diligently converting them into the solid side of Christmas dinner. In some places, too, the wine had been already drawn off from the buried jars by simple pumps, and all along the road one met the great buffalo-skins laid, legs upwards, in carts, their round bellies joggling with the new purple blood inside.

Vintage was over, and the regular lines of posts and strings for the trailing vines stood bare as the poles of a Kentish hop-garden in winter. The hail-guns were silent as batteries in peace-time—the hail-guns that project like black chimney-cowls at intervals among the vineyards, especially on the large lands annexed by the Russian government—I suppose for the benefit of the imperial family. The hail-gun is a Californian thing, though much used now in the south of France. On the approach of hail-storms it fires blank into the white of them, and chases them scattered away—only to fall with greater fury upon the lands of poorer neighbors, say the peasants who cannot afford batteries of their own, and suffer for want of a scheme of communal strategy to drive the storms harmlessly to the mountains. But now it did not matter what hail-storms came, for winter was near, day by day the snow crept a little lower down the hillsides, and the sacred vines had been cut low, till only their gnarled stems projected from the earth, grotesquely twisted like Chinese trees and carvings.

So the season of love and marriage had come, and the autumn days resounded with human song, as English gardens in spring with the song of birds. In a wooden cart behind the slowly pacing oxen went the bride's dowry—carpets and rugs and quilts and bedding and clothes, the long and patient labor of the hand and wooden loom—richly dyed things of deep reds and blacks and blues, made to last for all her married life and for her children after her. The cart was covered with a fair linen sheet, and the bride's brothers had started with it a day or two before the wedding, so that the chambers of the new home might be ready spread and furnished to receive her. On the appointed day the bride sets out from her father's door, drawn also by buffaloes, in a wooden cart, if nothing more



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stylish may be had. But the proper ambition of all brides is to go in a "phaeton"—the cab of the Caucasus—and any good-natured landowner who happens to possess one is petitioned to lend it day after day in the marriage season to the villages around. Ramshackle, broken-down old things the phaetons usually are. I remember a peasant was once driving a prince of the old nobility in one, and had to be always jumping off to tie on a wheel or splice a shaft. The prince expostulated at the delay, but with Georgian wit the peasant answered: "I'm sorry, but the phaeton is like our old nobility—the more you patch it up, the more it falls to pieces."

THE FORTRESS AT TIFLIS

If a phaeton is procured, there is no want of horses to draw it. All the village lends horses. The bride is preceded and accompanied by a cavalcade of brothers, cousins, and, I hope, disappointed but generous lovers, who race each other at full gallop up and down hills or along rocky watercourses that no English steeplechaser would look at. They ride with absurdly short stirrups, loose knees, and a torturing saddle. Yet, in the most headlong career, even after the wedding-feast, when the horse itself grows wings, they neither fall nor hesitate, so perfect is their balance. I have heard, indeed, that in one part of Georgia they rather prefer riding on their heads, with their feet in the air. I have not seen it done, but I know that many of "Buffalo Bill's" best riders in London were Georgians. The scene of tears and embraces when they left Victoria Station was as pathetic as the departure of a regiment for the front. So beautiful they were, so strong in natural selection, even when no word of love's dear language can pass and passion must be dumb!

To and fro the outriders race, doubling and trebling the road in the joy of speed and skill. Then the sound of low music is heard along the valley. Here comes the bridal procession itself, a crowd on foot bearing it company. In front walks a merryman, holding out a long wooden skewer in either hand. On one skewer are slabs of bread transfixed; on the other, fragments of cooked meat, cooling in the autumn air. At his side trots a friend with dripping wine-skin under his arm—a bagpipe full of mirth. One foot of the skin is untied, and only held together by finger and thumb. For every passer-by upon the road must drink, and each must take his bit of bread and meat from the skewers, that, having enjoyed the kindly fruits of the earth, he may wish the bride fertility and go upon his way in pleasant mood. Behind the hospitable food and drink comes music, most lavish of the arts, pouring itself out, as the birds sings, to all who are near enough to hear. One man plays the

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bagpipe, another the mandolin, a third the drum; and the music they play is a variation of the quavering minors and wayward melodies that sound from the Ionian Sea to the Indian frontier, and reach their finest grace among the Persians. Intermixed with wild outcries like the calling of tigers in love, they tell for the most part of tender longings for the beloved, and all the sorrow of waiting and appealing in vain. Usually the musicians go on foot before the bride's carriage, but if they can borrow an extra cart, it is certainly easier to keep time together when one has not to watch the rocks upon the road, or wade knee-deep across the river-beds.

Last comes the bride in bullock-cart or two-horsed phaeton, shaken but glorified. Her hair is dressed in Georgian fashion. Round the top of her head is a shining black ring, much the same in effect as the ring that Zulu chiefs enweave in their hair. On each side of the face long curls hang down, usually false, for they are frankly attached to the ring, and form a large article of commerce in all Georgian towns. Over ring and curls and all floats the characteristic white gauze veil, trimmed with lace along the edge for the happy, but shorn of all beauty for widows, or for the mother whose baby is dead. So the bride comes, and at her side sits the next prettiest girl of the village, to keep her in countenance and divide the gaze of inconsiderate or too admiring males.

While the ancient ceremony is celebrated inside the church, the music continues, and boys keep up a dancing at the door. Then the procession is reformed, the bridegroom mounts the cart himself beside the bride, the simple house of wood and stone is reached, and he carries her over the threshold into the scene of her new life. There she will winnow and dry the maize, hang the tobacco leaves in the loft, help with the vintage and the beasts, work the wooden loom, give her husband food, and rear children to repeat the way of life with little change. To traverse the long valley from the hill-fortress of Signakh to the hill-fortress of Telaff and upward through poorer villages into high forest and rocks, till the summit is reached and one passes over into a wilder and hungrier region—to stop at the peasants' cottages and receive their bread and wine, seated on a raised ledge of the flint-paved floor—to be welcomed for the night by princes of ancient Georgian name into spacious and rambling homes that try to assume a modern and comfortable look in the midst of the flanking towers and ruined walls of old family castles—it is like paying a visit to Homeric people, so slight has been the change as the centuries have passed over them.

Like Homeric people, they have their myths, too, though the myths have generally taken a Christian form. On the way up to Telaff, where the last of the Georgian kings died within the memory of our grandfathers, you pass a dell by the roadside where at several points a liquid and sublimated mud, strongly infused with sulphur, bubbles up continually from the hot darkness of the earth. The bubbling is irregular, sometimes gentle, sometimes violent and noisy, but it is continuous, and though the dell is half filled with caked and drying mud, there are always large pools of a smooth, wet substance round the springs, and into these the sick plunge naked. The origin of the phenomenon is variously explained: some tell of an avaricious priest who refused to bury a widow's son because she could not pay the burial fee, and now he boils forever. Others tell a finer story of a peasant who was found at work on Transfiguration day, and when reproached for impiety, replied: "I have seen myself and my wife transfigured into poor old people with many children. That is enough transfiguration for me." Naturally, he, too, boils forever, but what heart will refuse him sympathy?

So, having bathed in boiling priest or peasant, I went my way to Telaff and up the valley from one hospitable home to another, welcomed alike as a stranger and as an enemy to Russia's tyranny. For over this valley, where life might be supposed as happy as man's nature allows, broods the cloud of almost irresistible oppression. Down the middle of the valley, the Alazan River runs through deserted forests and marshy lands—deserted because the fever kills men off, and drives the villages high up the slopes on either side. Time after time the

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people have petitioned the Russian government to allow them to devote one year's taxation to the drainage which would mitigate the fever and open a whole province of new, rich land to cultivation. But the government has to pay its fat dukes in St. Petersburg and Cannes, its trustful bondholders in Paris, London, and Berlin, its swindling war contractors from Moscow to Mukden, and not a penny is remitted. The people are regarded simply as the source of taxes, and at the smallest sign of increasing prosperity, up goes the rate. Off one hillside village of average size I found £2800 a year was collected by Russian imperial and local officials. Put the average peasant's income at £30 a year, including all the products of his land and the value of his family's food; of this amount he has to pay £2 to the Russian authorities. That sum represents the rent of five acres of land, or an income tax of 1*s.* 4*d.* in the pound, though in any decently organized country the income would escape taxation altogether. In that same village of which I spoke (it is near Signakh) I saw the house and garden of a well-to-do peasant falling into decay and utter ruin. Unable to meet the increasing levy of taxation, he had given up the struggle in despair and abandoned himself to poverty.

At the beautiful old town of Telaff, a flaring patch of new barracks, more hideous than a Lancashire factory, throws a gloom over the valley. The people have been forced to build and maintain it as a means of intensifying their loyalty to the Czar. To them it stands for a symbol of treaty rights treacherously disregarded, and of that worst kind of subjection—the subjection of the finer nature to the lower. By the treaty of 1800, which first connected Georgia with the prolonged misery of the Russian Empire, the Czar pledged himself to keep only 6000 soldiers in the country, and further defence was entrusted to a local militia. There is now no local militia. The Georgian recruits are drafted far away into central or northern Russia; the national uniform is forbidden, or has been adapted for Cossack regiments, the cruelest enemies of the Georgian race; and in the midst of the country between 180,000 and 200,000 Russian troops are permanently stationed. The patient and slow-witted Russian peasant is a pathetic figure in the villages of his native plains, but among the races of the Caucasus, with his broad flat face and stumpy figure, he looks as uncomfortably out of place as a duck in an eyrie of eagles. To watch their dull lines practising rifle drill in the military stations scattered through the country, and to remember that they were posted there ready to kill and plunder the nobler men and women around them, gives one a strange sense of perversion.

Over this particular valley of the Alazan the storm had not yet burst. It only brooded, as I said. But the people knew of the massacres in Tiflis, and how the tempest of Russian armies in four divisions had just devastated the rich Georgian provinces of Guria and Mingrelia, the other side of the watershed, where rivers flow into the Black Sea instead of the Caspian. To those provinces they had themselves sent relief, their princes assisting, in spite of dwindling rents. Into their own homes they had received many refugees who had escaped with nothing but bare life from the terror. In the despair of misery some few of the ruined men had taken to brigandage in the forests here; travellers like myself were often stopped upon the road, and the murdered bodies of traders, who wander through the country with pack-horses and bales of goods, were found hidden among rocks. Such brigands the peasants of the valley shot at sight, lest casual violence should discredit the revolution; but if one of them openly appealed to a village assembly, gathered round the ancient village tree on a Sunday, it was impossible to refuse him shelter and a chance of repentance.

In the small country house of one of the princes I found a Parisian lady who for twenty-seven years had endured existence in what to her was a dull and savage wilderness, for she longed continually for the radiance of the cafés and the ringing asphalt streets. At her feet a little girl was crawling about—her granddaughter, child of her own daughter, who was shot down by Russian soldiers as she stood in protection over her young husband, slaughtered in the streets of Tiflis while they were quietly shop-

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ping. Her fingers were chopped off for her rings, her feet for her boots, but the little child did not yet know that her mother would never come to her again.

Now the cloud hanging over the kindred lands beyond the hills threatened this valley also. The huge new barracks and the military stations stood ready to stamp out the first signs of freedom. In the middle of most villages was a house or shed, upon the doors of which blue notices and decrees with the Russian arms were posted. Often the roof was full of holes, the windows broken, and nettles grew round the door. The villagers had no use for the Russian government, its law courts, and its ordinances. But there it stood as the symbol of the Czar's claim upon the remote and alien people, from whom his tax-gatherers collect the revenue, his recruiting-officer the soldiers, and his administrators of justice the fees for executions.

Near by, unhappily, there often stood the village school, shut and deserted equally. The Georgians are enthusiasts for knowledge. In nearly every village they have themselves established a public library. They build their own schools and endow their own teachers. From the government in St. Petersburg they ask nothing at all. But the government in St. Petersburg has decreed that the teaching shall be given only in the Russian language, and rather than rear their children in a foreign tongue and abandon language which is the true bond of nationality, the peasants have locked the school doors and prefer to do without education.

From all sides comes the same story of persecution and answering hate. The fields of villagers or landowners are unjustly seized; the village attempts at co-operation are broken up as dangerous to the Czar; the leaders and reformers of village life—men who, in one case well known to me, were doubling and trebling the prosperity of the peasants round them by introducing new methods of production and sale—these are exiled far away as disturbers of the peace. No wonder that, in a well-to-do peasant's house, the grandmother was proudly introduced to me as "the best rebel of us all." No wonder that in another home the first-born baby already answered to the name of "Down with Nicholas"!

# Remembrance

*BY RHODA HERO DUNN*

IF love had come to us in May
  Instead of in December,
Come when young leaves were on the spray;
When sunny banks with flowers were gay,
And lambs were frisking at their play;
Who knows if to this very day
  Our hearts would not remember!

Or, had we parted in the snow
  And not in Spring-time weather;
Had turned aside when streams were slow;
When birds were gone; and skies were low;
Would we have seen each other go
As gayly, and forgotten so?
  Ah, who, dear Love, knows whether!

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# Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven

*TAKEN FROM HIS OWN MS. BY MARK TWAIN*

II

I HAD been having considerable trouble with my wings. The day after I helped the choir I made a dash or two with them, but was not lucky. First off, I flew thirty yards, and then fouled an Irishman and brought him down—brought us both down, in fact. Next, I had a collision with a Bishop—and bowled him down, of course. We had some sharp words, and I felt pretty cheap, to come banging into a grave old person like that, with a million strangers looking on and smiling to themselves.

I saw I hadn't got the hang of the steering, and so couldn't rightly tell where I was going to bring up when I started. I went afoot the rest of the day, and let my wings hang. Early next morning I went to a private place to have some practice. I got up on a pretty high rock, and got a good start, and went swooping down, aiming for a bush a little over three hundred yards off; but I couldn't seem to calculate for the wind, which was about two points abaft my beam. I could see I was going considerable to looard of the bush, so I worked my starboard wing slow and went ahead strong on the port one, but it wouldn't answer; I could see I was going to broach to, so I slowed down on both, and lit. I went back to the rock and took another chance at it. I aimed two or three points to starboard of the bush—yes, more than that—enough so as to make it nearly a head-wind. I done well enough, but made pretty poor time. I could see, plain enough, that on a head-wind, wings was a mistake. I could see that a body could sail pretty close to the wind, but he couldn't go in the wind's eye. I could see that if I wanted to go a-visiting any distance from home, and the wind was ahead, I might have to wait days, maybe, for a change; and I could see, too, that these things could not be any use at all in a gale; if you tried to run before the wind, you would make a mess of it, for there isn't any way to shorten sail—like reefing, you know—you have to take it *all* in—shut your feathers down flat to your sides. That would *land* you, of course. You could lay to, with your head to the wind—that is the best you could do, and right hard work you'd find it, too. If you tried any other game, you would founder, sure.

I judge it was about a couple of weeks or so after this that I dropped old Sandy McWilliams a note one day—it was a Tuesday—and asked him to come over and take his manna and quails with me next day; and the first thing he did when he stepped in was to twinkle his eye in a sly way, and say,—

"Well, Cap, what you done with your wings?"

I saw in a minute that there was some sarcasm done up in that rag somewheres, but I never let on. I only says,—

"Gone to the wash."

"Yes," he says, in a dry sort of way, "they mostly go to the wash—about this time—I've often noticed it. Fresh angels are powerful neat. When do you look for 'em back?"

"Day after to-morrow," says I.

He winked at me, and smiled.

Says I,—

"Sandy, out with it. Come—no secrets among friends. I notice you don't ever wear wings—and plenty others don't. I've been making an ass of myself—is that it?"

"That is about the size of it. But it is no harm. We all do it at first. It's perfectly natural. You see, on earth we jump to such foolish conclusions as to things up here. In the pictures we always saw the angels with wings on—and

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that was all right; but we jumped to the conclusion that that was their way of getting around—and that was all wrong. The wings ain't anything but a uniform, that's all. When they are in the field—so to speak,—they always wear them; you never see an angel going with a message anywhere without his wings, any more than you would see a military officer presiding at a court martial without his uniform, or a postman delivering letters, or a policeman walking his beat, in plain clothes. But they ain't to *fly* with! The wings are for show, not for use. Old experienced angels are like officers of the regular army—they dress plain, when they are off duty. New angels are like the militia—never shed the uniform—always fluttering and floundering around in their wings, butting people down, flapping here, and there, and everywhere, always imagining they are attracting the admiring eye—well, they just think they are the very most important people in heaven. And when you see one of them come sailing around with one wing tipped up and t'other down, you can make up your mind he is saying to himself: 'I wish Mary Ann in Arkansaw could see me now. I reckon she'd wish she hadn't shook me.' No, they're just for show, that's all—only just for show."

"I judge you've got it about right, Sandy," says I.

"Why, look at it yourself," says he. "*You* ain't built for wings—no man is. You know what a grist of years it took you to come here from the earth—and yet you were booming along faster than any cannon-ball could go. Suppose you had to fly that distance with your wings—wouldn't eternity have been over before you got here? Certainly. Well, angels have to go to the earth every day—millions of them—to appear in visions to dying children and good people, you know—it's the heft of their business. They appear with their wings, of course, because they are on official service, and because the dying persons wouldn't know they were angels if they hadn't wings—but do you reckon they fly with them? It stands to reason they don't. The wings would wear out before they got half-way; even the pin-feathers would be gone; the wing frames would be as bare as kite sticks before the paper is pasted on. The distances in heaven are billions of times greater; angels have to go all over heaven every day; could they do it with their wings alone? No, indeed; they wear the wings for style, but they travel any distance in an instant by *wishing*. The wishing-carpet of the Arabian Nights was a sensible idea—but our earthly idea of angels flying these awful distances with their clumsy wings was foolish.

"Our young saints, of both sexes, wear wings all the time—blazing red ones, and blue and green, and gold, and variegated, and rainbowed, and ring-streaked-and-striped ones—and nobody finds fault. It is suitable to their time of life. The things are beautiful, and they set the young people off. They are the most striking and lovely part of their outfit—a halo don't *begin*."

"Well," says I, "I've tucked mine away in the cupboard, and I allow to let them lay there till there's mud."

"Yes—or a reception."

"What's that?"

"Well, you can see one to-night if you want to. There's a barkeeper from Jersey City going to be received."

"Go on—tell me about it."

"This barkeeper got converted at a Moody and Sankey meeting, in New York, and started home on the ferry-boat, and there was a collision and he got drowned. He is of a class that think all heaven goes wild with joy when a particularly hard lot like him is saved; they think all heaven turns out hosannahing to welcome them; they think there isn't anything talked about in the realms of the blest but their case, for that day. This barkeeper thinks there hasn't been such another stir here in years, as his coming is going to raise.—And I've always noticed this peculiarity about a dead barkeeper—he not only expects all hands to turn out when he arrives, but he expects to be received with a torch-light procession."

"I reckon he is disappointed, then."

"No, he isn't. No man is allowed to be disappointed here. Whatever he wants, when he comes—that is, any reasonable and unsacrilegious thing—he can have. There's always a few millions or billions of young folks around who don't want any better entertainment than to fill up their lungs and swarm out with their

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torches and have a high time over a barkeeper. It tickles the barkeeper till he can't rest, it makes a charming lark for the young folks, it don't do anybody any harm, it don't cost a rap, and it keeps up the place's reputation for making all comers happy and content."

"Very good. I'll be on hand and see them land the barkeeper."

"It is manners to go in full dress. You want to wear your wings, you know, and your other things."

"Which ones?"

"Halo, and harp, and palm branch, and all that."

"Well," says I, "I reckon I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is I left them laying around that day I resigned from the choir. I haven't got a rag to wear but this robe and the wings."

"That's all right. You'll find they've been raked up and saved for you. Send for them."

"I'll do it, Sandy. But what was it you was saying about unsacrilegious things, which people expect to get, and will be disappointed about?"

"Oh, there are a lot of such things that people expect and don't get. For instance, there's a Brooklyn preacher by the name of Talmage, who is laying up a considerable disappointment for himself. He says, every now and then in his sermons, that the first thing he does when he gets to heaven, will be to fling his arms around Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and kiss them and weep on them. There's millions of people down there on earth that are promising themselves the same thing. As many as sixty thousand people arrive here every single day, that want to run straight to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and hug them and weep on them. Now mind you, sixty thousand a day is a pretty heavy contract for those old people. If they were a mind to allow it, they wouldn't ever have anything to do, year in and year out, but stand up and be hugged and wept on thirty-two hours in the twenty-four. They would be tired out and as wet as muskrats all the time. What would heaven be, to *them?* It would be a mighty good place to get out of—you know that, yourself. Those are kind and gentle old Jews, but they ain't any fonder of kissing the emotional highlights of Brooklyn than you be. You mark my words, Mr. T.'s endearments are going to be declined, with thanks. There are limits to the privileges of the elect, even in heaven. Why, if Adam was to show himself to every newcomer that wants to call and gaze at him and strike him for his autograph, he would never have time to do anything else but just that. Talmage has said he is going to give Adam some of his attentions, as well as A., I. and J. But he will have to change his mind about that."

"Do you think Talmage will really come here?"

"Why, certainly, he will; but don't you be alarmed; he will run with his own kind, and there's plenty of them. That is the main charm of heaven—there's all kinds here—which wouldn't be the case if you let the preachers tell it. Anybody can find the sort he prefers, here, and he just lets the others alone, and they let him alone. When the Deity builds a heaven, it is built right, and on a liberal plan."

Sandy sent home for his things, and I sent for mine, and about nine in the evening we begun to dress. Sandy says,—

"This is going to be a grand time for you, Stormy. Like as not some of the patriarchs will turn out."

"No, but will they?"

"Like as not. Of course they are pretty exclusive. They hardly ever show themselves to the common public. I believe they never turn out except for an eleventh-hour convert. They wouldn't do it then, only earthly tradition makes a grand show pretty necessary on that kind of an occasion."

"Do they all turn out, Sandy?"

"Who?—all the patriarchs? Oh, no—hardly ever more than a couple. You will be here fifty thousand years—maybe more—before you get a glimpse of all the patriarchs and prophets. Since I have been here, Job has been to the front once, and once Ham and Jeremiah both at the same time. But the finest thing that has happened in my day was a year or so ago; that was Charles Peace's reception—him they called 'the Bannercross Murderer'—an Englishman. There were four patriarchs and two prophets on the Grand Stand that time—there hasn't been anything like it since Captain Kidd came; Abel was there—the first time in twelve

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hundred years. A report got around that Adam was coming; well, of course Abel was enough to bring a crowd, all by himself, but there is nobody that can draw like Adam. It was a false report, but it got around, anyway, as I say, and it will be a long day before I see the like of it again. The reception was in the English department, of course, which is eight hundred and eleven million miles from the New Jersey line. I went, along with a good many of my neighbors, and it was a sight to see, I can tell you. Flocks came from all the departments. I saw Esquimaux there, and Tartars, negroes, Chinamen—people from everywhere. You see a mixture like that in the Grand Choir, the first day you land here, but you hardly ever see it again. There were billions of people; when they were singing or hosannahing, the noise was wonderful; and even when their tongues were still the drumming of the wings was nearly enough to burst your head, for all the sky was as thick as if it was snowing angels. Although Adam was not there, it was a great time anyway, because we had three Archangels on the Grand Stand —it is a seldom thing that even one comes out."

"What did they look like, Sandy?"

"Well, they had shining faces, and shining robes, and wonderful rainbow wings, and they stood eighteen feet high, and wore swords, and held their heads up in a noble way, and looked like soldiers."

"Did they have halos?"

"No—anyway, not the hoop kind. The archangels and the upper-class patriarchs wear a finer thing than that. It is a round, solid, splendid glory of gold, that is blinding to look at. You have often seen a patriarch in a picture, on earth, with that thing on—you remember it?—he looks as if he had his head in a brass platter. That don't give you the right idea of it at all—it is much more shining and beautiful."

"Did you talk with those archangels and patriarchs, Sandy?"

"Who—*I*? Why, what can you be thinking about, Stormy? I ain't worthy to speak to such as they."

"Is Talmage?"

"Of course not. You have got the same mixed-up idea about these things that everybody has down there. I had it once, but I got over it. Down there they talk of the heavenly King—and that is right—but then they go right on speaking as if this was a Republic and everybody was on a dead level with everybody else, and privileged to fling his arms around anybody he comes across, and be hail-fellow-well-met with all the elect, from the highest down. How tangled up and absurd that is! How are you going to have a republic under a king? How are you going to have a republic at all, where the head of the government is absolute, holds his place forever, and has no parliament, no council to meddle or make in his affairs, nobody voted for, nobody elected, nobody in the whole universe with a voice in the government, nobody asked to take a hand in its matters, and nobody *allowed* to do it? Fine republic, ain't it?"

"Well, yes—it *is* a little different from the idea I had—but I thought I might go around and get acquainted with the grandees, anyway—not exactly splice the main-brace with them, you know, but shake hands and pass the time of day."

"Could Tom, Dick and Harry call on the Cabinet of Russia and do that?—on Prince Gortschakoff, for instance?"

"I reckon not, Sandy."

"Well, this is Russia—only more so. There's not the shadow of a republic about it anywhere. There are ranks, here. There are viceroys, princes, governors, sub-governors, sub-sub-governors, and a hundred orders of nobility, grading along down from grand-ducal archangels, stage by stage, till the general level is struck, where there ain't any titles. Do you know what a prince of the blood is, on earth?"

"No."

"Well, a prince of the blood don't belong to the royal family exactly, and he don't belong to the mere nobility of the kingdom; he is lower than the one, and higher than t'other. That's about the position of the patriarchs and prophets here. There's some mighty high nobility here—people that you and I ain't worthy to polish sandals for—and *they* ain't worthy to polish sandals for the patriarchs and prophets. That gives you a kind of an idea of their rank, don't it? You begin to see how high up they are, don't you? Just to get a two-minute glimpse of one of them is a thing for a body to remem-



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ber and tell about for a thousand years. Why, Captain, just think of this: if Abraham was to set his foot down here by this door, there would be a railing set up around that foot-track right away, and a shelter put over it, and people would flock here from all over heaven, for hundreds and hundreds of years, to look at it. Abraham is one of the parties that Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, is going to embrace, and kiss, and weep on, when he comes. He wants to lay in a good stock of tears, you know, or five to one he will go dry before he gets a chance to do it."

"Sandy," says I, "I had an idea that *I* was going to be equals with everybody here, too, but I will let that drop. It don't matter, and I am plenty happy enough anyway."

"Captain, you are happier than you would be, the other way. These old patriarchs and prophets have got ages the start of you; they know more in two minutes than you know in a year. Did you ever try to have a sociable improving-time discussing winds, and currents and variations of compass with an undertaker?"

"I get your idea, Sandy. He couldn't interest me. He would be an ignoramus in such things—he would bore me, and I would bore him."

"You have got it. You would bore the patriarchs when you talked, and when they talked they would shoot over your head. By and by you would say, 'Good morning, your Eminence, I will call again'—but you wouldn't. Did you ever ask the slush-boy to come up in the cabin and take dinner with you?"

"I get your drift again, Sandy. I wouldn't be used to such grand people as the patriarchs and prophets, and I would be sheepish and tongue-tied in their company, and mighty glad to get out of it. Sandy, which is the highest rank, patriarch or prophet?"

"Oh, the prophets hold over the patriarchs. The newest prophet, even, is of a sight more consequence than the oldest patriarch. Yes, sir, Adam himself has to walk behind Shakespeare."

"Was Shakespeare a prophet?"

"Of course he was; and so was Homer, and heaps more. But Shakespeare and the rest have to walk behind a common tailor from Tennessee, by the name of Billings; and behind a horse-doctor named Sakka, from Afghanistan. Jeremiah, and Billings and Buddha walk together, side by side, right behind a crowd from planets not in our astronomy; next come a dozen or two from Jupiter and other worlds; next come Daniel, and Sakka and Confucius; next a lot from systems outside of ours; next come Ezekiel, and Mahomet, Zoroaster, and a knife-grinder from ancient Egypt; then there is a long string, and after them, away down toward the bottom, come Shakespeare and Homer, and a shoemaker named Marais, from the back settlements of France."

"Have they really rung in Mahomet and all those other heathens?"

"Yes—they all had their message, and they all get their reward. The man who don't get his reward on earth, needn't bother—he will get it here, sure."

"But why did they throw off on Shakespeare, that way, and put him away down there below those shoemakers and horse-doctors and knife-grinders—a lot of people nobody ever heard of?"

"That is the heavenly justice of it—they warn't rewarded according to their deserts, on earth, but here they get their rightful rank. That tailor Billings, from Tennessee, wrote poetry that Homer and Shakespeare couldn't begin to come up to; but nobody would print it, nobody read it but his neighbors, an ignorant lot, and they laughed at it. Whenever the village had a drunken frolic and a dance, they would drag him in and crown him with cabbage leaves, and pretend to bow down to him; and one night when he was sick and nearly starved to death, they had him out and crowned him, and then they rode him on a rail about the village, and everybody followed along, beating tin pans and yelling. Well, he died before morning. He wasn't ever expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be any fuss made over him, so I reckon he was a good deal surprised when the reception broke on him."

"Was you there, Sandy?"

"Bless you, no!"

"Why? Didn't you know it was going to come off?"

"Well, I judge I did. It was the talk of these realms—not for a day, like this barkeeper business, but for twenty years before the man died."

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"Why the mischief didn't you go, then?"

"Now how you talk! The like of me go meddling around at the reception of a prophet? A mudsill like me trying to push in and help receive an awful grandee like Edward J. Billings? Why, I should have been laughed at for a billion miles around. I shouldn't ever heard the last of it."

"Well, who did go, then?"

"Mighty few people that you and I will ever get a chance to see, Captain. Not a solitary commoner ever has the luck to see a reception of a prophet, I can tell you. All the nobility, and all the patriarchs and prophets—every last one of them—and all the archangels, and all the princes and governors and viceroys, were there,—and *no* small fry—not a single one. And mind you, I'm not talking about only the grandees from *our* world, but the princes and patriarchs and so on from *all* the worlds that shine in our sky, and from billions more that belong in systems upon systems away outside of the one our sun is in. There were some prophets and patriarchs there that ours ain't a circumstance to, for rank and illustriousness and all that. Some were from Jupiter and other worlds in our own system, but the most celebrated were three poets, Saa, Bo and Soof, from great planets in three different and very remote systems. These three names are common and familiar in every nook and corner of heaven, clear from one end of it to the other—fully as well known as the eighty Supreme Archangels, in fact—whereas our Moses, and Adam, and the rest, have not been heard of outside of our world's little corner of heaven, except by a few very learned men scattered here and there—and they always spell their names wrong, and get the performances of one mixed up with the doings of another, and they almost always locate them simply *in our solar system,* and think that is enough without going into little details such as naming the particular world they are from. It is like a learned Hindoo showing off how much he knows by saying Longfellow lives in the United States—as if he lived all over the United States, and as if the country was so small you couldn't throw a brick there without hitting him. Between you and me, it does gravel me, the cool way people from those monster worlds outside our system snub our little world, and even our system. Of course we think a good deal of Jupiter, because our world is only a potato to it, for size; but then there are worlds in other systems that Jupiter isn't even a mustard-seed to—like the planet Goobra, for instance, which you couldn't squeeze inside the orbit of Halley's comet without straining the rivets. Tourists from Goobra (I mean parties that lived and died there—natives) come here, now and then, and inquire about our world, and when they find out it is so little that a streak of lightning can flash clear around it in the eighth of a second, they have to lean up against something to laugh. Then they screw a glass into their eye and go to examining *us,* as if we were a curious kind of foreign bug, or something of that sort. One of them asked me how long our day was; and when I told him it was twelve hours long, as a general thing, he asked me if people where I was from considered it worth while to get up and wash for such a day as that. That is the way with those Goobra people—they can't seem to let a chance go by to throw it in your face that their day is three hundred and twenty-two of our years long. This young snob was just of age—he was six or seven thousand of his days old—say two million of our years—and he had all the puppy airs that belong to that time of life—that turning-point when a person has got over being a boy and yet ain't quite a man exactly. If it had been anywhere else but in heaven, I would have given him a piece of my mind. Well, anyway, Billings had the grandest reception that has been seen in thousands of centuries, and I think it will have a good effect. His name will be carried pretty far, and it will make our system talked about, and maybe our world, too, and raise us in the respect of the general public of heaven. Why, look here—Shakespeare walked backwards before that tailor from Tennessee, and scattered flowers for him to walk on, and Homer stood behind his chair and waited on him at the banquet. Of course that didn't go for much *there,* amongst all those big foreigners from other systems, as they hadn't heard of Shakespeare or Homer either, but it would amount to considerable down there on our little

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earth if they could know about it. I wish there was something *in* that miserable spiritualism, so we could send them word. That Tennessee village would set up a monument to Billings, then, and his autograph would outsell Satan's. Well, they had grand times at that reception — a small-fry noble from Hoboken told me all about it—Sir Richard Duffer, Baronet."

"What, Sandy, a nobleman from Hoboken? How is that?"

"Easy enough. Duffer kept a sausage-shop and never saved a cent in his life because he used to give all his spare meat to the poor, in a quiet way. Not tramps, —no, the other sort—the sort that will starve before they will beg—honest square people out of work. Dick used to watch hungry-looking men and women and children, and track them home, and find out all about them from the neighbors, and then feed them and find them work. As nobody ever *saw* him give anything to anybody, he had the reputation of being mean; he died with it, too, and everybody said it was a good riddance; but the minute he landed here, they made him a baronet, and the very first words Dick the sausage-maker of Hoboken heard when he stepped upon the heavenly shore were, 'Welcome, Sir Richard Duffer!' It surprised him some, because he thought he had reasons to believe he was pointed for a warmer climate than this one."

All of a sudden the whole region fairly rocked under the crash of eleven hundred and one thunder blasts, all let off at once, and Sandy says,—

"There, that's for the barkeep."

I jumped up and says,—

"Then let's be moving along, Sandy; we don't want to miss any of this thing, you know."

"Keep your seat," he says; "he is only just telegraphed, that is all."

"How?"

"That blast only means that he has been sighted from the signal-station. He is off Sandy Hook. The committees will go down to meet him, now, and escort him in. There will be ceremonies and delays; they won't be coming up the Bay for a considerable time, yet. It is several billion miles away, anyway."

"*I* could have been a barkeeper and a hard lot just as well as not," says I, remembering the lonesome way I arrived, and how there wasn't any committee nor anything.

"I notice some regret in your voice," says Sandy, "and it is natural enough; but let bygones be bygones; you went according to your lights, and it is too late now to mend the thing."

"No, let it slide, Sandy, I don't mind. But you've got a Sandy Hook *here*, too, have you?"

"We've got everything here, just as it is below. All the States and Territories of the Union, and all the kingdoms of the earth and the islands of the sea are laid out here just as they are on the globe—all the same shape they are down there, and all graded to the relative size, only each State and realm and island is a good many billion times bigger here than it is below. There goes another blast."

"What is that one for?"

"That is only another fort answering the first one. They each fire eleven hundred and one thunder blasts at a single dash—it is the usual salute for an eleventh-hour guest; a hundred for each hour and an extra one for the guest's sex; if it was a woman we would know it by their leaving off the extra gun."

"How do we know there's eleven hundred and one, Sandy, when they all go off at once?—and yet we certainly do know."

"Our intellects are a good deal sharpened up, here, in some ways, and that is one of them. Numbers and sizes and distances are so great, here, that we have to be made so we can *feel* them—our old ways of counting and measuring and ciphering wouldn't ever give us an idea of them, but would only confuse us and oppress us and make our heads ache."

After some more talk about this, I says: "Sandy, I notice that I hardly ever see a white angel; where I run across one white angel, I strike as many as a hundred million copper-colored ones—people that can't speak English. How is that?"

"Well, you will find it the same in any State or Territory of the American corner of heaven you choose to go to. I have shot along, a whole week on a stretch, and gone millions and millions of miles, through perfect swarms of angels, without ever seeing a single white one, or

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hearing a word I could understand. You see, America was occupied a billion years and more, by Injuns and Aztecs, and that sort of folks, before a white man ever set his foot in it. During the first three hundred years after Columbus's discovery, there wasn't ever more than one good lecture audience of white people, all put together, in America—I mean the whole thing, British Possessions and all; in the beginning of our century there were only 6,000,000 or 7,000,000—say seven; 12,000,000 or 14,000,000 in 1825; say 23,000,000 in 1850; 40,000,000 in 1875. Our death-rate has always been 20 in 1000 per annum. Well, 140,000 died the first year of the century; 280,000 the twenty-fifth year; 500,000 the fiftieth year; about a million the seventy-fifth year. Now I am going to be liberal about this thing, and consider that fifty million whites have died in America from the beginning up to to-day—make it sixty, if you want to; make it a hundred million—it's no difference about a few millions one way or t'other. Well, now, you can see, yourself, that when you come to spread a little dab of people like that over these hundreds of billions of miles of American territory here in heaven, it is like scattering a ten-cent box of homœopathic pills over the Great Sahara and expecting to find them again. You can't expect us to amount to anything in heaven, and we *don't*—now that is the simple fact, and we have got to do the best we can with it. The learned men from other planets and other systems come here and hang around a while, when they are touring around the Kingdom, and then go back to their own section of heaven and write a book of travels, and they give America about five lines in it. And what do they say about us? They say this wilderness is populated with a scattering few hundred thousand billions of red angels, with now and then a curiously complected *diseased* one. You see, they think we whites and the occasional nigger are Injuns that have been bleached out or blackened by some leprous disease or other—for some peculiarly rascally *sin*, mind you. It is a mighty sour pill for us all, my friend—even the modestest of us, let alone the other kind, that think they are going to be received like a long-lost government bond, and hug Abraham into the bargain. I haven't asked you any of the particulars, Captain, but I judge it goes without saying—if my experience is worth anything—that there wasn't much of a hooraw made over you when you arrived—now was there?"

"Don't mention it, Sandy," says I, coloring up a little; "I wouldn't have had the family see it for any amount you are a mind to name. Change the subject, Sandy, change the subject."

"Well, do you think of settling in the California department of bliss?"

"I don't know. I wasn't calculating on doing anything really definite in that direction till the family come. I thought I would just look around, meantime, in a quiet way, and make up my mind. Besides, I know a good many dead people, and I was calculating to hunt them up and swap a little gossip with them about friends, and old times, and one thing or another, and ask them how they like it here, as far as they have got. I reckon my wife will want to camp in the California range, though, because most all her departed will be there, and she likes to be with folks she knows."

"Don't you let her. You see what the Jersey district of heaven is, for whites; well, the Californian district is a thousand times worse. It swarms with a mean kind of leather-headed mud-colored angels—and your nearest white neighbor is likely to be a million miles away. *What a man mostly misses, in heaven, is company*—company of his own sort and color and language. I have come near settling in the European part of heaven once or twice on that account."

"Well, why didn't you, Sandy?"

"Oh, various reasons. For one thing, although you *see* plenty of whites there, you can't understand any of them, hardly, and so you go about as hungry for talk as you do here. I like to look at a Russian or a German or an Italian—I even like to look at a Frenchman if I ever have the luck to catch him engaged in anything that ain't indelicate—but *looking* don't cure the hunger—what you want is talk."

"Well, there's England, Sandy—the English district of heaven."

"Yes, but it is not so very much better than this end of the heavenly domain. As long as you run across Englishmen born this side of three hundred years

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ago, you are all right; but the minute you get back of Elizabeth's time the language begins to fog up, and the further back you go the foggier it gets. I had some talk with a Mr. Spenser and a man by the name of Chaucer—old-time poets—but it was no use, I couldn't quite understand them, and they couldn't quite understand me. I have had letters from them since, but it is such broken English I can't make it out. Back of those men's time the English are just simply foreigners, nothing more, nothing less; they talk Danish, German, Norman French, and sometimes a mixture of all three; back of *them,* they talk Latin, and ancient British, Irish, and Gaelic; and then back of these come billions and billions of pure savages that talk a gibberish that Satan himself couldn't understand. The fact is, where you strike one man in the English settlements that you can understand, you wade through awful swarms that talk something you can't make head nor tail of. You see, every country on earth has been overlaid so often, in the course of a billion years, with different kinds of people and different sorts of languages, that this sort of mongrel business was bound to be the result in heaven."

"Sandy," says I, "did you see a good many of the great people history tells about?"

"Yes—plenty. I saw kings and all sorts of distinguished people."

"Do the kings rank just as they did below?"

"No; a body can't bring his rank up here with him. Divine right is a good-enough earthly romance, but it don't go, here. Kings drop down to the general level as soon as they reach the realms of grace. I knew Charles the Second very well—one of the most popular comedians in the English section—draws first rate. There are better, of course—people that were never heard of on earth—but Charles is making a very good reputation indeed, and is considered a rising man. Richard the Lion-hearted is in the prize-ring, and coming into considerable favor. Henry the Eighth is a tragedian, and the scenes where he kills people are done to the very life. Henry the Sixth keeps a religious-book stand."

"Did you ever see Napoleon, Sandy?"

"Often—sometimes in the Corsican range, sometimes in the French. He always hunts up a conspicuous place, and goes frowning around with his arms folded and his field-glass under his arm, looking as grand, gloomy and peculiar as his reputation calls for, and very much bothered because he don't stand as high, here, for a soldier, as he expected to."

"Why, who stands higher?"

"Oh, a *lot* of people *we* never heard of before—the shoemaker and horse-doctor and knife-grinder kind, you know—clod-hoppers from goodness knows where, that never handled a sword or fired a shot in their lives—but the soldiership was in them, though they never had a chance to show it. But here they take their right place, and Cæsar and Napoleon and Alexander have to take a back seat. The greatest military genius our world ever produced was a bricklayer from somewhere back of Boston—died during the Revolution—by the name of Absalom Jones. Wherever he goes, crowds flock to see him. You see, everybody knows that if he had had a chance he would have shown the world some generalship that would have made all generalship before look like child's play and 'prentice work. But he never got a chance; he tried heaps of times to enlist as a private, but he had lost both thumbs and a couple of front teeth, and the recruiting surgeon wouldn't pass him. However, as I say, everybody knows, now, what he *would* have been, and so they flock by the million to get a glimpse of him whenever they hear he is going to be anywhere. Cæsar, and Hannibal, and Alexander, and Napoleon are all on his staff, and ever so many more great generals; but the public hardly care to look at *them* when *he* is around. Boom! There goes another salute. The barkeeper's off quarantine now."

Sandy and I put on our things. Then we made a wish, and in a second we were at the reception-place. We stood on the edge of the ocean of space, and looked out over the dimness, but couldn't make out anything. Close by us was the Grand Stand—tier on tier of dim thrones rising up toward the zenith. From each side of it spread away the tiers of seats for the general public. They spread away for

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leagues and leagues—you couldn't see the ends. They were empty and still, and hadn't a cheerful look, but looked dreary, like a theatre before anybody comes—gas turned down. Sandy says,—

"We'll sit down here and wait. We'll see the head of the procession come in sight away off yonder pretty soon, now."

Says I,—

"It's pretty lonesome, Sandy; I reckon there's a hitch somewheres. Nobody but just you and me—it ain't much of a display for the barkeeper."

"Don't you fret, it's all right. There'll be one more gun-fire—then you'll see."

In a little while we noticed a sort of a lightish flush, away off on the horizon.

"Head of the torchlight procession," says Sandy.

It spread, and got lighter and brighter; soon it had a strong glare like a locomotive headlight; it kept on getting brighter and brighter till it was like the sun peeping above the horizon-line at sea—the big red rays shot high up into the sky.

"Keep your eyes on the Grand Stand and the miles of seats—sharp!" says Sandy, "and listen for the gun-fire."

Just then it burst out, "Boom-boom-boom!" like a million thunder-storms in one, and made the whole heavens rock. Then there was a sudden and awful glare of light all about us, and in that very instant every one of the millions of seats was occupied, and as far as you could see, in both directions, was just a solid pack of people, and the place was all splendidly lit up! It was enough to take a body's breath away. Sandy says,—

"That is the way we do it here. No time fooled away; nobody straggling in after the curtain's up. Wishing is quicker work than travelling. A quarter of a second ago these folks were millions of miles from here. When they heard the last signal, all they had to do was to wish, and here they are."

The prodigious choir struck up,—

> We long to hear thy voice,
> To see thee face to face.

It was noble music, but the uneducated chipped in and spoilt it, just as the congregations used to do on earth.

The head of the procession began to pass, now, and it was a wonderful sight. It swept along, thick and solid, five hundred thousand angels abreast, and every angel carrying a torch and singing—the whirring thunder of the wings made a body's head ache. You could follow the line of the procession back, and slanting upward into the sky, far away in a glittering snaky rope, till it was only a faint streak in the distance. The rush went on and on, for a long time, and at last, sure enough, along comes the barkeeper, and then everybody rose, and a cheer went up that made the heavens shake, I tell you! He was all smiles, and had his halo tilted over one ear in a cocky way, and was the most satisfied-looking saint I ever saw. While he marched up the steps of the Grand Stand, the choir struck up,—

> The whole wide heaven groans,
> And waits to hear that voice.

There were four gorgeous tents standing side by side in the place of honor, on a broad railed platform in the centre of the Grand Stand, with a shining guard of honor round about them. The tents had been shut up all this time. As the barkeeper climbed along up, bowing and smiling to everybody, and at last got to the platform, these tents were jerked up aloft all of a sudden, and we saw four noble thrones of gold, all caked with jewels, and in the two middle ones sat old white-whiskered men, and in the two others a couple of the most glorious and gaudy giants, with platter halos and beautiful armor. All the millions went down on their knees, and stared, and looked glad, and burst out into a joyful kind of murmurs. They said,—

"Two archangels!—that is splendid. Who can the others be?"

The archangels gave the barkeeper a stiff little military bow; the two old men rose; one of them said, "Moses and Esau welcome thee!" and then all the four vanished, and the thrones were empty.

The barkeeper looked a little disappointed, for he was calculating to hug those old people, I judge; but it was the gladdest and proudest multitude you ever saw—because they had seen Moses and Esau. Everybody was saying, "Did you see them?—I did—Esau's side face was to me, but I saw Moses full in the face, just as plain as I see you this minute!"

The procession took up the barkeeper and moved on with him again, and the

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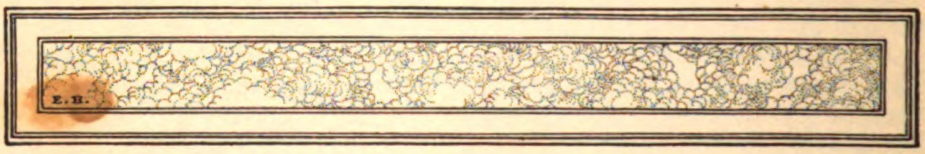
crowd broke up and scattered. As we went along home, Sandy said it was a great success, and the barkeeper would have a right to be proud of it forever. And he said *we* were in luck, too; said we might attend receptions for forty thousand years to come, and not have a chance to see a brace of such grand moguls as Moses and Esau. We found afterwards that we had come near seeing another patriarch, and likewise a genuine prophet besides, but at the last moment they sent regrets. Sandy said there would be a monument put up there, where Moses and Esau had stood, with the date and circumstances, and all about the whole business, and travellers would come for thousands of years and gawk at it, and climb over it, and scribble their names on it.

THE END.



# The Moth

*BY EDITH M. THOMAS*

HOW many a flame I've hovered round,
And singed my wings at one and all!
For light was light, wherever found—
In low-ceiled hut, or pillared hall.

I sought, with wild desire and blind,
The banquet torches grouped aloft,
The flambeau streaming in the wind,
The rosy lamp in chamber soft.

My drink, my food, my rest, was light;
Where light was not, was full despair;
And, swift to dimness passing sight,
My radiant, wide-spread wings beat air!

Inrushing from the Outer Dark
I came,—from regions of the waste:
There ne'er was arrow to the mark
So speeded with unerring haste!

For I was Human Life, and all
My lot was perilously bright . . .
My wings are burned away . . . I fall,
And sink into the Light—or Night!

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# The Tea-Party

*BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR*

OLD Angie Dodge's invitations to a tea-party were going politely about the neighborhood. Old Polly Griscom encountered hers when she met Angie in the grocery-store buying raisins.

"Kin ye come over to tea Wednesday?" Angie asked her, crossly. If there was any one whom Angie could not possibly abide, it was Polly Griscom. Once, it is true, the two had been bosom friends; but ever since Polly, in a too friendly moment, had said that she didn't think much of Angie's quilts, and Angie had replied heatedly that she had been thinking for a long time that Polly was falling off in her knitting, they had been estranged. Still, as long as Polly kept on asking Angie grudgingly to her tea-parties, Angie was not going to be behind her in her manners. So she gave her her invitation by the grocery scales with much implied scorn of her character.

Old Polly Griscom put the salted herring she had bought into her basket in a very leisurely fashion before she accepted. "Well, I dun'no' but mebbe I kin come—I can't think o' nothin' else in perticular I've got on hand fur Wednesday."

Angie colored. The change for her raisins went down sharply on the counter. Her little old chin went up into the air. "Well," she said, tartly, "I guess ye don't need to come if ye don't want to!"

"Oh, more'n likely I'll be there," Polly Griscom conceded, scowling at her. And with that she marched by her out of the store and up the road, with the tail of the herring sticking impudently out of her basket.

Old Martha Green received her invitation as she looked over the fence from her yard into Angie's while Angie was slopping her pig in the evening. Angie took her by surprise. "Why, you're jest through your house-cleanin', and you air all done out!" she exclaimed.

Angie tipped up the slop-pail. "Yes," she said, without deceit—she always, by nature of her temperament, spoke her mind quite plainly—"but I'm a-goin' to git all my hard work done up t' onct afore I stop."

"A tea-party," Martha Green observed with commiseration, "air a dreadful lot o' work."

"A turrible lot," replied Angie Dodge, gloomily. "Be sure an' come."

Old Mehitabel Parker was notified of the tea as Billy Babcock ran home from school by her house, smoking a slate-pencil in the spring wind.

"Angie Dodge wants yer to come over to a tea-party on Wednesday afternoon!" he called out to her, in muffled accents.

She stared at him gladly from the milking-stool in her jonquil-bed.

"You air a-goin' to hev chicken fur supper. Whoosh!" he added, on his own account, to heighten the invitation. He took his weed from his mouth between his thumb and middle finger, and blew his breath learnedly out of his nose.

"How d'ye know?" she asked, in excitement.

For answer Billy Babcock drew his hand significantly across his neck and fell down limply in the road. Then he ran on again, smoking like a kiln. It was plain that Angie Dodge had been having chickens killed.

"My, my!" ejaculated old Mehitabel Parker, "ain't that nice!"

Old Priscilly Haynes knew of Angie's intentions from Bud Brown, driving down the road in the white steam from a load of manure. He was nearly past her place before he remembered his trust. He pulled up and shouted it back at the front window, where Priscilly might be nearly positively counted upon to be standing to see who was going by.

She did not precisely catch his words. She ran to the door. "Angie Dodge 's goin' to hev the *pneumony?*"



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"A *tea-party!* Wednesday!" His whip cracked out again over the backs of his fat horses.

"Well," said Priscilly Haynes, getting it into her head at last, "I'm sure it's time she's a-hevin' one."

Old Mary Barnes, touched in her mind, received a note from Angie through the mail. Everybody asked old Mary Barnes to a tea; not because they wanted her at all, but because they wished to be kind to her out of compassion for her not being as bright as they were. But she knew nothing of this. She thought she was invited out of a tremendous desire for her company. Immediately upon the note she began to sew more ruffles on her party dress. Although really very poor, she had a strange wish to appear very rich. She attained this end through ruffles. If she did not know very much, she knew that the rich were dressy.

Getting ready for her tea on Wednesday afternoon, Angie Dodge was early astir on Monday and on Tuesday and on Wednesday mornings. As the sound of the spring wind was in rooms but just cleaned for the season, most of her work lay in the kitchen. The smell of her cooking went quite down into the road, so that those invited, passing by, sniffed of joys to come. Some of the things she was going to have for supper were even suspected by her guests, so keen do ladies grow in a neighborhood where tea-parties are both obligatory and contagious. It was known almost to a certainty that she was frying chicken—the frying done the day before augured cold fowl—and baking cinnamon rolls and making coffee jelly. It was hoped, for her sake, that she was not going to stop there. In return for what her friends had, with the utmost exertion, cooked for their parties, to which she had been invited, this would have been a mean tea.

But Angie Dodge did not stop at this. She was well aware what she owed to her position as a widow, whose husband had left more behind him than Mehitabel Parker's. Over her kitchen stove, for two whole days and half another, her face became as red as the sun. Often she had to sit down for a few minutes to rest her feet, already lamed by her housecleaning. Once she lay down on her sofa, completely gone. "My!" she said, scathingly, to herself, "a tea-party's turrible!" By Wednesday noon her pantry shelves were delightful. She felt abundantly contented with the result of her efforts as she limped indignantly about the shelves, for she knew that no one else had ever had any more to eat than she at a tea-party. To make sure, she added at the last minute two platefuls of damson-plum tarts.

At noon Billy Babcock ran in, in a willing spirit, to help her put four more leaves into her table. She had asked him if he would not come, when he went by to school in the morning with his dinner-bucket balanced on his head. At her request, with a heavenly smell coming out of her house, his freckled face grew shrewd. "I'll do anything yer want!" he declared. Keeping his promise with a faithfulness which touched Angie, who had some bitterness against him, he pulled at the table, and ran back and forth obligingly to the little dark closet underneath the stairs to get the leaves. He held one end of the white cloth blamelessly in his teeth to keep from soiling it with his hands while Angie spread the other end. When all his work was over he was not half through with his zeal. "I'll go out in the yard an' pick yer some flowers," he suggested, his Christian spirit prompting him. But Angie had already been down to the garden. She brought a jar of bluebells out of the parlor and set it in the centre of the cloth. "Pretty, ain't it?" she asked, putting her head on one side in admiration.

"My!" said Billy Babcock; "I never seen sech a booquet!"

The smell from the pantry was getting better and better. He lingered about the table obligingly. "A bluebell air an awful pretty flower," he went on.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Fond o' flowers?"

"Gee!" said Billy Babcock, with emotion.

But old Angie Dodge did not go into the pantry and come back with a grand plateful for him in her hand. She went again into her parlor and came back with a smaller bouquet of bluebells, wiping off their paltry stems with her apron.

"Here," she said, kindly; "you kin hev these for helpin' me with the chickens and the table."

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*Painting by Howard E. Smith*

AT NOON BILLY BABCOCK RAN IN TO HELP HER

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He could hardly express his thanks. He took his reward weakly.

"Well, what d'ye say for 'em?" she asked him, helping him to his manners. She counted out her silver forks from a roll of blue paper. She did not hear what he said. He said it by her gate, casting from him the flowers which he so much admired.

"I'd hate to be," he said to her, in a withering contempt, "as mean as *you* air!"

But running back to school his shrewd face returned. That afternoon, leaving the schoolhouse, he skirted Angie Dodge's yard cautiously. Then he climbed the hill behind her house and disappeared, whistling and with his hands in his pockets. Seated comfortably under a bush, he surveyed with satisfaction the liver-wing and the back and the drumstick of one of the chickens he had helped to kill. "I ort to hev 'em," he argued, with his mouth full, "a-cuttin' off chicken heads fur *hours* an' a-pullin' out that old table o' hers 'til I broke my back." But he was not without some stings of regret. "Wisht I'd took a piece o' that cake as big as my head! An' a hunk o' that custard pie! An' 'bout fifteen o' them tarts! Whoosh!"

The hour for the tea itself was established by custom at five o'clock in the afternoon, but it was customary for the guests to arrive a little before this hour. Mehitabel Parker came at a quarter to two. Yet Angie Dodge was ready for her. She tied on her clean white apron in the front hall, and opened the door a second later with irritation.

"I hope I ain't too early," Mehitabel Parker said, putting out her hand. She was a very thin old woman in a purple dress, with a black reticule over her arm. Her dress was not very becoming. But the long pale face, with its high forehead and faint-colored eyes, was as pleasurably set for the tea-party as though purple had been Mehitabel Parker's color.

"Oh," said Angie Dodge, "ye ain't much too soon." She pointed to her stairs. "Jest walk up an' take your bunnit off an' make yourself to home."

Having laid off her bonnet, Mehitabel Parker took a seat in Angie's parlor close by the window. She liked to come early to a tea-party, so that, sitting by her hostess's window, she could watch the other guests coming up the front walk. Since William Parker had died Mehitabel had had to take an interest in the other great things of life to keep her mind off her loss.

She had been very fond of William. It was, perhaps, as well, since no one else in the place had been at all attached to him. It was undeniably no great cross when the little, unkind old man, always quarrelling with his neighbors and as close as the bark on a tree, had left the neighborhood for parts unknown. But it had been very wrongfully supposed that William Parker's going was a relief to Mehitabel. As Priscilly Haynes, whose husband yet lived, went in to see her five days after the funeral, Mehitabel was sobbing.

"They ain't nobody like him," she said, choking. "I never seen nobody so kind an' good."

"Why, w-w-who d'ye mean?" stammered Priscilly. For one wild moment she had a notion that Mehitabel—driven to it, poor creature, by William's character—had already set her mind upon another man.

"Who do I mean?" Mehitabel sobbed, indignantly. "Why, who could I mean but my William?"

"They certainly wasn't nobody like him," Priscilly comforted, guardedly.

Now, looking out the parlor window while she talked to Angie, sitting up before her irritably in a straight-backed chair, Mehitabel Parker, a half-hour after she had come, saw some one else coming up the walk to the tea-party.

"Here's Priscilly Haynes a-comin'," she said. "She's put a white front in her black alpacy. She's turrible fond o' clothes, ain't she?"

"Goodness! I should say so!" Angie Dodge said, going to the front door.

Old Priscilly Haynes came into the parlor breathlessly from Angie's stairs. She was a stout woman with a double chin and a melancholy manner. The latter sprang from her knowledge of the fact that she had the sad consciousness of ill health. On her arm was a green silk bag. She sat down before the other front window and took her sewing out dejectedly, if with a marked importance. Priscilly Haynes deplored

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her poor health, but at the same time she could not help enjoying it in some respects.

"My! I'm feelin' dreadful bad," she said at once.

"Air ye?" asked Angie Dodge, politely, seated again with her hands folded on her white apron.

Mehitabel Parker had time only to give Priscilly an admiring glance. She saw some one else coming. "Here's Martha Green a-comin'," she said, "with her bead jacket on."

"She's turrible fond o' clothes, ain't she?" Priscilly Haynes said, looking out of the window reprovingly.

"Ain't she!" exclaimed Mehitabel Parker.

"Goodness! I should say so!" Angie Dodge said, going to the front door.

When old Martha Green came into the room she was fastening her bead jacket sympathetically over her chest. Martha Green was always sympathetic. Her eyes were bright and black, like her beads, and her thin old hair was pulled back so tightly from her forehead that it seemed to draw her eyes more widely open, as though to enable them to see more things for her to feel sorry for in a world of misery. She had a chintz bag on her arm with tape strings. It contained, besides her work, a newspaper clipping of a horrible railroad accident. Through the columns of the newspaper old Martha Green's heart went out to the universe. She passed the clipping around immediately to cheer as many of the guests as were already assembled in the parlor.

"Ain't that frightful?" she said—"all o' them poor creeturs a-gittin' mangled up?"

"I jest hev a *horror* of a railroad," Mehitabel Parker said. "Every minute I'm in a train I feel 's if I'm goin' straight to a morgue."

Priscilly Haynes sighed. "Well, if you air killed in a railroad accident, 't any rate you're out o' your misery; you won't hev no more troubles on this earth."

"No," said Angie Dodge, with a shudder, "but I'd hate to die that way."

In the midst of the sensations engendered by the clipping, Mehitabel Parker descried Mary Barnes at the gate. "Here's Mary Barnes a-comin'," she cried, "with four more ruffles to her skirt."

"The poor creetur!" Martha Green said, pitifully. "She's turrible fond o' clothes, ain't she?"

"*Ain't* she!" said Priscilly Haynes.

"Goodness! I should say so!" said Angie Dodge, going to the front door.

Old Mary Barnes went up-stairs, but she did not take off her bonnet nor her black gloves. She came into the parlor with them on.

"For the land's sake," Angie Dodge exclaimed, in an increase of the irritation which was not native to her, but merely came from overwork for her tea, "why don't ye take your bunnit an' gloves off?"

Mary Barnes put one gloved hand over the other and smiled, but did not give her reasons. With her vacant old pink cheeks and her sunken eyes, in her bonnet covered with faded roses and her ruffled skirt—now, after many teas, the ruffles going up to her waist—she looked like a forgotten doll that age had come upon but could not quite betray.

"The poor, silly creetur!" said Mehitabel Parker.

"They ain't a single one o' them ruffles hemmed," Priscilly Haynes whispered behind her hand.

But Martha Green looked over sympathetically to Mary Barnes and handed her the clipping.

Mary Barnes smiled happily about it and did not feel badly at all. She had not brought any work to-day, but sat folding her hands in an idle magnificence. Possibly it had seemed to her that the very wealthy, on going out to tea, did not go with bags over their arms.

Old Polly Griscom was the last guest to come. She was extremely late. Angie Dodge knew that she was doing it on purpose, so when Mehitabel Parker finally said to the room, "Here's Polly Griscom a-comin' as slow as molasses," she delayed going to the front door for some time, in order to keep her waiting as long as possible. From the parlor, when she went back into it, she could hear, in the spare room above, Polly's steps going critically about the best bed while she looked at the quilt. Angie had put out her Twelve Tribes of Israel, feeling defiantly sure that Polly could not find anything wrong with that.

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POLLY GRISCOM LOOKED CRITICALLY AT THE BED-QUILT

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Polly Griscom made her entrance into the parlor somewhat highly. She was very old indeed. Like her good dress, she appeared, as it were, to be getting very shiny at the seams. She had a frowning, close old face, like an ill-natured priest's. What was left of her front hair was plastered down on either side of her forehead and rolled into knots behind her ears. The knots were thrust through with a common pin to hold them in position. Once one of her friends, wanting to hint to her delicately that she should use a hairpin for this purpose, asked her, "What kind of a pin's that in your hair?"

"Jest the common pin o' North Americy," she had replied, succinctly, "an' the kind of a pin I want in my hair."

Her good dress was a bright green with a martial bow of salmon-colored ribbon tied vindictively around the neck. She had a yellow spotted bag. It was indeed unfortunate that, having so much fondness for color, Polly Griscom's taste should be so poor.

"Huh!" she said, candidly, in greeting to her friends as she took the last remaining rocking-chair in the parlor. She opened her yellow bag and began to work immediately on a pink crochet shawl.

With her coming the circle of old friends in Angie Dodge's parlor was complete. Living always together in the same neighborhood, the friendship among them was very intimate—save for the present slight existing difference between Angie and Polly Griscom and for the case of Mary Barnes. Many ties in the past bound them together in the present. In times of sickness and of sorrow they had gone to help in each other's houses with ready hands and hearts. In seasons of joy they had not infrequently rejoiced with one another. No one, looking about her, could see anybody who had not been kind to her on many occasions, and to whom she had not, on an equal number of occasions, been kind. And if, at the same time, looking about her, no one —excepting Mary Barnes, so notably dull —could see anybody whose failings she could not detect, and to whom she did not secretly feel herself decidedly superior, it was nothing whatever against her. It was merely the cropping out of the unperverted instincts of a lady.

With the bags opened and all the handiwork taken out of them for the afternoon, the tea-party talk went on cheerfully. Martha Green took the lead. In her sympathy she was always very chatty.

"How air ye feelin' to-day?" she inquired, plying her needle. She spoke actually to Angie Dodge, but Priscilly Haynes answered her almost at the same moment with Angie. Priscilly, because of the dignity of her affliction, always thought, if any questions were asked about anybody's health, they were directed to her.

"Oh, I'm feelin' dreadful bad," she said.

"I'm real well," Angie's voice mingled frankly with Priscilly's, "'ceptin' I've been workin' so hard I kin hardly stand up."

"Huh!" snorted Polly Griscom over her pink shawl, "ye needn't hev gone to no trouble for *me*."

"I didn't," Angie Dodge said, dryly.

"It's too bad," Martha Green said to both Priscilly and Angie. "A tea-party's an awful lot o' work, sure, an' I guess bad health ain't much fun."

Priscilly Haynes shook her head with a knowing melancholy. "My! no, I guess 'tain't. There ain't none of ye kin hev no idee how I feel."

"I don't s'pose we kin." Mehitabel Parker spoke with a lively interest.

Martha Green stitched, miserably. "There's sech a lot o' sorrer in this world. I s'pose it's the Lord's will, but there's a *turrible* lot of it. 'Twasn't no more'n yesterday I was readin' in the paper 'bout a girl a-goin' into a cat'leptic fit, or somethin', an' stayin' that way fur nigh on to fifteen years."

"Gracious!" Polly Griscom exclaimed, loudly.

But Priscilly Haynes did not exclaim. She looked down at her sewing over the white front which she had set in her black alpaca dress. "I dun'no' but what I'd 'bout as lief hev what that poor girl had as what I've got." She did not say that she would rather have had a cataleptic fit. In spite of all her suffering, with it she had a certain jealous fondness for her own disease.

"The sufferin' in the world!" went on Martha Green. "Now, there was ma.

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She ailed all her life an' took three hull days o' dyin' at the age o' ninety. I don't b'lieve anybody ever suffered so much as poor ma."

Mehitabel Parker's old pale face grew fond. "My William was awful sick afore he died," she said, emulously.

Polly Griscom sniffed. She was accustomed to sniff at any mention of husbands. Of all the company, she and Mary Barnes alone had never married. Polly, because she had had a mind of her own, and Mary Barnes because she had not had one.

"Talk 'bout sufferin'," Angie Dodge broke in, proudly, "I jest wisht ye could hev seen my cousin Rebeccy."

"Tchk!" came scornfully from between Polly Griscom's lips.

"What did the poor thing hev?" Martha Green dropped her work in her lap, her widely opened eyes ready for any vision.

Angie Dodge smoothed her apron. "What didn't she hev? When she come to die she says to me, 'Angie, I wouldn't want a *dog* to suffer the way I've suffered.'"

"It must hev been a turrible sickness?" Martha Green's eyes darkened. She put her remark in the form of an eager question.

"'Twas," said Angie Dodge. "'Twas a kind o' creepin' paralysis, an' it begun in her legs an' it jest crep' up an' crep' up till bime-by it crep' up to her heart. She jest had to set in a chair for years a-watchin' herself dyin' by piecemeal."

"Turrible!" said Martha Green.

Priscilly Haynes sighed. "I kin understand how she felt."

"Talk about your cousin Rebeccys"—old Polly Griscom's frowning face was contemptuous—"if I'd tell ye 'bout my little brother Sam'l I guess ye'd hear somethin' awful."

"I've heerd 'bout him," Angie Dodge observed, promptly.

Martha Green's eyes filled with tears. "The idee o' a child a-sufferin'! Did he jest suffer an' *suffer?*"

Over the pink crochet shawl Polly Griscom held up her wrinkled hands in horror. "Land sakes!" she said, in an awful voice.

"Oh, what did the poor little creetur hev?"

"I know how he felt," Priscilly Haynes anticipated in a sombre woe.

"He had—" old Polly Griscom began, in a slow entertainment, when Angie Dodge interrupted her by getting up out of her straight-back chair.

"If ye'll 'xcuse me," she said, bitingly, "I'll go an' tend to supper." She went limping out of the room on her swollen feet. Everybody knew that she was very tired, but everybody realized that she would prefer to put the supper on the table herself, if she died in the act.

"We'll try an' 'xcuse ye," Polly Griscom snapped, before she was wholly out of the door.

"Ye're real kind," Angie retorted, grimly, from the hall.

When she was gone Polly Griscom's tale was left unfinished. She was so insulted by the interruption that she would not tell the others what her little brother Samuel had died of, even though Martha Green urged her insinuatingly.

"He was younger 'n you, wa'n't he, when he died?"

"An' afore he died." She scowled around her and shut her lips stubbornly.

Martha Green wiped her eyes. "Well, he must hev suffered awful." She put her handkerchief into her pocket and rocked pleasurably back and forth. Her seam was nearly done. The wind from Angie's garden came sweetly into the room, as perhaps once a wind from a garden had blown over little Samuel breathing his last. She heard the twitter of robins on the ground, and about her the convivial rockers of her friends. She felt very happy.

"My!" she said, "ain't we a-hevin' the nicest time! I jest love a tea-party."

The faces of all the company—Polly Griscom's face, had she not been so upset, even in Angie Dodge's parlor would have showed delight—glowed with a similar love. Mehitabel Parker was very much brightened. It did her so much good, now that her William was gone, to get away from home and be among the cheer of friends. Priscilly Haynes was having a perfectly lovely time. Sick as she was, she was fond of gayety. Mary Barnes was growing more wealthy every minute, smiling and lifting her gloved hands in an elegant way.

The smell of Angie's pantry shelves,

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which had spurred Billy Babcock to a Christian endeavor, began to penetrate the parlor. Martha Green rocked more gayly. She remembered that she had not yet showed Polly Griscom her clipping. She handed it to her now out of her bag.

"Ain't that turrible?" she said. "Twenty-three people a-gettin' all mangled up?"

But her brother's tender pain was still sticking in Polly Griscom's old throat. She read the clipping coolly. "Oh, I dun'no'; I've heerd o' worse things."

A few moments later, a yet more tantalizing smell coming to her from the dining-room, she became a shade more affable and consented once more to join the conversation.

"How d' your new teeth do?" she asked of Martha Green, with courtesy. Martha Green had been seen in the late winter's cold going at divers times to the dentist's, and returning home with her face wrapped up obscurely in a green cotton veil.

"Why, they do real well, thank ye," Martha answered, "if I take 'em out off an' on."

"They don't look so bad," Priscilly Haynes said, regarding Martha attentively.

"Though, o' course," comforted Polly Griscom, "they don't look nothin' like your own."

"No," Martha admitted; "but, la! it's somethin' to be able to eat with 'em."

"Talkin' 'bout teeth," Mehitabel Parker put in, "d'ye know, I do b'lieve I'm a-goin' plumb blind in one eye?"

Her friends looked at her in surprise. "Ye don't say!" they exclaimed, almost in one breath.

"Yes," she said. "If I shet my left eye"—she closed it by way of illustration—"I can't see nothin' out o' my right. The hull room is jest a blur."

"You poor creetur!" Martha Green cried.

"Don't shet your left eye," Polly Griscom suggested, briskly.

Priscilly Haynes sighed. She opened and shut her green bag to get some more thread. "I know how ye feel," she said.

Polly Griscom grunted. "Why, your trouble an' an eye ain't nothin' alike!"

"But they air both turrible," Martha Green said, simply.

Up to this time Polly Griscom had said nothing about her own feelings. She alluded to them now. "As fur as *I'm* concerned," she said, in her loud, old voice, "I'm a-hevin' a dreadful time with my liver. I dun'no' what's the matter with the critter."

"Livers air awful!" cried Martha Green.

Old Mary Barnes moved her black gloved hands. She did not mention in the polite society about her the trouble with which she had always suffered in her head. "I'm a-goin' visitin' next week," she said, suddenly and foolishly. "My trunk's all packed to go." It was one of the signs of her not being very bright, to be always looking forward to some pleasant event.

Angie Dodge pushed open the door leading into the dining-room. She was flushed and exhausted. "Now, if ye'll each of ye bring a straight cheer 'long, ye'll find supper on the table."

The work went back into the bags with a surprising rapidity. The old ladies hurried eagerly out into the dining-room, each carrying a straight-back chair. The table presented a most elegant appearance. Polly Griscom herself could find nothing to criticise in anything until she sat down. Then she found something. "I'm a-settin' right agin' a table-leg," she grumbled.

A clatter of knives and forks began immediately, for the guests, at Angie's request from the head of the table, filled their own plates from the dishes before them. "Bein' as ye're all good reachers," she said, "jest help yourselves to the vittles an' try an' make out a meal." She had arranged the table so that this was possible. All of the food which she had worked so hard to prepare was placed upon the table together. Her four different kinds of cake, her three sorts of pie, her two platefuls of damson-plum tarts, and her floating-island custard formed a line along the centre of the cloth, the bluebells blossoming out above the eight-layer sponge. From this line radiated gloriously in every direction her great platters of chicken, and of cold ham decorated with sprigs of parsley, her hot vegetables with the tablespoons already thrust into them, her cinnamon rolls, her purple eggs, her coffee jelly, her pickles, her preserves, her canned

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fruit. She herself alone distributed the cups of tea from the big red pot before her, which, although the weather was warm, was covered, when not in use, with a flannel cozy made in the form of a rooster. She did not indicate to the guests what they should take first on their plates. A guest was supposed to have enough acumen to know what to take first. Nor did she give out other plates for any of the succeeding and varying food. If an old lady, provided with a large empty plate to start with, could not sufficiently wipe out from it as she went along what she took upon it and make room for something else, she would not have been the kind of person to be invited out to tea.

It was really a very pleasant occasion. Everybody was very polite, and not only reached out for Angie Dodge's victuals herself, but passed them helpfully along the table. There was a fine showing of company manners.

"Hev some chicken?" Priscilly Haynes asked Mehitabel Parker, holding the plate out to her.

"Well," said Mehitabel, selecting a thigh and a breast-bone after a careful prodding about with her fork, "I don't keer if I do take a leetle."

As the chicken-platter journeyed from hand to hand about the table, it was not discovered, in the distractions of the moment, that one of Angie's fowls had apparently gone through life in a singular state of depletion.

Mehitabel Parker passed the purple eggs to Priscilly in return. They were colored with beet juice to give them an aristocratic shade. "Hev an egg?" she said.

"I dun'no' as I ought to," Priscilly answered, taking a couple. "I've got sech a plateful o' stuff a'ready."

Polly Griscom accepted a cinnamon roll, although, as she said, she did not really care for one in the least. A raised roll always went straight to her liver. Martha Green took a little of everything sympathetically. She did her utmost to prevent old Mary Barnes from making a supper solely of parsley. "Ye don't want to *eat* the pusley"—she nudged her under the table—"it's jest stuck round the ham for looks." But she was mistaken in her remark. Old Mary Barnes wanted to eat it. With the roses of her bonnet nodding above her smiling face, she took up the green sprigs in her gloved hands and went on eating them very heartily. Evidently she had made up her mind that the rich were devoted to greens.

Angie Dodge could eat nothing. She was, she explained, too tuckered out to touch a mouthful. She sat wearily behind her teapot, listening to the praises of her cooking: "My, but this chicken's elegant!" "Sech be-autiful rolls!" "Jest a drop more tea — it's turrible nice." "Ye must lemme hev the receipt o' your strawberry jam." "As fur this choc'late cake—" She even heard Polly Griscom crying out, unwillingly, "Please gimme another piece o' pie!" She did not, in response to the praise, speak her mind as plainly as was her wont. She knew as well as anybody that none of her dishes could be beaten, but she shook her head and answered with conventional modesty: "Kin ye eat it?" or, "They ain't nigh so nice as us'al"; or, "I ain't much of a cook."

She kept urging everybody to take something more. "I'm afeerd," she said, falsely, "ye can't make out a meal." Her insistence did not appear to be strictly necessary. It was only right at a tea-party to eat as much as one possibly could. As the last cake was passed around and tasted and the napkins folded, the food was markedly diminished and Priscilly Haynes was well-nigh speechless.

It being etiquette at a tea to help with the dishes, the guests, on rising from their chairs, helped Angie clear off the table, and then, with tea-towels in their hands, wiped at the rinsing-bowl while Angie washed at the dishpan. As the ladies carried the clean dishes back into the dining-room from the kitchen, it was pleasant for them to look about in Angie's cupboard. "Here's her tureen!" said Martha Green. "An' here's her old cracked sugar bowl!" said Mehitabel Parker. Polly Griscom stooped down and applied her handkerchief to the cupboard floor. "She ain't much of a housekeeper," she said, seeing lint on it.

There were a great many dishes. By the time they were finished and Billy Babcock's leaves were taken out of the table helpfully and put again into the little dark closet under the stairs, and the crumbs were swept up from the carpet, it

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was nearly time for the guests to go home. To Angie Dodge it seemed quite time.

But they lingered in the parlor, reluctant to leave, the more especially as Mehitabel Parker brought out a lovely morsel of news. The old heads drew close together to hear that Benjamin Larkins, who lived below Mehitabel, was treating his wife worse and worse. Polly Griscom, condemning Mr. Larkins's conduct more strongly than any one else in her contempt for mankind, yet thought that Mrs. Larkins was somewhat to be blamed for not managing him better. She had always been quite sure that she would know how to get along with a man.

"Why don't she hit him over the head with a stick o' wood?" she demanded, fiercely, of the parlor; "or put him head foremost in a bar'l o' water, or pour somethin' hot on him?"

"Mis' Larkins' sech a sickly leetle thing," Mehitabel Parker said. "He ought to treat her better 'thout bein' made to. They do say, as a rule, a woman's bein' kind o' pindlin' brings out the good in a man."

"Huh!" ejaculated Polly Griscom, scornfully. "I guess to git out *all* the good there is in a man 'd be like pullin' teeth—even fur a bedrid invalid."

Mehitabel Parker sighed. "Men air made out o' diff'rent kind o' clay from us, sure." It was the first time that she had ever been heard to admit that she had found any flaw in her William.

"Made out o' mud, I guess," Polly snapped.

Angie Dodge went over to her centre-table and lit the lamp, notwithstanding that it was merely early dusk out-of-doors. "It's gittin' late, ain't it?" she observed, casually.

"We *must* be a-goin'." Martha Green made a reluctant movement to get out of her chair.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry," Angie said.

Martha Green sank back again. "Well, mebbe we *kin* stay a little longer."

But Angie Dodge was not going to have that. "O' course, if ye must go—"

Bonnets were put on up above in the spare room. Polly Griscom tied her strings tightly under her chin, leaning over the bed as she did so. "I must say," she said, loudly, "I don't think much o' *that* quilt. It's a dreadful poor piece o' work."

Martha Green was buried in the splasher behind the washstand, taking off the pattern of its lace edge in her mind. She heard Polly absent-mindedly.

"Ain't it turrible?" she said.

Priscilly Haynes, with her bonnet on, knelt with some difficulty on the matting and ran her forefinger over it. "I thought she'd turned it," she declared, triumphantly.

Mehitabel Parker, having adjusted her ties, disappeared. She was found in the next room, coming out of Angie's wardrobe without shame. "I was jest a-lookin' at that dress o' hers she's been makin' over," she explained.

Angie Dodge, standing lamely in the front hall, shook hands with her guests in farewell with the first aspect of enjoyment she had displayed during the afternoon.

Going away down the front walk the old ladies held up their skirts about them to keep them from the dew. There was a shameless showing of starched petticoats and wide shoes between the gilliflowers. They went two and two, only Mary Barnes mincing richly along alone. She was smiling very happily. "Ye've got egg on your necktie," Priscilly Haynes had said to her at the front door. But even with egg on her best necktie she had smiled on. Martha Green and Polly Griscom were walking first together. Martha's mind, in her tea-party joy, went back to little Samuel.

"Ye didn't finish a-tellin' me about your little brother Sam'el," she urged—"how he suffered a-dyin'."

Polly Griscom was now in a nice mood. She bent toward Martha. "It was *awful*. He had somethin' the matter with his spine—" she began, hilariously. Their feet moved more and more slowly. Mary Barnes passed them, and then Priscilly Haynes and Mehitabel Parker with their arms twined about each other.

"I never come out o' that front door o' Angie's," Priscilly Haynes was saying, gayly, as she passed, "'thout thinkin' to myself it's twict too narrer to git a coffin through it."

From the window Angie Dodge watched the figures until they had moved away in the twilight. Then she went over and turned out the parlor lamp. Thankfully, at the same time, she turned out the tea-party.



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# Insect Ishmaelites

*BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.*

IF one were to speak of hornets as the Ishmaelites of the insect world, it would be but half a truth. That every man's hand is against them is most true. But this hostility is not returned by the insects. Their sharp sting, indeed, enables them to defend their home when assailed, and their keen and valiant temper conforms thereto. But if any creature in animated nature has good reason to exercise such gifts against mankind, it is the white-face hornet—*Vespa maculata*. To bombard her nest with sticks and stones, and to destroy utterly its beautiful structure, is a tendency that may not be irresistible, but which the average male does not try to resist. Yet the balance of their benefit to the human race is probably much in excess of their injury. However this may be, there is no denying that they are most interesting creatures in their manners, especially in their nest architecture. Even those who withhold assent to a friendly enthusiast's championship of the hornet itself, must, perforce, exclaim, "Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave!" Thus an opportunity to study its natural history under favorable conditions was heartily welcomed.

On June 8, 1906, a small wasp-paper nest was seen hanging underneath a shutter of one of the writer's study windows at Brookcamp. It was an ovoid object somewhat larger than a hen's egg, with a tube about four inches long pendent from the lower end. Years before, a specimen like this had been seen upon a museum shelf, and had been figured in one of the author's books* as an interesting example of insect architecture made by an unknown species of wasp. But he had never found it in nature, and it was a pleasant surprise to see one placed where it could be observed most easily. The good genius that led the builder to settle outside a naturalist's window had plainly destined it for entomological immortality.

* *Tenants of an Old Farm*, p. 445.

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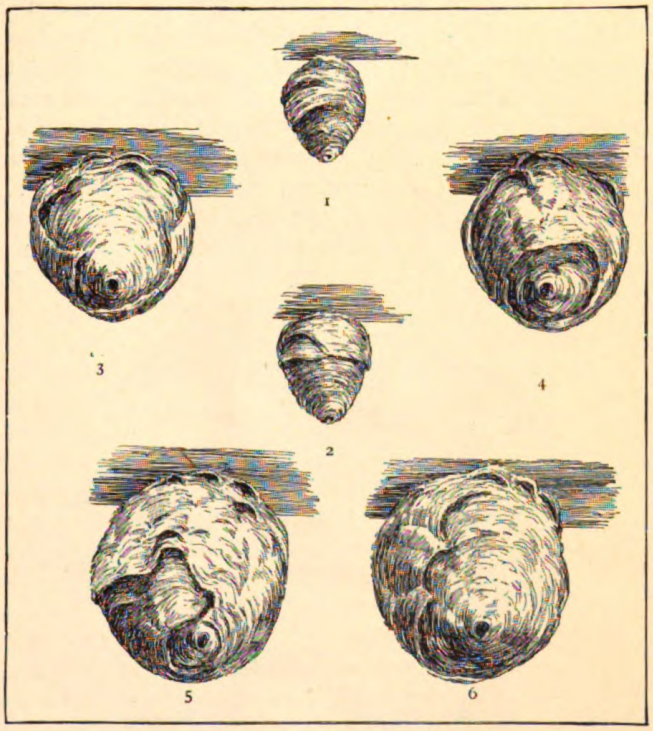
Several days passed ere any sign of life appeared about the premises. At last a single insect was seen (June 13) moving back and forth over the outer walls. But it was a white-face hornet! Its robust body readily distinguished it from a wasp, which, like Cassius, "has a lean and hungry look." But what could a hornet be doing there? It seemed to the writer an incredible thing, yet so it turned out to be; this was the first stage of the nest—the spring nest of our common hornet!

The solitary insect seen upon the outer wall was doubtless the mother of the colony. Queen she is called; whether a title of mere courtesy, or a survival of ancient ignorance of insect habits, matters little now, for the word is so thoroughly inwoven with the history of the Hymenoptera, the order to which ants, bees, and wasps belong, that it must hold its place. And is she not a true queen? She was the founder of a house, a community, a republic, over which for a while she ruled, and for which she wrought as sole architect, nurse, and purveyor-general, until she had reared around her a progeny strong enough to carry on all the varied duties of a commune of social insects. If that be not fair title to queenship, it were hard to find one. And it argues nothing to the contrary thereof that in due time she abdicated her headship in favor of a communal government. For is not that the natural order of progressive development among all social creatures—from an autocracy to a republic?

During the whole summer no further light fell from direct observation upon the habits of the hornet queen. On June 13 a large insect was seen to creep down the nest and enter the tube, and shortly thereafter a smaller insect flew out. It was plain that the first eggs had already matured, and erelong the place was thronging with eager life. But thereafter the mother foundress disappeared within the environing walls of the growing commune; or if she ever emerged, the act was not detected. One can only read, or seek to read, her history by the analogy of life in formicary or beehive.

On June 21, two weeks after the nest was first seen, the tube was gone. It was found in a bed of geraniums beneath the window. Was it beaten down by a heavy shower that fell during the night, or had it served its purpose and been cut away by the insects? And what is its purpose? One naturally thinks, first, that nature has prompted this remarkable appendage as a protection to the young during the initial period of founding the colony. The long, tubular approach would doubtless be more readily protected by a garrison of one from raiding foes under certain conditions, and perhaps might safeguard it from unfavorable weather, in the manner of a closed porch. But, on the whole, it is hard to see just what good end it serves.




RELATIVE DAILY GROWTH OF HORNET'S NEST
Nos. 1 and 2, nest June 21, morning and evening
Nos. 3 and 4, same nest June 28
Nos 5 and 6, same nest July 4

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Perhaps it may be the survival of some ancestral habit whose practical advantage has long since ceased. Some light might be thrown upon the interesting question if one could know whether it is the invariable custom of the mother hornet to attach this tube to her nest, or if it is done only occasionally. At least, no such vestibule was made thereafter by the working force, and the typical hornet's nest shows not even a rudimentary form thereof.

Immediately after the loss of the tube the real work of enlarging the nest began, and thenceforward was prosecuted steadily until the close of September. For several weeks in succession drawings were made at morning, noon, and evening, thus tracing the process by figures. The growth of the walls was by arches about an inch in diameter, beginning at the crest of the nest and working in successive loops, carried around the cone in somewhat irregular but generally progressive lines to the apical opening or gate, whose position never changed.

Thus, the first arches, after the tube had fallen, were extended downward, until, at 6 P.M., the collar was about half-way down the cone, and two new arches had been begun near the top. The hornets wrought until 7.30 P.M., by which time the outer envelope or wall was completed. At five o'clock next morning the builders were at work, and by 8 A.M. one-third of a new envelope was made. As a rule, at this stage a new envelope would be finished in a day, although two and even three would be pushed on at the same time. A glance at the illustrations will show this at once (see figures for June 21 and 28 and July 4). By July 4 the nest had grown at least four times the length and thickness first seen on June 8.

HORNET'S NEST ON YOUNG TREE
Ventilating squad around the Gate. Mode of laying on wood-pulp in building

The mode of enlarging the arches was always the same. The workers came from the nest—never directly from the field—to their task. If the material was worked over at all, it was done inside; for the foragers and pulp-gatherers always first entered the gate, halting a moment on the edge. When the builders came out they bore in their jaws a black pulpy mass about the bigness of their own heads. Proceeding to one of the arches, a hornet would stride across its edge, three legs on either side, and would begin to lay on a thin layer of pulp one-sixteenth of an inch wide, which adhered at once, like mortar. Then moving backward, the antennæ the while keeping up a rhythmic beating as though marking time, it continued to squeeze out the pulp in a diminishing hand until all was exhausted. Sometimes it would retrace

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its course, as though smoothing off or compressing its deposit. The work was all done with the mandibles, and reminded one of an artist modelling in clay, squeezing bits with his hands upon his study. The increment made at one time was from three-fourths of an inch to an inch in length, and one-sixteenth of an inch at the widest part. It was black when put on, but soon dried into a dull gray.

It was surprising how rapidly the work advanced under this seemingly slow process, considering how small the squad of workers engaged upon the outside, for the greatest number seen at any one time did not exceed eight. Moreover, this was but a part of the constructive work of the colony. A view of the interior showed the characteristic oval platforms, seven and a half, five, and four inches in diameter, respectively, rising one above the other around a central pedicle. Against the under surfaces of these were built many brooding-cells, at least two hundred—averaging an inch in length and one-fourth inch in width. A vast amount of labor must have been spent upon these cells, in the aggregate probably exceeding that put upon the enclosing walls. Besides, if human standards may be brought to such mensuration, the more complex character of the work and the conditions under which it was wrought must have called for superior ingenuity and energy. The wonder increases and admiration for the insects grows as one sits in his study with the finished nest in hand and examines its structure in detail. The reputation of "the busy bee" is quite established among us for both industry and skill, but man has yet to learn that in this field the hornet is a fair rival to the bee.

Of course, the writer knew that wasps are the original paper-makers, and long since pointed the way to the use of wood-pulp for that paper-making which has so immensely increased in later years and is threatening much of the literature of this era with early extinction. But from what particular objects was the pulp gathered? The flight of workers pointed toward an old chestnut-tree on the premises, a number of whose limbs, long dead, had been left unpruned because a favorite resort for birds. It was just the place for wasps, hornets, and yellow-jackets—better than an old-fashioned split-rail fence! But not a pulp-gatherer of any genus could be found on the old chestnut, though it was searched thoroughly; and again and again, on the theory that it must be a

INTERIOR OF NEST, SHOWING BROODING-CELLS

foraging-ground for such wise insects, since it was so suitable!

Now came a rare surprise. A few feet beyond the old tree stood a chestnut telephone-pole. While passing it one day a hornet was seen to alight upon it. Eureka!—the mystery was solved. For straightway the insect began scraping off the surface with its jaws. Settling well upon the post, it fastened its open mandibles into it, drew them together, thus removing a particle of fibre, and backed down a little way. This act was repeated until it had covered a space about three-fourths of an inch long, and one-sixteenth wide, just the stretch of the hornet's jaws. Meanwhile a tiny pellet of wood-dust had been gathered and rolled and pushed beneath the mouth; whereupon Vespa flew away. In fact, her method of gathering building material was just the reverse of that used when giving it out in construction.

Now the post was carefully inspected, and it was found to be mottled on all

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sides and to the top, about eighteen feet, with streaks like that which the hornet had just left, the fresh marks upon the abraded wood showing distinctly against the weathered surface. The streaks were not all of equal length; for, as it afterwards appeared, the pulp-gatherers seemed somewhat fastidious in their selections, and would shift their position several times. Sometimes, also, the scar already made would be continued by the same or another worker; and often it would be overlaid. But, as a rule, the space which measured the amount of fibre removed at one visit to the pole corresponded with the amount of pulp laid on at one time by the builders on the nest; and that in both cases was determined apparently by the carrying capacity of the jaws. The visits varied in length. Thus, of three noted, one was four minutes, with seven shifts; one, two minutes; and one, three minutes nine seconds.

HORNETS GATHERING WOOD-PULP
The white streaks show sections stripped of wood-fibre

Wishing to get some idea of the number of visits made by the insect pulp-gatherers, I counted carefully the scars within several square inches of surface, and therefrom estimated the number within a square inch around the entire girth of the pole. Thence I roughly calculated that at least 40,000 visits had been made for wood-fibre. Some of these were made by yellow-jackets and brown wasps, but most of them by hornets from the study nest, as could be determined by the direction of the insects' flight. One must also consider that in many cases the scraped surface had been gone over more than once, so that the estimate is probably below rather than above that mentioned. There were several similar poles in the vicinity, all more or less thus marked, the one nearest to the above quite as freely. Even from this inadequate estimate one can see the enormous industry of our colony.

This work was kept up throughout the long day during summer. One example from the note-book will show this. July 17, during a watch of fifteen minutes, 39 hornets flew out, 33 flew in, and 6 came out to work on the walls. Of these, during the last five minutes, 20 came in, 15 flew out, and 3 went to the walls. They began work at 4.45 A.M., and at 7 P.M., while still light, a few were leaving, but many returning to the nest. By dark, a little after 8 P.M., all was quiet; and the lantern showed no insects leaving or returning at 8.30 P.M.

Even during the summer rains the outflow and inflow of workers did not cease. In a five-minutes watch during one downpour, accompanied by heavy thunder, 7 flew out and 14 came in. In the next five minutes, 8 flew out and

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7 flew in. One worker beat about a while in the rain and then returned. During another severe rain-storm a ten-minutes watch showed that 27 came in and 20 went out. The rain gradually sank into a gentle drizzle, and the outgoers and incomers kept on in about equal proportion.

The pulp-gatherers and the workers on the outer walls labored in the bright sunshine. The inside workers operated in darkness. A single layer of the paper is dimly translucent when held against the light; but the several folds hinder the passage of all rays. Save the scant light admitted through the gate, not a ray perceptible to human eyes can enter the interior. All the complex and extended work of building up the tiers of larval cells and feeding the youngsters is done by the sense of touch alone; unless, indeed, the hornet's eye permits service in what we call absolute darkness. But it can be adjusted instantly to such conditions out of intense sunlight, and the reverse. This highly sensitive and elastic organism is not the least wonderful of this insect's endowments, and is shared by many of its fellow hymenopters.

As the summer advanced, workers were occasionally seen sitting on the outside violently vibrating their wings. What could the creatures be doing? Fanning themselves? exercising? Could this be a sort of play? It is remarkable the stupidity of even a trained observer in judging the acts of lower orders! Though the writer knew of like habits in bees, it was several days before he concluded this "fanning" to be a systematic mode of ventilating the nest interior. As many as six or eight workers at a time would seat themselves around the gate—always there — and set their wings in such violent motion that they could be but dimly seen. A drumming sound issued, not wholly unlike yet different from the ordinary buzzing of insect wings. The rapid movement of the air thus caused created a current that doubtless set the hot air inside in motion toward the gate and so served for ventilation. Thus our hornets might be said not only to have anticipated man in making paper from wood-pulp, but in the conception of such ventilating methods as electric fans and like machinery.

At times the gate would be wholly surrounded by this group of ventilators, their bodies even partly extended over it. At such times they were in the way of their alighting and departing fellows, who would jostle against them often rather sharply. It was interesting to note that not a single case of irritation on either side was developed by this contact. The ventilators would pause a second, then continue their fanning. The workers would stride over them or dodge among them and fly away or push inside with unruffled temper. In the interests of the community the irritability with which hornets are credited was held in abeyance, if indeed it exists.

The time spent in action by members of the ventilating squad varied, rarely exceeding three minutes. A number were timed as follows: 2′ 45″; 1′ 15″; 1′; 1′ 3″; 2′ 18″; 2′ 18″; 2′ 7″. The most vigorous fanning occurred on hot days and in the hottest parts of the day. Thus on August 7 at 11 A.M. the tem-

HORNETS FEEDING FROM COCCIDS ON A TULIP-TREE

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A TRAGEDY AMONG THE GRAPES

perature in the shade was 84°; at 11.30 A.M., 87°. Placed beside the nest the thermometer rose to 100°. From 1 P.M. to 5 P.M., a ventilating squad constantly surrounded the gate, upon which the sun beat without obstruction. Evidently the queen mother was here at fault in not following the instinct that commonly places hornets' nests in a tree or other shaded site. The interior must have been intensely hot. When the nest had been removed it proved to be so filled up with the brooding platforms and cells that one wondered how the insects could work in such contracted quarters, to say nothing of the heat.

So much of the life-force of all creatures is spent in the quest for food, and their characteristics are so well covered therein, that the hornets' feeding habits were a matter of careful research. Despite their reputation as persistent fly-catchers, our kitchen precincts yielded but scant proof of activity in a quarter where it would have been most welcome. Perhaps more delectable feeding-grounds allured them; but certes the flies were not much the worse nor the cook much the better for their raids. The sweets of flowers they were partial to, and many of them were seen among the bevies of wild bees, wasps, beetles, bumblebees, and flies hovering over the massy conical blooms of a great bed of flowering hydrangeas on the lawn. They resorted, with hosts of ants and other insects, to a young tulip-poplar, whose leaves were black with a sort of mould or fungus that evidently exuded a sweet sap. The branches also were covered thickly with semi-ovoid scales or coccids, which various insects visited in great numbers, a few hornets among them. Later in the summer, when the grapes were ripening, and the skins breaking open with redundant juice, the hornets came to the vines in numbers and eagerly lapped the tempting liquor.

Here, one late August day, was wrought a tragedy that seems pitiful, even though common enough in nature to blunt the edge of one's sympathy. In the heart of a flowering shrub, close by the garden fence, on which the grape-vines hung, a fine silvery spider (*Argiope argyraspis*) had spread her orbweb. A cluster of grapes had straggled near by, from one of whose cracked cups a hornet was so intent upon quaffing the juice of the luscious berry that it struck the viscid snare, and fell a victim to the lurking aranead. In a moment it was swathed

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like a mummy and the fruit of the vine was being transferred through the hornet's juices into Argiope's maw. A little while thereafter the spider had disappeared—snatched away, probably, by a raiding wasp; and an ungainly daddy-longlegs, with one foot entangled in a fragment of the broken web, was philosophically feeding upon the hornet's remains. At the next visit daddy, too, was gone, perhaps had twisted itself loose; or, had it too found sepulchre in some insect-eating creature?

Hornets enjoy honey, but not with the ravenous appetite of bees and ants. I put a bit of comb upon the top of the nest, and an hour and twenty-three minutes elapsed before a worker found it and fed. Having sipped a little, she buzzed about a while, alighted on the house wall, and presently entered the nest. There followed no signs that she had told the good news inside; but erelong three workers took enough interest in their breakfasts to lap a morsel of honey. A sharp puff of wind carried away the comb, which stirred the insects' anger, but they did not follow the honey to the ground.

Three small dishes were now supplied with honey and placed upon the window-sill. It was thirty-six hours ere they were visited. Then a hornet found a plate and was marked with blue paint. Two other visitors were marked, one with a single, the other with a double stripe of yellow. These were used to test whether, by stridulation, or otherwise, the news of the honey-find would be communicated to their fellows. Though they came and went frequently, at intervals of several minutes, they never brought a companion. They probably carried the sweets to younglings, a duty one would think well fitted to make even a hornet communicative. But they all must have been wholly reticent, for, save the three marked individuals, not an insect came from the nest to feed from the dishes.

From time to time the vessels were shifted to note the effect upon the visitors. They were always a little confused, occasionally a good deal thrown out, but soon found the honey. A yellow-jacket, that was a frequent visitor—which I judged to be the same, for its rare agility dodged the marker's brush—seemed in this exercise to have a quicker intellect than the hornet's. However, such tests of insect minds are not only hard to make, but even more difficult to justly value aright.

Is a hornet's nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant-hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects, and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention, at least, to defend their home. It was always so; a squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sally forth upon alarm. Even at night, a few kept near by, and, although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.



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# My Vestal

*BY CHARLES MORRIS*

AMID the bloom of lily and rose—
A fairer red, a purer white—
She wanders through the garden close
By glowing day, by mellow night,
The queen of realms that richer be
Than any Eastern satrapy.

Her eyes are inward turned; she sees
More marvels than her garden holds;
A deeper meaning in the trees,
New glory in the marigolds;
With reverent head and heart, she bends
Above the flowers, her dearest friends.

Slender and lithe and brown of hair,
With that sereneness in her eyes
Which those alone can ever wear
Who have looked through the world's disguise.
And seen beneath life's deep distress
Its inner soul of blessedness.

I dare not lift my eyes to hers,
So pure of thought, so innocent;
She smileth on her worshippers
Yet knoweth nought of their intent,—
So fine and far her clear soul lies
Above the range of longing eyes.

Whether the winds blow warm or chill
Her lips their sweet contentment hold,
And every day her white hands fill
Some cup with charity's pure gold:
Soft pity still her heart doth move—
She knoweth not the name of love.

So kind and cold!—warm hearts that beat
For kisses and the clinging touch
Of tender hands, the soft deceit
That painteth beauty overmuch,
Are void to her; no seer can hope
To cast for her love's horoscope.

Yet men must love her while they live,
And, dying, for her sweet face yearn;
Still craving more than they can give,
Still yielding love without return;
But bale seems bliss to him who lies
Within the glamour of her eyes.

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# The Immortality of Gad Heffner

*BY GEORG SCHOCK*

THE flowered shawl kept flapping back with its wearer's exertions; the purple skirt, so scant that it did not permit a full step, made her progress a flutter. She moved over the roses in the carpet like a long-bodied, small-winged moth—a moth of bright colors but melancholy temperament, astray in polar regions. Her face would have been hard to date, but her bare neck and arms were ten years old, and thin, and at present blue, for the parlor was full of stagnant, hopeless cold.

The five deep windows, which in those distant days made the window tax so high, looked into flickering whiteness: the eye carried only a few feet through that weather. Back and forth went the flakes, collided and blew into columnar shapes, which whirled about like pale spirits dancing madly over a desolate place. The storm enwrapped the room, filled it with gray light, made of it a little world alone among the clouds. The pelting on the panes was as loud as the girl's quiet breath and footsteps.

She was only dusting, but she did it with grave pleasure, as though preparing for a rite. Every inch of haircloth was wiped, every carved pattern explored. Sighing with anxiety, she spread a fine cloth over the table and placed on it a bowl. The bowl, which was copper-glaze, with medallions representing strange landscapes, gentlemen and ladies languishing in the midst of them—a dignified utensil—was half full of water.

The tinkle of sleigh-bells penetrated the muffling snow. Heavy, cheerful steps came along the hall, a man entered, and the room was instantly full. His thick body, from which all the flakes had not been shaken, shouldered the air aside; his black fur cap was glittering, and his large black eyes shone under it; his face was dark red and happy.

He spoke in the dialect of the pioneers, still near to the mother tongue—broad Palatinate dashed with French, liquids strangely mixed with gutturals.

"Why is there no fire?"

"The mother said not, until you came. She did not know when you could get here, since it snows so hard."

"That is not right. The fire ought to have been started long ago. This room is too cold to bring the boy in."

"She did not know if you could fetch the parson or not."

"Yes, I fetched him. I could hardly get the horses through sometimes, and we could see no more than the length of the sleigh ahead, the snow is so thick; but I fetched him. It is a good thing, too. One cannot say when it will be weather to take the boy out to church." He spoke with the satisfaction that finds an audience anywhere, even by talking to itself. "Well, now when the fire is made and the room is warm, all will be ready. Bring me some wood in." He went and looked down at the white cloth and the bowl. "Yes, it is all ready," he repeated.

An hour later the purr of the fire made harmonies with the wind blowing through the snow, and its yellow light darkened the pearl-gray day. This strange light gave a sombre look to the occupants of the room. There were four who were in evidence. The girl was by the door, and moved nothing but her eyes. A woman, very like her in features, sat as though her armchair were green earth and she had flung her body there. Her parted hair was smooth and lifeless; her neck was full of cords. Under the thin flesh the bones of her forehead and jaw appeared like the sides of a box in which a spirit was detained—a spirit weak from some long ordeal, which, however, would look out fiercely now and then. She kept her eyes on her husband and the minister, who stood talking in the middle of the room.

The younger man was now without his

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cap and muffler, and his face could be seen, framed in blue-black hair and beard. His shaven upper lip was tight over his teeth, his eyes were direct, not to be diverted by the feelings of the one beheld. His bearing would have suited the king of a nomadic and warlike tribe.

"I have hunted in the Bible and in the dictionary, and I can find no luckier name," he was saying loudly. "Can you think of one, Parson?"

"What do you mean by that—a lucky name?"

"A name that has a good meaning and no bad associations about it. No one would want to call his boy Judas or Cain; or Ichabod—that means, 'My glory is departed.'"

"Better call him Jacob: 'a supplanter.' I have read the dictionary too," the woman interrupted. She was grave, but her eyes turned from one to the other with the effect of mocking laughter.

"A supplanter, did you say, Rebecca?" He went straight on with his speech, not taking the trouble to state that he thought her suggestion meaningless. "So I call him Felix. That is, 'prosperous.'"

"Do you believe the name will do him good, then, Gad?" the minister said.

"I don't leave it at that. I want him to have all he can have, and all I can do for him I do; but a good name will surely hurt nothing. Now we are ready, Parson. Rebecca, get up and come over here."

"Yes; I got up before for this—out of my bed." She pulled herself to her feet, falling back once with a gasp of weakness. The minister helped her to the table.

"I do this because I am here, Gad," he said, severely, "but if I had known how Rebecca is, it would have waited."

"It cannot be too early, Parson. The boy is well and strong, but sometimes something happens so quick. I want it done. Here, Rebecca, take him."

"She can hold nothing."

"Well, it may be she would let him fall. I hold him, then."

He unwrapped the bundle in his arms as delicately as if he were peeling a fruit and feared to bruise it. The child's white dress appeared, a little, little head, and a pair of open eyes, cloudy blue, with an observant and haughty expression. This being was as yet scarcely in the world; he viewed it with detachment.

Gad held his son proudly. Rebecca clung to the table, and the girl stood leaning forward. The minister's bearing changed: his gray head had an ambassador's dignity; for the moment he stood before the human race with authority to recognize and bless its future. Wind and fire were the instruments that accompanied his fine tones; water served him for a symbol. *"Im Namen des Vaters, und des Sohnes, und des Heiligen Geistes,—Allmächtiger, ewiger Gott,—Entsagest du,—Glaubest du,—Ich taufe dich,—Friede sei mit dir.—Amen."*

The girl disappeared, and Rebecca sat down with a sharp expulsion of her breath.

The minister came from behind the table. "A nice, big boy," he said.

"Is he not a fine one? I must wrap him up again." Gad replaced the shawl carefully.

Rebecca did not attempt to take the child, and she spoke as before, with the effect of interruption. "Look at his hands, Parson."

The tiny thing's calm gaze implied that he declined the associates, the emotions, offered by the present world. The minister touched one of the pink hands.

"Strong for such a little one, and broad. Ach! Six fingers!"

"And all perfect, bones and all. That is not common," said Gad.

"Parson, tell him to let the doctor take off those extra fingers."

The minister looked from one to the other. "What is this now?"

"Doctor says they ought to come off, and now, while he is little. And Rebecca she wants it done. But I will not have it."

"Parson, how will his hands look when he is grown? How can he use them like other people? And it is such bad luck! I have always heard that."

Gad laughed. "It is luck enough that he is here. I will not have him changed. I will keep him as he is. There cannot be too much of him."

He was not to be moved from this, and was repeating it, still with exultant laughter, when the minister left the room. Then he sat beside his wife with the baby in his arms.

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"It is so unlucky," she feebly urged.

He pulled a bank-book from his pocket. "I would rather look to what I can do for him myself than to such foolish signs. I give him a good name, and something to start him well. That is better than to be afraid of you know not what. See here: *Felix Heffner* on the cover. This is his, and I opened it with one thousand dollars. There will be good interest till he is of age."

Rebecca looked pleased. "Agnes has none," she said.

"Oh, well,—she gets along. I believe he sleeps. I lay him on those cushions on the sofa. So."

He came back, and she received him with constraint. Though he was eternally by, she recognized that it was long since his spirit had been so present with her. He looked the tardy gratitude given to the messenger who brings a great gift. "And he is here at last!" he said. "It has been long."

"Eleven years."

"Yes. Long to wait for him."

He grew ardent. Her flesh did not shrink, but even he might have seen the withdrawal of the weary and contemptuous soul. "Just as usual you are, Gad," she said, in her thin voice.

"How is that?" he asked, indifferent to the answer, leaning over her.

"With your face straight ahead, seeing one way only. But I think if we should be like that, we should not have been made so that we could look around."

He paid no attention, but caressed her, saying, "In the day is no hour when I do not thank you."

"And already you forget what has gone by?"

"Forget what?"

Though his arms were around her, she spoke as though from a remote and icy place. "So now you forgive me because Agnes was a girl, and because the little one that died was a girl, and because the time was so long between the three?"

"Ach, Rebecca, think of that no more. I forgot all."

"Yes, you forget, Gad?" she drawled. "Ei! What is that on the baby?"

Even for the boy he moved reluctantly. "A spider," he said, and took it in his hand. The sprawling thing curled into a tight ball, its own little soul shaken by its own love of life, terror, and indignation. His fingers contracted on it.

"Stop!" she cried. "What for a spider is it?"

"Just such a common gray spider."

"Then let it go quick. Don't kill it!"

"Why not? It is no beauty, certainly."

She struggled up. "Gad, don't, for God's sake, kill a cross-spider. You know if it is good to have one come, with the cross on the back. And in the winter, too! Now indeed I feel hope for little Felix. If you kill it, you throw his luck away, you give him bad fortune."

"Ach!" he said, with disgust. The insect cracked and fell on the floor. Rebecca sat down again, watching him, as he returned to her, with her shining eyes.

"You forgot all," she taunted, softly. "That you were twice disappointed, and that you had eleven long years to wait. And you forgot more, too, Gad. How when Agnes was a girl it was long that I had no friendly look from you, and how you show no love for her to this day. You kept it all for the boy if he should come, and your money too, it seems. Also you forgot how, when the other little one died, you did not look to how I felt. You did not try to give me comfort. No. It was a girl also. And you know what for kindness I have had until Felix came. And now you kill the cross-spider!" She snatched her leanness from his arms, her voice rose to a shrill and windy cry. "Ach, get away from me with your kissing, Gad Heffner!"

Three women, wearing black dresses not their best, came out into the sunlight and went to search in different directions. All were old. All were used to usher reluctant beings into the world, and to do what the dead require. They scattered over the farm like crows, returned, and went in together, talking with low voices. Their presence showed calamity in Gad Heffner's house.

Its gray front and the little cedars on guard beside the door were serious; the fields, empty of workers, had an air proper to no day of the week. Along the road the cherry-trees rustled and talked softly, and the strong sun poured down. It covered the girl who came and stood at the gate, watching and lis-

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tening. That for which the whole place mourned was evidently her peculiar grief. She was erect, but it seemed that her patient face should display furrows left by her tears, they had so plainly been many, and her eyelids looked hot.

She had not waited long, when the sound of the leaves and the beat of hoofs mingled, like a melody with strong bass chords. The hoofs struck all together, the invisible horse threw himself forward, and they struck again; then he galloped into sight under the cherry boughs, head and tail up, enjoying his own moment. He was a tall bay, and his coat matched the hair of the rider, who held him with bare knees and yielded to his leaps indifferently. "Felix," she called, "come in;" but the boy dashed by. She waited, and he returned in a few minutes, this time at a trot. "Felix, do come right in," she begged. He checked the bay and looked at her while she could have counted twenty. He had strange eyes, pale blue with straight lower lids, which wavered no more than the eyes of the beings in some bass-relief of ancient stone. "Felix!" He made a sound to the horse, and it broke into a gallop again and was out of sight.

The front door opened forcibly, and Gad Heffner himself came down the walk. "Agnes, have you not found your brother?" he called.

"Yes; but I cannot get him to come in."

"Where is he?"

"Riding up and down the road. I think he will soon pass again."

Gad waited. He was now nearly fifty, and formidable. His face was weather-beaten to the color of claret; his stiff beard and hair were changed in streaks, strong black and strong white together. He looked as if his proper weapon were the hammer. "It is a funny thing that he runs away this morning, and you have not made him ready for his mother's funeral," he said.

The horse came trotting back, and Felix looked at his father, stopped, and slid to the ground without a change in his level eyes. "Take him in," Gad growled. "It seems there is no trouble getting him to come now. You must have been ugly to him."

Agnes was as quiet as a chidden hound: quietly she went through the whole wretched business of the morning. In the mourner's coach she sat, with her patient eyes on the moving strip of sunny field that showed under the curtain. Her veil was smothering, her black-edged handkerchief was a moist bunch between her hands. Opposite sat her father like a cliff, with his face immobile, and the boy beside him. She tried several times to speak. "Father," she said at last, apprehensively.

Gad looked at her.

"Are you worried about the mother's eyes?"

"Why should I? Your mother is dead. It is enough to feel bad about."

"It is indeed enough. But always have I heard that when one dies and the eyes are not closed, it means that another of the same family will soon follow. Many said so when they saw how she lay and looked down, as if she knew something and would not tell it. I am afraid."

"Be not so foolish. You are just as she was, always looking for signs. When the time comes we go, sure, and not before. And Felix is in good health."

The thoughts of the three diverged, flowed far apart, like rivers in different zones. Agnes was making Rebecca live again, and beautifully. Sometimes she burst out weeping; sometimes she almost smiled. "Mother she saved for seven months to surprise me with that blue silk for my dress. She laughed when I opened the package. Once Mother asked six girls to play all afternoon, and made supper for them, and she baked such a big butter-cake. That time I let the baby fall Mother did not want to whip me. And Mother liked Andrew."

Felix sat resting on each knee a freckled fist with six strong fingers. His lashless eyes were on the peaceful road. His face was illegible; the thoughts behind it might have related to another clime, another age, — might have dealt with sands and fiery sky and playmates scaled or furry. He noticed nothing, but Gad was much aware of him. Sitting with his arm around the boy and one hand on his shoulder, he looked fierce and melancholy together. "Agnes," he said, after a while, interrupting her soft weeping, "stop your crying, and think once how to be a good housekeeper and take good care of Felix, like your mother."

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The road went creeping past the window. On their black garments the dusty sunshine lay in hot bars. The end of all things for Rebecca, thought her husband. She had finished. It was a hateful thought to him—to cease—to avail no more. His arm contracted on his son's shoulder. Here was the stamp to put his mark upon the future, the creature in whom he would remain alive.

But, even as he exulted, a fear, paternal and familiar, stole upon him, of how many chances were against his darling. Fire and water, disease and accident,—on every side they waited, threatening this second life of his. He shared that mood of noble despondency which spoke in one of the great ones of his race: "He has made His creatures the victims of the smallest accidents in nature, and that to such an extent that what promises to be best and most beautiful in life is destroyed." Also, he remembered Rebecca, looking and looking into the darkness with her half-shut eyes. Others—foolish souls—believed that in her grave she foretold calamity; he did not believe; but if she knew, she would not tell.

For a minute the man's hard face was pitiful. He spoke, and his children looked at him curiously. "Now you must be a good boy, Felix," he said.

The minister's shoes were dusty and he had still a mile to go, but his mind was at peace; not for a moment did he regret the carriage which he had not chosen to use. The sunset was before his eyes; he took off his hat and felt the wind in his white hair; on both sides of the road the corn was so high that he walked through a green alley.

He owned several farms himself, and what he saw of Andrew Hoffmaster's pleased him. The oats and potatoes were as good as the corn; the house and yard were beautifully kept, with a red cactus in blossom on the porch, and dahlias thrusting their thick heads over the fence. He gave them an approving look, then his slow walk stopped and he exclaimed.

Next to the cactus the ornament of the yard was a peach-tree. It wore a muffler of cotton around its throat, and its leaves looked as though they were polished every morning. He had seen it the week before, with its first yield, four fine peaches. Andrew had put bags over them, was watching them with almost paternal care. Now one remained upon the tree, two peach-stones lay on the grass, and Felix Heffner, the fourth half eaten in his hand, was standing all alone in the sunset. He looked at his spoil without pleasure, with an air of condescension, and bit it now and then in an indifferent way.

He turned at the minister's exclamation; then he came and slid between the juicy dahlia-stalks, and the flowers nodded above him. After a long stare he drooped his head until it rested on the fence as a cat's head declines and rests on its paws, and so stood and looked at everything before him—the minister, the sky, and the corn-field.

He scarcely moved when Andrew Hoffmaster came tramping down the walk and spoke to the parson and swore over the peaches in the same breath. He saw the boy, who had the air of hiding among the dahlias, and dragged him out. "You young ——!" he exclaimed, shaking him. "Did you think I would not see you?"

"No," said Felix, calmly.

"What do you mean?"

The boy, standing between his hands, merely looked at him. Andrew looked back—presently with pity. "See here," he said. "You do what I say, and we call it right. You go home now, and tell your sister Agnes that I come up this evening. Will you?"

Felix walked from between the hands and started to the gate leisurely. "That's it," Andrew said. "You tell her. Excuse me, Parson. Come right in. Mother will be glad to see you."

"No; I go to visit Gad. I have not been there since the funeral. How does he get along?"

Andrew turned red. "Better than he ought."

"Why? What have you against Gad Heffner?"

The young man hesitated, then he spoke rapidly. His face grew redder and redder, for he was only twenty-one, and his feelings were new to him. "Poor little thing!" he exclaimed. To some of his charges the minister agreed regretfully. Then he spoke. At last he left Andrew, very earnest and hot, and went away along the road. In a short time he

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caught up with Felix, and the boy sauntered beside him. He did not encourage the minister's remarks; but after a long silence he said: "Father has a new mare. A black one. She is a devil."

"You must not say that."

"She is a devil. You ought to see her kick and bite. He has not yet ridden her."

"He can ride her if any one can. Your father is a fine horseman."

"Neither have I tried her yet. He says I dare not ride her. But I can. I will show her to you," he said, eagerly.

Gad met the minister with pleasure and placed him on the porch between the little cedars, but their talk had not lasted long when he exclaimed and ran to the road. Felix was approaching, leading the black mare. Her coat threw back the light. She had a white foot, and a white blaze on her forehead, and her eyes showed a streak of white. She followed Felix with an air of truce, but as Gad came near she kicked at him. He seized the halter.

"You go over to the parson," he said. "You must not fetch her out. She is so wild."

Felix disappeared around the house.

"He likes her so, but I dare not let him be around her," Gad said, as though he were explaining a severity. "She laid a man up just before I got her, and she goes after everything that comes near. I keep her a while and try to tame her. She will be a good one, once she learns to behave. But he is afraid of no horse, and he does not want to let her alone."

Andrew Hoffmaster drove up, stiffly passed the time of day, and vanished around the corner. Presently Felix reappeared, walking less lazily than usual, and looking pleased. He had a small whip with a horse's head for a handle, and as he came he lashed at the rose-bushes.

"Where did you get that?" his father called.

"A peddler is back there. He came through the fields."

"Well, did he give it to you, or had you money?"

The boy said nothing. Gad rose, and they all three went to the back porch, where the stranger had spread his oilcloth pack. His sharp face was weary and he sat as though he would not rise for days, but he had a flow of words for his wares. Agnes hung over some flowered delaines, and had in her hand a gold ring with a pattern chased around it. "They are so fine and nice," she was saying to Andrew, "but this is the prettiest thing I *ever* saw."

"It looks as if he must have the whip," said Gad to the peddler. "Do you see something else you want, Felix? Not that nice knife? Well, you are easy to suit." He paid jovially.

The peddler displayed the stuffs and a brooch or two, with many glances, and Agnes looked anxious; when the ring was shown she held her breath. "No," her father said, "I have money for nothing like that. She has already what she needs. Come, Parson."

They returned to the front porch. Felix departed purposefully, and soon went tearing down the road, flourishing his whip over the bay. The peddler strapped his pack and went his dusty way, after a private talk with Andrew, who sat beside Agnes and looked at her. That evening there was more life than usual on the farm.

"I hope you get along with comfort," the minister said. "You lost a good wife in Rebecca."

"Rebecca was a manager. I thought at first now it would not go so well. But Agnes works hard."

"You will miss her when she leaves."

Gad looked up. "Why would she leave?"

"Andrew Hoffmaster he talked to me this evening. And I was glad to hear it. He is a good young fellow, a good son, and he has a fine farm. He would take care of her. It is now the time for you to think of it."

"Has he said anything to her?"

"He says not yet. But it will not go long."

"Well, then he need say nothing. I will have no such thing. Parson, I never wanted this girl, but I had to take it as it came. I raised her and took care of her, and I keep her a while. I could not hire another woman to look after things and take an interest the way she does, and the boy needs looking after, like all boys of his age. He is yet too young to be without a woman. In a

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*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

THE PEDDLER DISPLAYED THE STUFFS WITH MANY GLANCES



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few years' time, when he is grown, it is a different matter; then I care not if she goes; but now I want her here."

"Let her take him with her, then, till he is old enough. I have no doubt she would. But let her go, now that it is time, to her own house and her own man."

Pleading youth's eternal cause, the old advocate looked young; but Gad heard him with an elder's superiority. "Parson, you go too far. This is my girl you talk about—and my son." There was no other answer to all the urging that followed, and when the minister went away under the early moon, he went sadly.

Gad's bearing was as usual, but he was not ready for another trial of patience. It was a pity that, as he closed the gate, Andrew Hoffmaster should appear, looking as though he had just caught sight of a treasure and was ready to fight his way to it.

"Mr. Heffner," he began, "I ask permission to marry your daughter."

"Well, you daren't," said Gad.

"Why not?"

"If I tell you that you daren't, that is enough for such a young chap like you."

"And where does she come in?"

"I don't consult her."

"It seems you are sure you can manage this thing. Wonderfully sure you are." Gad kept an insulting silence. Andrew waited. "Do you think you can give the law to me?" he exclaimed. "She is willing, and I marry her."

"Hush up! Do you want me to throw you off the place?"

Andrew unconsciously swung a little on one foot so as to bring his right side farther away from Gad. "I care not if you try. You are a middle-aged man, and therefore I don't give you what you ought to have; but don't think that you make Agnes a slave to you as you made her mother. You need not tell me your objections. I see through you. You want her here, to keep your house and work hard and wait on that boy of yours. But I fetch her away, the sooner the better."

"Get off my land," said Gad.

"If I go, I take her with me."

"Get off my land. If you take her, you get nothing with her but what she has on her back."

"Do you think I care for that? Agnes!" Andrew shouted.

The girl came, as softly as a shadow. The flowered ring was on her hand, her face was pink, and she looked timid but happy. Even her father's expression did not appal her, for she had just been led into her own little Paradise, and it was not easy to get her out.

"Agnes," Gad said, "go back where you were."

"Agnes," said Andrew, "get into my buggy."

"Why? What is wrong, Andrew?"

"Agnes, you know what you just promised me. If you mean it, do as I tell you."

The girl was pitiable. She could not speak; her brows twisted in a deep frown; she actually swayed toward one and then the other.

"Agnes!" the young man repeated. She moved then, out of her place, with an effect as if she tore herself up by the roots, and he helped her into the carriage.

Gad watched her as she disappeared along the road—watched until there was nothing to be seen but the dark trees, and the fireflies flashing up and down. His bold eyes surveyed the house with its many outbuildings, the orchards and the fields. "Now it can all be for the boy," he said, aloud.

Felix leaned over his slate, frowning, with his six fingers taking up a great deal of room on the pencil; it squeaked horribly, but his reasons for annoyance were more serious. They lay beside him in the shape of three school-books in pasteboard bindings scuffed like a child's shoes, and he gave them disgusted looks. Gad was reading a German newspaper on the other side of the table, but he looked up when his son passed an effacing hand over the slate and pushed it away.

"What have you?" he asked.

"The teacher said I must write a copy before to-morrow morning."

"Well, don't you like to do it?"

Felix stretched and yawned, showing the red roof of his mouth.

"Come here and I help you to learn your mental arithmetic. Now! If I buy a horse for a hundred and twenty-five dollars and sell him for a hundred and fifty, what do I gain?"

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The pupil looked as though he had not heard.

"Come. You must learn. If you are grown up once, and yourself deal in horses, how will you do if some fellow wants to buy and you don't know what you make out of him? He could cheat you. Then what?"

"I would thrash him, as you do. I don't go to school to-morrow. I stay here with you and ride the black mare."

"You can't thrash all that want to cheat you. You would have to be at it all the time. And this is not the time to talk about the black mare, but about your lesson. Be a good boy."

Felix leaned his bright head on his fist and made little squeaking strokes on the slate. His eyes drooped.

"Don't you care to be smart when you grow up, Felix? I don't want you to be nothing but a big, dumb fellow. I want you to learn, and add more to what I give you, and be a big man hereabouts —bigger yet than I. You can have all the schooling it takes. I care not for the cost."

The boy's eyes closed and he breathed softly.

"Are you so tired, poor fellow?" said Gad. "Well, take a little sleep."

Behind Felix the uncurtained window showed the last green blotches of a March sunset. The moon looked in like an eye, and the wind talked through outer darkness,—so it had talked in the Schwarzwald to Gad's fathers. He heard it, and grew restless in his chair.

He began to study the face of the boy, who slept with his head erect, as a cat dozes. The closed, lashless eyes made two diagonal slits above the broad cheekbones. "I believe he dreams something," thought Gad. He leaned closer, while the wind made mournful prophecies and lamented over them. "I wonder what he dreams?"

His own face, in the lamplight, assumed the look of a heroic mask in stone —red, black, and white. Almost visibly his mind was searching for a way, his soul groped and struggled toward that other beloved soul. He spoke again: "I think everything of him; I do everything for him. Any day something may happen that will take him away from me. It may be he will not grow up as I would like to see him. I cannot tell what he thinks or what he will do, and sometimes he is so strange—"

There was no way. His slow thoughts returned, discouraged, like pioneers from a new country coming defeated home.

The boy's eyes unclosed upon him, wide and without change. "Come here to me," said Gad.

Felix did not move. Gad put out his hand. The boy yawned, pushed him away, unclosed and closed his own six-fingered hands, and settled down to sleep with his shining head on the table.

Clouds colored like sea-gulls flew across the sky. The bare trees had a bashful look, and some were blushing on their leaf-buds—they knew that very soon they would do wonders and receive gratitude. Now and then there came a note, a flash of blue in the soft air, which shamed the pigeons, faithful to one spot all the year, but they were too busy to envy travellers, and fluttered peacefully in and out of the barn with soft, contented cooings.

The sunshine poured through the open stable door. In every stall appeared a glossy back, roan, bay, or sorrel, and a pair of legs, some heavy with hairy fetlocks, some proportioned like a woman's arm. The place was full of contented sounds of munching and grinding, and now and then a head tossed and dragged down hay from a rack. A pink-eyed cat left her babies sleeping in their straw nest and slid along the wall and off for a little relaxation.

The pigeon that was clutching the edge of the watering-trough, with feet that looked as if they had been dipped in rose-madder, flew away in a hurry when Felix led out the tall bay. The horse walked along with his neck and back level. He had a grotesquely care-worn look, as though he were very hungry and old and had always lived in the shafts of a cart. He drank leisurely, and seemed to be appraising the fields; then he churned the water with his nose and went drooping toward the stable. Felix returned him to his own place, and rubbed his neck thoroughly.

"Now you had better start," Gad called from the corner where the curry-comb was purring.

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Felix sauntered to the door and watched the pigeons.

"Have you not gone yet?" his father said, five minutes afterward. "You will be late."

He slapped the bay with his horse-head whip.

"You would better go to-day. The boys will have such a good time at recess, and you will miss it. Don't you want to play with the boys?"

"No," said Felix, contemptuously.

"Would you rather stay here with me?"

"Yes. I want to ride the black mare."

"Well, it is all right, you stay. You must not touch the mare; she gave me a good kick just now; but you can water the sorrels. Those white-faced sorrels are a fine pair. I get a good price for them."

Felix approached the sorrels carelessly. They were new horses, and one snapped and the other laid back his ears. Then they followed like old dogs, and came back with their noses shining with water.

"You are a good boy with horses, for sure," said Gad, coming to the door. "This afternoon a man comes to look at that pair. I think he will buy. You dare ride them up and down to show them off; and if he does buy, you dare put the money in bank yourself, to your own account. I take you to the city for the purpose."

"Those are, then, my horses?" asked Felix.

"Yes, till they are sold. Then you get the money."

"*My* horses," he repeated, eying his father. A curious change came over his face; it grew at once mocking and commiserative, like a man smiling at another man's vanity. Then with unusual childishness he started on a march down the stable, striking lightly with the horse-head whip at the shining flanks, and singing. "They are all mine—all mine—all mine," he crooned.

It was the strangest note, like the song of a little soul strayed from a world where it is absolute, and not yet knowing that it has strayed. The voice was full of content and self-satisfaction; but it struck at Gad's heart and made it writhe.

"God! What for a boy is this?" he groaned.

"All mine—all mine," Felix chanted, stamping through the straw. He was almost at the end of the stable. On his left, in the last stall, Gad could just see the black quarters and white foot of the mare.

He ran forward, shouting: "Felix! Come away!"

"All mine—" The march continued.

Gad caught him hard by the shoulder and jerked him around. "I teach you now to listen to me," he said, fiercely. "I teach you!" He shook the boy as an animal shakes the trap that agonizes it.

Felix did not try to escape. He waited until he was steady on his feet, watching with half-smiling eyes the crimson face above him. Then he lifted his whip and brought it down so that it raised a welt on the black back of the mare. Her hoofs shot out.

A pigeon fluttered wildly into the sunshine. The horses stirred, and the bay gave a long anxious cry. The beasts could not be quiet in that place, which suddenly filled with dust and flying straw,—which resounded with kicks, horrible crackings and the squeals of the mare, and with a man's shouts and sobs.

"I am glad I find you this time, Gad," said the minister. "Shake hands. How goes it with you?"

Gad was old now. He sat on the porch with his fists on his knees and his large shoulders bent, as forlorn as a whippoorwill in the sun. Slowly he turned his head and put out his hand in tardy salutation.

"Heavy," he said.

"Yes. I thought nothing else."

The minister sat beside him and stared at the cherry-trees, which could just be seen in the twilight, a white mist along the road. It was a gray evening. Frequent drops fell, and the blossoms were sending out their last sweetness before the rain came to scatter them.

"How is your daughter?" the visitor asked.

"I know nothing of her."

"Has she not come here many times, and her husband also, since Felix—"

"Yes."

"Well, then?"

Gad raised his eyes and looked straight

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*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

FELIX LEANED OVER HIS SLATE, FROWNING

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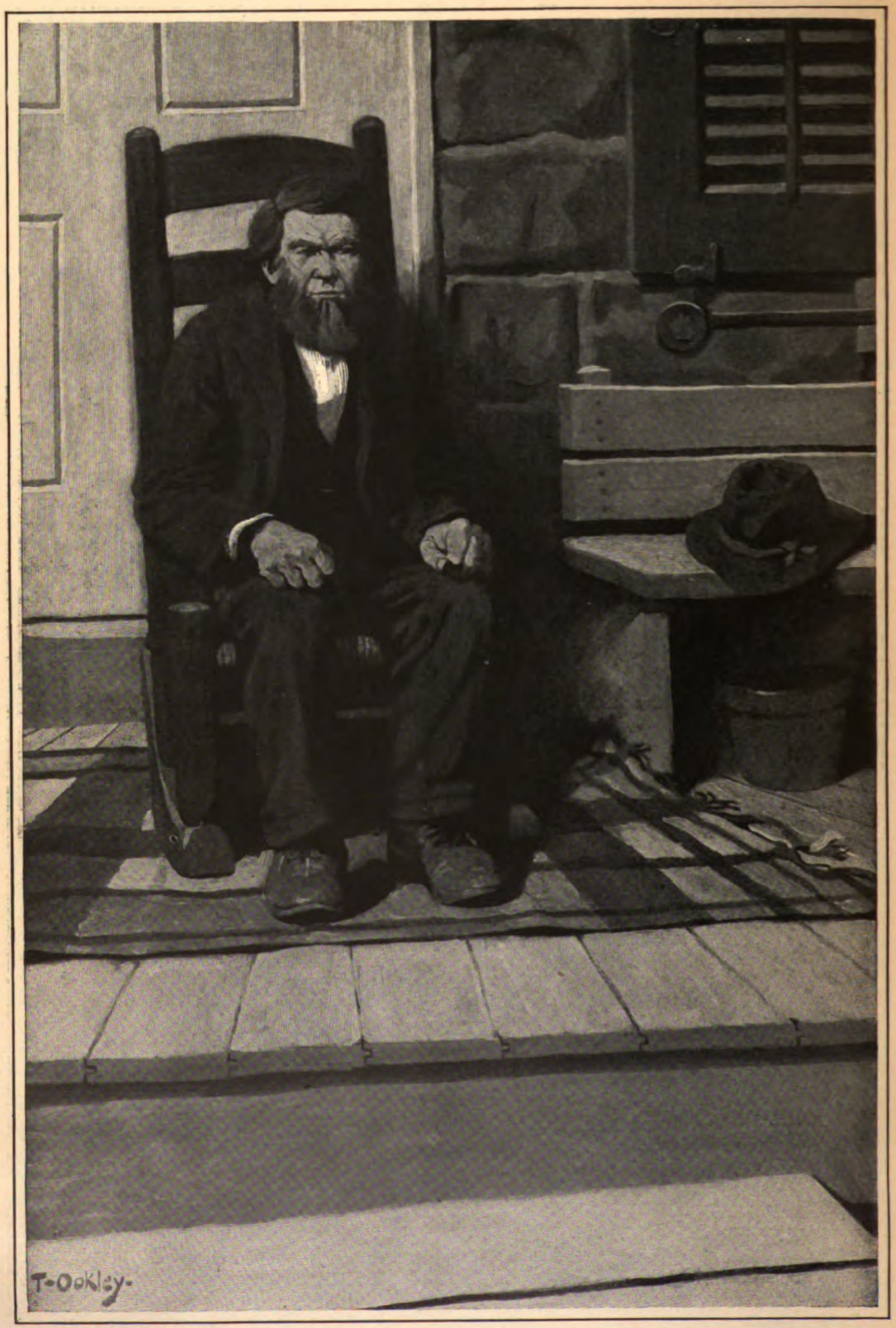


*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

GAD SAT ON THE PORCH, FORLORN

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ahead. "I want no company. They can do nothing. I work every day—"

They were silent again, until the minister spoke out of his own tenderness. "He was dear to me also."

"Yes. But you know nothing of it."

"I know that it is heavy."

"You know nothing—nor any other," said the remote voice.

"Gad, be not so proud, to think yourself single in this thing. Sorrow is for all. It is two months since," he continued, "and now that I find you for the first time, I like to talk to you about him. I like myself to think about him. He was a fine boy."

There was no answer, and the minister sought for still another way to approach.

"You were a good father," he said.

Gad straightened himself and dropped slowly back to his old position as though he were trying to writhe away from bodily pain.

"Parson, I say you know nothing. If he is dead, I am to blame."

"Gad, think now of something else. How does the planting go?" said the older man.

"I know not why I plant and sow. He does not run along with me. Parson, listen. I wanted him too much. From the first day he lived I was afraid. I would not say it to myself, but always was I afraid. So many things can take a child away. Then he got big and strong, and I bought and sold and worked, because I had now a son to take my land, and there was still a Heffner to be a big man in Berks County. But I never felt safe; I wanted him too much. Then the last night I had him it came to me, was he himself quite right? and the last day, he acted—I felt—I laid hands on him, to stop him. I had never touched him in punishment before. And he cut the black mare with his little whip to spite me."

"Gad, we must all have courage."

Now that he had begun to speak, Gad's grievous voice trailed on, repeating what his solitary thoughts had toiled over. "And now I have him no more. Soon I die; and no one comes after me."

"What about Agnes?"

"I have money, Parson, and much land. Yes. But I did not work and save for Hoffmaster."

The minister moved abruptly and opened his mouth to speak, but the voice continued in the darkness. "Now there are no more Heffners. Parson, I always thought it was something against me with him. His mother was a strange woman. Sometimes she acted as if she did not like him. And it may be it was true, what the neighbors said, that she knew that misfortune was to come, because she looked so when she died."

The minister would be silent no more. "Gad, you say she was a strange woman. Who made her strange? When I married you and her she was a pretty girl, and she left a good home for you; and you know if you cared for her or not. How did you treat her until Felix came? How did you value her afterwards?

"And now you say something was against you with the boy. You were yourself against him. How indeed did you bring him up? How did you direct him? You were always afraid—you do not say it to yourself, but you were afraid of bad signs,—and you made your own bad signs. *'Er war in Verkehrtheit gezeuget, und in Sünden empfangen. Der Väter Missethat—'* You cannot get out of it, Gad Heffner!"

"Parson—"

"This is the time for you to listen. Now you begin again: as you treated your wife, so now you treat your daughter. I give you right, she might have stayed with you a little when you needed her, and she might have left in a different way. But she has tried to make up with you, and you give her no chance. Why are you her father if you can show no kindness, if she had been far more wrong yet than she is? You are indeed no father, Gad. You are not fit to have a child."

Gad sat as though under missiles. "I think it over," he said, in a dazed way. The minister leaned back and moistened his lips with his tongue. He was panting. The two big black figures remained silent for a long time.

"Gad," said the minister, gently, "go you to see her and make it up with them."

"I think it over."

"You need not to think over this. Go now. She is left to you. If you wait long, it may be you turn her against you, like her mother."

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"They can come here."

"Many times have they already come, and you would not have them. Andrew will come no more, and he will not let her come. I was at their house this evening. She is much distressed about this; she cried."

"I think it over."

The minister stood up. "You stiff-necked man! What you get is indeed too good for you. Like a child you yammer at a good gift. You dare not wait. You come now!"

Heavily and slowly, moved by the unbroken will beside him, Gad rose and followed.

They walked with the road between them. The damp wind was in their faces. Once it whirled along a cloud of petals of the cherry-blossom, which drove against them, as the snowflakes had driven on that same road long before; and once the minister spoke.

"Gad, do you not think to what I take you?"

"To see my daughter. I know not what you mean."

They came to Andrew's house. Going up the walk the minister brushed against the little peach-tree, and its wet leaves touched his face, but his thoughts had shot so far ahead that they could not return for any memory. He knocked, Gad standing behind him.

The door opened and Andrew appeared with a light. "Come in, come in, Parson!" he said. "How are you here so late?" Then he saw Gad, and frowned.

The minister went in masterfully. "I bring Gad Heffner to see his daughter and his son-in-law."

"Agnes has gone to bed."

"Do you not think she wants to come out to see her father? I myself will tell her." He ignored the silence, rapped at a door, and called: "Agnes! Your father is here."

Andrew stood undecided; Gad also waited, in a stolid silence. Neither knew what he wished to say. There was a cry from the inner room, quick feet, and the door opened. Then Agnes came. She had thrown a long blue shawl over her white gown; her braided hair was ruffled by the pillows; her pretty eyes were wide. She was in no doubt at all, for she had never asked much.

"Father," she said, "you come! Now am I glad!"

Gad went to her slowly. "Yes. I came."

Her eyes besought and prompted Andrew, and he yielded. The two men shook hands. But she was so eager that even this did not arrest her. "Father!" she said. "Come now to see him!"

"See whom?"

"Father!" she looked at all three of them, "do you not know?"

She flew into the next room, and came back with her shadowlike motion, intent on something in her arms. She carried it to her father, and he received it without demonstration—solemnly—and stood looking down at it.

"You did not know, father?" she repeated.

"No."

"And he is already two weeks old!"

A long silence followed. Under old Gad's look the child stirred in his sleep and moved his small, five-fingered hand.

# Recognition

*BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL*

WHEN first I saw her, stranger to my eyes,
My heart leapt up, and cried
She was the treasure of all argosies
That ever swept the tide:
No stranger, but my long-familiar friend
From time immortal to the infinite end.

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# Editor's Easy Chair

THE satirical reader introduced himself with a gleam in his eye which kindled apprehension in the editor's breast, and perhaps roused in him a certain guilty self-consciousness.

"I didn't know," the reader said, "that you were such a well-appointed *arbiter elegantiarum*."

"Meaning our little discourse last month on the proper form of addressing letters?" the editor boldly grappled with the insinuation. "Oh yes; etiquette is part of our function. We merely hadn't got round to the matter before. You liked our remarks?"

"Very much," our visitor said, with the fine irony characteristic of him. "All the more because I hadn't expected that sort of thing of you. What I have expected of you hitherto was something more of the major morality."

"But the large-sized morals did not enter into that scheme. We deal at times with the minor morality, too, if the occasion demands, as we have suggested. You should not have been surprised to find politeness, as well as righteousness, advocated or applauded here. Naturally, of course, we prefer the larger-sized morals as questions for discussion."

"Oh, I am sure we all felt that you both magnified and dignified your subject by the noble detachment of your attitude toward it, and the clear light you cast on it. Hereafter none of us will write Mr. on a letter without a keen sense of superiority to the person we address, or receive one directed Esq. without a glow of self-importance which few things in a democratic frame of society can give."

Having listened patiently, we said, "Yes. Had you one of the larger-size questions of morality to present?"

"I was thinking it was a larger-sized question of manners."

"For example."

"The experience of one of those Transatlantic celebrities who seem to be rather multiplying upon us of late, and who come here with a proclamation of their worship of American women ready to present, as if in print, to the swarming interviewers on the pier, and who then proceed to find fault with our civilization on every other point, almost before they drive up to their hotels."

"But isn't that rather an old story?"

"I suppose it *is* rather old, but it always interests us; we are never free from that longing for a flattered appearance in the eyes of others which we so seldom achieve. This last, or next to last, celebrity—in the early winter it is impossible to fix their swift succession—seems to have suffered amaze at the rude behavior of some dairymaids in the milk-room of the lady who was showing the celebrity over her premises. I didn't understand the situation very clearly. The lady must have been a lady farmer, in order to have a milk-room with dairymaids in it; but in any case the fact is that when the lady entered with the celebrity the maids remained seated, where they were grouped together, instead of rising and standing in the presence of their superiors, as they would have done in the hemisphere that the celebrity came from."

"Well, what came of it?"

"Oh, nothing. It was explained to the celebrity that the maids did not rise because they felt themselves as good as their mistress and her guest, and saw no reason for showing them a servile deference: that this was the American ideal."

"In the minds of those Swedish, Irish, English, Polish, German, or Bohemian dairymaids," we murmured, dreamily, and when our reader roused us from our muse with a sharp "What?" we explained, "Of course they were not American dairymaids, for it stands to reason that if they were dairymaids they could not be Americans, or if Americans they could not be dairymaids."



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"True," our friend assented, "but all the same you admit that they were behaving from an American ideal?"

"Yes."

"Well, that ideal is what the celebrity objects to. The celebrity doesn't like it —on very high grounds."

"The grounds of social inequality, the inferiority of those who work to those who pay, and the right of the superiors to the respect of the inferiors?"

"No, the politeness due from one class to another."

"Such as lives between classes in Europe, we suppose. Well, that is very interesting. Is it of record that the lady and her guest, on going into the milk-room where the dairymaids remained rudely seated, bowed or nodded to them or said, 'Good day, young ladies'?"

"No, that is not of record."

"Their human quality, their human equality being altogether out of the question, was probably in no wise recognized. Why, then, should they have recognized the human quality of their visitors?" Our satirical reader was silent, and we went on. "There is something very droll in all that. We suppose you have often been vexed, or even outraged, by the ingratitude of the waiter whom you had given a handsome tip, over and above the extortionate charge of the house, and who gathered up your quarter or half-dollar and slipped it into his pocket without a word, or even an inarticulate murmur, of thanks?"

"Often. Outraged is no word for it."

"Yes," we assented, feeling our way delicately. "Has it even happened that in the exceptional case where the waiter has said, 'Thank you very much,' or the like, you have responded with a cordial, 'You're welcome,' or, 'Not at all'?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because—because—those are terms of politeness between—"

Our friend hesitated, and we interrogatively supplied the word, "Equals? There are always difficulties in civilities between unequals. But try this, some day, and see what a real gratitude you will get from the waiter. It isn't infallible, but the chances are he will feel that you have treated him like a man, and will do or say something to show his feeling: he will give a twitch to your under-coat when he has helped you on with your top-coat, which will almost pull you over. We have even tried saying, 'You are welcome' to a beggar. It's astonishing how they like it. By the way, have you the habit of looking at your waiter when he comes to take your order; or do you let him stand facing you, without giving him a glance above the lower button of his poor, greasy waistcoat?"

"No, the theory is that he is part of the mechanism of the establishment."

"That is the theory. But it has its inconveniences. We ourselves used to act upon it, but often when we found him long in bringing our order, we were at a loss which waiter to ask whether it would be ready some time during the evening; and occasionally we have blown up the wrong waiter, who did not fail to bring us to shame for our error."

"They do look so confoundedly alike," our visitor said, thoughtfully.

"We others look confoundedly alike to them, no doubt. If they studied us as little as we study them, if they ignored us as contemptuously as we do them, upon the theory that we, too, are part of the mechanism, the next man would be as likely as we to get our dinner."

"They are paid to study us," our visitor urged.

"Ah, *paid!* The intercourse of unequals is a commercial transaction, but when the inferiors propose to make it purely so the superiors object: they want something to boot, something thrown in, some show of respect, some appearance of gratitude. Perhaps those dairymaids did not consider that they were paid to stand up, when their employer and the visiting celebrity came into the milk-room, and so, unless they were civilly recognized—we don't say they weren't, in this case—they thought they would do some of the ignoring too. It is surprising how much the superiors think they ought to get for their money from the inferiors in that commercial transaction. For instance, they think they buy the right to call their inferiors by their first names, but they don't think they sell a similar right with regard to themselves. They call them Mary and John, but they would be surprised

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and hurt if the butler and waitress addressed them as Mary and John. Yet there is no *reason* for their surprise. Do you remember in that entrancing and edifying comedy of *Arms and the Man*—Mr. Bernard Shaw's very best, as we think—the wild Bulgarian maid calls the daughter of the house by her Christian name? 'But you mustn't do that,' the mother of the house instructs her. 'Why not?' the girl demands. *'She calls me Louka.'*"

"Capital!" our friend agreed. "But of course Shaw doesn't mean it."

"You never can tell whether he means a thing or not. We think he meant in this case, as Ibsen means in all cases, that you shall look where you stand."

Our satirist seemed to have lost something of his gayety. "Aren't you taking the matter a little too seriously?"

"Perhaps. But we thought you wanted us to be more serious than we were about addressing letters properly. This is the larger-sized morality, the real No. 11 sort, and you don't like it, though you said you expected it of us."

"Oh, but I do like it, though just at present I hadn't expected it. But if you're in earnest you must admit that the lower classes with us are abominably rude. Now, I have the fancy—perhaps from living on the Continent a good deal in early life where I formed the habit—of saying good-morning to the maid or the butler, when I come down. But they never seem to like it, and I can't get a good-morning back unless I dig it out of them. I don't want them to treat me as a superior; I only ask to be treated as an equal."

"We have heard something like that before, but we doubt it. What you really want is to have your condescension recognized; they *feel* that if they don't *know* it. Besides, their manners have been formed by people who don't ask good-morning from them; they are so used to being treated as if they were not there that they cannot realize they *are* there. We have heard city people complain of the wane of civility among country people when they went to them in the summer to get the good of their country air. They say that the natives no longer salute them in meeting, but we never heard that this happened when they first saluted the natives. Try passing the time of day with the next farmer you meet on a load of wood, and you will find that the old-fashioned civility is still to be had for the asking. But it won't be offered without the asking; the American who thinks from your dress and address that you don't regard him as an equal will not treat you as one at the risk of a snub; and he is right. As for domestics—or servants, as we insolently call them—their manners are formed on their masters', and are often very bad. But they are not always bad. We, too, have had that fancy of yours for saying good-morning when we come down; it doesn't always work, but it oftener works than not. A friend of ours has tried some such civility at others' houses; at his host's house when the door was opened to him, arriving for dinner, and he was gloomily offered a tiny envelope with the name of the lady he was to take out. At first it surprised, but when it was imagined to be well meant it was apparently liked; in extreme cases it led to note of the weather; the second or third time at the same house it established something that would have passed, with the hopeful spectator, for a human relation. Of course you can't carry this sort of thing too far. You can be kind, but you must not give the notion that you do not know your place."

"Ah! You draw the line," our friend exulted. "I thought so. But where?"

"At the point where you might have the impression that you respected butlers, when you merely loved your fellow men. You see the difference?"

"But isn't loving your fellow men enough? Why should you respect butlers?"

"To be sure. But come to think of it, why shouldn't you? What is it in domestic employ that degrades, that makes us stigmatize it as 'service'? As soon as you get out-of-doors the case changes. You must often have seen ladies fearfully snubbed by their coachmen; and as for chauffeurs, who may kill you or somebody else at any moment, the mental attitude of the average automobilaire towards them must be one of abject deference But there have been some really heroic, some almost

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seraphic, efforts to readjust the terms of a relation that seems to have something essentially odious in it. In the old times, the times of the simple life now passed forever, when the daughter of one family 'lived out' in another, she ate with the family and shared alike with them. She was their help, but she became their hindrance when she insisted upon the primitive custom after 'waiting at table' had passed the stage when the dishes were all set down, and the commensals 'did their own stretching.' Heroes and seraphs did their utmost to sweeten and soften the situation, but the unkind tendency could not be stayed. The daughter of the neighbor who 'lived out' became 'the hired girl,' and then she became the waitress, especially when she was of neighbors beyond seas; and then the game was up. Those who thought humanely of the predicament and wished to live humanely in it tried one thing and tried another. That great soul of H. D. L., one of the noblest and wisest of our economic reformers, now gone to the account which any might envy him, had a usage which he practised with all guests who came to his table. Before they sat down he or his wife said, looking at the maid who was to serve the dinner, 'This is our friend, Miss Murphy'; and then the guests were obliged in some sort to join the host and hostess in recognizing the human quality of the attendant. It was going rather far, but we never heard that any harm came of it. Some thought it rather odd, but most people thought it rather nice."

"And you advocate the general adoption of such a custom?" our friend asked, getting back to the sarcasm of his opening note. "Suppose a larger dinner, a fashionable dinner, with half a dozen men waiters? That sort of thing might do at the table of a reformer, which only the more advanced were invited to; but it wouldn't work with the average retarded society woman or club-man."

"What good thing works with *them?*" we retorted, spiritedly. "But no, the custom would not be readily adopted even among enlightened thinkers. We do not insist upon it; the men and the maids might object; they might not like knowing the kind of people who are sometimes asked to quite good houses. To be sure, they are not obliged to recognize them out of the house."

"But what," our friend asked, "has all this got to do with the question of 'the decent respect' due from domestics, as you prefer to call them, to their employers?"

"As in that case of the dairymaids, which we began with? But why was any show of respect due from them? Was it nominated in the bond that for their four or five dollars a week they were to stand up when their 'mistress' and her 'company' entered the room? Why, in fine, should any human being respect another, seeing what human beings generally are? We may love one another, but *respect!* No, those maids might, and probably did, love their mistress; but they felt that they could show their love as well sitting down as standing up. They would not stand up to show their love for one another."

"Then you think there is some love lost between the master and man or mistress and maid nowadays," our beaten antagonist feebly sneered.

"The masters and mistresses may not, but the men and maids may, have whole treasures of affection ready to lavish at the first sign of a desire for it; they do not say so, for they are not very articulate. In the mean time the masters and mistresses want more than they have paid for. They want honor as well as obedience, respect as well as love, the sort of thing that money used to buy when it was worth more than it is now. Well, they won't get it. They will get it less and less, as time goes on. Whatever the good new times may bring, they won't bring back the hypocritical servility of the good old times. They—"

We looked round for our visiting reader, but he had faded back into the millions of readers whom we are always addressing in print.

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# Editor's Study

WE have had so much to say about the "new literature" that we might very well be challenged to give some positive definition of it, and to show wherein it is new and what evolutionary advantage or value is disclosed in the variation.

The new literature is not our discovery. Current criticism has not failed to recognize and discerningly appreciate its values. In these pages we have participated in that criticism, and, we confess, with much zest, as well as with a natural pride, because it is in periodicals that this new literature has had its amplest opportunity and representation, so that magazine readers are, above all others, best prepared for an intelligent comprehension of its novel flavors, having so abundantly partaken of the fresh vintage.

Otherwise we should despair of any adequate characterization of that kind of imaginative creation which—as we have claimed—belongs distinctively to our own time. The full presentment has been, for our readers, actually made, and in their minds exists the background necessary to an intelligible critical or interpretative comment. It would be impossible to show what is the new quality of imaginative writing in such authors as Conrad, Hewlett, Hichens, Kenneth Grahame, or Alfred Ollivant to readers unacquainted with their creations; but no one can have read a single one of their works without a vivid sense of something so novel as to be unprecedented. The very mention of their names suggests to magazine readers a quality which, for what it is in itself, no critic can define, but which goes far to illuminate the distinction which we wish to emphasize.

These are English names; but while in America the distinction belongs mainly to short stories, it is apparent also in the work of some of our recent and contemporary novelists—those who, like Henry James, William D. Howells, Henry Harland, Owen Wister, Edith Wharton, Margaret Deland, and Mary Austin, have departed from the traditions of the Victorian era. It is in the short stories of the last ten years that this departure is most evident and that distinctively new features in our imaginative literature—so new as to be unprecedented—are most clearly manifest. The novelists we have just named have illustrated this new literature chiefly in short stories, while it is in these alone that other writers have been eminent from this point of view—Georg Schock, Muriel Campbell Dyar, Jennette Lee, Margaret Cameron, Forrest Crissey, Elmore Elliot Peake, James Branch Cabell, Justus Miles Forman, Norman Duncan, and, notably, Grace Ellery Channing.

Enlarging the compass of our retrospect so as to cover the last quarter of a century of English and American fiction, we have a fairer representation of the new literature in its inception. This period would include the mature work of Henry James, whose extreme modernity is unquestioned; *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* by Howells, whose spirit and aim in fiction as well as his critical view of its proper scope and method give him the position of a leader in this new path; the most important novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the texture of which, though more than any other contemporary writer she maintains the continuity of culture from the Victorian era to our own, she has advanced *per saltum* into a field not cultivated even by George Eliot; the fiction of Mary Wilkins, after her native genius had taken on form and structure; Sarah Orne Jewett's New England sketches; Kipling's short stories, and some of the best work of Mark Twain.

This period reaches back far enough to include characteristic examples of the work of two writers—Thomas Hardy and George Meredith—who came into their own, indeed, in the Victorian era, but

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were wholly distinct from the group to which Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, and George Eliot belonged. They were prophets of a coming literature, whose writers look to them as their masters—Meredith for his appeal to the intellectual sensibility, while Hardy's work has been more eminently representative of the new creative faculty than that of any of his younger successors.

To have passed beyond these writers into new fields is not to have surpassed them. Such an advance has been made, but we are not claiming for the fresh variations of our present literature, however novel or unprecedented, any superior eminence. Greatness is possible in the future, as it has been in the past, through some surprising emergence of individual genius, but it will be greatness of a new order, not having the insignia of what was accounted greatness in any previous time. The writers who hold the advance in our generation are not greater than their predecessors, but they prosper through their appeal to an advanced sensibility.

We hardly appreciate the rapid transformation of human nature, on its highest levels, within a single generation. In this consideration, "the highest levels" are those attained by the great middle class, who constitute the main audience for the best literature—at least this is the case in America. Thackeray in his lectures on English Humorists was addressing such a class in England; and in his lecture on Steele, contrasting the Victorian with the Queen Anne era, he said, "You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton." The lecturer had just before referred to Tyburn, and remarked that a great city had grown over the old meadows. "Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years ago people crowded to see this last act of a highwayman's life and make jokes on it."

Not more than one-half of the time during which that change had been experienced has elapsed since these statements were made, yet it has sufficed for a change far more remarkable, and which, because it is not outwardly so obvious, is therefore all the more radical.

In the brief period since the sixth decade of the nineteenth century more has been achieved in the material progress of the English race than in its whole previous history, and the most important result of this progress has been such intimate intercommunication as has broken up isolation. There was precipitated—not caused, but permitted—a new era of psychical evolution, involving something far deeper than an increased refinement in manners—a revolution in human thought and feeling, a changed attitude toward life and the world, the creation indeed of a new psychical sensibility, to which must be referred those determinations of the imaginative faculty which have given rise to recent variations in literature and philosophy and to a radical readjustment of all the arts in their relations to life and literature.

The political historian dates modern history from the rise of the middle classes in the fifteenth century. The psychical historian must date it from some point a little later than the middle of the nineteenth century, when the human reason and imagination, following the course long before taken by science, broke with all forms of scholasticism, of traditional authority, and of merely notional thinking. Metaphysic was henceforth doomed, and all attempts at a logical explanation of life, present or past, were discredited as sterile and unprofitable. Kant, organizing what the Scotch metaphysicians had attempted to describe and logically define, had already determined the limitations of the human understanding and the inevitable self-contradictions of its judgments in any speculation transcending the narrow field of practical human experience. Appearances had been shown to have a validity which did not inhere in any mental inferences from them—as Copernicus had long ago demonstrated—and science had confined itself to the study of phenomena, preparing the way for the evolutionary philosophy, which marked the beginning of modern psychics.

Imagination turned upon its own past

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creations, which had followed the suggestions of a myth-making or speculative fancy and had partaken of their fallacies. What was true—not logically or mathematically, but vitally true — was alone interesting. The new literature was born with the new knowledge and with the hunger for it of that comparatively large audience which in the course of material progress had been brought into communication with its appetizing and stimulating influences.

Even in isolated communities every child of the middle class in England and America had received some kind of schooling, and for two hundred years the English-speaking people had enjoyed representative government, free from the royal absolutism which in the sixteenth century both the Renaissance and the Reformation upheld as a necessary condition to national organization, but which, when that necessity ceased, had yielded perforce to parliamentary control. In 1850 three-fourths of the people of England and Wales could read and write; and in the Northern and Western States of the American Union there was a school in every hamlet. The exploitation of enfranchised masses for the benefit of the few was impossible. Yet, all the world over, the isolation was sufficient to hold in secure crystallization the general thought and feeling, until steam and electricity broke down all barriers and permitted the free mingling of all psychical currents, not merely to seek a common level, but to find, in intimate contacts, reenforcement, inspiration, and wonderful illumination.

Thus recently have we experienced this great renascence, coming without observation, not sudden—it is yet in its mild spring-time—and far from universal, since only those who hunger and thirst for the new knowledge may be filled. The most radical of all revolutions, it has been unattended by violence. No authority could withstand or punish what was itself supremely authoritative. The conflict between the reason of man and his faith was a thing of the past, before reason was purged of sophistication and faith of its unrealities. Human imagination and human faith found the same centre of harmony by the self-same movement. The whole psychical atmosphere was cleared of abstractions which had inhabited and dominated it for centuries—the Powers of the Air.

The new sensibility is a sensibility to reality—that is its positive characteristic. What is distinctive of it is its psychical apprehension of reality undisguised and relieved of sophistication. It calls for a literature having a corresponding character and distinction. A superficial realism like that of Defoe would not meet this demand, and the more refined realism of Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Susan Ferrier is for us only less superficial. The nearest examples to be drawn from the past are Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* and George Eliot's earliest sketches and novels, because these are so simply and sympathetically real. But for these and for the exceptions already made of Meredith and Hardy, the break of the new fiction from the old is absolute.

The departure is as strikingly manifest in other fields of imaginative literature—in history, in the essay, in interpretative criticism — as in fiction. In all, the sophistication which lurks in facile generalization and abstract thinking is alien to the new psychical mood, temperament, or, as we prefer to call it, sensibility. Even Emerson seems to us aerial. Those from whom the immediately preceding generation derived its most potent inspirations — Coleridge, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Emerson—while we clearly discern certain permanent, because essentially real, values in their thought, are to us, for the most part, unconvincing. We respond to a new kind of interpretation in Pater, Symonds, Maeterlinck, William James, and our later historians, whose distinctive value is that they find truth, in its very place and time, in its own color and form, recreating it in their presentment, just as the new fiction is a fresh representation of life, rather than of the novelist's views of life—with a large measure of notional alloy.

We have come back to the world of appearances, recognizing the truth of the deliverances of the senses, whatever falsehood may have formerly been lodged in mental inferences from them or in fanciful associations with them, traditionally perpetuated. Elemental sensations have been freed from the association with

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them of human action and passion on the barbaric plane or on the extremely opposite plane of superrefined æstheticism. Our *æsthesis* is one that has been restored to us in its native quality, its pristine freshness, and which thus quickly blends with our psychical life, forming the most cherished alliance in our present art and literature. The mere sight or touch of a weapon no longer awakens in us the desire to kill. The development of modern music has left the martial note far behind. The call of the wild is, to the modern spirit, the invitation to an ancient kinship with Nature, not to a boar-hunt or a bacchanalian revel.

We do not return to Nature following Rousseau's suggestion that we reduce human society to her simplicity. To our psychical interpretation Nature is infinitely complex and to a corresponding degree interesting in herself—in her own vast and varied phenomena not merely as disclosed in our sensations, but as engaging our imaginative faculty for the largest comprehension of her dynamic harmony. If the truths of Nature had been discerned by the ancient Greek, all his Nature-myths would have suffered abortion. Pan would never have been born.

We have not returned to Nature, but Nature has been restored to us. And in the same sense have been restored to us all recorded human phenomena for a fresh interpretation, untrammelled by traditional views. Because the imagination has broken with the past it can the more truly comprehend and re-create it both in history and romance.

But in the new fiction it is the world of to-day and the mind of to-day that furnish its most interesting material, because the living current not only has an immediacy which no record can have for the writer's vision of the truth in every real aspect, but is itself the essential condition of intimacy in the communication. Thus the modernity which the imagination has achieved, in the contemporaneity of the novel or short story, is a distinctive quality of our best fiction, and is not a matter of chronological classification, which is usually only another form of sophistication.

Problem fiction has been almost entirely banished from the scope of the new imaginative literature, because, to our psychical sensibility, life does not present itself as a problem for our discussion, much less for our arbitrary solution, but for our close study and interpretation. Only artificial conventions, statutes, policies, are amenable to arbitrary volition and therefore to discussion. We see the difference of attitude in Mrs. Deland's later stories as contrasted with novels like *John Ward, Preacher,* which she was giving us twenty-five years ago.

The rapidity of movement in this extremely modern psychical development is remarkable. How quickly was Darwin's view, based on the observation of adult organizations, modified and cleared up by the new biology based on the study of the cell! With like expedition fiction cleared itself from that first *acharnement* of its new realism in its seizure upon flesh and blood reality—so tempting even to Stevenson,—from its phantasmic æsthetic revels and from special pleading in support of causes.

With the retirement of imaginative literature from its old dependencies and alliances — from aristocratic and royal patronage and a corresponding subservience and adulation — much was gained for its independence in the nineteenth century. The retirement is now complete from every field of strife, even from that of literary competition. With contention satire has also passed. Polite amenities are no longer balanced against fierce acrimonies. The writer thus foregoes a striking feature which has been many an author's claim upon the notice of posterity. How much of the best work of the middle of the last century is forgotten because it did not bite into the tablet of sectional or sectarian record!

The complexity and variety of the new literature are as remarkable as the rapidity of its development. Its writers are not grouped in schools as in former literary periods—each is a new variant, defying classification.

While a very large proportion of the literature which is being produced, and which in a general way is styled imaginative, belongs to the old rather than to the new, and perpetuates the old fashions, yet it is in many ways responsive to the leading tendency of our time, and is far in advance of all but the very best of the preceding generation.

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# Editor's Drawer

## Neglected Conversations

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP

*EDITED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS*

### QUEENLY AMENITIES

ANNE BOLEYN and Cleopatra, who were great chums, were strolling about Paris together one lovely spring afternoon, and after they had visited all the bargain-counters of the more famous department stores of the French capital, their wanderings led them out upon the Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which stands one of the several Cleopatra needles that have been taken from the borders of the Nile and reerected in our modern cities—Paris, London, and New York.

"It is a pretty thing, is it not?" said Cleopatra, gazing with much natural pride upon the towering monolith.

"It is indeed," said Anne Boleyn, surveying it critically through her lorgnette. "But tell me, Cleopatra," she added,—"I am very curious to know,—was that really one of your needles?"

"Yes," replied the Egyptian Queen, "it really was. Why?"

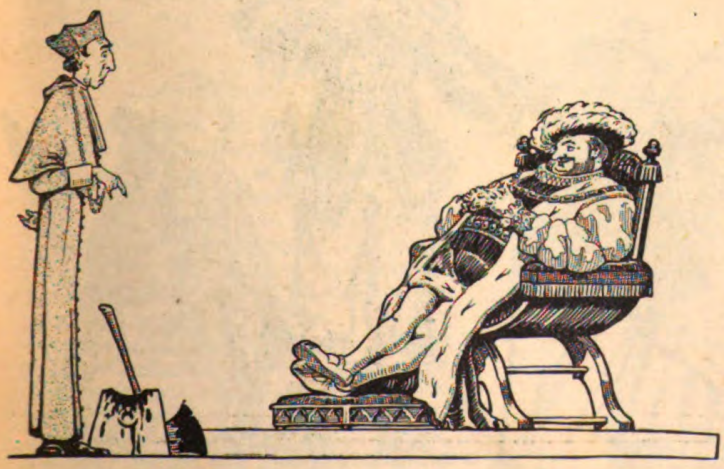
"Oh, nothing," said Anne, with a glance at Cleopatra's feet. "I suppose you used it to darn your stockings with?"

*Anne Boleyn scores on Cleopatra*

### HENRY THE EIGHTH'S RETORT

WHEN a certain churchman of high rank, after the execution of Anne Boleyn, ventured to remonstrate with Henry the Eighth, the much-married King of England, for sending his wives to the headsman at the Tower, the King merely smiled pleasantly and assured the ecclesiastic that his point was not well taken, and for reasons that he would at once make clear.

"You see, your Eminence," said Henry, leaning back on the comfortable cushions of his throne and twirling his thumbs reflectively,—"you see, when a man runs his matrimonial train in several sections, upon a single track, as I do, the safety of the public requires that we shall adopt the block system. Moreover," his Majesty added, affably, "the present con-



*Henry VIII. advocates the block system*



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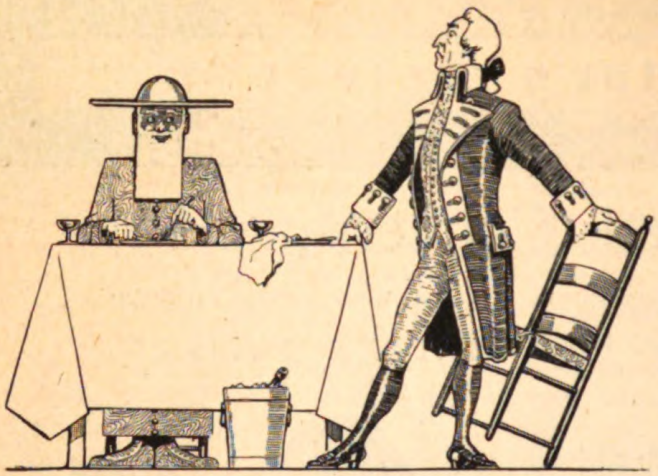


*Munchausen outdone*

dition of our royal treasury is such that we cannot afford to send the ladies to South Dakota."

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

THE census of the Ark was always a fruitful topic of conversation between Noah and Baron Munchausen. The latter, strange to relate, was an earnest seeker after truth, even though he was not renowned as its practitioner, and he never let slip an opportunity to delve deeply into any of the tales of patriarchal days in his effort to find out exactly how things were.

"Did you really have two of every kind of beast on board your boat, Mr. Noah?" he asked the old gentleman one day, as the two sat at lunch together.

"Yes—that is, we had when we started," said Noah, cutting deeply into his steak.

"Oh!" said Munchausen. "But as a matter of fact you had to throw some of them overboard?"

"No," said Noah. "Nary a throw."

"Then what do you mean?" asked the Baron. "That you picked up a lot more *en route?*"

"Nope," said Noah; "but their numbers increased as we went along. For instance, when we cast off we had only two guinea-pigs on board, but when we landed we had eight million, five hundred and sixty-seven thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight, by actual count."

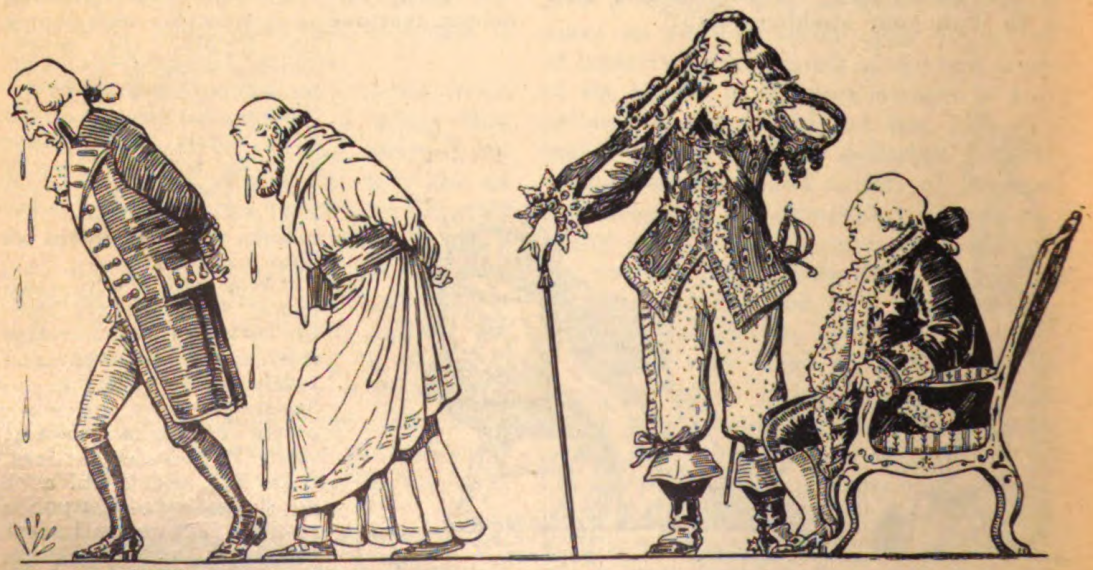
It is said that the Baron immediately left the table and declined to speak to Noah again for seven years.

ANANIAS AND MUNCHAUSEN OVERCOME

CHARLES the First of England and Louis XVI. of France were discussing various methods of execution, at the club-house of the Associated Shades Society, and Charles frankly confessed that his had hurt him.

"It wasn't the axe so much as the thought that there at the last minute I was cut by one of my own former employees," he observed. "You'd have thought he'd never met me before."

"The guillotine was absolutely painless," said Louis. "You'd hardly believe it, but it is true that I didn't even know the thing



Drawn by A. B. Walker

*Ananias and Munchausen depart weeping*

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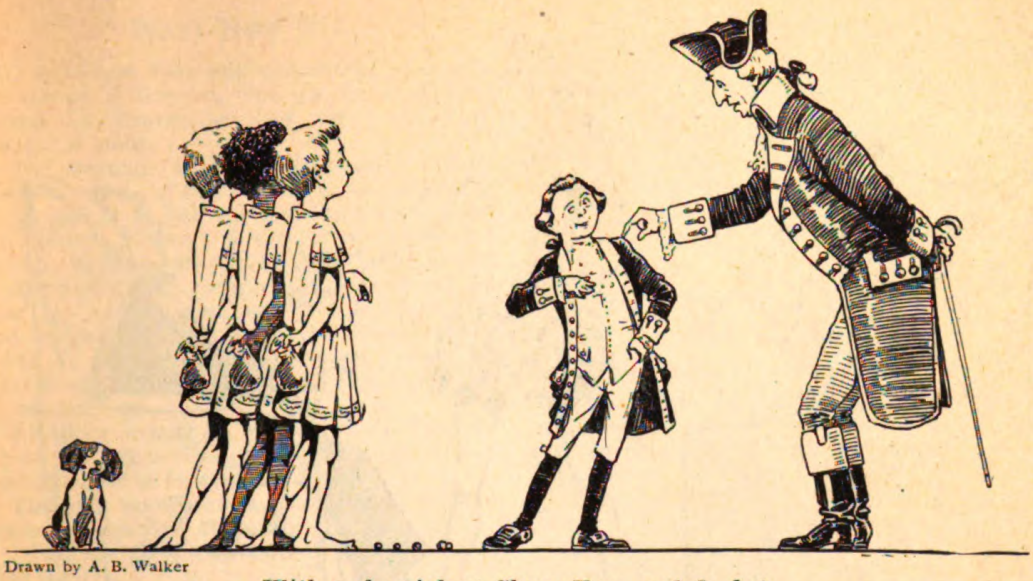

Drawn by A. B. Walker

*With a sly wink at Shem, Ham, and Japhet*

had happened until next morning, when I started to brush my hair and discovered that my head was gone. It was the shock of that discovery really that killed me."

Ananias and Baron Munchausen were so affected by this story that they left the club-house weeping.

### CASABIANCA'S OBEDIENCE

THAT Casabianca, the noble youth who, according to the immortal poem of Mrs. Hemans, stood upon the burning deck whence all but him had fled, was a good boy as well as a brave one is shown by his reply to Baron Munchausen, who, meeting him upon the street one day, asked him why he didn't try to save himself by jumping overboard.

"Why," said he, with a sly wink at Shem, Ham, and Japhet, with whom he had been playing marbles as Munchausen came along, "it was because I promised my mother before I sailed that I would be very careful and not get my feet wet."

### LEICESTER'S JEALOUSY

IT is said that the Earl of Leicester was very jealous of Sir Walter Raleigh's success in winning the esteem of Queen Elizabeth, and never lost an opportunity in private to belittle the achievements of his rival. Lord Bacon having once remarked to Leicester that Raleigh showed great presence of mind in so promptly throwing his cloak into the muddy pool so that her Majesty could cross the street without wetting her feet, the latter retorted:

"Bosh! Presence of mind! Why, my dear Bacon, his presence of mind wasn't a circumstance to my own at that precise moment."

"I notice you didn't take off your cloak and make the hit," said Bacon.

"Precisely," snapped Leicester. "And therein was proven my presence of mind, for I remembered in time that I had no shirt on."

### ADAM'S MISTAKE

ADAM had been discussing Wild Animals He Had Met, with Noah and the late P. T. Barnum.

"I think you showed great fertility of invention in naming so many beasts so felicitously," observed Mr. Barnum. "Take the Lion, for instance—what a splendid name for so leonine a creature!"

"True!" said Noah, enthusiastically. "And the Bear, too, was mighty well named. Where did you get the name for the Bear, grandpa?"

*The Earl of Leicester defends his conduct*

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Drawn by A. B. Walker

*Adam invents a famous word*

"From his skin," replied Adam. "The first one I saw had a bearskin on, so I named him after it."

"Mighty clever!" ejaculated Barnum.

"Yes, I think so myself," said Adam. "Fact is, as I look back on it all, I can discover only one serious mistake in the names I applied to my friends, and that was the Rabbit."

"Ah!" said Barnum. "And what do you think he should have been called?"

"The Mollycoddle," said Adam.

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# A Burbanker

*BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE*

A FARMER who was up-to-date,
In tones of glee once said:
"I shall not bank my celery;
I'll Bur-bank it instead."

You should have seen the crop he raised!
Most celery just stalks,
But his could run, and leap, and jump
About the garden walks.

Nor with it could a person find
The slightest bit of fault:
Among its well-blanched leaves there grew
Salt-cellars full of salt.

The farmer who was up-to-date,
In tones of glee then said:
"I shall not bank my house this year,
I'll Bur-bank it instead."

You should have seen what came of that!
Why, in a week or two,
His house had wings with feathers on,
And e'en the chimney *flue*.

The window sashes all were tied
In stylish double bows;
The blinds could see quite well because
They took the panes, and chose.

The farmer who was up-to-date,
In tones of glee then said:
"I shall not bank my money now;
I'll Bur-bank it instead."

You should have seen what happened then!
With interest it grew;
You have to draw most money, but
His painted, sketched, and drew.

He never had to raise it, for
It raised itself, you see;
It sprouted one fine pension and
A large annuity.

And so the farmer up-to-date,
In tones of glee then said:
"When you desire to bank a thing,
Just Bur-bank it instead."

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### Didn't Help Him

IT is seldom that any one thinks of laughing at a funeral, but an incident happened in Providence not long ago that caused a smile.

The regular minister was sick, and a preacher from a near-by town was asked to take charge of the services, and he arrived at the last moment, a total stranger in the town. When he started to speak he launched into an eloquent eulogy of the deceased, as was his custom, and was just beginning to pay a glowing tribute to the departed one when it suddenly dawned upon him that he did not know whether it was a man or a woman.

Stooping down, he whispered in the ear of an old man who sat beside him, "Was the deceased a brother or a sister?"

The old man was a trifle deaf, so the minister repeated the question.

"No, no," said the man. "Only a friend, that's all!"

### Daniel up to Date

JIMMY, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, by his grandmother. When she had finished the story, she said, "Now what do you think Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions?"

"Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy.

---

### Too Expensive

TWO little sisters, of seven and nine, who were taken to see *Othello*, were much impressed by the death scene. "I wonder whether they kill a lady every night?" said Lucy.

"Why, of course not, Lucy," said her sister; "they just pretend to. It would be altogether too expensive to really kill a lady every night!"

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Professional Advice

*"I say, Mister Jones, maybe if you first lather the lawn well, it will cut easier!"*

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## According to Directions

THE MOTHER. "*Keep him quiet if you can, John. This is supposed to be taken internally.*"

### Impossible

IT was June, the month of weddings, and two of little Anne's young aunts and several of their friends were to be married. Anne heard much of the preparations for the various trousseaux, and to her great delight was allowed to go to some of the weddings. She was fascinated by the lovely brides and their beautiful costumes. In the midst of this excitement, her grandmother remarked one day that the young man next door was to be married. Anne looked at her in astonishment. "Why, grandmother," she said, "who ever heard of a *young man's* getting married!"

---

### Didn't Like It

SHE had great trouble with a Chinese cook, who could only be wakened by loud knocking and much calling at his door every morning.

Finally she purchased an alarm-clock, and setting it at the proper hour, presented it to Sam, the cook, who received the gift with a profound obeisance, and a little speech upon the generosity of Americans.

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Sam appeared, and with solemn dignity returned the clock to his mistress, saying:

"Me no likey; him wake me up!"

### A Utilitarian

AS Mr. A——, an Arkansas planter, was preparing to drive to the county-seat one day, he was hailed in this wise by one of his negro "hands":

"Marse Gawge, if you's gwine to town I wish you'd git me a license fur to marry Liza Ann Mayberry."

"Why, certainly, Joe," was his response.

Upon his return he gave Joe the license, who, upon looking it over, exclaimed: "Lawd, Marse Gawge! You done made a big mistake. I tole you I wanta marry Mary Jane Mayberry, an' you done had de license made out fur Liza Ann. Kain't you change de name to Mary Jane?"

"No, Joe," Mr. A—— replied, "that would be illegal. I am very sorry that I misunderstood you, but there is nothing to be done except for you to marry Liza Ann, or spend three dollars for another license."

"I ain't got a nudder free dollars!" and Joe departed in high dudgeon.

In an hour he returned, whistling cheerfully. "Gimme dat license, Marse Gawge," he said. "I've done thunk de matter oveh, an' dar ain't free dollahs diffunce 'tween dose two women."

---

### A Trial

DRESSMAKERS do such funny things,
And interesting, too;
They eat up threads, and swallow pins,—
I've seen 'em, so it's true.

Miss Snip was here all yesterday,
And I liked her the best,
For one new trick she had, which was
Quite different from the rest.

She'd take a piece of my new dress,
And stretch one arm out wide,
And run her *nose* along the length,
Then turn her face aside!

Perhaps she's lost her measuring-tape,—
But, my! it must be hard
And very trying on one's nose,
To always *smell* a yard!

SUZETTE G. STUART.

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### Doubly Sure

"HARRY," said the grocer, severely, "did you charge Mr. Smith for that basket of grapes?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk; "I think I did, sir."

"Well, charge him again," said the grocer. "You can't be too sure of a thing of that kind."

---

### Looked Wealthy

ONE of New York's best-known settlement workers lately observed, while visiting a sick girl in an East Side tenement, that the oranges which had been provided for the patient were not eaten. They were placed in an old cracked bowl, on a table by the sick girl's bed, where they remained apparently untouched by the invalid.

"Sarah," asked the visitor one day, "don't you care for oranges?"

"Yis, mum," answered the patient.

"You haven't eaten any of these," suggested the mission worker.

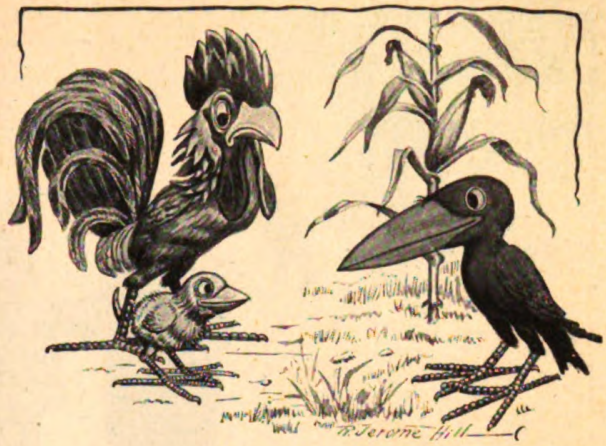
Whereupon Sarah's mother interposed. "Miss," she said, eagerly, "Sarah, she et a half, and me an' Mike we et the other half; and Sarah and me we says we won't eat any more, because it looks so nice and wealthy to have oranges settin' round."

---

### He Saw Her

LITTLE four-year-old Harold was playing in his yard, which was enclosed by a four-foot fence, when his mother called out, "Harold, have you seen the cow in the next lot?" He answered, "I only saw her hooks and eyes, mamma."

TABBY. "*Be good little kittens and don't make any noise; your papa is writing a history of his life.*"
KITTENS *(in chorus)*. "*Which one, mamma?*"



CHICK. "*Oh, father, what's that?*"
ROOSTER. "*That, my son, is a crow.*"
CHICK. "*Oh! Did you crow it?*"

### Why He Didn't Get Tired

AN Illinois man, who is interested in a farm near Cairo in that State, not long ago gave a job to a seedy-looking individual who had applied to him, and who had assured him that he never got tired.

When the employer went to the field where he had put the tramp to work, he found the latter lolling on his back under a tree.

"What does this mean?" asked the employer. "I thought you were a man who never got tired?"

"I don't," calmly responded the tramp; "this doesn't tire me."

---

### Nearer

IN our mining-camp the men congregate on a bench outside the mess-house and "talk it over." One of the miners, old Methuselah, has a very prominent nose, and is the object of much respectful amusement. Last night, one of the men remarked that there was a fly on the end of his nose. Old Methuselah answered, "Brush it off, yourself; you are nearer to it than I."

---

### A Composition

A TERRE HAUTE, Indiana, teacher says that she once told a pupil to compose a brief essay in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The lad turned in the following:

"Monday, Jim Moulton and I killed a deer, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

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A Polar Pessimist

*"You mark my words, if we have another open winter, building material is going up."*

### Better Provender

AT a dinner in Washington not long since there was told a Scotch story of a parishioner who had strayed from his own kirk.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked the preacher of the culprit on meeting him a day or two later.

"I was at Mr. McClellan's kirk," said the other.

"I don't like you running about to strange kirks like that," continued the minister. "Not that I object to your hearing Mr. McClellan, but I'm sure you widna like your sheep straying into strange pastures."

"I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass," responded the parishioner.

---

### They Were Interested

THERE are certain sections of the country where the jury system is imperfectly understood, but it is not often that the misunderstanding produces anything so amusing as an incident that occurred in a town of Oklahoma.

A suit for damages was on trial, and a lad of sixteen years was put on the stand to testify. This he offered in so low a tone that the judge, pointing to the jury, said to the boy:

"Speak so that these gentlemen can hear you."

"Why," said the witness, with a surprised look, "are these men interested in dad's case?"

### Mistaken Identity

MISS JONES had spent considerable time in classifying the early knowledge of natural history acquired by the children. The superintendent's visit seemed a fit time for displaying her success.

"Who can tell me to what kingdom this belongs?" she asked, gingerly holding out a peanut.

Little Jane's hand darted into the air with lightning speed.

"Well, Jane?" encouraged Miss Jones.

"To the animal kingdom," was the quick reply.

Seeing Miss Jones' face darken, Jane knew that she had blundered.

"Oh no," she corrected herself, "to the vegetable kingdom. I was thinking of the horse-chestnut."

---

### On the Train

WHEN sitting by the window, I
Watch the tall poles go racing by,
And wonder why they hurry so
To leave the place to which I go.

The words upon the wires, too,
I often wonder what they do
When several meet and try to pass.
Do some fall off and die, alas?

And then those rows of puffed-up birds!
I know they eat the little words;
For when the tel-e-grams arrive
Only big words are left alive.

GERALDINE MEYRICK.

---

### To Save Trouble

A CONNECTICUT man tells of two Irishmen from Boston who, while driving through the State named, observed that many of the barns had weather-vanes in the shape of huge roosters.

"Dennis," said one Irishman to the other, "can ye tell me why they always have a rooster an' niver a hin on the top of thim barns?"

"Sure," replied Dennis. "It's because of the difficulty they'd have in collicting the eggs."

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*Howard Pyle* Illustration for "Doña Victoria"

THE OFFICERS WOULD BE WAITING TILL SHE SHOULD APPEAR"

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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVI FEBRUARY, 1908 No. DCXCIII

FREIGHTING A LOAD ACROSS A WIDE LANE IN A RAFT MADE OF SLEDGES

# The Anglo-American Polar Expedition


*BY VILHJÁLMR STEFÁNSSON*

ETHNOLOGIST WITH THE EXPEDITION

Formerly of the Peabody Museum of American Ethnology, Harvard University


ALTHOUGH it suffered the misfortune of shipwreck, the Anglo-American Polar Expedition has achieved results of great interest to scientific men; and geographers are looking toward the continuation of its work with perhaps rather keener interest than toward that of any other expedition at present in the field, for its work is being continued in the least known, the largest unexplored section of the arctic world.

The joint commanders — Ernest De-Koven Leffingwell, of Chicago, and Ejnar Mikkelsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark—met as members of the first Ziegler expedition to Franz-Josef Land in 1901. Previous to this Captain Mikkelsen had been a member of the Amdrup Ex-


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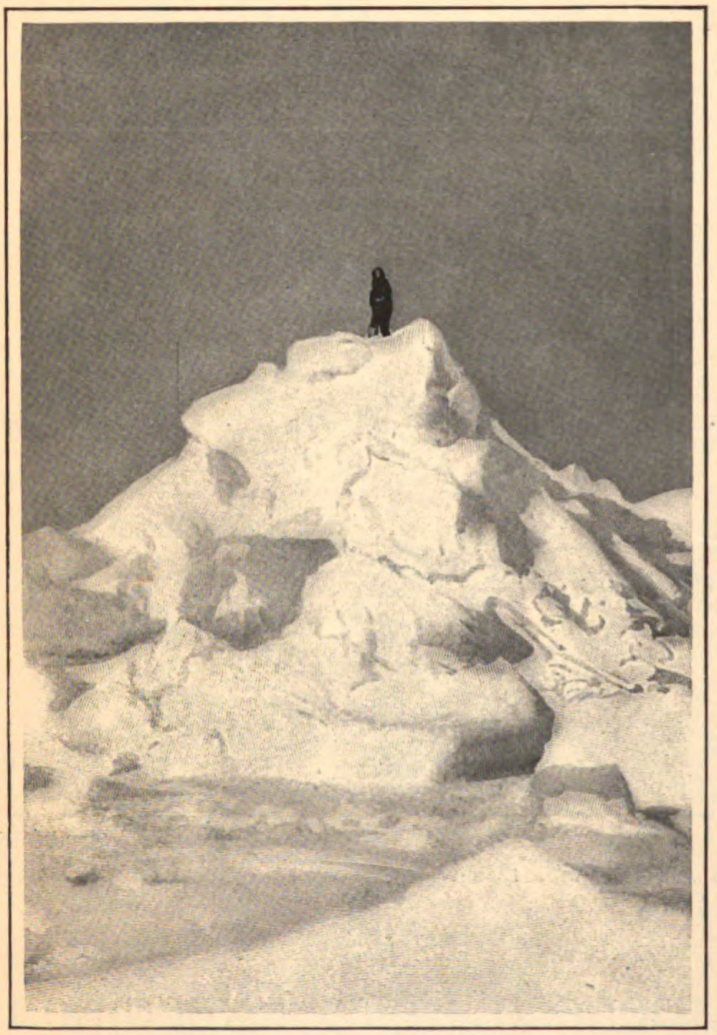
Greenland Expedition. Personally congenial and of kindred ambition, they soon formed the project which they are now engaged in carrying out.

The choice of the field was well-nigh inevitable. Nansen had pointed out—and he was not the first to do so—that for those whose aim was not merely the reaching of the earth's mathematical pole, but rather the widening of the field of geographic and scientific knowledge, the place where there still remained great things to be done was the Arctic between Banks Land and the New Siberian Islands. In that region no one had definite knowledge of conditions, though many guessed and theorized. The limits of the continental shelf were undetermined; many thought the whole Beaufort Sea shallow and the probable seat of unknown lands; the ocean currents were supposed to flow eastward along the north coast of Alaska, and peculiarities of the tides observed by Sir John Franklin and Dease and Simpson were supposed to indicate a land mass to the north of Point Barrow. There were many theories and much discussion; evidently it was desirable that some one should go and see.



HIGH-PRESSURE RIDGE ENCOUNTERED ON THE SPRING SLEDGING TRIP

The expedition, as it finally took form, was supported by several private individuals, by the Royal Geographical Society of London, the American Geographical Society of New York, and by *Harper's Magazine*. The ship was the property of the Duchess of Bedford, in whose honor she was named.

The expedition sailed from Victoria, British Columbia, May 22, 1906. Besides her crew, she carried the scientific members of the party, with the exception of the writer, an ethnologist by profession, whose business it was to study the arctic Eskimo east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Fear that the schooner might be unable to penetrate my intended field of work decided me to go north by a quicker as well as a more interesting route—overland from the railway terminus at Edmonton, Alberta, and thence down the rivers of the Mackenzie system to the Arctic Ocean, there to board the schooner if she should arrive. In the event of her non-arrival I expected to throw myself on the hospitality of the Eskimos east of the river towards Cape Brown. I arrived at the mouth of the river early in August, waited at Herschel Island, hoping for

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the schooner's arrival, till September, and then joined the Eskimos, as planned, living in their houses through the winter. I thus had to carry on my work unsupported by the resources of the expedition.

Of the scientific staff on board the schooner, the commanders were jointly in charge of surveying and mapping, Mr. Mikkelsen was captain of the ship and in immediate command of the crew, Mr. Leffingwell had charge of the work in geology and meteorology. The work in botany and zoology was under the charge of the Norwegian naturalist and artist, Ejnar Ditlevsen. Mr. Ditlevsen was, however, unfortunately taken so seriously ill on the voyage north that he had to be sent home from Alaska. The expedition's surgeon was Dr. George P. Howe, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard College and the Harvard Medical School, who left a position in the Boston City Hospital to join the expedition.

On the voyage north, and, in fact, till she reached Point Barrow, the ship met much bad weather and contrary winds. At one time, near Nome, Alaska, she was driven somewhat off her course, and had to run between reefs of unknown character through dangerously shallow water, and barely escaped being wrecked. On St. Lawrence Island the party made a landing for the purpose of securing dogs. More than twenty were bought, but most of them turned out to be animals of little value. In this neighborhood the expedition got its first polar bear—a very large animal, shot by Dr. Howe.

Although without auxiliary power, the schooner reached Point Barrow, on the north coast of Alaska, ahead of any of the steam-whalers bound for the Banks Land whaling-grounds. The conditions here were unusually bad. The heavy sea-ice lay packed against the land and barred the entrance to the Beaufort Sea against even the most powerfully built steamers until the beginning of September. At Point Barrow some of the crew taken out of Victoria were sent home and replaced by Quartermaster William Hickey and able-seaman Max Fiedler from the United States revenue-cutter *Thetis,* and Joe Carroll, a whaler at that time living at Point Barrow, who became the ship's steward. Besides these, the crew now consisted of the carpenter, Chris M. Thuesen, of Brooklyn, and Storker Storkerson, a young Norwegian, who later took part in the winter sled

OLD FLOE-ICE

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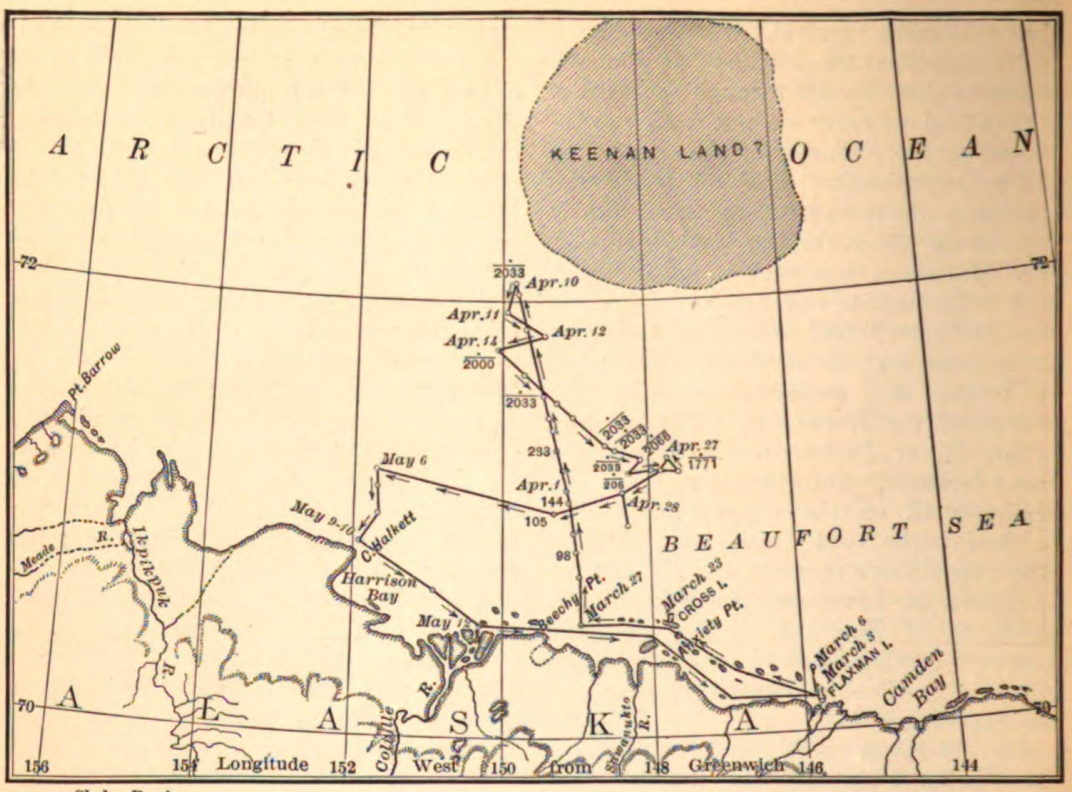



Sledge Route
Depths in feet
2033 Length of line out and no bottom.

SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 40 60 80

DETERMINING THE EDGE OF THE CONTINENTAL SHELF

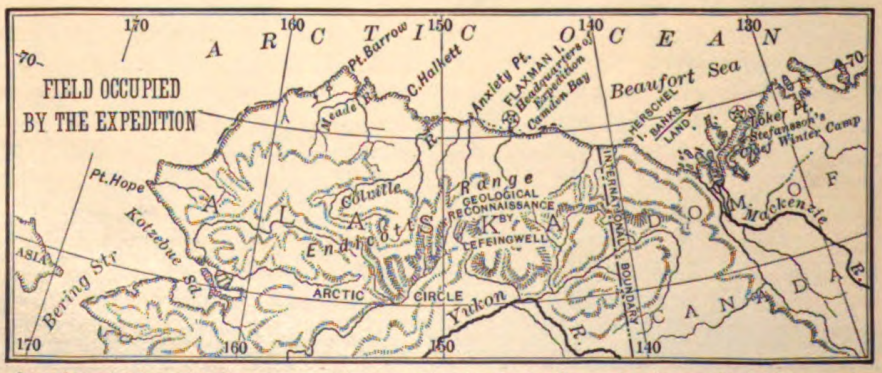
Sledge route of the Mikkelsen-Leffingwell Arctic Expedition
(From Mikkelsen's map in the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society)

trips, and showed himself an admirable man for arctic service.

The first days of September, ice conditions improved slightly. With the generous assistance of the steam-whaler *Belvedere*—Captain Cottle, of New Bedford, Massachusetts,—the schooner was enabled to get past Point Barrow and into the ice-free waters of the lagoon which extends eastward from the mouth of the Colville River to Camden Bay. September was already well advanced when the schooner reached the east end of this lagoon. It was decided to winter behind Flaxman Island, for the season of open navigation was about at an end.

The usual preparations for wintering in the arctic were now made—stores taken ashore, arrangements made for systematic meteorological and tidal observations, and (when the lagoon froze over) the ship housed over against the drifting snow.

As soon as Camden Bay froze over,




Location of winter headquarters at Flaxman Island, also Stefánsson's camp with Eskimos, and Leffingwell's geological reconnaissance

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DRYING SLEEPING-BAGS DURING A SLEDGE TRIP

Mr. Leffingwell and Mr. Storkerson set out with a dog-sled for Herschel Island, two hundred miles to the eastward, for the purpose of getting the expedition's mail into the hands of the Royal North West Mounted Police, who each winter send one packet of mail from the island to Fort Macpherson, on the Peel River, whence it is carried over the mountains to Dawson. The trip, partly on account of the early season of the year, proved a difficult one, and occupied thirty-five days. Some of the rivers were not yet firmly frozen over, and many delays resulted. Two of the dogs had to be killed to feed the other three, and—as Mr. Leffingwell put it in a letter he wrote me at the time and which I received the following August—"we should have had a touch of arctic hardships if we had not found aid" at Herschel Island. Their remaining dogs were so weak, their foot-gear so worn out, and they themselves so used up by the trip to the island, that although they heard of my being at the time at Shingle Point, only some sixty miles to the eastward, they did not consider themselves able to reach me. I got the news of their visit to Herschel Island by Eskimo report about the first of the following March, and they were at the island Thanksgiving day. The return trip, after a week's rest, was made in twenty-five days.

At the ship the winter passed rather uneventfully. On Flaxman Island there were two families of Eskimos living by sealing, and in the mountains to the southward several families that live by hunting the barren-ground caribou. During the early part of the winter Captain Mikkelsen and Dr. Howe visited some of these in the course of hunting trips inland. These Eskimos supplied the ship with a considerable amount of deer meat during the winter and spring, while those on the island supplied the seal meat both for the table and for feeding the ship's dogs. In December, Dr. Howe and Mr. Thuesen made a trip westward toward Cross Island for the purpose of making tidal observations, and Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Fiedler made a similar one to Barter Island, sixty miles to the eastward.

When winter set in and Eskimos began to visit the ship, it soon became apparent that they were much better clothed to meet the cold than were the white explorers, though the latter had everything that money could command in the way of "an approved arctic outfit." The Finn-

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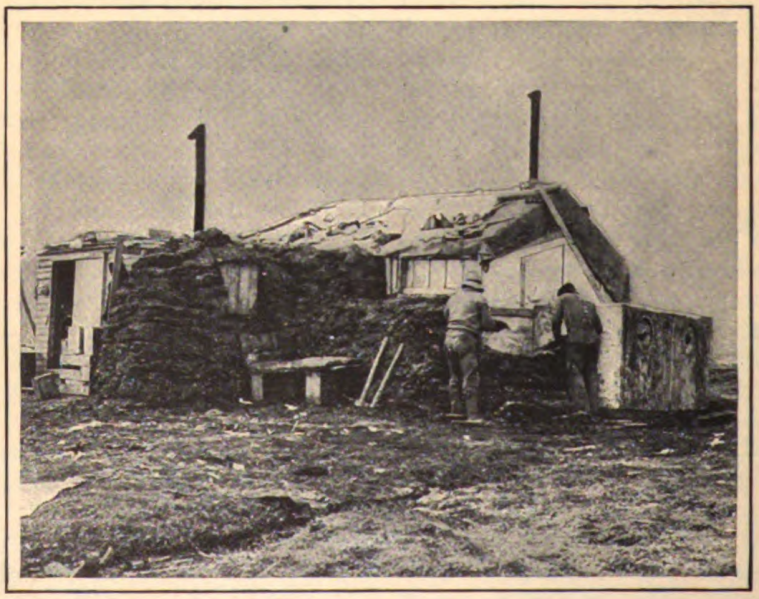
ish boots, or "Finnskor," used by Nansen and other arctic explorers, were excelled both in lightness and warmth by the native boots. A single fur coat of deerskin made in Norway—such a one as has been used on most recent polar expeditions—weighed as much as an entire Eskimo suit of outer and inner garments, with boots and mittens included, and was stiff as wet sail-cloth, while the native garments were soft as a kid glove. A well-made Eskimo suit—socks and boots, underwear, trousers, and coat with hood—weighs ten or eleven pounds, about as much as your spring suit, and in it you could sit comfortably on a block of snow, with your back to the wind, fishing through a hole in the ice, with a temperature of —50° Fahr. (as the writer has repeatedly done), feeling cold nowhere but on the face—the only part of the body that must be left uncovered. We found a deerskin shirt with the hair turned in warmer, lighter, and more comfortable than a woollen one, deerskin socks better than woollen, and a cap unnecessary when the hooded coat is worn. There was not an item of the arctic clothing that was not advantageously replaced by garments bought from the Eskimos; no one wore garments of European or American make if he was able to get his hands on the Eskimo equivalent.

In February preparations commenced for the main undertaking of the year. The commanders had originally hoped to make their sledge journey into the Beaufort Sea westward from Banks Land, but the ship's inability to get east made it necessary that it should be made northward from Alaska instead. And it was fortunate the trip was so made, for the unexpected drift conditions met with would have made a safe landing on any shore improbable had the party struck west from Banks Land.

In 1904 Mr. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, summarized before the International Geographic Congress the current knowledge of the Beaufort Sea, and drew therefrom several conclusions. He called it "a well-established fact that there are two important surface currents (or drifts) in the Arctic Ocean. One of these flows eastward along the north coast of Alaska through the Arctic Archipelago," etc. He supports this statement by evidence from the expeditions commanded by Collinson and McClure, De Long, Nansen, and others, and makes this current, together with various other supposed facts, the basis for an "indicated land" in the Beaufort Sea. Relying upon the same data as Dr. Harris had at his disposal, the commanders of the expedition had formed like conclusions;



PREPARING FOR COLD WEATHER—BANKING UP THE HOUSE WITH TURF

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while the land was problematic, the current was supposed to be an established fact. Thinking this, they considered it not very dangerous to venture out on the ice west from Banks Land. The current, if it carried them at all, would carry them back towards land, and be a hindrance, but not a menace to life.

The conditions are now known, and the case stands differently. Had the party reached Banks Land in their ship and started out upon their ice journey westward from some point on its coast, they would, judging from conditions met with along the southern edge of the Beaufort Sea, have been inevitably carried beyond the possibility of reaching any known land in the general direction of the pole. The hypothetical current was to the east, the real current is to the northwest—one that would, it seems probable, take a log of driftwood across the "indicated land" placed by Harris and other theorizers in the unexplored Beaufort Sea, and would surely have carried the explorers in a northwest curve towards the landless frozen ocean surrounding the pole.

On March 3 the start was made northward into the ice from Flaxman Island; there were three men, plus a supporting party of sailors and Eskimos, three sleds hauled by a total of fourteen dogs, and provisions for ninety days. But after covering some ten miles of very rough ice and breaking the sleds badly, the party were stopped by an east-and-west strip of bottle-glass (rubble) ice of unknown width. Ice of this sort is formed by the breaking up, under the influence of wind or pressure, of ice an inch or a few inches in thickness. Pieces of various shapes and sizes are tilted on edge and held so by the formation of new ice, leaving a surface reminding one of broken bottles on top of an English stone wall. (When the ice party, a month or so later, had to cross a five-hundred-yard strip of this sort, it took them five hours of hard work with the pickaxes to clear a path for the sleds.) As the present strip was too wide to be seen across from an ice-hummock thirty feet in height, the case was evidently hopeless, and the party returned to the ship with the knowledge that their "sleds of the approved arctic type" were little better fitted for their purpose than the Finnish shoes or Norwegian fur clothing. Besides being too weak, the sleds had too low runners (8½ inch), and their bodies dragged continually in the soft snow or caught the upward-pointed snags of ice.

The start for the second attempt was made on the morning of March 17, the party consisting of the two commanders and the mate Storkerson. The plan this time was to proceed westward till the end of the strip of bottle-glass ice previously encountered should have been passed, and then to head north. This opportunity did not present itself till the party had travelled as far west as the Thetis Islands. At this point they found reasonably smooth ice for a few miles northward, though there was not a day that the pickaxes did not have to be used in crossing ridges and rough places. With hard work for both men and dogs the party were able to make an average progress of between five and six miles per day, though they occasionally had less than three miles to show for ten hours of the hardest sort of work, alternately with the pickaxes and in the hauling-straps, pulling on the sleds to help the dogs.

A problem which faced the party at the close of each day and became especially serious during the latter part of the trip was the selection of a suitable and safe place for pitching camp. A thick, solid floe had to be found, for neither the heaping into a mound nor the opening in cracks of one's tent floor is a thing to be desired. Towards evening, therefore, one began climbing hummocks and in general scouting around to get eyes on a place that was at once level and solid-looking. This was a process which the dogs soon learned to understand and which interested them considerably, for they, perhaps even more than the men, looked with pleasant anticipations toward camping. When, therefore, the spot was selected and the man who had found it shouted the announcement to his companions, the dog-teams, with tails erect and howls of joy, brought the sleds in on a dead run.

When the tent was erected and the cook was inside preparing supper, came the feeding of the dogs, whose appetites were

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rather keen from much work done since their meal the evening before. Each got a twenty-ounce block of pemmican, which is equal to over five pounds of fresh meat, and is really considerably more than a dog needs. It is the ambition of each dog to get through with his piece sooner than his neighbor. Then, if he is a big dog and a good fighter, he will pitch on some dog of whom he is not afraid and try to get the last remnants of his cake away; if he is a small dog, he walks about innocently, hoping for an opportunity to snatch and run. And here, as in some other situations, brains often count as much as brute strength, for it is not seldom that the small dog eats the fragments while the bigger dogs are fighting for them.

In ice travel one meets various difficulties other than those met with on land. Almost daily during the first part of winter and occasionally thereafter pressure caused by winds and currents heaps the ice into mounds and ridges, in extreme cases over thirty feet in height. The older these are, the easier they are to cross, for the storms of winter pile snowdrifts against them and fill in, to a degree, the holes and hollows; but at the best the ridges are great hindrances to travel. When fresh they are often extremely difficult to deal with, and if one crosses them while they are in the process of formation—as force of circumstances occasionally compels one to do—there is considerable danger to life. The dog-teams also become hard to manage, being frightened by ice-blocks as big as the gable of a village church, rising and sinking under their feet, and occasionally tilting on edge and toppling over with a crash. The noise of the process is not unsuitably compared to that of a cannonade.

But ridges, even in the formative process, are less troublesome than the converse phenomenon—the formation of lanes of open water. If these are caused by currents in the sea, it is often not difficult to cross them in some sort of boat—if one has a boat. Under the influence of local storms, however, the wider lanes (or "leads")—and they are sometimes miles in width—may become covered with white-capped waves, even though the temperature be in the neighborhood of —50° Fahr. Under such circumstances they are almost impossible of crossing.

For the purpose of crossing lanes Nansen had with him two canvas boats. But every other page of his diary speaks of an accident to them, and when they had to be used it took the better part of a day to patch them till they were fit to cross even a narrow lane. They were bulky, fragile, and comparatively heavy.

It is here that the present expedition has made a valuable contribution to the equipment for ice travel. Instead of a boat they took a large water-proof tarpaulin that weighed fourteen pounds only and could be rolled into a bundle. When a lane was to be crossed, two of the sleds were placed side by side, lashed together, and the tarpaulin slipped under them and lashed up on the sides. This made a raft capable of carrying three hundred pounds, plus the man to navigate it; the total extra weight carried to rig it was twenty-two pounds — tarpaulin, wooden braces, and rope for lashing—as against the next lightest device to meet the same need, Nansen's fragile kayak weighing forty-one pounds. And, best of all, the tarpaulin was used every night as a cover for the tent, making it a much warmer sleeping-place than it would otherwise have been. When they had become expert in its use the Mikkelsen-Leffingwell party were able to rig the raft, ferry the loads and dogs across a lane a hundred yards wide, and be on the road again in sixty-five minutes.

The party travelled north approximately along the 149th meridian; that the northward course, as indicated on the map, diverges from this is due to a slight westward drift of the whole ice-field during the early part of April. For the first fifty miles or so of the northward journey occasional soundings taken through cracks in the ice gave a depth continually less than forty fathoms—they were still over the continental shelf. On April 7, however, at a distance of sixty-four miles from land, they were unable to reach bottom with a 640-metre line. The continental shelf was passed and one purpose of the expedition accomplished. Nevertheless, the journey was continued for another thirty miles, or until, on April 10, just north of the

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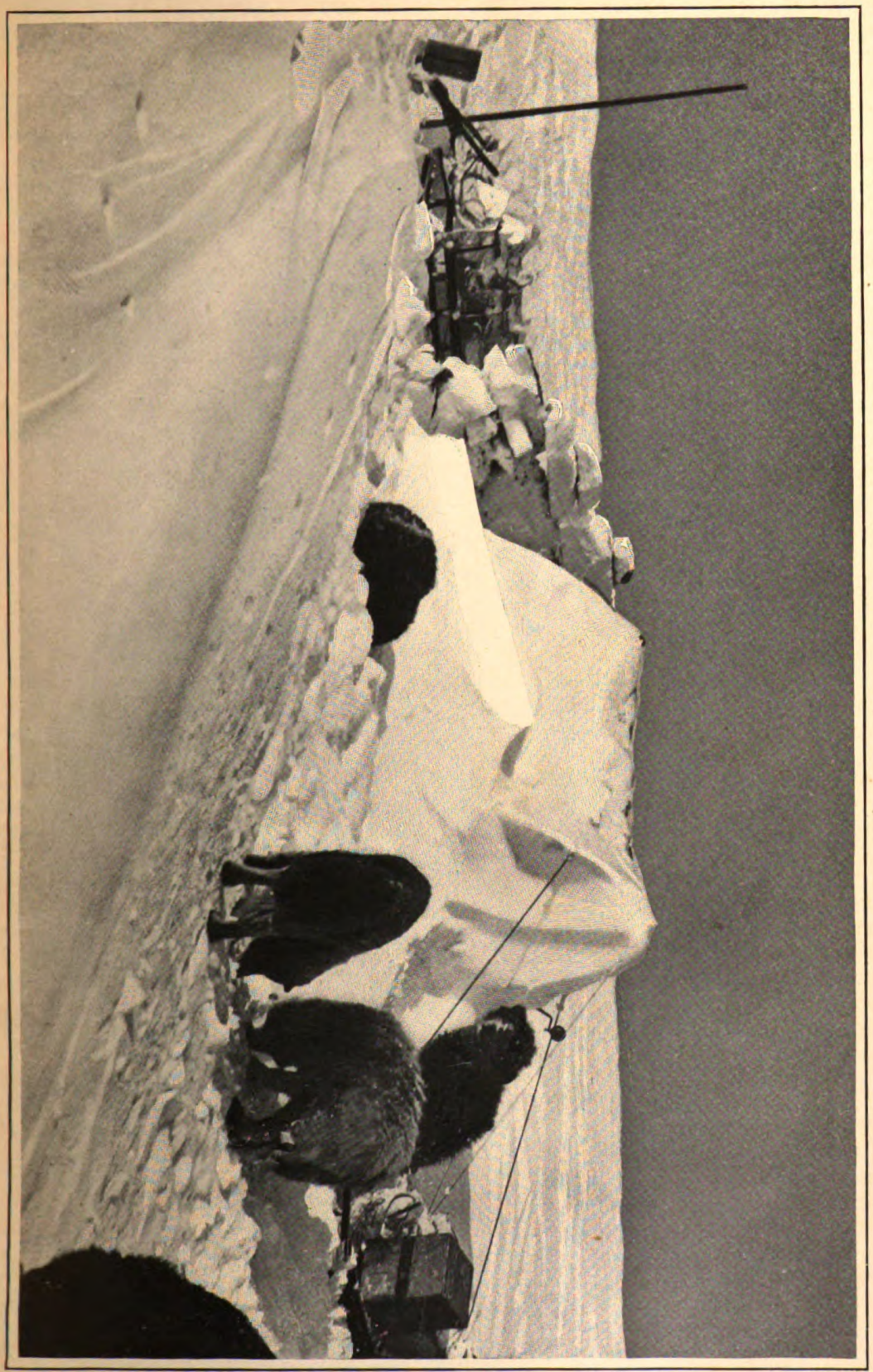

THE TENT AFTER A HEAVY GALE

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72d parallel, ice conditions prevented further progress. Lanes became so frequent and the ice between was so rough that scarce any headway was possible. The commanders therefore determined to head southeast, till soundings again showed them to be on the edge of the continental shelf, and then to trace the shelf eastward as far as possible. To do this was a matter of great importance, for questions which hinge on determining the limits of the continental shelf on the various sides of the polar basin are at present considered by geographers paramount among those to be settled by arctic exploration. All the northern lands at present known rise from a platform fringing the continents and covered with one or two hundred fathoms of water, and most authorities consider that when in any quarter the edge of this shelf has been passed, the probability of land being discovered in that region is very small. If the edge of the shelf can once be determined in a curve surrounding the pole, the number and extent of the arctic lands will in all probability be correctly known, and hurried dashes towards the pole will come to have even less scientific promise than they do at present.

On April 15, after travelling southeast a distance estimated at twelve miles, an astronomical observation for position was taken. This showed the true course since they began travelling southeast to have been in reality to the southwest a distance of fifteen miles. The ice-field was in motion; the party were in the grasp of that terror of the ice traveller—the Arctic Drift.

The drift in this part of the arctic depends largely on local winds, and between the 16th and 20th of April the ice movement was checked by westerly winds. By the evening of the 21st the party were some fifty miles south and twenty east of their "farthest north."

During this week a fact of much significance was forced upon their notice: even the lightest easterly winds produced a westward drift with opening lanes, showing free motion of the floes to the westward; westerly winds, on the other hand, produced little drift, but great pressure and the crushing of the ice into ridges generally at right angles to the direction of the wind. The geographic conclusion to be drawn was that there was land or other firm obstruction blocking the ice to the eastward, but an open sea and no obstacle to the west; the personal conclusion directly applicable to the party at the moment was that the coming on of easterly winds might carry them into the open sea beyond Point Barrow, and render extremely improbable their being able to make a landing on any shore.

And the easterly winds and westward drift did come. April 22 there had been a sixty-three-metre sounding, showing that the continental shelf had been reached. But travelling had become very bad, lanes were becoming extremely frequent, and—perhaps worst of all—the temperature occasionally rose above the freezing-point, and the damp snow stuck to the sled-runners, doubling the hauling weight of the loads.

The period from April 27 to May 6 was one of strenuous exertion and much worry. The party had given up trying to make headway eastward, for they were carried farther back each night than they could advance in a day. Making land-fast ice by working straight south was obviously their only hope. Hauling on the sleds to help the dogs and crossing lanes every few hours, the men were completely fagged out. Nor did their determination of latitude and longitude give them much comfort. Their most strenuous marches merely neutralized the northward component of the northwest drift, and they were moving about straight west. Had it not been that Cape Halkett and Point Barrow project a considerable way north and give the coast of this part of America a northward trend, the situation would have had in it few elements of hope. On May 6, however, fortune turned, and the party got foot on land-fast ice near Cape Halkett.

The struggle with the drift had been made more trying by the light conditions which make April and May dreaded among the Eskimos, though Mr. Leffingwell was the only member of the party who suffered seriously from snow-blindness. When the sun glares and dazzles on a frosty March day its effects can be counteracted by the white man's smoked glasses and the Eskimo's narrow-slit gog-



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gles of wood, that admit only a small quantity of light; but against the mist and haze of the warmer months no device has been invented by either primitive or civilized man. In this sort of light, hummocks and snags cast no shadow, and the straining of the soundest eye will not tell the traveller if he is stepping into a hollow or about to stub his toe against a block of snow-covered ice. Nor are the eyes likely to remain sound long under these conditions; the modicum of information the eyes give is temptation enough to straining them continually, and snow-blindness follows.

Snow-blindness is an affliction little known through description, though not very difficult to describe, for here the strongest adjectives need few qualifications. The pain does not follow immediately upon the straining which seems to be its cause. After a long day of haze the traveller finds when he gets into camp that his eyes are a little itchy, and that they water if he comes too near a fire or any source of heat. Later they feel as if there were a trace of smoke in the tent, then as if a grain or two of sand had gotten under the eyelids, and finally as if the eye-sockets were lined with sandpaper. Every movement of the eye causes pain, and then the pains begin to come without a provoking roll of the eyeball. At first there is a dull ache, growing gradually sharper, until towards morning of a sleepless night it throbs through the eyes every few seconds, with twinges comparable to, but not equalled by, the shooting pains of toothache. It is the only affliction with the pain of which the ordinary Eskimo cries out. The severity of the attack diminishes towards the end of the first twenty-four hours; for the larger part of that time the sufferer usually keeps his tent, moaning and occasionally crying out sharply, lying on his face, with both hands covering his closed eyes to keep out the faintest possible light; on the second or perhaps third day he is able to travel, but is very near-sighted and sees everything double. In a week or so, if the weather is hazy or he has no goggles, the same individual may have another attack—but the first attack of the year is the most severe, apparently. Every attack weakens the eyes and predisposes to further attacks, which (so, at least, the Eskimos believe) finally lead to total blindness—an affliction rather common among the Eskimos. Keeping the eyes from strain and, if possible, focussing them continually on some dark object (such as a black dog in one's team), is believed by the natives to be the chief safeguard. The same view is held by many of the Royal North West Mounted Police, whose duties within the arctic and on the plains of the northwest frequently expose them to snow-blindness. Nothing, perhaps, could more clearly bring out the trying nature of the affliction than the fact that one or more suicides among the policemen on spring duty in the northwest are attributed to inability to bear the pain of snow-blindness. Occasionally the police employ the amusing but apparently rather effective device of painting the nose black and trying to focus the eyes upon it. The type of nose may have something to do with the effectiveness of this scheme.

After reaching the land ice, May 6, the direction in which the party travelled and the distance covered depended on their own volition and their own exertion. They headed south in short and rather laborious marches till the 10th, after which they followed the trend of the coast southeastward, covering two hundred miles in five days—a daily average of forty miles, as against less than five per day on the sea ice. They arrived at Flaxman Island May 15, after being absent sixty days, feeding seven of their dogs to the other six, and losing one dog, and after abandoning two of their three sleds. On the entire trip they had been surrounded by an abundance of animal life; fox tracks were plentiful even a hundred miles from land; three seals were shot for dog-food, and as many score could have been secured had they been needed; two polar bears were seen and the pelt of one brought home, for he was killed after reaching the land ice. Physically no one was the worse for the hardships endured, and all were in good spirits over the success of the trip. But the home-coming might easily have been more cheerful, for the *Duchess of Bedford* lay crushed in the ice and abandoned.

Dr. Howe's régime had lasted two months; it had been, in spite of capable management, a trying time. Earlier in

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TRAVELLING LESS THAN THREE MILES IN TEN HOURS OF THE HARDEST SORT OF WORK

the year the ship had sprung a leak, which, however, was easily controlled by the pumps. But on the very day the ice party set out one of the men forward stepped into water on the floor. This time the situation was more serious; the pumps could not quite keep the water in check. There was but one thing to do—unload the ship and abandon her. A messenger summoned all the able-bodied Eskimos of the neighborhood (there were several families around at this time, fortunately), and within twenty-four hours most things of value were ashore. The ship settled till there were about eighteen inches of water on the cabin floor; at that point her further sinking was checked by the ice. A house was built on shore with lumber torn out of the ship and covered with several thicknesses of sail. In this the crew were living comfortably when the writer arrived at Flaxman Island, about the middle of April, 1907.

Although we had known each other fairly well in Boston, I am inclined to think it was rather argument than appearances that convinced Dr. Howe I was an old acquaintance. In a complete Eskimo suit, with my Eskimo travelling companion and his dogs and sled for background, I probably looked pretty thoroughly Eskimo, and may even have smelt it. But when the identification process was through with, the welcome was warm—as welcomes often are in a land of snow and isolation. At the ship they had known only vaguely that I was somewhere two or three hundred miles to the eastward; now that the ship was wrecked they had not expected to see me in the north at all, though up to that time they had counted on meeting me in August, 1907, when the schooner got to Herschel Island.

Dr. Howe's professional duties during the winter had been light, for the arctic is a land of good health. Occasionally he had been called upon to treat the Eskimos—as often as not for imagined pains; for hysteria and some of the ills popularly ascribed to overwrought nerves and a vivid imagination are about as common among them as they are in our cities, and the familiar method is about as efficacious—make them believe they are being cured, and, lo! they grow well. The value of a drug or method of treatment, therefore, depends largely on its immediate and noticeable effects; an electric battery would probably be found to possess wonderful curative powers. Dr. Howe's success in curing imaginary ills and alleviating real ones has been such

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that his reputation has already spread far among the natives of northern Alaska, and will doubtless live a good while in their memories.

After staying with Dr. Howe a week or so I started for a round trip to Herschel Island, accompanied by Quartermaster Hickey of the *Duchess*. The purpose was to return my Eskimo companion and the dogs to their homes—for I never could afford a dog-team of my own while in the north. We had an uneventful nine-day trip going east, and one of similar length returning. This visit to Herschel was, however, productive of serious and unpleasant results.

When the two commanders and Storkerson had started on their ice trip, the Eskimos of Flaxman Island considered the party as good as dead, for the Alaska Eskimo is insanely afraid of the ice. When Mr. Hickey and I reached Herschel Island, our Eskimo companion at once told his friends about the party of three going off on the ice, declaring his belief that they were by now all dead. To every white man with whom I spoke I explained the situation as it was: that when we left Flaxman the party had been gone only half the anticipated time, and no more anxiety was felt than on the day of their starting out. One of the fourteen dogs had, it was true, come back to shore, but this was the most worthless dog they had, and it had been their expressed intention to turn it back to find its way home if it seemed not to be earning its keep by pulling. This story changed so during the next few months and in its transmission by word of mouth to Fort Macpherson, on the Peel River, that when picked up there in July by Mr. A. H. Harrison, the English geographer, it had turned into a statement attributed to me to the effect that one whole dog-team had come back from the ice, that the party had been ten days overdue when I left Flaxman Island, and that I believed Captain Mikkelsen, Mr. Leffingwell, and Mr. Storkerson to be lost. It was this story which he took up the Mackenzie River, and which was telegraphed to the far corners of the earth September 6, 1907. On our return to the ship, May 15, Mr. Hickey and I found the ice party back two days ahead of us, and met Mr. Leffingwell some miles from the island, already on his way to the mountains and his summer work in geology.

Geological work, as such, is not spectacular; a straightforward account of it is of little interest to the non-professional reader. Mr. Leffingwell's investigations therefore, though of considerable scientific importance, do not lend themselves to exposition that shall be free from technicalities and intricate detail.

Perhaps the most striking geological fact of the north shore of Alaska—to the lay mind at least—is the fact that many, if not all, of the islands that lie in a chain from the mouth of the Colville eastward to Camden Bay are islands of ice rather than of earth. Flaxman Island is typical of these. Its elevation above sea-level is, on the average, perhaps not over ten or twelve feet; its surface layer, in places not more than a foot or two thick, is sandy soil, with occasional boulders of various kinds of rock, the largest of them weighing a few thousand pounds. Under this thin surface layer is a thicker one of pure ice, fresh to the taste, transparent in color, but containing occasional small fragments of rock. Holes dug on the island show the ice layer to be four to eight feet in thickness, and outcroppings along the shore show a similar condition. It seems likely this ice may be the remains of an ancient glacier that once covered the slope of the mountains which now face the Arctic from about twenty miles inland. A similar ice formation to that found by Mr. Leffingwell on Flaxman Island has been seen by the writer on a promontory of the mainland east of the mouth of the Colville. The thawing of this ice outcrop is one of the chief causes for the very rapid breaking up that is now in progress among the islands of this portion of the coast.

Mr. Leffingwell's summer work was, until about July 20, in the mountains south of Barter Island. Here he found gold, among other things, though not in "paying quantities." His intention was to spend the latter part of the summer in investigations among the mountains farther west, but he had to come to the coast in July for the purpose of getting his mail on board the outgoing whalers in August. His present intention is to

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spend the current year and perhaps the next in further geological investigations.

After Mr. Leffingwell's departure for the mountains in May, the spring passed uneventfully for those on the island. Captain Mikkelsen was busy writing reports of the year's work, Dr. Howe went on one or two short hunting excursions after caribou and geese, I occupied myself in digging up some ancient house ruins on the island, and Mate Storkerson looked after preparations for the coming winter. Perhaps the most important of these was the building of an ice-house by digging a cave into the solid ice of the island. This sort of ice-house is a freezing plant in itself, for at the depth of a few feet the temperature below ground is several degrees below freezing both winter and summer, though the nightless days may be uncomfortably warm for those in the sunlight. An ice-house of this sort will keep meat fresh for generations; the one in question contained in July some thirty deer, several hundred geese, ducks, and ptarmigan, and a few other items. They could be left there in safety till the ocean chews the island down.

The wreck of the ship necessitated a complete readjustment of plans. Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Leffingwell intended to carry forward their ice exploration, surveying, and geological work, and I expected to continue my archæological and ethnological studies along the coast towards Cape Bathurst; but there was no further need for the services of the ship's crew, as Eskimo help is more convenient and less expensive. Mr. Storkerson intended to stay and assist Captain Mikkelsen in his ice work, in which Mr. Leffingwell designed to take no further active part; but so far as Dr. Howe and the crew were concerned, the problem for them was how most quickly and easily to get south. Most of them were willing and some a trifle eager to get out of the arctic, and it was therefore determined that they should start, as early as ice and other circumstances allowed, for Point Barrow, to meet there the United States revenue - cutter *Thetis*, which, it was expected, would carry them to Nome or San Francisco. This would enable them to get out a month sooner than if they waited for the outgoing whaler *Norwhal*, due to pass Flaxman Island the first days of September. Accordingly, the start westward was made July 6. There were two boats—an Eskimo skin-canoe, carrying its owner (Sakhawanna), Captain Mikkelsen, Dr. Howe, and myself; the other was a ship's boat, with Mate Storkerson and the crew. It was intended that I be left behind among the Eskimos of the Colville delta, while the rest of the party continued to Point Barrow, from which place Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Storkerson intended taking passage with an incoming whaler for Herschel Island. My intention was to do whatever seemed most feasible as time went on—remain with the Eskimos till winter, take a passing whaler for Herschel Island, or get some Eskimo to take me in his boat either to Point Barrow or back to Flaxman Island. Unforeseeable circumstances, however, changed the plans of all of us.

Our westward journey proved both difficult and unfortunate. The whole spring we had had steady easterly winds; the day after we started, the wind became westerly, and continued so for a week. It was therefore alternately rowing against a breeze or towing the boats along the beach against a moderate gale, neither of which is a pleasant or an easy proceeding. Occasionally we had calms with heavy fogs; at such times we usually got tangled in the mud-flats of some river delta, often stranding in six inches of water miles from the nearest shore. This was unpleasant travelling and not very safe, for few places are more dangerous than delta flats in a sudden squall, with breakers tumbling in from an open sea.

At the end of a week we got to the Colville River. Provisions were running short, for the trip was taking three times as long as anticipated. A slight change had accordingly to be made in our plans —Mate Storkerson and Sakhawanna would stay behind with me, while Captain Mikkelsen, Dr. Howe, and the crew pushed on in the skin boat to Point Barrow. The Barrow party were to take about all the provisions, leaving us to shift for ourselves—a thing we were easily able to do, for fish and water-fowl were abundant and Eskimos sure to be found somewhere in the neighborhood.

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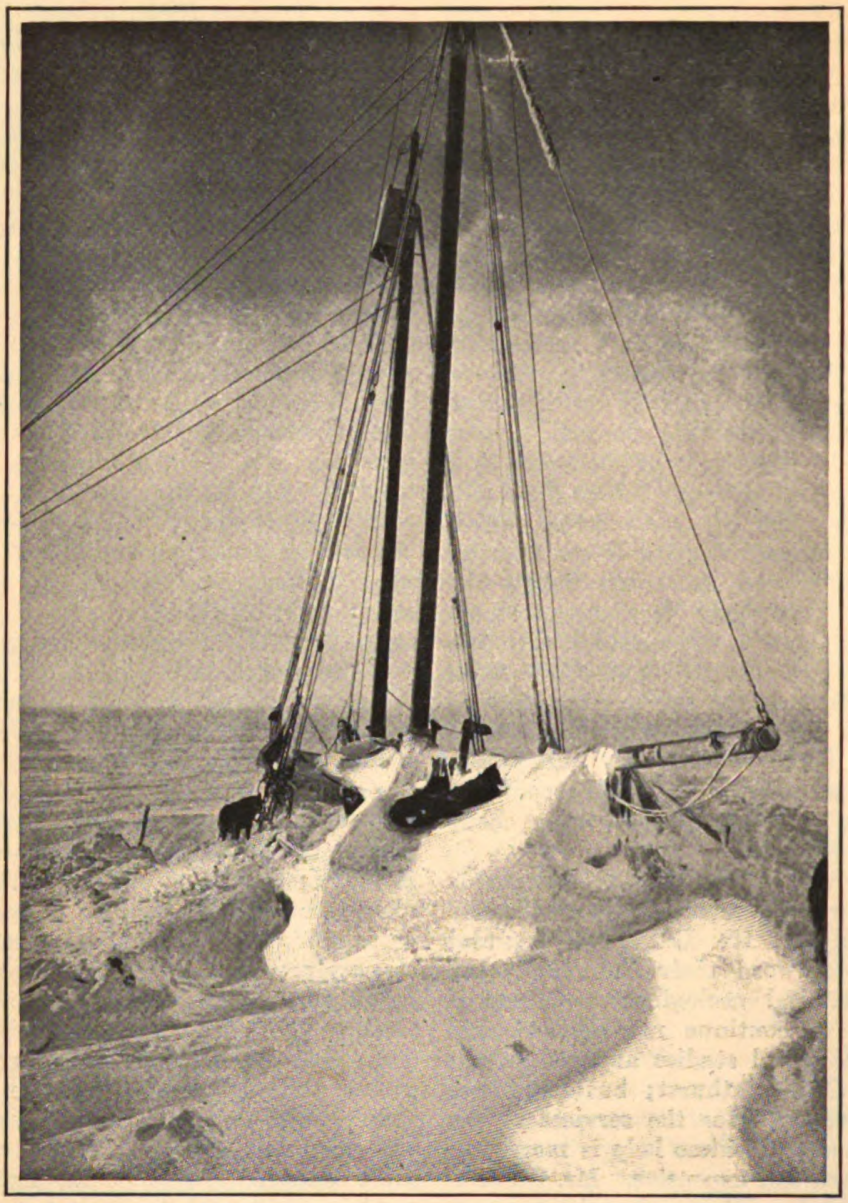

THE "DUCHESS OF BEDFORD" SNOWED IN

But here an untoward accident broke up these fresh plans of ours.

It was on the morning of July 19, and we were helping the west-bound party load their skin boat preparatory to continuing their journey, when Storkerson picked up a rifle to lay it aside. The gun was a "hammerless" one, in an ordinary canvas case, and had been left cocked by Storkerson himself an hour before. As he was about to lay it down it went off, and the bullet passed through his foot. Proper and immediate surgical care was necessary, of course, but though Dr. Howe was with us, most of his implements and drugs had been left behind at Flaxman Island for the benefit of those members of the expedition who were to remain there another year. Captain Mikkelsen immediately determined to give up the Point Barrow trip, and within half an hour he, Dr. Howe, Thuesen, and the wounded man were on their way east, while I had the unexpected accession of two able men—William Hickey and Max Fiedler—to help me

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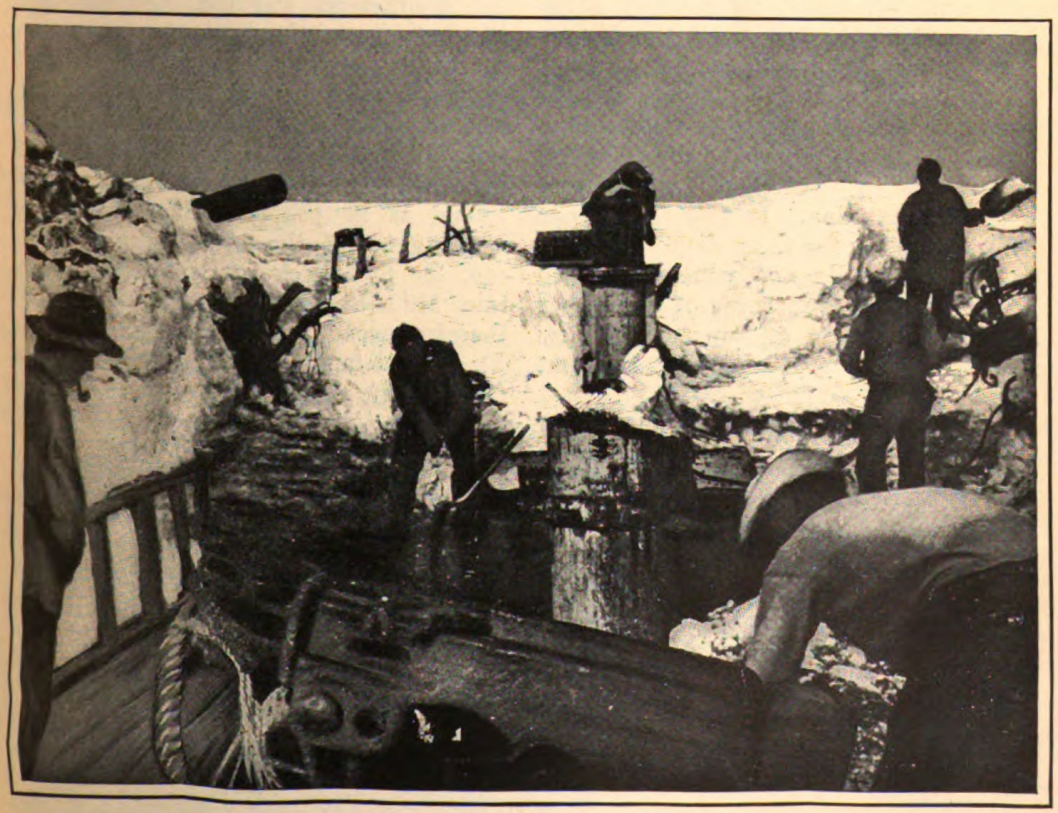
dig up old ruins along the coast. Furthermore, we now had a week's supply of provisions, for the homeward-bound party expected to reach Flaxman Island inside of two days (and did so), and were therefore able to leave most of their supplies with us.

Our rather interesting stay on the Jones Islands, near the Colville, belongs rather to my own side of the venture than to the experiences of the main expedition, and need not therefore be dwelt on here. The spring of 1907 was the earliest in the known history of the arctic east of Point Barrow, and now the first east-going whaler arrived "a week ahead of time." Ordinarily the ships that winter at Herschel Island cannot leave the harbor before the end of the first week in July, and the incoming ships seldom get to the island from Point Barrow before the end of the first week in August. This year the whaler *Norwhal* left her anchorage at Herschel June 29, and could have left it a week sooner; the first incoming whaler, the *Belvedere,* commanded by our old friend Captain James Cottle, beat the record a day by arriving off the harbor July 28.

The *Belvedere* appeared off the Jones Islands about 3 A.M., July 27, and it was with some difficulty we attracted her attention, rowing out to her in our skin boat through a fleet of ice-cakes heaving on a gentle swell. When we boarded the ship we were welcomed not only by the captain and officers, some of whom we already knew, but by Mrs. Cottle, who was making the arctic cruise with her husband. From them we got much news of the outside world, though they forgot to tell us of the Jamaica earthquake, which had taken place six months previous, and I learned of it only when I got to the Yukon River more than a month later. There would have been a certain fitness in learning of this great catastrophe from Captain Cottle, for I had brought him and the other ice-bound whalers the first news of the San Francisco earthquake in August, 1906.

In passing Flaxman Island, July 27, the *Belvedere* put Mr. Fiedler and Sakhawanna ashore, while Mr. Hickey con-



BREAKING UP OF THE "DUCHESS OF BEDFORD"

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tinued with me to Herschel Island, and we immediately commenced excavating some old burial sites at that place, about eight miles from the whaler's harbor. A few days later Captain Mikkelsen arrived at Herschel with Captain Porter on the whaler *Beluga*. At about the same time Inspector Jarvis of the Royal North West Mounted Police arrived from Fort Macpherson on the Peel River, bringing the disturbing news that a despatch telling of the death of Captain Mikkelsen, Mr. Leffingwell, and Mr. Storkerson had been sent up the Mackenzie River with the Hudson's Bay Company's trading party, which had left Macpherson July 22, and was due at the first telegraph station — Athabasca Landing, Alberta—the first week in September. This news troubled Captain Mikkelsen greatly, on account of his own relatives and friends and also on account of those of Mr. Leffingwell and Mr. Storkerson. He felt that the news had to be contradicted at any cost; and as he could not possibly leave the north, and also because I am to some extent used to overland and river travel, I volunteered to carry out despatches, telling him I believed myself able to reach the Yukon by the end of the first week in September. I left Herschel Island the evening of August 6 and reached the Yukon September 3, three days, as it proved, before the despatch in question was wired from Athabasca Landing. It was on account of the stranding for three days of the up-Yukon steamer *Hannah*, which I boarded at Fort Yukon the morning of September 4, that I failed to anticipate this message by one from Eagle City, the first government telegraph post in Alaska. As it was, my message to the American Geographical Society and to *Harper's Magazine* arrived only a day and a half later than the one it was to contradict.

The scientific work of the Anglo-American expedition is not completed, though it has, up to the present, been as successful, in its most important branches, as either its members or supporters expected. Mr. Leffingwell has announced his intention to confine his own efforts to the field of geological investigation, and will not take part in further ice exploration. An ice trip is planned for next winter by Captain Mikkelsen, this time going north some two hundred miles farther east, or approximately along the 141st meridian—the meridian separating Alaska from arctic Canada. In the following year (spring of 1909) it is his announced intention to make a third sled trip into the Beaufort Sea from the southwest corner of Banks Land to Herschel Island. My own intention is to go back north in May, 1908, to continue my ethnological work among the Eskimos. Dr. Howe, Mr. Storkerson, and the crew have finished their arctic work for the present; they arrived in San Francisco early in October aboard the steam-whaler *Norwhal*, commanded by Captain G. B. Leavitt, of Portland, Maine, who had picked them up at Flaxman Island as he passed it outward bound at the end of the arctic whaling season, the first week in September. Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Leffingwell are therefore spending the winter alone at Flaxman Island.

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# Doña Victoria

*BY PERCEVAL GIBBON*

THE evening brought the breeze from the sea, and the streets of Mozambique reawoke. But in the great house of Doña Victoria, where it lifted its blank white wall over the harbor, the midday hush held on. No hand put back the green jalousies, and the hot dusk filled all the stone-flagged chambers like an atmosphere. The tall gate of the courtyard was still barred, and on the veranda that ran round the tame little fountain the brown girls of the house squatted together and talked in low voices.

The whisper of the water reached them from without, and one by one the bells of the churches began as the drowsy sacristans remembered the hour of vespers; but from within the house came no sound. They had left Doña Victoria to herself, to lie wide-eyed and stricken on her bed, knowing by the look upon her face and that tense expectancy of the parted lips that her solitude was peopled.

"It was time to come away," said Sanchicha in a whisper, with a quick shrug of her smooth bare shoulders; "or we too might have seen."

Ana, lighting her untidy cigarette, looked up with a start.

"Seen what?" she asked.

"What *she* is seeing," replied Sanchicha, significantly, as Ana's great dark eyes widened with dread. She moved closer to the stout sleepy woman next her.

"Yes," said Sanchicha, nodding. "The priests would tell you. It is only at the last, at the moment when one sees clear before — before one goes, that one is alone. Did you not see how she looked here and there around the room, with a trouble on her face, seeking and seeking and seeking, till suddenly she smiled and murmured?"

"Yes," said Ana, with a catch in her breath, "but—"

"See." Sanchicha nodded. "That was when one of them came." Her vivid little face darkened to the mystery of her theme. "It was time to come away, for sometimes the watchmen see them too, and then—" the quick shrug left the result vague and dreadful.

Ana threw her cigarette into the fountain and turned to the stout woman desperately.

"Teresa," she cried; "Teresa, it isn't true, is it? Dying people don't see things, do they?"

"Eh?" Teresa opened her eyes slowly. "I shouldn't wonder," she said, yawning. "Sometimes they scream and struggle to leave their beds, and they wouldn't do that for nothing."

"That was how my father died," said Sanchicha, as Ana shrank and paled. "He screamed so much that my mother and all of us went out and left him with them. Even the priest came away, for he would do nothing but clasp his hands and cry out to those others."

Ana gathered her little body together and shifted to lean her back against the white wall of the house. She felt more at ease with something solid behind her and her fingers crossed in her lap to make a fence of crosses between her and the powers of darkness. Like Sanchicha's, her one garment fell down slack, leaving shoulders and bosom naked, while she crouched in the shadow of the veranda and fenced with her thoughts.

"I wish they would come," she said, half aloud and wistfully.

Sanchicha, perched on her heels, overbalanced and sat down with a gasp. Even plump Teresa straightened up, gulping.

"You mustn't say that! you mustn't say that!" cried Sanchicha, in terror. "They might come, and then—" she crossed herself half a dozen times with lightning rapidity.

"Little fool!" rumbled Teresa.

"But I meant the priests," said Ana, bewildered. "I was wishing they would come."



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"The priests! Well, why couldn't you say so?" scolded Sanchicha, as she rose. "Running risks like that! You should have some consideration for others."

"They're coming now," grunted Teresa. "Go and open the gate, one of you."

There was the sound of shod feet on the loose cobbles without, and some one beat on the timbers of the gate. Sanchicha hitched her garment over her shoulders and shuffled across to open it. She bobbed to her knees and up again as the fathers appeared—three tall men in gowns of black, which stood out like blots against the white and green of the courtyard, swamped with the mellow light of sunset.

"Be blessed!" said the first of them, lifting a hand perfunctorily to cover the three women in one gesture. "She is herself?"

"Oh, most reverend, she lies and looks up," explained Sanchicha. "She has the manner of not being alone. Your reverence knows how it is with them."

Ana, eager and watchful, saw the tall, worn priest nod absently.

"We will go up, then," he said, turning to the others, and the black gowns disappeared in the dark doorway, the women curtsying to their backs as they went.

"Now it is all right," sighed little Ana, in deep relief, letting herself down to a sitting posture again. "I was frightened before. Sanchicha is always frightening me. She will be sorry some day."

"Why?" demanded Sanchicha, shrilly but not loud. "Why shall I be sorry? Everybody knows that the dying have company. It is not I that make them come. These things belong to religion: you can ask your confessor."

Ana was twirling another cigarette; a deft twirl of finger and thumb, a swift dab with her tongue, and it was made.

"Give me a match," she said, and began to smoke thoughtfully. "But why," she asked, "should anything come to Doña Victoria? A nun could not live more narrowly than she lived. No festivals, no serenades, no singers under her windows, no letters thrown over the gate, no leaving it unbarred in the night—no anything."

Teresa reached out a lazy hand, and Ana surrendered the cigarette. The stout woman puffed at it slowly.

"All that was because she was a widow," she drawled, letting the pungent smoke forth in thick wreaths. "Once it was different."

"A widow!" Sanchicha repeated the word in surprise.

"When a woman is bereaved of a man who is neither her father nor her brother nor her son, she is a widow," replied Teresa, solemnly. "For the senhora there was once a man who filled her life, so that if one but trod heavily on the threshold she would start and carry a hand to her bosom. That was before you came here. I remember it well, because once or twice she beat me when her heart was low with loneliness and longing."

"Ooh!" Little Ana crowed and brightened. "Who was he, Teresa?"

"You can make some more cigarettes," said Teresa, "while we are waiting for them to finish up there." She jerked a thumb towards the door. "They will take their time over it, I expect, for she will have to tell them about him."

"But who was he?" demanded Sanchicha, as Ana fumbled obediently for tobacco. "An officer?"

Teresa shook her head reminiscently and wriggled her big person back against the wall. "No," she answered. "He was nothing of that kind. Just an Englishman,—one of those lean young men who fall into the town, as it were, from nowhere, and die sooner or later because they go about in the sun all day. She should have married an officer, certainly; and at that time it was said that the Commander d'Cruz was to be her husband. It was a fit arrangement; for he was a gentleman from Lisbon, and she was newly ripe here in Mozambique, with all that splendid bloom upon her which is the due of the bridegroom. Not that she ever withered; but neither of you saw her when she wore scarlet upon her body, and her neck and arms stood gleaming against it like new silver."

"The senhora wore scarlet!" exclaimed Ana, in a whisper of awe.

Teresa nodded. "Scarlet," she confirmed; "full scarlet like the sang-dieu, and gold fringes. And her carriage was like the gait of a wild thing. There was fire for you, and pride and passion; it made me think of the seven deadly

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*Painting by Howard Pyle*

THE PASSING OF DOÑA VICTORIA

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sins whenever she came in at the gate, flaming under the arch with a hand propped on her hip and her head held high. As for the Commander, his neck used to swell when he beheld her, for he was full of blood and pouchy under the jowl. He was eager to do himself a service with the senhora, I can tell you; for not only was she such a lady as a gentleman of Lisbon might take home with him, but she was rich. It was a gay house then, this place; no sooner did the siesta end than the officers would be here, smoking round the fountain, with their spurs and scabbards tinkling on the flags, waiting till Doña Victoria should descend to make her promenade. One had to keep one's wits about one, or one's character was gone in a moment, before one knew, almost."

Ana pushed the cigarettes closer to Teresa, and Sanchicha tossed the matches across. Both sighed regretfully.

Teresa lit another cigarette. "And then in the evening," she continued, dreamily, "what festivity, what politeness! There would be a mandolin or two, and the big silver sconces would be brought out, and the senhora would sit in the middle of them all and hear them strive for her favor. The Commander had his place at her side; if any one else took it, he was sure to be sent up-country on duty; so it came to be pretty certain that before long those two would be side by side for life. He was not a tall man, the Commander, but he knew how to keep order in his garrison. I liked him."

"Then he was fat," remarked Sanchicha.

"Yes, he was fat," agreed Teresa, without rancor. "Too fat for you and Ana, but very proper for me. And the senhora made no wry faces when he came in at her door. He knew how to give himself splendor. In the fine evenings, when we had a festivity here in the court, he would post soldiers in the road so that no one could pass by the house, and the gate would then be opened, so that as they sat they could see the moon on the sea and the lights on the ships, while they made music and drank wine. There was trouble over it sometimes, for those young English were not content to find the road blocked and be told to go round by the Square, and sometimes they would beat the poor little soldiers till they were taken to prison. And it was in that manner that Doña Victoria first saw her Englishman.

"The Commander was singing, with the mandolin on his stomach, and the candles throwing up their light to the still, proud face of the senhora. All around, in the shadow that lies like velvet when the moon is full, sat the officers, their braid and metal shining sparks, and, without, the sea rustled and droned on the stones. And upon this peace and politeness there broke of a sudden all the clash and shouting of a faction in the road. We (I and the other girls of the house were in the door listening and looking) heard the soldiers screaming to each other and running about, and heard, too, a voice that blasphemed in English and then laughed. The Commander ceased to sing.

"'What is this?' he said. 'Captain Imiez, go and restore order.'

"But before the Captain could go, the faction came into sight in the gateway—a big man thrusting along, with soldiers hanging on him in bunches and beating at him with their weapons. As he moved, he threw them about and struck them, but without ceasing to laugh. When they saw the Commander they let go of him.

"'Who are you?' shouted the Commander, very angrily.

"'And who the devil are you?' demanded the other. 'And what are these little beasts'—he meant the poor soldiers—'trying to do?'

"'You are arrested,' said the Commander. 'The road is stopped. How dare you try to force your way?'

"'I'm not arrested yet,' answered the other. 'And who are you to stop up roads?' Thereupon he called his Excellency the Commander a variety of names such as I am not accustomed to hear," said Teresa, who spoke, upon occasion, a very pungent brand of coast English herself.

"All this while he stood in the gateway with his feet apart, and, for all he used ugly words, the smile remained upon his lips and he was easy in his manner. It was only when the Commander began to say who he was that he caught sight of Doña Victoria. I was watching him, when his eyes travelled to her and he started. I looked too. She had not moved

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in her long chair; she had yet her attitude of idleness in it; but, Mother of God! there was a flame in her. She was gazing at him, with her brows drawn level and her soul in her face. One could guess—one knew—how her pulses galloped and what fire ran in the veins of her white arms and neck. And he! I would take a wager with you of my hereafter against yours that he heard no word of what the Commander was saying. It was as though his lost innocence returned to him at that moment, for the hard smile was smudged from his countenance and he met her eyes with the frank eyes of a child. I think there was a shock in that meeting for both of them, for presently he laid hold upon himself again with a little shake of the head, as though he had been dazzled.

"'And so,' the Commander was saying, 'you are a prisoner.'

"'All right,' said the Englishman.

"The Commander was surprised. 'You understand?' he asked. 'You are a prisoner and will be taken to the prison. You will not resist?'

"'No, I won't resist,' said the other. 'I didn't know. I'm sorry I made a disturbance.'

"The Commander blew his chest out and kicked his scabbard aside. 'Sorry, are you?' he said. 'I'll make you sorry, my man. You have to deal with me, Mansel y Saumarez d'Cruz. Lay hold of him, there.'

"The little soldiers came and hung on him again, and he made no motion to throw them off. Once more he looked at our senhora, and then he let them take him away.

"Ai, it was like waking from a dream, then, to see the court empty of his youth and strength, and the Commander, stumpy and swarthy, strutting back to his mandolin. And that was how it felt to the senhora, too, for though she said no word while the Commander fumed and buzzed about his valor and the arrest and so on, she burst out laughing when he began again to sing.

"He stopped on the swell of a note, aghast. 'The senhora finds herself amused?' he stammered, uncertainly.

"She rose from her chair and stretched her shining arms up above her head.

"'Oh, I can't go on listening to you now,' she said, looking away over his head to the moonlit sea, while he stared at her in doubt.

"'The disturbance was too much for you?' he suggested. 'It has broken into your mood?' She nodded down to him, smiling. 'Ah,' he said, 'that shall be punished. Leave the ruffian to me, senhora.'

"'And yet I would be careful,' she smiled. 'Men like that are—are—dangerous, Commander.'

"He laughed. 'It warms me that you should be thoughtful for me, senhora,' he said. 'But you saw; I mastered him; he submits to me. Trust me, senhora; I am—'

"His voice died away in mere amazement, for while he spoke she turned calmly from him and walked to the door. 'Good night, senhores,' she called, and she was gone, while the Commander stood gaping."

"O-o-h!" Ana jogged up and down excitedly. "The dear senhora!"

Teresa grunted. "You would not have said so if you had helped us to put her to bed that night. She sat before the mirror smiling at her own face in it and blushing; and each time she remembered herself she beat one or other of us. There was a girl here then whose office it was to do her hair—a yellow hussy from the coast, green-eyed and sly as a cat. She lost her character after that, and later she married a sailor. The senhora reached over her shoulder and took this girl—Maria was the name she shamed—by the wrist and drew her round.

"'You saw the man?' said the senhora. Maria blinked at her cunningly. 'Tomorrow you will find out for me who he is and all about him.'

"'How?' asked Maria.

"'Fool!' cried the senhora, and hit her two or three times. 'How do I know what means you will find? Am I familiar with gaols, imbecile? Beat her, Teresa.'

"So I beat her for a while. When this was done I asked the senhora to let me go on the morrow to the calaboose, and I would discover all.

"'No, Teresa,' she said. 'This is Maria's work. If she does not do it well, we will pay a soldier to beat her.'

"Maria did find out a thing or two. She was a prying creature, born for a

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spy. The Englishman's name, she made report, was Barnes, and he was entered in the book of the gaol as thirty years of age, unmarried, and no Christian. She brought this news to the senhora during the siesta.

"'Did you see him?' asked Doña Victoria, leaning upon an elbow.

"'Just for a minute,' said Maria.

"'And what did he say, girl?'

"'He didn't speak,' answered Maria, with a sidelong flash of her green eyes. 'He was sitting there behind the bars feeling his bandages.'

"'His bandages!' cried the senhora.

"'Yes,' said Maria. 'His head is bound up all over, and there is blood on the cloths. Perhaps,' she said, looking down at the floor,—'perhaps he struggled with the soldiers.'

"'No, he didn't resist,' cried Doña Victoria. She began to stride to and fro in the room. 'This is the work of the Commander,' she cried, clenching her hands. 'This tastes of him. I was to leave my Englishman to him!' She stopped short in the middle of the floor. 'Now, by the bread and the wine,' she said, very slowly, 'by my salvation and by his, I will repay this gallant Commander. Yes; there shall be a reckoning.'

"Every morning, then, it was Maria's affair to go to the gaol. She was given linen and such things for the Englishman, and we used to sew money into it.

"'Tell him,' ordered Doña Victoria, 'that it is from the lady who looked at him.'

"And Maria brought back a thin ring of gold. 'I am to say it is from one whom you shall see again,' she said. 'Senhora, the man is mad. When I gave him the packet he laughed; but when I gave him the message he started up and stamped here and there. Then he drew off the ring with his teeth, for his other hand is now broken, and kissed it and put it in my hand.'

"'His other hand!' exclaimed the senhora. 'How came it broken?'

"'He did not say. I asked him, but he waved me away,' said Maria. 'Perhaps he has infringed the rules of the prison?'

"Every day there was something like that, a new maiming or breaking, but never a word from the Englishman save the little lover's messages he would send. It was a torture to hear of it, and a horror to think upon the sure determination of the Commander."

"That Commander!" Little Ana spat with vigor at the name. "Do you know what I would do to him?" She scowled all over her gentle child's face. "I would drive my knife into him—so!—just in the soft place over the hip."

"You are as fierce as a tiger, Anita," said Teresa. She reached for another cigarette. "The Commander was a soldier, and a soldier must be without pity as without fear. Not that he was quite without fear, though. All men have some weakness. But the senhora, I can tell you, could never think upon him save with hate. His name would make her cold in the stomach. As the news grew of the Englishman's sufferings, so her wrath grew.

"'We must make an end, Teresa,' she said. 'How shall I get close to this poltroon, close enough to reach him with a knife? He has not come here since that evening.'

"Now I have a knowledge of men. I can tell them off on my fingers, for I was clever long before I was fat. I knew the Commander would be distrustful, and that therefore there must be no explanations. And I knew him to be proud—or vain; it is the same thing in men—and that therefore there must be a bait. And I feared he was stupid, and so the summons must be plain. So I made the senhora take a sheet of paper, the gray paper with her arms on it, and write the one word, 'Come.' I gave it to the first soldier who passed the house, and told him to take it to the Commander.

"That evening we left the big door in the arch unbarred. There was but a paring of moon to light the matter in hand, and the senhora and I waited on the veranda. She was in scarlet again, and on her head was her white mantilla of ceremony.

"'It is to be a festival,' she said, when we dressed her, and stooped and put a knife into her stocking.

"We waited a long time, and it was very dreary, for she would not talk nor listen. Hours must have passed, when we heard feet, cautious feet that came down the road and stopped at the gate.

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The senhora put down her hand, and I saw the steel glint as she brought it out.

"'At last!' she murmured, and holding the knife behind her back, she went under the dark arch to the gate. It creaked a little as the man without thrust it open, and then there was a little cry from the senhora.

"'Oh, come in! come in!' I heard her say in English, and back she came with her tall Englishman, who bent over her as he walked. His head was tied up in a stained cloth; his left arm hung in a sling. She led him to the chair where she had been sitting.

"'Here,' she said; 'rest here,' and kneeled beside him when he sank back in it. 'Ah, that you should come this night of all nights!' she said, and went on to tell him of the Commander and how he was to have his recompense that evening.

"'See!' she said, and laid the knife on his knee. 'When you came to the gate I was waiting for him. I was ready.'

"'I had to come to-night,' he said. 'To-night was to have been the end. I heard them talk of it. So when the gaoler brought my supper I took him by the throat. And there were a couple of sentries, too. But I said you should see me again, dear girl, and I had to come.'

"He passed his arm round her shoulders, and she drooped her splendid head to the breast. And in that instant we heard it—the coming of a man who wore spurs, jingling on the cobbles. The senhora looked up and made to rise, but he held her.

"'I'll take this matter off your hands,' he said, smiling. 'Go into the house and wait for me.'

"She rose in prompt obedience; it was strange to discover such a docility in our Doña Victoria. 'But if you should need help?' she whispered.

"'I shout,' he said, and then the senhora bade us follow her, and we went in.

"In those days there was no shrine at the head of the stairs, and we sat in the alcove in the dark, waiting. I gave myself a pain, so acutely did I listen. There was the creak of the gate, and a tinkle of the spurred heels under the arch; then the gate slammed and the Commander gave a little scream. The Englishman must have gripped him forthwith, for we heard them trample here and there and the smash of the plants about the fountain as they stamped through them. The sound of voices, too, reached us, hoarse and savage, but no words, and a rasp of metal, as though the Commander had wrenched his right hand free and dragged his sword forth. The senhora dug her fingers into my arm. 'He has no weapon,' she gasped; but even as she said it we heard a thud, and then scream upon scream, agonized, the awful scream of a man. And then silence.

"For minutes it endured, that silence. 'Let us go down,' I said. 'Be still,' answered Doña Victoria. 'He bade us wait.' So we waited. There came at last a noise, a scraping, as it were, the grit of something rough on a rough surface, and from the door below a call, low and labored: 'Victoria! Victoria!'

"He lay upon the threshold, our Englishman; so far he had dragged himself. But by the fountain lay the Commander, who could not move at all forever. And somehow it seemed to me then that an affair of this kind was a waste of men.

"'And this is your festival!' I cried.

"'Yes,' said the senhora, on her knees beside her Englishman, looking down into the court. She pointed to what lay there. 'You may take away the broken meats,' she said.

"Luckily the sea is at our door," reflected Teresa.

"And did the senhora marry the Englishman?" asked Ana, hopefully.

Teresa shook her head. "For three days he lay where we carried him, looking through a window at the bay. The doctor came and went, and the senhora prayed and labored. But to no end. The Commander's sword had made a clean wound, but it was a deep one. And so he died."

"Here come the fathers," announced Sanchicha.

The priests came out, grave and tired.

"It is over, my children," said the one who had spoken before. He blessed them and passed on.

"Time, too," remarked Sanchicha, stretching herself. "I am hungry."

"I wonder," said little Ana, wistfully, "if the Englishman was one of those who came to her at the last?"

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# Nine Days' Wonder in York

*BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS*

PERHAPS it would be better to come to York somewhat earlier in the year than the 2d of September. By that time the English summer has suffered often if not severe discouragements. It has really only two months out of the year to itself, and even July and August are not always constant to it. To be sure, their defections cannot spoil it, but they dispose it to the slights of September in a dejection from which there is no rise to those coquetries with October known to our own summer. Yet, having said so much, I feel bound to add that our nine days in York, from the 2d to the 12th of September, were more summer than autumn days, some wholly, some partly, with hours of sunshine keeping the flowers bright which the rain kept fresh. If you walked fast in this sunshine you were quite hot, and sometimes in the rain you were uncomfortably warm, or at least you were wet. If the mornings demanded a fire in the grate, the evenings were so clement that the lamp was sufficient, and the noons were very well with neither.

We expected to stay certainly a week, and perhaps two weeks, in York, and our luck with railway hotels had been so smiling elsewhere that we had no other mind than to spend the time at the house into which we all but stepped from our train. But we had reckoned without our host, as he was represented by one of a half-dozen alert young ladies in the office, who asked how long we expected to stay, and when we expressed a general purpose of staying indefinitely, said that all her rooms were taken from the next Monday by people who had engaged them long before for the races. I did not choose to betray my ignorance to a woman, but I privately asked the head porter what races those were which were limiting our proposed sojourn, and I am now afraid he had some difficulty in keeping a head porter's conventional respect for a formal superior in answering that we had arrived on the eve of Doncaster Week. Then I said, "Oh, yes," and affected the knowledge of Doncaster Week which I resolved to acquire by staying somewhere in York till it was over.

But as yet, that Friday afternoon, there was no hurry, and, instead of setting about a search for lodgings at once, we drove up into the town, as soon as we had tea, and visited York Minster while it was still the gray afternoon and not yet the gray evening. I thought the hour fortunate, and I do not see yet how we could have chosen a better out of the whole twenty-four, for the inside or the outside of the glorious fane, the grandest and beautifulest in all England, as I felt then and I feel now. If I were put to the question and were forced to say in what its supreme grandeur and beauty lay, I should perhaps say in its most ample simplicity. No doubt it is full of detail, but I keep no sense of this from that mighty interior, with its treelike, clustered pillars, and its measureless windows, like breaks in the stained foliage of autumnal woodlands. You want the scale of nature for the Minster at York, and I cannot liken it to less than all-outdoors. Some cathedrals, like that of Wells, make you think of gardens; but York Minster will not be satisfied with less than an autumnal woodland, where the trees stand in clumps, with grassy levels about them, and with spacious openings to the sky, that let in the colored evening light.

We loitered over its lengths and breadths, and wondered at its windows, which were like the gates of sunrise and sunset for magnitude, and lingered in a sumptuous delay from going into the choir, delighting in the gray twilight which seemed to gather from the gray walls inward, when suddenly what seemed a metallic curtain was dropped with a clash, and the simultaneous up-flashing of

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electric bulbs inside it, and we were shut out from the sight but not the sound of the service that began in the choir. We could not wholly regret the incident, for as we recalled the like operation of religion in churches of our Italian travel, we were reminded how equally authoritative the Church of England and the Church of Rome were, and how little they adjust their ceremonial to the individual, how largely to the collective worshipper. I suppose it is right; but somehow the down-clashing of that screen of the choir in the Minster at York seemed to exclude one with reproach, almost with ignominy.

We did what we could to repair our wounded self-respect, and did not lay our exclusion up against the Minster itself, which I find that I noted as "scatteringly noble outside." By this I dare say I meant it had not that artistic unity of which I brought the impression from the inside. They were doing, as they were always doing, everywhere, with English cathedrals, something to one of the towers; but this only enhanced its scattering nobleness, for it left that greatly bescaffolded tower largely to the imagination, in which it soared sublimer, if anything, than its compeer. Most of the streets leading to and from the rather insufficient, irregular square where the Minster stands were lanes of little houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which collectively curved in their line, and not only overhung at their second stories, but bulged outward involuntarily from the weakness of age. They were all quite habitable, and some much later dwellings immediately surrounding the church were the favorite sojourn, apparently, of such strangers as could have rooms at the hotels only until the Monday of Doncaster Week.

During those limited days of the week before Doncaster, I was constantly coming back to the Minster, which is not the germ of political York, or hardly religious York; the brave city was a Romano-British capital and a Romano-British episcopal see centuries before the first wooden temple was built on the site of the present edifice in 627. I should like to make believe that we found traces of that simple church in the crypt of the Minster when we went the next morning and were herded through it by the tenderest of vergers. Most of our flock were Americans, and we put our guide to such question in matters of imagination and information as the patience of a less amiable shepherd would not have borne. Many a tale, true or o'ertrue, our verger had, which he told with unction; when he ascended with us to the body of the church, and said that the stained glass of the gigantic windows suffered from the depredations of the mistaken birds which pecked holes in the joints of their panes, I felt that I had fuller measure from him than I merited. I do not remember why he said the birds should have done this, but it seems probable that they took the mellow colors of the glass for those of ripe fruits.

For myself, I could not get enough of those windows, in another sort of famine which ought at this time to have been sated. I was forever wondering at their grandeur outside and their glory inside. I was glad to lose my way about the town, for if I kept walking I was sure, sooner or later, to bring up at the Minster; but the last evening of our stay I made a purposed pilgrimage to it for a final emotion. It was the clearest evening we had in York, and at half past six the sun was setting in a transparent sky, which somehow it did not flush with any of those glaring reds which the vulgarer sort of sunsets are fond of, but bathed the air in a delicate suffusion of daffodil light, just tinged with violet. This was the best medium to see the past of the Minster in, and I can see it there now, if I did not then. I followed, or I follow, its veracious history back to the beginning of the seventh century, whence you can look back farther still to the earliest Christian temples where the Romans worshipped with the Britons, whom they had enslaved and converted. But it was not till 627 that the little wooden chapel was built on the site of the Minster, to house the rite of the Northumbrian King Eadwine's baptism. He felt so happy in his new faith that he replaced the wooden structure with stone. In the next century it was burned, but rebuilt by another pious prince, and probably repaired by yet another after the Danes

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*Drawn by Ernest Haskell*

BOOTHAM BAR AND THE MINSTER



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ST. MARY'S ABBEY

took the city a hundred years later. It was then in a good state to be destroyed by that devout William the Conqueror who came to take the Saxon world in its sins of guttling and guzzling. The first Norman archbishop reconstructed or restored the church, and then it began to rise and to spread in glory—nave, transepts, and choir, and pillars and towers, Norman and Early English, and Perpendicular and Decorated—till it found itself at last what the American tourist sees it to-day. It suffered from two great fires in the nineteenth century, the first set by a lunatic who had the fancy of seeing it burn, but who had only the satisfaction of destroying part of the roof.

It was never richly painted, but the color wanting in the walls and fretted vault was more than compensated by the mellowed splendors of the matchless windows. It was, indeed, fit to be the home of much more secular history than can be associated with it; but not till the end of the thirteenth century had the Minster a patron of its own, when St. William was canonized, and exercised his office, whatever it was, for two brief centuries. Then the Cromwell of Henry VIII. took possession of it in behalf of the crown, and the saint's charge was practically abolished. He was even deprived of his head, for the relic was encased in gold and jewels, and was therefore worth the king's having, who was most a friend of the reformed religion when it paid best. The later Cromwell, who beat a later king hard by at Marston Moor, must have somehow desecrated the Minster, though there is no record of any such fact. A more authentic monument of the religious difficulties of the times is the pastoral staff, bearing the arms of Catharine of Braganza, the poor little wife of Charles II., which was snatched from a Roman Catholic bishop when, to the high offence of Protestant piety, he was heading a procession in York in 1688. The verger showing us through the Minster was a

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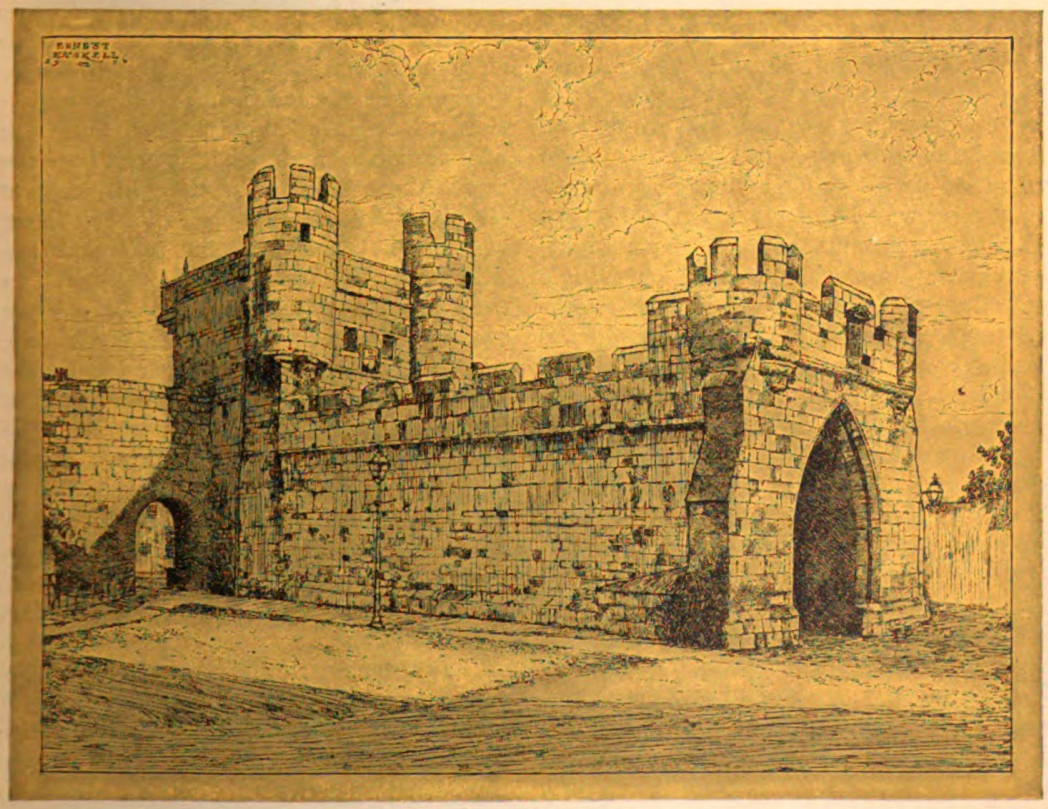
good Protestant, but he held it bad taste in a predecessor of his, who when leading about a Catholic party of sightseers took the captive staff from its place and shook it in their faces, saying, "Don't you wish you had it?"

There is no telling to what lengths true religion may not rightly go. I rather prize the incident as the sole fact concerning the Minster which I could make sure of even after repeated visits, and if I am indebted for my associations with it, long after the event, to Dr. Raine's scholarly and interesting sketch of York history, there is no reason why the better-informed reader should not accompany me in my last visit fully equipped. I walked slowly all round the structure, and fancied that I got a new sense of grandeur in the effect of the east window, which was, at any rate, more impressive than the north window. It was a long walk, almost the measure of such a walk as one should take after supper for one's health, and it had such incidents as many pauses for staring up at the many restorations going on. From point to point the incomparable Perpendicular Gothic carried the eye to the old gargoyles of the eaves and towers waiting to be replaced by the new gargoyles, lying in open-mouthed grimacing in the grass at the bases of the church. While I stood noting both, and thinking that the chances were I should never look on York Minster again, and feeling the luxurious pang of it, a verger in a skull-cap was so good as to come to a side door and parley long and pleasantly with a policeman. The simple local life went on around; people going to or from supper passed me; kind, vulgar noises came from the little houses bulging over the narrow, neighboring streets; there seemed to be the stamping of horses in a stable, and there was certainly the misaspirated talk about them. I could not have asked better material for the humble emotions I love; and I was more than content on my way home to find myself one of the congregation at the loud devotions of a detachment of the Salvation Army. After a battering of drums and a clashing of cymbals and a shouting of



WALMGATE BAR HAS A BARBICAN

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hymns, the worship settled to the prayer of a weak brother, who was so long in supplication that the head exhorter covered a yawn with his hand, and at the first sign of relenting in the supplicant bade the drums and cymbals strike up. Then, after a hymn, a sister, such a very plain, elderly sister, with hardly a tooth or an aspirate in her head, began to relate her religious history. She was vain both of her sins and mercies, poor soul, and in her scrimp figure, with its ill-fitting uniform, Heaven knows how long she went on. I was distracted by a clergyman passing on the outside of the ring of listening women and children, and looking, I chose to think, somewhat sourly askance at the distasteful ceremonial. I wished to stop him, on his way to the Minster, if that was his way, and tell him that so Christianity must have begun, and so the latest form of it must always begin and work round after ages and ages to the beauty and respectability his own ritual now had. But I now believe this would have been the greatest impertinence and hypocrisy, for I myself found the performance before us as tasteless and tawdry as he could possibly have done. He was going towards the Minster, and it would make him forget it; but I was going away from it, perhaps for the last time, and this loud side-show of religion would make me forget the Minster.

Our railway hotel lay a little way out of the town, and after a day's sight-seeing we were yet to meet or mingle with troops of wholesome-looking workmen whose sturdiness and brightness were a consolation after the pale debility of labor's looks in Sheffield. From the chocolate-factories or the railroad shops, which are the chief industries of York, they would be crossing the bridge of the Ouse, the famous stream on which the Romans had their town, and which suggested to the Anglicans to call their Eboracum Eurewic—a town on a river. In due time the Danes modified this name to Yerik, and so we came honestly by the name of our own New York, called after the old York, as soon as the English had robbed the Dutch of it, and the King of England had given the province to his brother the Duke of York. Both cities are still towns on rivers, but the Ouse is no more an image or forecast of the Hudson than old York is of New York. For that reason, the bridge over it is not to be compared to our Brooklyn Bridge, or even to any bridge which is yet to span the Hudson. The difference is so greatly in our favor that we may well yield our city's mother the primacy in her city wall. We have ourselves as yet no Plantagenet wall, and we have not yet got a medieval gate through which the traveller passes in returning from the Flatiron Building to his hotel by the Grand Central Station.

We do not begin to have such a hoar antiquity as is articulate in the mother city, speaking with muted voices from the innumerable monuments which the earth has yielded from the site of our hotel and its adjacent railway station. The relics are mainly the witnesses of pagan Rome, but Christianity politically began in York, as it has politically ended in New York, and doubtless some soldiers of the Sixth Legion and many of the British slaves were religiously Christians in the ancient metropolis before Constantine was elected emperor there.

You need not be so very definite in your knowledge. The event of Constantine's presence and election is so spacious as to leave no room for particulars in the imagination; and you are so rich in it that you will even reject them from your thoughts, as you sit in the close-cropped flowery lawn of your hotel-garden (try to imagine a railroad hotel-garden in *New* York!) on the sunniest of the afternoons before you are turned out for Doncaster Week, and, while you watch a little, adventurous American boy climbing over a pile of rockwork, realize the most august, the most important fact in the story of the race as native to the very air you are breathing! Where you sit you are in full view of the Minster, which is to say in view of something like the towers and battlements of the celestial city. Or if you wake very early on a morning still nearer the fatal Doncaster Week of your impending banishment, and look out of your lofty windows at the sunrise reddening the level bars of cloud behind the Minster, you shall find it bulked up against the pearl-gray masses of the sunny mist which hangs in all the inter-

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YORK MINSTER—THE GRANDEST IN ALL ENGLAND

vening trees, and solidifies them in unbroken masses of foliage. All round your hotel spreads a gridiron of railroad, yet such is the force of the English genius for quiet that you hear no clatter of trains; the expresses whir in and out of the station with not more noise than humming-birds; and amid this peace the past has some chance with modernity. The Britons dwell, unmolested by our latter-day clamor, in their wattled huts and dugouts; the Romans come and make them slaves and Christians, and after four hundred years send word from the Tiber to the Ouse that they can stay no longer, and so leave them naked to their enemies the Picts and Scots and Saxons and Angles; and in due course come the ravaging and burning Danes; and in due course still, the murdering and plundering and scorning Normans. But all so quietly, like the humming-bird-like expresses, with a kind of railway celerity in the foreshortened retrospect; and after the Normans had crushed themselves down in the mass of the vanquished and formed the English out of the blend, there follow the many wars of the successions, of the Roses, of the Stuarts, with all the intermediate insurrections and rebellions. In the splendid Histories of Shakespeare, which are full of York, the imagination visits and revisits the place, and you are entreated by mouth of one of his princely personages—

> "I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials and things of fame,
> That do renown this city,"

where his Henrys and Richards and Margarets and Edwards and Eleanors abide still and shall forever abide while the English speech lasts.

Something of all this I knew, and more pretended, with a mounting indignation at the fast-coming Doncaster Week which was to turn us not only out of our

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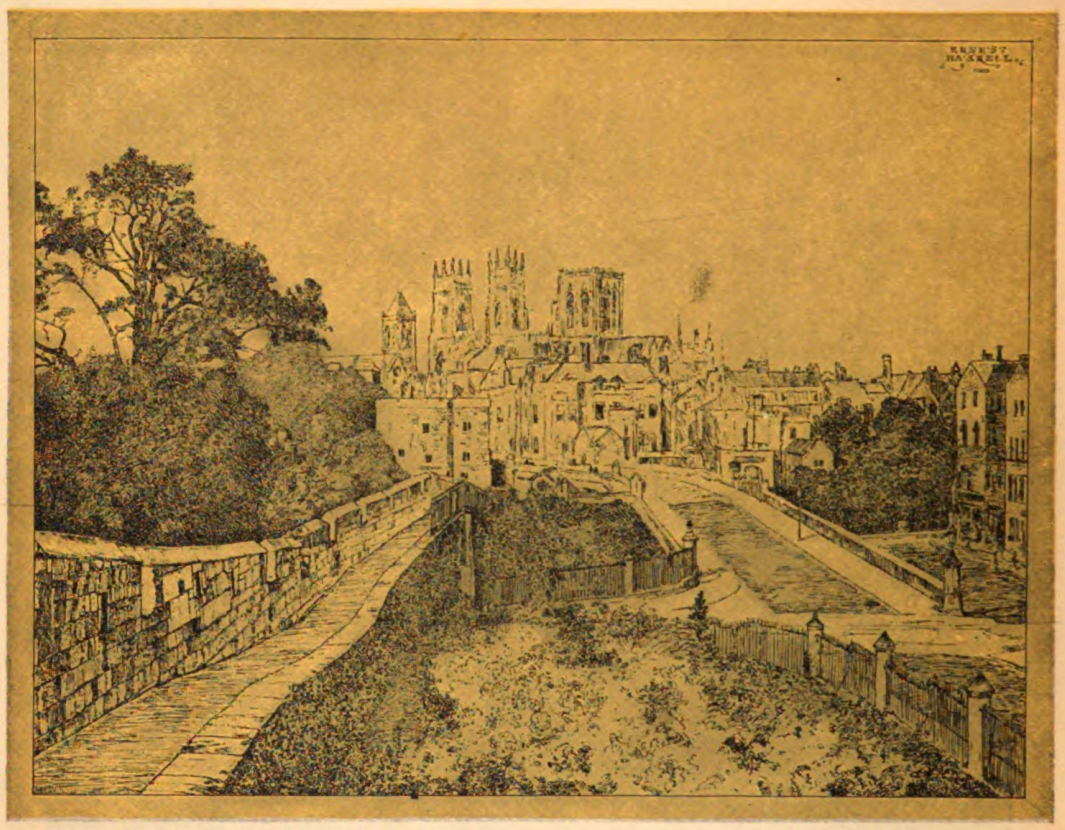

YORK FROM THE CITY WALLS

hotel, but out of York itself. We began our search for other lodgings with what seemed to be increasing failure. At last, the second day, after being denied at seven successive houses, we found quite the refuge we wanted in the Bootham, which means very much more than the ignorant reader can imagine. Our upper rooms looked on a pretty grassy garden-space behind, where there was sun when there was sun, and in front on the fine old brick dwellings of a most personable street, with a sentiment of bygone fashion. At the upper end of it was a famous city gate—Bootham Bar, namely—with a practicable portcullis, which we verified at an early moment by going up into "the chamber over the gate," where it was once worked, and whence its lower beam, set thick with savage spikes, was dropped. Outside the gate there was a sign on the wall saying that guards were to be had there to guide travellers through the Forest of Galtres beyond Bootham, and keep them from the wolves. Now woods and wolves and guards are all gone, and Bootham Bar is never closed.

The upper room is a passageway for people who are walking round the town on the Plantagenet wall, and one morning we took this walk in the sunshine that befitted the Sabbath. Half the children of York seemed to be taking it, too, with their good parents, who had stayed away from church to give them this pleasure, the fathers putting on their frock coats and top-hats, which are worn no other days in the provincial cities of England. For a Plantagenet wall, that of York is in excellent repair, and it is very clean, so that the children could not spoil their Sunday-best by clambering on the parapet, and trying to fall over it. There was no parapet on the other side, and they could have fallen over that without trouble; but it would not have served the same purpose; for under the parapet there were the most alluringly ragged little boys, with untidy goats and delightfully dirty geese. There was no trace of a moat outside the wall, where

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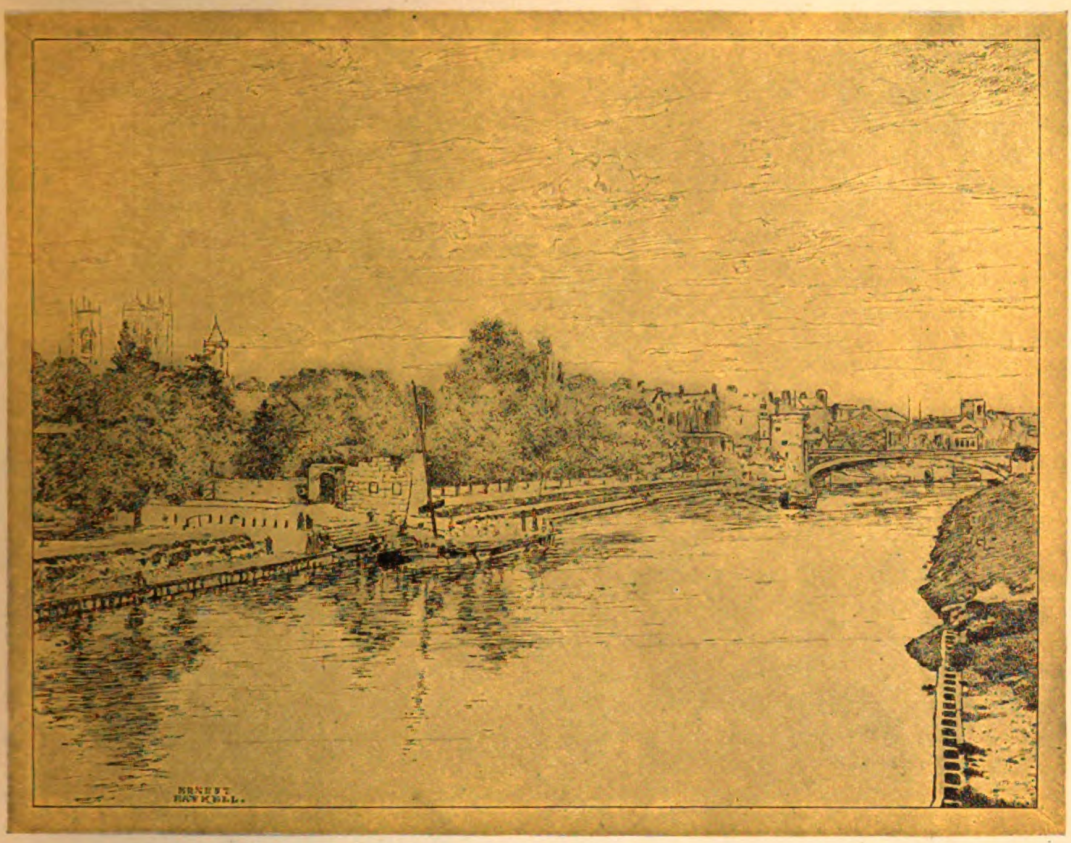

THE CITY AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER

pleasant cottages pressed close to it with their gardens full of bright flowers. At one point there were far-spreading sheep and cattle pens, where there is a weekly market; at another, the old Norman castle which cruel Conqueror William built to hold the city has suffered change, not unpicturesque, into prisons for unluckier criminals, and the Assize Courts for their condemnation. From time to time the wall left off, and then we got down, perforce, and walked to the next piece of it. In these we made the most of the old gates, especially Walmgate Bar, which has a barbican. I should be at a loss to say why the barbican should have commended it so; perhaps it was because we there realized for the first time what a barbican was; I doubt if the reader knows, now. Otherwise, I should have preferred Monk Bar or Micklegate Bar, as being more like those I was used to in the theatre. But we came back gladly to Bootham Bar, holding that a portcullis was equal any day to a barbican, and feeling as if we had got home in the more familiar neighborhood.

There were small shops in the Bootham, thread and needle stores, newspaper stores, and provision stores mainly, which I affected, and there was one united florist's and fruiterer's which I particularly liked because of the conversability of the proprietor. He was a stout man, of a vinous complexion, with what I should call here, where our speech is mostly uncouth, an educated accent, though with few and wandering aspirates in it. Him I visited every morning to buy for my breakfast one of those Spanish melons which they have everywhere in England, and which put our native cantaloupes to shame; and we always fell into a little talk over our transaction of fourpence or sixpence, as the case might be.

I bought my last melon of him on my last morning, when the early September had turned somewhat sharply chill. That turn made me ask what the winter was

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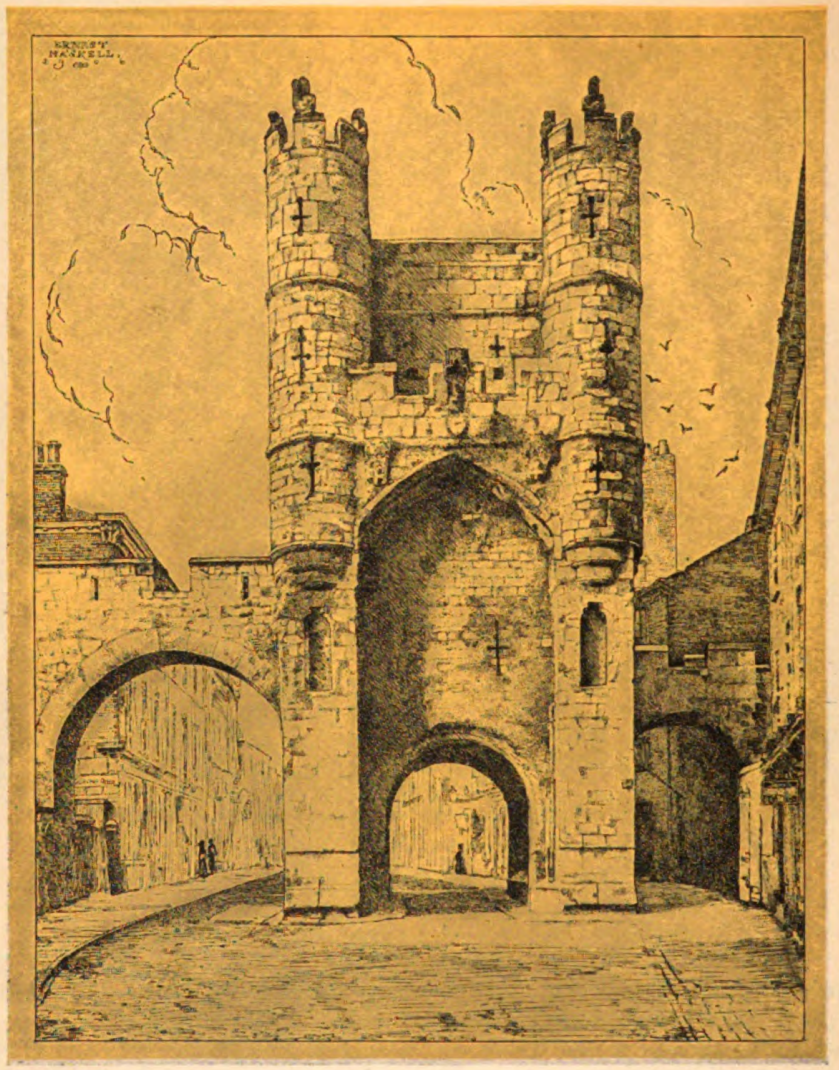

A View of Monk Bar

in York, and he boasted it very cold, with ice and snow aplenty, and degrees of frost much like our own.

It was a pleasure, which I should be glad to share with the reader, to lose one's self in the streets of York. They were all kinds of streets except straight, and they seemed not to go anywhere except for the joke of bringing the wayfarer unexpectedly back to, or near, his starting-point and far from his goal. The blame of their vagariousness, if it was a fault, is put upon the Danes, who found York when they captured it very rectangular, for so the Romans built it, and so the Angles kept it; but nothing would serve the Danes but to crook its streets and call them gates, so that the real gates of the city have to be called bars, or else the stranger might take them for streets. These abound in the poorer sorts of buildings, of course, just as they do in the poorer sorts of people, but in their simpler courts and squares and expanses they have often dignified mansions of that Georgian architecture which seems the last word in its way, and which is known here in our older edifices as there in their newer. There were gardens behind these mansions which hung their trees over the spiked coping of their high-shouldered walls and gates, and se-

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questered I know not what damp social events in their flowery and leafy bounds.

At times I distinctly wished to know something of the life of York, but I was not in the way of it. The nearest to an acquaintance I had there, besides my fruiterer, was the actor whose name I recognized on his bills as that of a brave youth who had once dramatized a novel of mine, and all too briefly played the piece, and who was now to come to York for a week of Shakespeare. Perhaps I could not forgive him the recrudescence; at any rate, I did not try to see him, and there was no other social chance for me, except as I could buy in for a few glimpses at the tidy confectioners', where persons of civil condition resorted for afternoon tea.

In my earlier wanderings I made the acquaintance of a most agreeable market-place, stretching the length of two squares, which on a Saturday afternoon I found filled with every manner of bank and booth and canopied counters, three deep, and humming pleasantly with traffic in everything one could eat, drink, wear, or read; there seemed as many book-stalls as fruit-stalls. What I noted equally with the prettiness of the abounding flowers was the mild-kindness of the market-people's manners and their extreme anxiety to state exactly the quality of the things they had for sale. They seemed incapable of deceit, but I do not say they really were so. My own transactions were confined to the purchase of some golden-gage plums, and I advise the reader rather to buy green-gages; the other plums practised the deception in their looks which their venders abhorred.

I wandered in a perfectly contemporary mood through the long ranks and lanes of the market-place, and did not know till afterwards that at one end of it, called The Pavement, the public executions used to take place for those great or small occasions which brought folks to the block or scaffold in the past. I had later some ado to verify the dismal fact from a cluster of people before a tavern who seemed to be taking bets for the Doncaster Week, and I could hardly keep them from booking me for this horse or that when I merely wanted to know whether it was on a certain spot the Earl of Northumberland had his head cut off for leading a rising against Henry IV.; or some such execution.

What riches of history has not York to browbeat withal the storyless New-Yorker who visits her! That Henry IV. was he whom I had lately seen triumphing near Shrewsbury in the final battle of the Roses, where the Red was so bloodily set above the White; and it was his poetic fancy to have Northumberland, when he bade him come to York, pass through the gateway on which the head of his son, Hotspur Harry, was festering. No wonder the earl led a rising against his liege, who had first mercifully meant to imprison him for life, and then more mercifully pardoned him. But there seems to have been fighting up and down the centuries from the beginning, in York, interspersed with praying and wedding and feasting. After the citizens drove out Conqueror William's garrison, and Earl Waltheof provided against the Normans' return by standing at the castle gate and chopping their heads off with his battle-axe as they came out, William efficaciously devastated the city and the country as far as Durham. His son William gave it a church, and that "worthy peer," King Stephen, a hospital. In his time the archbishop and barons of York beat the Scotch hard by, and the next Scotch king had to do homage to Henry II. at York for his kingdom. Henry III. married his sister at York to one Scotch king and his daughter to that king's successor. Edward I. and his queen Eleanor honored with their presence the translation of St. William's bones to the Minster; Edward II. retreated from his defeat at Bannockburn to York, and Edward III. was often there for a king's varied occasions of fighting and feasting. Weak Henry VI. and his wilful Margaret, after their defeat at Towton by Edward IV., escaped from the city just in time, and Edward entered York under his own father's head on Micklegate Bar. Richard III. was welcomed there before his rout and death at Bosworth, and was truly mourned by the citizens. Henry VII. wedded Elizabeth, the "White Rose of York," and afterwards visited her city; Mary, Queen of Scots, was once in hiding there, and her uncouth son stayed two nights in York on



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his way to be crowned James I. in London. His son, Charles I., was there early in his reign, and touched many for the king's evil; later, he was there again, but could not cure the sort of king's evil which raged past all magic in the defeat of his followers at Marston Moor by Cromwell. The city yielded to the Puritans, whose temperament had already rather characterized it. James II., as Duke of York, made it his brief sojourn; "proud Cumberland," returning from Culloden after the defeat of the Pretender, visited the city and received its freedom for destroying the last hope of the Stuarts; perhaps the twenty-two rebels who were then put to death in York were executed in the very square where those wicked men thought I was wanting to play the horses. The reigning family has paid divers visits to the ancient metropolis, which was the capital of Britain before London was heard of. The old prophecy of her ultimate primacy must make time if it is to fulfil itself and increase York's 72,000 beyond London's 6,000,000.

I should be at a loss to say why its English memories haunted my York less than the Roman associations of the place. They form, however, rather a clutter of incidents, whereas the few specious facts of Hadrian's stay, the deaths of Severus and Constantius, and the election of Constantine, his son, enlarge themselves to the atmospheric compass of the place, but leave a roominess in which the fancy may more commodiously orb about. I was on terms of more neighborly intimacy with the poor Punic emperor than with any one else in York, doubtless because, when he fell sick, he visited the temple of Bellona near Bootham Bar, and paid his devotions unmolested, let us hope, by any prevision of the misbehavior of his son Caracalla (whose baths I had long ago visited at Rome) in killing his other son Geta. Everywhere I could be an early Christian, in company with Constantine, in whom the instinct of political Christianity must have begun to stir as soon as he was chosen emperor. But I dare say I heard the muted tramp of the Sixth Legion about the Yorkish streets above all other martial sounds because I stayed as long as Doncaster Week would let me in the railway hotel, which so many of their bones made room for when the foundations of it were laid, with those of the adherent station. Their bones seem to have been left there, after the disturbance, but their sepulchres were respectfully transferred to the museum of the Philosophical Society, in the grounds where the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey rise like fragments of pensive music or romantic verse, inviting the moonlight and the nightingale, but, wanting these, make shift with the noonday and the babies in perambulators neglected by nurse-girls reading novels.

The babies and the nurses are not allowed in the museum of antiquities, which is richer in Roman remains than any that one sees outside of Italy. There are floors of mosaic, large and perfect, taken from the villas which people are always digging up in the neighborhood of York, and, from the graves uncovered in the railway excavations, coffins of lead and stone for civilians, and of rude tiles for the soldiers of the Sixth Legion; the slaves were cast into burial-pits of tens and twenties and left to indiscriminate decay till they should be raised in the universal incorruption. Probably the slaves were the earliest Christians at York; certainly the monuments are pagan, as the inmates of the tombs must have been. Some of the monuments bear inscriptions from loving wives and husbands to the partners they have lost, and some of the stone coffins are those of children. It is all infinitely touching, and after two thousand years the heart aches for the fathers and mothers who laid their little ones away in these hard cradles for their last sleep. Faith changes, but constant death remains the same, and life is not very different in any age, when it comes to the end. The Roman exiles who had come so far to hold my British ancestors in subjection to their alien rule seemed essentially not only of the same make as me, but the same civilization. Their votive altars and inscriptions to other gods expressed a human piety of like anxiety and helplessness with ours, and called to a like irresponsive sky. A hundred witnesses of their mortal state—jars and vases and simple household utensils—fill the shelves of the museum; but the

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most awful, the most beautiful appeal of the past is in that mass of dark auburn hair which is kept in a special urn and uncovered for your supreme emotion. It is equally conjectured to be the hair of a Roman lady or of a British princess, but is of a young girl certainly, dressed twenty centuries ago for the tomb in which it was found, and still faintly lucent with the fashionable unguent of the day, and kept in form by pins of jet. One thinks of the little, slender hands that used to put them there, and of the eyes that confronted themselves in the silver mirror under the warm shadow that the red-gold mass cast upon the white forehead.

There is in York a little, old, old church, whose dear and reverend name I have almost forgotten, if ever I knew it, but I think it is Holy Trinity Goodramgate, which divides the heart of my adoration with the Minster. It stands sequestered in a little leafy and grassy space of its own, with a wall hardly overlooked on one side by low stone cottages, the immemorial homes of rheumatism and influenza. The church had not the air of knowing that it is of Perpendicular and Decorated Gothic, with a square, high-shouldered tower, as it bulks up to a very humble height from the turf to the boughs overhead, or that it has a nice girl sketching its doorway, where especially favored weddings and funerals may rarely enter. It is open once a year for service, and when the tourist will, or can, for the sight of the time-mellowed, beautiful stained glass of its eastward window. The oaken pews are square and high-shouldered, like the low church tower; and, without, the soft yellow sandstone is crumbling away from the window traceries. The church did not look as if it felt itself a thousand years old, and perhaps it is not; but I never was in a place where I seemed so like a ghost of that antiquity. I had a sense of haunting it, in the inner twilight and the outer sunlight, where a tender wind was stirring the leaves of its embowering trees and scattering them on the graves of my eleventh and twelfth century contemporaries.

We chose the sunniest morning we could for our visit to Clifford's Tower, which remains witness of the Norman castle the Conqueror built and rebuilt to keep the Danish-Anglian-Roman-British town in awe. But the tower was no part of the original castle, and only testifies of it by hearsay. That was built by Roger de Clifford, who suffered death with his party chief, the Earl of Lancaster, when Edward of York took the city, and it is mainly memorable as the refuge of the Jews whom the Christians had harried out of their homes. They had grown in numbers and riches, when the Jew-hate of 1190 broke out in England, as from time to time the Jew-hate breaks out in Russia now, to much the same cruel effect. They were followed and besieged in the castle, and, seeing that they must be captured, they set fire to the place, and five hundred slew themselves. Some that promised to be Christians came out and were killed by their new brethren in Christ. In New York the Christians have grown milder, and now they only keep the Jews out of their clubs and their homes.

The Clifford Tower leans very much to one side, so that as you ascend it for the magnificent view from the top you have to incline yourself the other way, as you do in the Tower of Pisa, to help it keep its balance. The country around York looked so beautiful from Clifford's Tower that we would not be satisfied till we had seen it closer, and we chose a bright, cool September afternoon for our drive out of the town and over the breezy, high levels which surround it. The first British capital could hardly have been more nobly placed, and one could not help grieving that the Ouse should have indolently lost York that early dignity by letting its channel fill up with silt and spoil its navigation. The Thames managed better for York's upstart rival London, and yet the Ouse is not destitute of sea or river craft. These were of both steam and sail, and I myself have witnessed the energy with which the reluctance of the indolent stream is sometimes overcome. I do not suppose that anywhere else, when the wind is low, is a vessel madly hurled through the water at a mile an hour by means of a rope tied to its mast and pulled by a fatherly old horse under the intermittent drivership of two boys whom he could hardly keep to the work.

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# The Renunciation at Cloven Hoof

*BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE*

THE girl's skirts were looped up, and the swift mountain water, tempted to momentary dalliance, gurgled about her white knees — for in that sequestered glen there was none but the wood-thrush and the nodding columbine to see. One small tanned hand grasped a light rod; the other one, clenched, was pressed against her heart; and her dark eyes glowed expectantly as she rapidly cast her home-made fly into a promising black pool under the farther bank.

Just as a sudden swirl broke the smooth surface, and the slender hickory almost doubled upon itself, an invisible thing clipped through the underbrush and smacked viciously against a near-by tree, followed by the report of a rifle from somewhere up the flank of the glen. The invisible thing was a bullet. The fair angler, however, coolly landed her fish, regardless both of this incident and of a misstep which sent the icy water racing up her leg to the very limit of the unclothed zone. Then she sang out musically, without anger or alarm: "Look out where you're a-shootin'!" But her bower having been invaded, her sport was over; so, stepping gingerly ashore over the slippery stones, she quickly pulled on her shoes and stockings, and lowered her dress to its normal position.

As she drew a string of glistening trout from the water, a young fellow, with hat stuck swaggeringly on the back of his head and a rifle in the hollow of his arm, emerged from the alders on the opposite side of the stream. For a moment he eyed the girl's catch admiringly, even enviously.

"You didn't say nothin' yest'day about goin' a-fishin', Johnny," he began, in an aggrieved tone.

"I didn't say I *wasn't* goin'," she answered.

"I 'lowed you'd tell me if you was."

"You 'lowed wrong, Bud," she retorted; then added, less sharply, "I ketch more when I go alone."

She crossed the stream, fearlessly, on a prostrate tree, and the pair started up the steep declivity, side by side. No physical inferiority was apparent in the woman. In fact, she set the pace, and with such ease and suppleness that the thick plait of hair hanging down her back scarcely swung out of position.

Neither spoke during the ascent, when breath was at a premium. But on reaching the top the wild young fellow, without the slightest warning, encircled the girl's neck with his free arm and roughly kissed her on the lips. She made no struggle, strong and active as she was, for she had been securely trapped; and when her captor released her, she displayed none of the feigned indignation of the flirt. She simply faced the youth with a peculiar shimmering luminosity in her big, expressive eyes, which might have been anger, or might have been only a secret admiration of his unspeakable audacity.

"Bud Turner, if dad knew that you'd kissed me he'd about kill you," she said, calmly.

"I reckon he won't know it," returned Bud, coolly breaking off a sassafras tip to chew.

"He will if I tell."

"I reckon you won't tell, Johnny."

The girl, as wild and lovely as any wood-nymph, and not as immature as one who had seen her only in the trout-stream would have imagined, still held her inscrutable eyes upon the offender. But quickly her lashes fell. Masculinity—red-headed and freckle-faced though it was, and out at elbows and knees—had prevailed.

Shortly after reaching the main trail of the Pass, Bud turned into a bark-peelers' road. Johnny pursued her homeward way—but slowly, with thoughtful,

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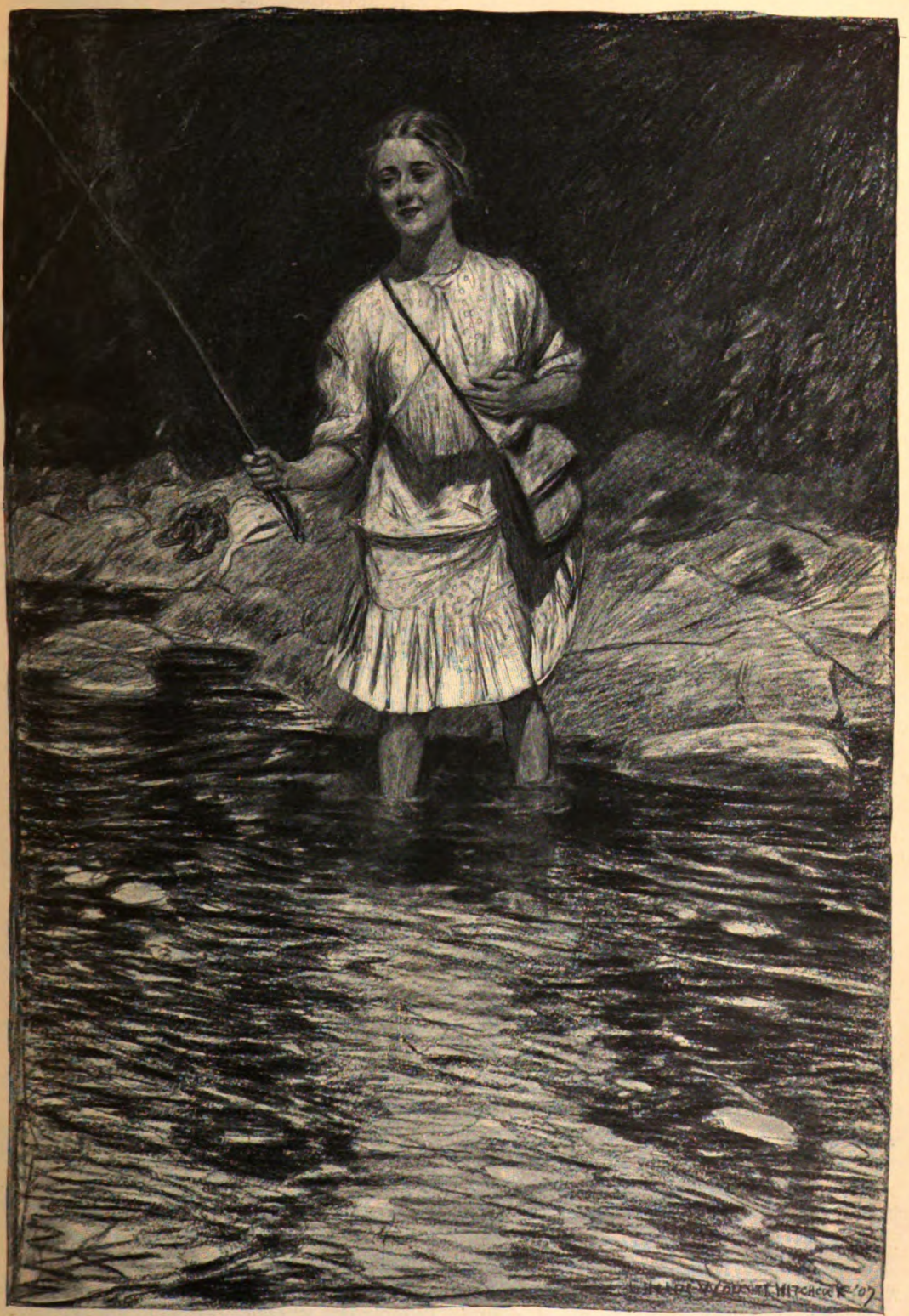

*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock* Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

ONE SMALL TANNED HAND GRASPED A LIGHT ROD

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half-troubled eyes. It was the first time that any man, save her father, had ever kissed her; though, to be sure, a few men had tried to kiss her before. Oddly enough, she had had a premonition, as she climbed out of the glen, that Bud meant mischief. Why, then, had she allowed herself to fall such an easy prey? Why had she not been angrier? And why did her heart still flutter in that strange way?

Blueford Haynes's little store, the only human habitation in Cloven Hoof Pass, perched on the highest point of this elevated link between East and West. From its front porch one could overlook in either direction many a township in the fertile lands below, where hamlets and villages were scattered about like a child's blocks upon a nursery floor.

On this porch sat Blueford now. He was a man of elephantine proportions, and trusted his weight only to a rocking-chair of special size and strength. As he dozed, with his fat hands clasped over his great paunch, and his flabby neck overflowing the collar of his flannel shirt, he seemed an embodiment of the Spirit of Rest. A sluggard, a gormand, a deserter from the army of civilization, a traitor to the traditions of his family—all these he undoubtedly was. Yet he had a brow that a statesman might have envied; for what ten or twenty generations have built up, with infinite pains, it lies not in the power of one generation wholly to tear down. And when he roused at the clatter of his daughter's fish-pole upon the floor, there was an echo in his voice—blurred though it was by his slovenly, colloquial speech—of the mellow, silvery tones which in his father's day had so often thrilled the galleries of the Old Dominion's legislative hall. He did not speak, however, until Johnny had dropped upon his lap and kissed him.

"Honey, Jap Brouthers brought me a letter this mornin' from that academy we wrote to."

His tone was the circumspect one with which people introduce a delicate or unwelcome subject, and he fumbled a due time in his capacious pockets before producing the communication in question. But he had no sooner done so than the girl, with the swiftness of a sparrow-hawk, pounced upon it, flung it into the grass, and then smothered his protestations with her laughing lips.

"Go and git it now, baby," he begged, when she finally permitted him to speak.

"Git what?"

"That letter. Go on now."

"What letter?"

"Pshaw, baby! Quit your teasin' me."

"Teasin' *who?*"

He knew how she quailed under the thought of going away to school—she who had never spent a night twenty yards from his side; and her pretty nonsense play brought to his mind a poor sick puppy which he had once tried to shoot, but which, whenever he raised his gun, leaped upon him and licked his hands, until his heart sickened of its fell purpose. Would it fail him again?

"The principal says," he began, adjusting his spectacles, after Johnny had finally rescued the letter, "that she'll be glad to take any one that Miss Holly recommends. It costs nine dollars a week. That includes board, washin', and tuition. Last year there was a hundred and fifty girls there—more girls than you could scrape up in this whole county—and next year there'll be two hundred. The course is elective—choose what you want, you know—and includes all the branches commonly taught in institutions of learning devoted exclusively to young ladies."

Thus, half reading, half paraphrasing, he went through the typewritten page. Johnny, with her hands clasped about one knee, listened with set mouth.

"Dad," said she, finally, "I wish that Miss Holly nor no other missionary teacher had ever come into this here mountain."

"Pshaw, baby! I reckon I'd sent you away to school anyhow—in time."

"You never would. You never would 'a' thought of it. How fur is it down there, dad?"

"Well, clost to a hundred and fifty miles. But that ain't fur by rail. You ain't been on a railroad train yet."

"It's fur enough," observed the girl, dubiously. "Dad, do you really, truly want me to go? Or air you just sayin' it because that Miss Holly put you up to it?" She eyed him suspiciously.

"Why, honey, I want you to be a lady."

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"Can't I be one 'thout goin' away to school?"

"Not hardly."

She toyed with the top button of his vest for a season.

"After I've made a lady of myself, what 'll I do? Come back here and help run the store agin?"

The irony was wholly unconscious, but it struck home; for Blueford had asked himself that same question.

"That's lookin' a good ways ahead," he answered; evasively. "It will take you four years to go through the academy. By that time, I reckon, we won't be livin' here."

"Where will we be livin'?"

Blueford moved uneasily. To be pinned down to definiteness, either as to time or place, was always a painful operation to him.

"Oh, in some nice little town somewhere."

"Why couldn't we go back to Virginia, where all our folks live?"

"Well, dearie, we been away so long that I don't seem to think of 'em any more as *our* folks." He slipped his big arm about her yielding, uncorseted waist. "I reckon I hadn't ought to tell you, but I don't know as any of our folks would be prostrated with joy to see me pokin' in there again."

"Why?" she demanded, hotly.

"They're rich and we're poor, fur one thing. They probably call me a failure."

Johnny gave him an impulsive kiss.

"Then I don't want you to go back. But why couldn't we move to Marysville? Then I could live with you all the time I went to school."

Blueford removed his glasses and mopped his big face, although the pure mountain air was by no means oppressive. How could he be expected to confess to this idolator of himself that he was only a coward who had been ordered back from the world's firing-line?

"I kin make more money here, baby—and it will take a powerful lot of money to keep you in school, countin' books and clothes."

SECURELY TRAPPED

"More money than it's worth, *I* guess," said Johnny, sagely. "Well, I got fish to fry. Want your'n in cracker crumbs, I suppose. Daddy, who'll fry your fish when I'm gone? Who'll *ketch* 'em fur you?"

Who, indeed! She was only a motherless pink morsel of humanity when he brought her to this place, and for eight years thereafter she had been his constant care. But now, for eight years

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"PSHAW, BABY! QUIT YOUR TEASIN' ME"

and over, she had taken care of him, cooking, sweeping, washing, waiting on customers, laying out her father's clean shirts, tying his cravats—on the rare occasions that he indulged in such finery—and even brushing his hair when she wanted him to look particularly nice. To lose her was like losing his right arm—yea, and his heart as well.

But, he reflected sadly, all that Miss Holly had said was true. This wilderness was no place for a young woman like Johnny. She had been as happy and care-free as any young wild thing of the woods. But already Blueford had noted a change. Mysterious movements in the deeps of her nature were taking place; mating-time would soon be nigh. The father might still call her his baby, but in truth she was a fair and delectable woman—a prize which was sure to catch the eye of some aspiring mountaineer. She would marry. But she was not made of the passive clay of the mountain women, who had been content for generations to drudge, eat and sleep, minister to the pleasure of their lords, bear a flock of children, and at the end lie down and die and be buried like an old horse in some convenient fence-corner. No. Eventually the

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blood of her ancestors would cry out for its own. Then something would happen.

For some weeks now Blueford had pondered these things, slowly and heavily, after the habit of his brain, and had finally reached a resolution. His girl, potentially a lady by reason of her blood, must be a lady in fact. She must rehabilitate the fallen glory of his branch of the family. She had the beauty and the intellect to do it. All she lacked was education and ambition. The first he could give her, and from this the second would naturally spring.

But he had reached this resolution only through a travail of spirit that had made him clench his great hands; for, to say nothing of the four desolate years without her presence, he realized that the measure of her approach to the goal he had set for her would be the measure of her recession from him. She would be home during summer vacations, to be sure; and he knew how eagerly she would hasten back to the blessed associations of her childhood—to her own cozy little room; to the kitchen, with its puncheon floor and log walls; the clump of old apple-trees and the knee-deep grass beneath; the spring-house and its bed of mint, of which she used to bring him a crisp handful every morning for his julep; the glen, with its stream, trout, and shy wild flowers; Indian Cave, from whose gloomy mouth she used to fly in terror, fancying that she had seen a red warrior still lurking there.

But, alas! something would be missing. The old relation could not be reestablished, and she would learn that no conjuring can restore the magic past. In a few days her mind would revert to the interests of her new world. Comparisons would inevitably follow; and, judged by the standards she would by that time have acquired, this old world of hers would appear tame and crude. And her father—his faith was strong that she would always love him, but he knew that never again could he loom on her horizon as the majestic and impeccable figure he had been in the past. Because, forsooth, he was not majestic or impeccable.

So, in the summer days that followed, with their crisp mornings, cloudless noons, and dewless nights, Blueford's heart often sank within him. But this giving up of his child was the first great sacrifice of his life, the first great enterprise he had ever attempted, and the thing was dear to him. For the plaudits of the world he had never cared; but when he came to stand before his Maker, he wanted to carry at least one sheaf in his hands.

When it was finally given out that Johnny was going away to school, the interest in the neighborhood was great, and the news percolated through the forested glades and up the rough mountainsides with astonishing speed. On Johnny's last Sunday the little log church at Rabbit Grove—a kind of social clearing-house for the neighborhood—was packed from door to pulpit, chiefly with women; and a poor, bedraggled, slatternly lot they were, for the most part, with stiff, bent backs and breasts as shrunken as desert wells. Their men preferred to sprawl outside on the grass or sit in wagons under the windows, where they could chew or play mumbletypeg during the service.

Blueford had patiently submitted to the martyrdom of the white shirt and linen collar which Johnny had thought proper for the occasion (she herself wore a fine new gown, designed and largely made by Miss Holly). Moreover, he sat by her side, in spite of his notorious repugnance to a close room; and though Sugar Jeems Holden, as he was known from Wildcat to Bone Gap by reason of his sweet tooth, took advantage of the crowd to preach an hour and fifty minutes, Blueford, notwithstanding that he was fairly afloat from perspiration, refrained from slipping in a quid of tobacco until the last hymn was announced.

After the benediction, the real purpose of the gathering was executed. The mountain people filed by Johnny and her father, as solemnly as if they had been chief mourners at a funeral, shook the hand of each, murmured some kindly wish, and passed on. But after the fried chicken had been spread on the grass, and half a dozen boys sent scurrying over to the spring for water, this rigidity gave way to something more like human intercourse.

"So you're goin' to Marysville, Johnny," said Mrs. Daggett, a woman of cheerfuler mien than most of her sisters.



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"You know maw went there—fur a little while. She says it's a lovely place. She's got a picter of it to hum. I'd 'a' brung it this mawnin', but I 'lowed you wouldn't care pertic'ler to see it, seein' you're goin' so soon."

"I would, though," answered Johnny, promptly.

"Then I'll bring it around to-morrow or next day, if I kin git away," promised Mrs. Daggett, gratified. "Maw's so techy about the childern handlin' it—she's gittin' childish—but she won't care fur you to see it." Her rather comely face grew pensive. "I'd like to go to that school, if it was jest fur one day. I'd jest like to see it, so I could always think of it atterwards. Maw says she'll never fergit how it looks, and she's seventy-four now. She was only fourteen when she went there. She was married at sixteen. You ought to be so happy, Johnny."

Johnny, with a subtle light in her eyes, as if she were not telling how she felt, did not answer for a moment.

"You reckon I'll like it there?" she asked, inaudibly to her father.

"Why, child, you can't help likin' it."

"You reckon I'll find the people much stuck up?"

"Well, they're pretty fashionable, maw says," admitted Mrs. Daggett, punctiliously. "But I don't reckon none of 'em will take the shine off of *you*. You had more advantages than most girls, and your paw's got money. You're so pretty and plump, too. You never had to do much hard work."

The night before she left, Johnny was given what was practically a second farewell party. Yet this gathering, which took place in Blueford Haynes's store, was, like the former one, wholly spontaneous. Each individual came at his own suggestion and ostensibly only to buy a little bacon or tobacco or, as the case might be, a little whiskey. But he had put on a tie or a collar, or added a coat to his customary outfit, or perhaps brought his wife along. Sugar Jeems Holden himself appeared, though opposed to social gatherings, as a rule; and throughout the evening he occupied his favorite seat—a soap-box adjoining the barrel of brown sugar, into which he ever and anon surreptitiously thrust a dirty lean hand. Miss Holly was also present, though this followed as a matter of course from her having taken tea with the Hayneses that evening.

Johnny, apparently suspecting that company might drop in, had put on a second of her new gowns. She was always beautiful, even in a calico slip; but to-night she was fairly dazzling. Her longer skirts added to her stature, so that she seemed magically to have exchanged girlhood for womanhood. She carried herself with a subtle air of coquetry. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes glowed luminously, and her gay laughter now and then rippled out above the hum of conversation. Her conduct was equally a puzzle to Miss Holly and to her father, both of whom had every reason to believe that she dreaded her departure.

As for himself, Blueford felt more like crying than laughing; and as he paddled, in his carpet slippers, up and down the narrow treadway behind the counter, laying out a spool of thread, or a penny's worth of candy, or a couple of ounces of gunpowder, a deadly heaviness of heart settled over him. Breathing became difficult, his ears sang, his red handkerchief was in constant requisition for drying his dewy brow; and he secretly prayed, hospitable soul though he was, that the visitors would soon go. For just one thing was he thankful—Bud Turner had not shown up. He had begun to be afraid of Bud and to suspect that he had more to do with Johnny's reluctance to leave home than she would admit.

Miss Holly also noted Bud's absence. But she, on the contrary, was by no means reassured by the fact; and several times during the evening she thoughtfully studied Johnny's animated, half-reckless face. Miss Holly was not only shrewd, but she had this enterprise of Johnny's at heart; and when at last it was her turn to go—the others having already gone and Blueford standing outside to cool his brow—she put her arms around the girl's neck with a tenderness unexpected from so decorous and self-contained a person, and kissed her with misty eyes, and said:

"Johnny, I shall miss you, but I am so glad this opportunity is yours. It will mean so much to you—so much more

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FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS SHE GAZED AT THE PICTURES

than you can now see. It will change the whole course of your life. It will reveal possibilities of which you don't dream now. And the day will come when you will go down on your knees and thank God for a father who could foresee all this, and who was unselfish enough to sacrifice himself—for I know how his heart bleeds—that his child might have a higher life. Don't waste your grand chance. Study hard. Be brave when discouragements come, and show that you are worthy of such a father."

The speaker's emotion and the throbbing solemnity of her voice seemed to strike Johnny like a douche of cold water. She caught her breath; the color died from her face; and the lips with which she returned her benefactor's kiss were cold. For perhaps three minutes, while her father closed the front doors and made ready for the night, she stood there by the coffee-grinder like one dazed, or suddenly roused from a riotous dream. Then, with a quivering sigh that was close to a sob, she went to her room to finish her packing. Blueford, who could help most by keeping out of the way, sat to one side and watched her, with no appetite for his usual bedtime pipe. Slowly, listlessly, in striking contrast to her usual vigor, she folded her garments one by one. Blueford did not wish to see her sad, yet he liked her better in this mood than in the other. It accorded with his own.

When she paused and looked around, as if to see whether anything had been

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forgotten, Blueford arose, with a "Wait a minute, baby," and walked heavily into his own room. He hauled from under his bed a little round-topped, old-fashioned trunk which he had not considered fine enough for the Marysville student, and from it took three daguerreotypes, richly bound in gold and leather.

"Baby," he began, faintly, with ominously trembling cheeks, "here's a picture of your grandpaw, and one of your uncle Carter, and one of your aunt Ellen. I thought I'd always keep 'em by me. I ain't got much else to remind me of—of what I used to be." His blue eyes filled. "But I want you to take 'em. I want you to keep before your eyes the kind of men you are descended from—the kind of men the women in our family before you have married. It will help you to decide, when the time comes, the kind of a man *you* ought to marry. And I want you to look at your aunt Ellen and see the kind of a woman you ought to be—and *will* be, thank God. For the way is now open. At school you will not only learn books, but you will learn to be a lady, a fit companion for a gentleman."

The girl received the pictures silently. For several moments she gazed at the aristocratic lineaments, set off by long hair and huge stocks. But there was something like defiance in her eyes.

"Daddy, I suppose I'll marry a gentleman, if I ever marry anybody," said she, finally. "But I want to tell you that I don't think they are the only kind, by a long shot, worthy of a good woman's love."

Blueford did not answer. When she employed that tone it was always better not to answer.

"Well, baby, let's go to bed. Give me your last—your last good-night kiss fur many a long day."

But she laid her hands upon his great chest and withheld herself for a moment.

"Wait! Daddy—" She paused, with twitching throat.

"Yes, honey—don't cry."

"Daddy, I want you to know the truth. I—I love you fur all you are doin' fur me. But it's just a-breakin' my heart to go away, and I'm only doin' it because *you* want me to."

Sleep did not come to Blueford. He had hardly expected it. But neither had he expected that crushing sense of desolation, that profound, benumbing loneliness which now crept over him like a paralysis. He had suffered more or less from hypochondria, induced, perhaps, by his excessive fat; and a panicky fear now seized him that he was going to die of a broken heart. His chamber became a place of torture; and after a little he arose, dressed, and slipped noiselessly down the dark, musty store, to fresh air outside.

He had scarcely walked ten consecutive rods in as many years; but now, to escape the phantoms which pursued him, he started, almost unconsciously, down the moonlit road. The pines rose solemnly and majestically to right and left, with shadowy Nigger Head in the distance. It was only the first week in September, but at this altitude the hardwood trees had already put on their autumnal garb, and the frost had silenced the singers of the night—the katydid and the snowy tree-cricket. Hence it was as still on the mountain, Blueford fancied, as it must have been on the first night of creation, before God had made a living thing to raise a song of love or bleat for its first-born.

Finally, though, he became conscious of a sound—a murmur which eventually resolved itself into hoof-beats, approaching at a rapid rate. Not wishing to expose himself unnecessarily, for rough characters sometimes rode abroad at night, he stepped into the roadside shrubbery and sat down on a boulder. In a short time there came into view two horses, one of which was riderless, though saddled and bridled; and they stopped not two rods from where Blueford sat.

The solitary horseman dismounted, tried his cinches, glanced at his watch, and then gazed long and fixedly down the road toward the store. But it was not until he had filled his pipe and lit it in the shelter of his horse's flank that the eavesdropper recognized him as Bud Turner—a metamorphosed Bud Turner, in his Sunday clothes and a new black hat, the latter worn, however, at the same swaggering angle as the old one that allowed his red hair to stick out at the top.

Blueford, as unsuspicious as a sucking dove, was just on the point of disclosing himself and asking Bud what kind of a lark he was on, when he chanced to notice that the led horse was

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"BUD, I CAN'T GO"

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equipped with a side-saddle. Bud's straining down the road then took on some significance. Yet the idea of an elopement did not fully take possession of Blueford's mind until the object of Bud's solicitude hove into view.

Johnny did not come quickly, as a bride to her groom's embrace, but slowly, with her hands behind her back; and she wore only a simple white gown, with no hat—a costume at which the Lochinvar of the mountain gazed inquiringly.

"Bud, I can't go," said she, quietly, but with a hoarseness reminiscent of recent weeping.

"Can't go! Why can't you go?" he burst out, with the sudden fury of baffled love.

She did not answer at once, and Blueford, familiar with the fiery Turner blood, trembled for his daughter's safety.

"Bud, because it wouldn't be right. Because my daddy wants me to go away to school, and it will break his heart if I don't go. And because — because I think I ought to go."

"But you promised to marry me!" he answered, angrily.

"Bud, I do love you. And I meant to marry you. But something's come over me — less'n two hours ago. I'd rather have my back skinned than go to that school, and yet I want to go. I feel as if I'd be glad, sometime, that I did go. Miss Holly talked so solemn to me to-night, and daddy talked solemn too. I—I *can't* disappoint 'em. At first I thought I could. At first I thought I could laugh, when you and me got back from our honeymoon, about their makin' my trousseau when they thought they was gittin' me ready fur school. But I can't. They wouldn't laugh. They'd cry. And I'd cry, too. Bud, I can't explain. I don't understand it exactly myself. But, Buddy, you and me must part."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the creaking of taut saddle-leather. Then Bud laid his head on his horse's withers and cried like the big boy that he really was. Johnny quietly came nearer.

"Buddy, I know it hurts. It hurts me, too. I love you, remember that, when I'm gone. And you can kiss me good-by if you want to."

For a moment he looked at her face, so fair, so pure and white in the moonlight. Then he shook his head.

"No, not that way," said he, mournfully.

She understood—for a true kiss is not charity, but a fair exchange—and leaning swiftly forward, she herself kissed him. The next moment she was a shadow down the road.

Father and daughter, with the trunk in the wagon, were on the road by four o'clock, for they had a fifteen-mile drive before them. Neither spoke of the tryst of the night before. Johnny was unconscious that her father knew anything about it, and he was content with what he knew. They reached the station an hour and a half ahead of the train, but the time hung heavily for neither of them. And when at last the whistle blew and the locomotive rounded a curve into view, Johnny tightly seized her father's hand and shook with fear for a moment.

"Be brave, daughter!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"I will, dad," she answered, through set lips.

"And don't—don't git homesick and come back."

"Dad, I'll stay, if I die." And he knew that she would.

As the train drew away, with a girl's white face pressed close to the window, old Blueford stood stock-still, with swimming head and unseeing eyes.

When the landscape cleared, almost the first object he saw was Bud Turner rising from behind a pile of ties. The father's heart suddenly went out to the lad—for did not he also love Johnny?

"Bud, this is a sad day fur me."

No answer.

"Bud, I reckon the store won't be the same old place no more."

Still no answer.

"Bud, I reckon the boys won't come around like they used to."

Then Bud's helplessly moving lips gave forth speech.

"*I* will, Mr. Haynes, if you'll let me. I jest want to set and look at that little willer rockin'-chair what you give her last year fur Christmas."

Blueford laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. It was the only answer he could make.

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# The Aristocracy of the Parts of Speech

*BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY*

Professor of English, Yale University

OF all the parts of speech the pronoun is the most exclusive. Into its circle aliens are never allowed to enter, no matter how reputable their character, how pressing their claims, how desirable their presence. Nouns and verbs may be introduced into a living tongue with little perceptible limit save the choice or caprice of those using it. Almost the same statement might be made about the other parts of speech, if we reckon the article among the adjectives. But nothing like this can be said of the pronoun. It silently but effectually bars the door against all intruders. In the course of its history it may lose some of its forms. But if they go, their places are never filled. The most urgent demands of perspicuity, convenience, or conciseness cannot induce the pronoun to add a new member to its scanty family.

For this condition of things there is, however, satisfactory reason. The introduction of a new pronominal form means a good deal more than the addition of a word to the vocabulary. The latter acts only upon the expression; but the former affects the grammar. Now it is not true, as Archbishop Trench asserted, that no creative energy is at work in the later periods of the history of a language. The accession, however, of a new inflection always meets with a hostility for which there is ample justification. In a language possessed of a literature words can be taken into the vocabulary with little restraint. Its traditions are not affected by such action, nor is its efficiency impaired. But the introduction of a new grammatical form partakes of the nature of revolution. If such should come into the speech on a very large scale, we might or we might not have a better instrument of expression; we should certainly have a different one. Every cultivated tongue is therefore bound for its safety to resist strenuously any action leading to a result of this sort. The intruder must be required to fight its way to acceptance.

That additional pronouns are needed in our speech is very certain. Only those who are eager to express themselves with an accuracy which will permit no misconception of the meaning by hearer or reader have any notion of the shifts to which the writer is compelled to resort to save his meaning from ambiguity. Take as an illustration the following simple sentence: Henry goes to John's house and there sees his son. Whose son is it that is seen? The sentence leaves us in doubt. It may be Henry's, it may be John's. The signification can be made clear, if the former is intended, by adding *own* to *his*. But if the latter is meant, this easy method of relief is not at our command. To escape from the uncertainty no resource is left save that of repeating the proper name, or of employing some phrase which requires the sacrifice of fineness of expression to precision. This is one of the simplest and most easily remedied of scores of doubtful sentences whose ambiguity is due to the fact that our language lacks another pronoun of the third person. It is a poverty which will never be relieved. The language must stumble along the best way it can with the burden which the hostility of this part of speech to the introduction of new forms compels both speaker and writer to carry.

Once only in the history of literary English has this barrier been broken down. Once only has a new pronoun been added to this exclusive family of words. To bring about the result, however, there was a conjunction of favorable circumstances, which is never likely to occur again. As it was, the new form

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was received at first with little favor—almost, indeed, with positive aversion—though it presented itself for admission at a time when entrance was far easier than it has been at any period since. True, we have no printed records of the struggle which then went on. Those were not the days when linguistic likes and dislikes found their way to the press. Periodicals and newspapers there were none. Discussions of usage were confined to conversation. But we do not need the testimony of modern experience to feel confident that controversy about the propriety of the new term raged furiously. For the forces which are always at work in a living language were just as potent then as now, and the feelings aroused would be just as bitter.

It is almost needless to say that the allusion is to the word *its*. The success of this parvenu, as it has been called, in forcing itself into the society of its betters must have attained in the eyes of some men of the past the dignity of a linguistic disaster. They could not have failed to recognize in its triumph another sure sign of that coming ruin of the language, in the misery of foreseeing which many persons spend hours of intense enjoyment. It is therefore worth while to recount fully, for the sake of the lesson it imparts, the story of its introduction. This has never been told but briefly. It is still more worth while to bring to attention the various agencies which combined to make the acceptance of the form possible.

It is to be noted, in the first place, that the nominative form from which *its* is derived is, strictly speaking, a cockneyism. This one fact has had more influence upon the fortunes of the word than all other agencies combined. The neuter pronoun of the third person was originally not *it*, but *hit*. The latter etymologically correct form maintained itself in the standard speech down to the sixteenth century. But even then, whenever it appeared, it must have been generally looked upon as a mere survival of a generally abandoned usage. Even by the beginning of the thirteenth century the initial *h* had begun to be dropped in writing, as it previously must have been dropped by many in pronunciation. Doubtless there were men in those days who saw in its disappearance evidence of influences that were then corrupting the speech. Their forebodings had justification to this extent. Had it not been for the dropping of the *h*, *its* would never have made its way into the language. The tendency to discard the aspirate, once begun, kept on increasing. By the time the reign of Elizabeth was reached *it* had become the accepted form. *Hit* was hardly known at all, save as it was retained in the dialects, especially those of the North.

Another agency now came forward to pave the way for the introduction of *its*. *His* had been the common genitive of both *he* and *hit*. Of the two it was and originally must have seemed nearer to the neuter nominative than to the masculine. But when in the course of time the progress of what we call cockneyism had caused the initial *h* to disappear from *hit*, the condition of things underwent a complete change. The possession of the same vowel *i* could not save its genitive for the neuter pronoun. For the consonant is always more dominating than the vowel in speech, and the aspirate is the most dominating of the consonants. It always makes its presence or absence felt. When it was lost both to sight and memory by its disappearance from *hit*, consciousness was also gradually lost that there was or ever had been any close connection between the genitive *his* and the nominative *it*.

For a time this perhaps did not make much difference. *His* as both a masculine and neuter genitive would occasion little or no annoyance or perplexity, so long as the influence of the original grammatical gender continued to exist. In accordance with that *moon*, for illustration, was in our earliest speech masculine, *sun* was feminine, and *wife* neuter. Accordingly, if *stone* and *stream* and *wave* and *mouth* and *earth* were masculine—as they all were—there was no sense of incongruity in applying *his* to these or to other objects without life. But when grammatical gender gave way in our tongue to gender based upon the real distinctions of sex or of sexlessness, a new disturbing element was brought in. The old order of things no longer worked satisfactorily. Objects without life were henceforth all regarded as neuter. *His*,

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now more closely associated with *he* than with *it* in form, became still more closely associated with it in meaning. It was felt to belong strictly to persons, and a sense of inappropriateness began to prevail when it was made to refer to things.

The operation of these various agencies combined to present to the users of speech a problem of peculiar difficulty. It is interesting to observe how long the language struggled with it and how reluctantly it accepted at last the solution which was finally adopted. Before resorting to this expedients of all sorts were tried. The conservative element clung long to the use of *his* as the genitive of *it* as well as of *he*. Even to a late period in the seventeenth century such an employment of it is occasionally found. It was enabled to maintain its ground largely in consequence of its retention in the translation of the Bible, the work then most widely circulated and most diligently read. Not, however, that *his* is the only form there found occurring. The authorized version, in fact, discloses several of the methods taken at that time to avoid it. It was certainly not the business of those concerned in the final revision of 1611 to meddle with the new-fangled monstrosity of *its*, which had just begun to perk its head in the face of the linguistically pure. Still, it is plain that both the original translators of the Bible and the later revisers were disturbed, like the writers of the age generally, by the incompatibility between *it* and *his*.

A variation but no improvement was afforded by the occasional employment of *her*. But from the outset this was felt to be as unsatisfactory as the use of the masculine genitive. Various other methods were resorted to in order to get out of the difficulty. One of the most common of these was the employment of *thereof* and *of it*. Two distinct illustrations of this practice can be found in the account of the building of the ark of the covenant. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus the directions for making it were "that two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof." In the thirty-seventh chapter of the same book we are told, after the ark was made, that "two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it." The language has never given up using these two methods of expression, but it has distinctly curtailed the extent of the employment of both, more especially of *thereof*.

There was still another method tried. To avoid the reference of *his* to an object without life the translators in one instance resorted to the use of *it* itself as a genitive. There was nothing new about the experiment. It had been tried long before there was much apparent need of it. But with the growth of the feeling of the inappropriateness of the reference of *his* to impersonal objects, the employment of the simple *it* as a possessive seems to have gone on increasing. It is, at all events, found not infrequently in the sixteenth century and in the early part of the seventeenth. For illustration, Ben Jonson's play of *The Silent Woman* was brought out in 1609. A single speech in it made by one of the principal characters contains *it* as a genitive fourteen times. Here an intended contemptuous sense pretty plainly led to such frequency of employment. This, however, does not seem to have been the case generally. Perhaps it never was so when the pronoun was united, as it often was, with *own*. In the solitary instance found in the Bible this combination exists. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus mention is made of that portion of the harvest "which groweth of it own accord." About fifty years after the appearance of the authorized version *it* was here changed to *its*. The introduction of the latter form into this passage marks the practical termination of the struggle, yet to be considered, which had been going on for more than half a century.

There was yet another method resorted to of dealing with the problem. To replace the neuter *his* the definite article was employed, sometimes with *own*, sometimes without it. Thus in the very passage of Leviticus just cited, the phrase "of it own accord" of the authorized version appears in the Bishop's Bible as "of the own accord." This use of the article seems to have been favored more particularly by those familiar with the classics. "A fair stone," writes Ascham



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in his *Schoolmaster,* "requireth to be set in the finest gold, or else it loseth much of the grace and price." "It is the manner," says Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning,* "to scandalize and deprave that which retaineth the state and nature by taking advantage upon that which is corrupt and degenerate." This use of *the,* though originating at a much earlier period, never met with wide acceptance. It did not accord with the genius of the language.

None, indeed, of these expedients for overcoming the difficulty were found satisfactory. To some one of them we might have come to be reconciled at last by long-continued use; but they all strike us now as distinctly clumsy, when not objectionable upon other grounds. The language, in fact, was floundering along helplessly, casting about for some method of relieving itself from what was felt to be an almost intolerable burden. It was a happy inspiration which led some unknown person to hit upon the expedient of adding the termination *s* to *it.* The new form thus developed fulfilled all the conditions required. Its final letter was the common ending of the genitive case. It was so close in form to the nominative that not even the dullest could mistake its meaning. The memory of the man has perished who, contemplating the difficulty of the problem, first found for it this simplest and happiest of solutions. From a linguistic point of view he has a right to be entitled the Great Unknown. But though we cannot be sure of the name of the originator of the term, its first recorded appearance in print belongs to the year 1598. There it occurs in the Italian-English dictionary of John Florio. It may be that the compiler himself was the inventor of the word; but it is fairly certain that it must have been for some time in colloquial use before it was admitted within the sacred precincts of a dictionary.

No more striking picture can well be furnished of the struggles made, often unconsciously, by a language to escape from a situation which is felt to be unspeakably oppressive. It might accordingly have been expected that as soon as this easy method of getting rid of the burden was presented, the new term would meet with instant and universal acceptance. Its simplicity and effectiveness would alike recommend it. The wonder would be that an expedient so simple and so satisfactory had not been hit upon long before. Had the newcomer been a noun or a verb, there is no question as to the favor with which it would at once have been received. But the pronoun has all the feelings of an aristocracy. Here as elsewhere it maintained its attitude of repugnance to the admission of any stranger into its select circle. It took over half a century for this intruder to overcome the hostility felt towards it. The reluctance with which writers of highest rank admitted it into their productions is of itself evidence enough of the doubt and coldness with which it was at first viewed. It is to be conceded that their usage has as yet been but imperfectly ascertained. All that can easily be found about its reception at the outset is the statement that *its* does not occur in the authorized version of the Bible, published in 1611; and that in the thirty-six plays which make up the folio of 1623 it appears but ten times. Of these ten instances, it is to be added, five belong to the *Winter's Tale* and two to *The Tempest,* both plays of late production in Shakespeare's career. Coming down the seventeenth century it is found but three times in the poetry of Milton. Yet the majority of the nearly thirty thousand lines he composed appeared either in or after 1677; that is, sixty-seven years after *its* had made its first known appearance in the language.

To these details something of an addition can be made. Though not sufficient to set forth clearly the full history of the struggle which went on, they bring out distinctly the hesitation with which the word was received by authors of the first rank. Without their cooperation it was hopeless to expect that it could establish itself in the tongue. Some of the facts are rather surprising. Bacon died in 1626. So far as I can discover, there is not a single instance of the employment of *its* in his works. It assuredly does not appear in his *Essays,* where one would expect to find it, if anywhere. The final revision of these came out in 1625. If trust can be put in the results of an examination made long ago, but not since verified, Ben Jonson's first use of the

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term is in his play of *Volpone*, brought out in 1605 and published in 1607. Afterwards it occurs in a few of the other plays—about half a dozen times. in all. In *Bartholomew Fair* it is found twice. This was produced in 1614; but though Jonson lived until 1637 and wrote six plays after the date just mentioned, *its* does not appear in any of them. An examination of his other writings might reveal a different state of things; but one gets the impression from the facts just stated that as he advanced in years the scholastic instinct grew upon him, and rendered him averse to taking the slightest liberty with the established speech. When he wrote his *English Grammar* he seemed to be unaware of the existence of the new pronominal form. At all events he did not deem it worthy of mention.

On the other hand, though Milton was so sparing of the use of *its* in his poetry, he was far more liberal in respect to it in his prose. His employment of it varied considerably. In some of his treatises not a single instance of it can be found; in others it occurs but once or twice. In two of the four divorce pamphlets it appears more frequently than anywhere else. In the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* it is met with five times, in the *Tetrachordon* eight. Much of his production came out during the last seven years of his life, when *its* had firmly established itself in the speech. Yet this fact did not lead Milton to look upon it with any more favor. Fancy a man at the present day writing a volume containing nearly one hundred thousand words and yet using *its* no more than once. But this was just what Milton did in his *History of Britain* published in 1670. Yet the form at that time was so generally in use that its recent origin had come largely to be forgotten. Dryden on this very point furnishes a striking illustration of how a man of genius can manage to exhibit ignorance of the grammatical history of the tongue of which he is a master, when the change which had taken place had been going on before his eyes. In a piece published in 1672 he could accuse Ben Jonson "of ill syntax," because he had used *his* instead of *its* in the following line:

> Though heaven should speak with all his wrath at once.

There is one further point which the history here given brings out sharply. The introduction of *its* has done something more than add a convenient pronominal form to the speech. It has largely revolutionized the structure of the sentence. A single illustration out of many that could be cited will make the matter sufficiently clear. In Macaulay's essay on Milton *its* occurs just forty-four times. In all the works of Milton himself it occurs a little over thirty times. In the fewer than twenty thousand words which make up the single production of the former writer this one pronoun is found much more frequently than in the nearly seven hundred thousand words which constitute the sum of what the latter employed in all his writings, whether in prose or verse. The difference between the usage of the past and of the present could not well be conveyed in clearer and more expressive terms.

The account given of the introduction of *its* presents a picture of the struggles unconsciously made by a language to free itself from a situation which it felt to be unendurable. A problem differing in detail, but essentially similar in character, exists before us to-day. We can get some conception of the trouble which beset the minds of our ancestors in regard to the use of *his* as the genitive of *it* by that which affects the minds of many to-day about the use of *whose* as the genitive of *which*. But while the difficulty is in some respects the same, there is unfortunately no such easy way out of it. Luckily the words stand on a different footing. In consequence, the embarrassment caused by employing *whose* as the relative to an antecedent without life is by no means so annoying. To understand the nature of the problem existing in this case, and how it chanced to arise, it will be necessary to give briefly a few facts in the history of the particular words concerned.

Both *who* and *which* are by origin not relative pronouns but interrogative. In the early period of the speech there was little thought of employing either in the former capacity. *Who* is so found, indeed, but such employment of it is infrequent. These interrogatives were brought in later as relatives, mainly, it would

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seem, for the relief of *that*, which was staggering under the numerous burdens laid upon it as a demonstrative, a relative, a conjunction, and at times as an article. *Which* was apparently the first to come to its aid, at least on any noticeable scale. It was followed by the oblique cases of *who*, and finally by the nominative itself. The movement in this direction began in the twelfth century; but it was not till the sixteenth that it was fully completed. For a long time *which* could have as an antecedent either a person or a thing. The opening of the Lord's Prayer has made this once widely prevalent usage familiar to us all. *Who*, as a relative, did not often have an impersonal antecedent; but it did so occasionally.

The processes that are always going on in language prevented the continuance of this state of things. The disposition arose to restrict one of these relatives to a personal antecedent, the other to an impersonal one.

But at this point arose the difficulty. *Which*, having dropped all its original inflectional forms, was left without a distinctive genitive. Nothing, in consequence, remained for it to do but to adopt *whose*. This form was originally the genitive of both *who* and *what*, and therefore was as much a neuter as it was a masculine. But while the former of its nominatives went over unqualifiedly to a relative use, the latter did so but partially. In consequence what would have been its functions fell to *which*. So long as this latter relative referred to persons as well as things, no sense of impropriety would be felt in using *whose* as its genitive. It was almost after the fashion of *his* as a neuter while grammatical gender prevailed. But with the growth of the disposition to restrict *which* to antecedents without life there sprang up a repugnance on the part of many to consider *whose* as having anything whatever to do with it. This dislike apparently made no public display of itself until the outbreak of grammatical sensitiveness that took place in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson in his dictionary had definitely stated that "*whose* is the genitive of *which* as well as of *who*, and is applied to things." But the authority of the great lexicographer did not overbear the convictions of those who kept before their eyes the ideal of being, as they thought, linguistically pure. The most eminent authors were held up to sternest condemnation for their guilty practice of using *whose* as a relative to an impersonal antecedent. As all the dead had done it, and as all the living were continuing to do it, there was no escape from the conclusion that they were distinctly inferior to their censors in the knowledge of propriety of speech.

There is no doubt, indeed, that at the present day the use of *whose* as a relative referring to objects without life presses heavily upon the hearts of many, as once in a somewhat similar situation did *his*. Nor is there any question that it would be comforting to us all if for this pronoun a simple and satisfactory substitute could be devised. But there is no hope of introducing a new member into this most exclusive of grammatical families. The form of the word *which* does not allow of the possibility of a genitive inflection that would please anybody, still less everybody. There remains for us in consequence no resource but the use of *whose* or *of which*. Against the latter no purely grammatical exception can be taken. Always possible, often useful, it is at times, however, both ineffective and unsatisfactory. Occasionally, it is distinctly objectionable on account of the clumsiness of construction it causes by the separation of the relative from close connection with its antecedent. Hence, while a valuable associate to *whose*, it will never be allowed to supersede it. We can feel confident that for the future as in the past the latter will continue to prevail as the genitive of *which*.

There is another and somewhat broad field of expression in which the indisposition of this part of speech to receive accessions, with the consequent penury of forms caused by it, leads to several perplexing situations under which the language labors. We have a number of words and phrases in our tongue which require the employment of a pronoun that does not exist. As representatives of this class can be taken *each* and *every*, with the combinations into which they enter. The peculiarity about them is

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that as regards form they are singular; as regards meaning they are plural. Consequently the construction, according to sense, is always coming into conflict with the construction according to strict grammar. One of these expressions—*everybody*, for instance—may be used to bring out the point distinctly. It is desired, for example, to make a statement to the effect that at some specific gathering all persons present had seen there those whom they knew well. With the employment of the word just selected grammatical difficulties at once arise and the troubles of the writer begin.

Three ways are open to him in which he can overcome them after a fashion; but not one of them answers fully all the conditions existing. In the first, the masculine form can be made to represent both itself and the feminine. Consequently such a sentence as the following could be framed: There everybody met his friends. Women as well as men would be included under *his*. Though never really satisfactory, this was once the preferred usage. For a time it served the purpose fairly well, and it still does so occasionally and perhaps frequently. But there has been for a good while past a distinct dislike to this construction. One result of the increasingly important part that the female sex plays in life and literature is the growth of a repugnance on the part of the feminine element to have its identity merged in the masculine. Subconsciousness of the injustice of it has now passed over into full consciousness that under this form of expression its claims are not really recognized. Hence, while women may use it, they do not like it; and men have come to share largely in the same feeling.

Another way out of the difficulty was devised. To satisfy the claims of both sexes resort was had to two representative pronouns. The sentence previously given would accordingly appear in the following shape: There everybody met his or her friends. But such a form of expression pleased no one. It was felt to be formal, to suffer from that stiffness which is always sure to manifest itself when naturalness of expression is sacrificed to mere precision of statement. Besides being objectionable on the score of clumsiness, it was subject to exception on other grounds. In words with feminine terminations, like *heiress* or *heroine*, the fact of sex is indicated, indeed, but it is not made obtrusive. When, however, we have distinct contrasted forms, as in "his or her," it is lifted into an undue and almost aggressive prominence, where there is neither desire nor occasion to make it prominent. Hence this particular usage, while serviceable in certain documents, and acceptable always to the devotees of strict grammar, is usually detested by everybody else.

A third way out of the difficulty there is, and it was long ago taken by the bolder spirits. This was the construction according to the sense. The plural pronominal forms were used to correspond to the idea of plurality existing in the singular subject. Hence men said in the sentence quoted, There everybody met their friends. Examples of this usage can be found abundantly in authors of high reputation; but those given here for the purpose of illustrating it will be taken from a single one. This writer is Jane Austen. She is chosen not for her eminence, but for her sex. For, as a general rule, highly cultivated women speak and write the language not only with more naturalness, but with greater scrupulousness and purity than the corresponding class of men. Examples from their works are in consequence more convincing. Here are two or three taken out of many. "It is very unfair," says Miss Austen in *Emma*, "to judge of anybody's conduct without an intimate knowledge of their character." Again, in the same work, the remark is made that "they say everybody is in love once in their lives." In *Mansfield Park* she observes that "nobody could command attention when they spoke." These examples—which might be multiplied from numerous other authors—are sufficient to indicate the attitude of those who adopt the third course. Every one can see that the problem is a very pretty one as it stands, and that the interest in it will never die, because no satisfactory solution of it will ever be found.

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# The Ambassador

*BY GEORGE HIBBARD*

HIS Excellency turned the gold pencil, topped by the "pigeon-blood" ruby, between his long, thin, white fingers. He adjusted the heavy tortoise-shell *pince-nez* with the wide black ribbon on his high Roman nose and viewed the words he had just written.

"Age is the soft pedal on the music of life."

He paused, not satisfied with the result. Inevitably *The Autobiography of an Ambassador* should contain epigram. That was in the traditions of the earlier diplomacy which he affected or to which he actually belonged, when plenipotentiaries were more than mere interpreters of cryptic telegrams. Effectively to be in character something far more worldly, cynical, and mordant was decidedly demanded,—something more completely after the fashion of Cardinal de Retz or Talleyrand himself. "Youth is the *entrée*—age the gruel of human existence." That was in the spirit of it, but still he was not content. He looked out from the encompassing sides and top of the Scheveningen chair in which he sat, over the broad pavement of the big country-house terrace, at the sparkling indigo expanse of the ocean visible beyond the low parapet. The notes for the *Autobiography* had not been going well that morning, and lengthy looking backward had caused him to feel old and querulous. His eyes rested for a moment on a levant-bound copy of the excellent Cicero's *De Senectute,* but he had not found the solace usually therein contained. The Ambassador sighed. He had just arrived at that point in the narration of his long career when he had ruffled it as an attaché at Madrid, where there had been a certain dark señora—what was the rapturous name?—who might hold a place in his memory, but who assuredly did not find one on the written page. He hummed huskily and uncertainly a little air which few would have recognized. That spring he had seen the first green of the trees along the boulevards. In full-leafed summer he had loitered on the piazzas of Saratoga. Later he had crossed for an autumn of English country houses. What a time of entrancement! What nights of sound sleep—when one went to bed at all and did not dance until daylight! What days, when the sun seemed always to have shone, when one ran up-stairs instead of walked, when one did not have to count the number of cigars smoked in the twenty-four hours, when Cæsar's laurels were not needed to replace the clustering locks! His Excellency's fingers tightened on the small gold pencil and he wrote rapidly.

"All the philosophers in their philosophies have sought the secret of happiness. They might have found it by—remaining young. Youth is the alchemist's secret, transmuting all to the precious metal of delight. It is the 'open sesame' of every joy, the ring and the lamp of every desire. It is golden age before its time; the passport to Arcadia. It is the answer to the Sphinx's riddle of existence, the *ultima Thule* of the world's possibilities. With it there is unalloyed bliss—without it sackcloth and ashes and the gnashing of false teeth."

The Ambassador paused, slightly uncertain in his mind about the last words. Did they comport with the dignity of history or the contributions which he proposed to make to it? Then, as his attention was attracted by a young man who slowly mounted the steps with the aid of a stick and came toward him, he forgot the matter altogether.

The newcomer hobbled forward in evident impatience at the difficulty of his progress. His smooth brow was wrinkled in dissatisfaction, while his mouth was unsmiling and rebellious. Indeed, his whole good-looking countenance was stamped with deep gloom, and clearly in-

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dicated strong inward perturbation. He stopped and cast himself into a chair before the keen old eyes that watched him interestedly.

"I wonder when the next expedition starts for the north pole?" he observed, moodily.

The Ambassador responded with perfect punctiliousness:

"Really, my dear boy, I don't know the exact schedule of sailings. I might send for Pitkin to find if he could do anything about it with a time-table, only I am afraid that the shock of the question might be bad for him."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the young man broke forth, while a smile for an instant lit up his face in brief sunniness. "I did not think what I was saying, or rather, the way I said it."

"Have you an idea of—ah—joining a polar quest?" the Ambassador asked, mildly.

"Yes—that or something else—anything else."

"You appear vexed."

"It's enough to provoke a saint—"

"In which category you include yourself?"

"Any one would lose their temper. Here am I with this game leg"—he glanced down at his foot—"just with the Westbrook match coming on, so that I can't play."

"I might direct your attention to the fact that if you had not been skylarking over that gate which no one had any business to jump, your horse would not have fallen with you."

"Preston and I were giving each other dares."

"A highly sensible performance," commented the Ambassador.

"Anyway, here I am laid up. Our side will get beaten, and as this will be the third time the others have won the cup, they will keep it."

He gazed downcast into the radiant landscape.

"I might suggest that the loss of a polo game, however important, is not exactly a reason for considering the present a blank and the future a prospect of unrelieved misery—"

"You can't know," said the young man, savagely and significantly. "That isn't all."

"Ah!" observed the Ambassador, "there are other—important matters."

"Do you think it's pleasant to be up against a decision of what one is going to do with one's whole life?"

"The question has presented itself?"

"Haven't I got to make up my mind whether I'll go into the business?"

"That would scarcely appear a desperately hard fate, in view of the sum the business is producing for my very dear old friend your excellent father."

"To give up all the rest and settle down into a humdrum, money-making machine. Doesn't life mean something more?"

The Ambassador delayed diplomatically.

"I thought, you know, of going to Paris to paint. I have some little knack that way; was looking forward to a different existence, with some color and—and excitement about it. There's a lot in the world to see and do, and one doesn't quite like to give it up. One may not ask to sow one's wild oats, exactly, but one feels that one has a right to have a run for one's money. It's not easy, sir, to come to a conclusion on such a point, and that's what every fellow at my time of life has to face more or less."

"The problem," admitted the Ambassador, "is certainly not without its element of—irksomeness."

"I may live fifty years, and it's no joke settling something for always. It makes one want to run away to the pole—if not Paris—just to escape the responsibility."

"I see," murmured the Ambassador, thoughtfully.

"Then there is Elinor—"

"I *see*," the Ambassador observed, with an increased and significant accentuation of the last word.

"I'll never forgive her. To be sure, I've known her always—we were brought up together,—but that's no reason why she should treat me as if I were—a hat-rack. This last is too much. I've told her so, and I won't stand it."

"Your *ultimatum*, in fact," his Excellency remarked.

"That's what it would be called in affairs of state between nations, and that's what it is. I won't have it."

"In such a case there is generally nothing to be done except to prepare for active warfare."

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"It's broken out. It's been declared. We are not speaking to each other."

"Hostility has actually begun? You have cried havoc and let slip the dogs?" said the Ambassador. "There has been a clash of arms?"

"I don't know what you'd call it. I had an engagement to sail with her this morning—I can manage that with my foot,—and when I arrived she coolly informed me that she was to ride with Preston. What she sees in that cad I cannot imagine."

"That was the direct *casus belli*?" his Excellency inquired. "But was there no formal expression of regret?"

"She said something foolish about supposing that I'd not care, as I'd probably be somewhere with Molly Newbold. Of course, if I did dance with her at the Ridgdales', I only did it twice before Elinor broke her engagement with me and sat out no end of dances with Preston."

"I see," his Excellency responded, with the same expressive stress.

"I told her that she only wanted an excuse to throw me over and ride with him, and that I was going away."

"Exactly."

"That's when I thought of it first. She answered that she didn't care, and cried because she was so angry—as she took pains to inform me. I said good-by, but she would not answer; so I left her, and have been awake all night packing and walking up and down the floor."

"On the whole, you do not appear to have been enjoying yourself," commented the Ambassador, thoughtfully.

"How could I, with everything to make me miserable?" he answered, with profound conviction. "All is over for me."

"You consider this final?" his Excellency suggested. "Perhaps, for example, the fair one might relent."

"We'll never see each other again."

The hoarse cacophony of an automobile horn broke the stillness, as a large motor whirled past a boscage of ornamental shrubbery and swept up the smooth drive.

"If I'm not mistaken," murmured the Ambassador, "that is the Camerons' new Gaillard, and although wrapped and veiled in the Turkish-like disguise of the feminine automobilist, I think I observe Elinor."

"I'm off," exclaimed the young man, rising and limping rapidly toward a window. "I'll make my escape, if I may, through the house."

"Shall I see you again before your departure for Paris—or the north pole?"

He had, however, in the precipitancy of his flight, disappeared through the embrasure without hearing the Ambassador's half self-addressed words.

His Excellency did not move, but remained with a smile, which appeared to contradict the sadness of his eyes, looking across the sunny terrace at the car, which had come to a stop and from which a girl had lightly sprung. She came up the stairs and swiftly toward him with light wind-blown draperies like a twentieth-century Victory of Samothrace. As she drew nearer, her pace moderated, and with dragging steps she reached the spot where he sat enthroned. Rising slowly, he bowed with courtly ceremony.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I fancied that my years permitted me to await you here."

"How ridiculously and delightfully formal you are!" she exclaimed as he relinquished her fingers, which he had raised to his lips. "Aren't you my godpapa, and am I not for you only a little girl?"

"Only a little girl, certainly," he replied. "To whom I used to give birthday dolls."

"Which were always the most beautiful ones I had. Why, each year they were so thoroughly in the mode that all the grown-up young ladies came to see how they were dressed and the things they had as the very newest from the Rue de la Paix. I believe that you had them dressed by Vierfolet himself."

"Having been able to do some trifling favors for that remarkable artist, he took pride in making for me the most perfect miniature *mannequins* his establishment could produce."

"Oh, I was so proud and happy! I wish—I wish—you could give me a doll now."

"I noticed," his Excellency said, "that —the sawdust was running out."

She sank into a chair in a despairing attitude, her vivid blooming face expressing utter dejection.

"Oh, it's all gone," she cried, with

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*Drawn by Will Foster* Half tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I FANCIED THAT MY YEARS PERMITTED ME TO AWAIT YOU HERE"



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a hapless gesture. "That's the reason I came, godpapa; my dolly and my world are flat, stale, and unprofitable."

"Through what particular puncture?" he inquired, sympathetically.

"Ever so many. The hat which came this morning and which I wanted to wear at the Crossways' this afternoon makes me look like a fright, and I positively haven't anything else."

"Still, a disappointment about your head-dress would not seem necessarily to darken the whole heavens and cast a gloom over your young life."

"That is only the beginning. At the Dempseys' theatricals they have cast me for the maid, while Molly Newbold plays the heroine. It's outrageous. I know that I could do it better, and now she is to have the centre of the stage and shed real tears, while I sing a silly little song."

"Perhaps because you can sing—"

"That's the reason, I know, but I had set my heart on standing in the limelight and speaking with a choking voice with sobs in it."

"Extremely distressing," the attentive recipient of her confidence agreed.

"You must not think that is all, either," she continued. "I can understand perfectly why a girl might decide to go into a convent or marry a duke," she concluded, listlessly.

"Bless my soul!" his Excellency exclaimed. "I cannot discover the least similarity between the two—ah—courses of conduct."

"Certainly there is not. That's the reason. One might want to do something decided, something important, and which would mean something in its own way. Oh, that's what's so difficult—to know what to do with life. I've only twenty years more."

"Indeed!" commented the Ambassador, staring at the drooping youthful figure and the discontented rosy young face.

"I mean that are worth anything—that count. I naturally want to make the most of them."

"After forty you think—"

"Is the limit. I don't mean to be slangy. After that the deluge for a woman, anyway. And I want everything and to try everything." She raised her arms above her head like one prepared to encompass the world, and drew a long breath as if to inhale all strength of life. "I must have action, to test my powers. Contrast, to bring out the significance of existence."

She rose and paced backward and forward in short little turns, her light train swishing restlessly about her.

"I don't like to miss anything, and I am afraid I am doing it. The thought drives me distracted. Oh, it's all very well for you who have tried all to sit and smile."

"I am not smiling, my dear," replied his Excellency, contritely.

"When you have had your cake it isn't the same as wanting to eat it—it isn't the same as being uncertain whether you are going to have it and lose half the fun of the fair."

"Vanity Fair," murmured the Ambassador.

"Oh, very well! If it is, I want to find that out for myself. I want to burn my own fingers if necessary. I want everything, and," she concluded, scornfully, "there's only marriage."

"That might be considered to comprise a good deal," his Excellency returned, meekly.

"It's an awful problem, and—the man!" Her smooth brow was wrinkled in perplexity and her eyes were open and anxious. "Every girl has to meet it—and I thought of going on the stage—almost all girls have, but I've written and made arrangements for studying to be a trained nurse."

"This is—so sudden," protested the Ambassador.

"I have reached the conclusion, and I shall go at once," she announced, firmly.

"Before the Dempsey theatricals?" the Ambassador inquired, mildly.

"Oh — directly — immediately afterward," she declared, tumultuously. "I'm disgusted with the world and with everybody. I did not think that Harold—"

"Ah!" his Excellency interposed.

"Harold," she exclaimed, too absorbed to notice or resent the interruption, "is the last straw."

"Which broke the camel's back, or at which the drowning man grasps."

"Both," she assented. "I believed that I could count on him as—a friend."

"He has proved a broken reed as well as a straw."

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"I am utterly disappointed in him. As if he could not understand that I was interested in Mr. Preston merely because I thought that I might be of help to him. That I was trying to exert a good influence."

"No, I don't believe that Harold fully appreciated that point."

"It's all his own fault, and he was perfectly blind,—though I have not been as to his way of behaving about Molly Newbold."

"Perhaps he also desired to serve as—how did you describe it?"

"He has been flirting horribly with her, if that is what you mean. He danced with her four times last night."

"When you did not remember your engagement with him and danced how many times with Mr. Preston?"

"Of course proper self-respect required me to forget that I had given him the dance."

"He has just been here, and gone off in a cutthroat state of mind."

"Oh, he has *gone*," she said, inadvertently and blankly.

"Certainly, under the circumstances any encounter with him would have been extremely awkward and painful," the Ambassador observed, his eyes twinkling and with a dawning smile about his lips.

"Of course I shall have to see him somewhere. Was he on his way to the village?"

"He expressed an intention of starting for the north pole, but I am not sure if he was bound there directly."

She sat for a moment in thought.

"I am keeping you from your writing with my troubles," she exclaimed, springing up suddenly, "but if you knew how unhappy I am—"

"He did not appear to be finding the course of existence altogether smooth."

"I hope not," she stated, severely. "I think life is too perplexing—and annoying and distressing. I ought not to have taken so much of your time," she cried, turning and running toward the steps. "You have been very good and such a comfort—"

"Elinor, my dear," his Excellency called after her.

"Yes," she replied, wheeling about quickly.

"Before you go to the village would you mind stopping in the garden and seeing if Saunders is making any mistakes? I am wofully ignorant—"

"The difficulty is," she interrupted, gravely, "one can never tell how much you know and how much you don't know. That comes, I suppose, from having spent your life over plots and policies."

"Merely because I ask you to go into a rose-garden," complained the Ambassador, reproachfully.

"I'll see," she answered, ambiguously, as she kissed her hand to him, and turning, tripped down some steps leading to a fountain casting its glittering drops high in the sunlight.

"Harold," summoned the Ambassador, softly, after she had disappeared.

A blind swung back, and the young man with a consciously sheepish countenance and a reluctant step emerged.

"Of course I was not where I could hear anything," he explained, elaborately. "I—thought—fancied perhaps that Elinor might not be long, and I waited— No—the truth is that when I saw her I could not make myself go. I lingered like any silly moth about the alluring flame."

"Only," murmured his Excellency, "in this instance the candle was worth—"

"There's no use denying it," Harold pursued, flinging himself down in a cane chair, which creaked beneath his weight. "I'm miserable without seeing her, and I'm miserable when I see her."

"So the part of reason clearly is to accept the bitter with the sweet."

"You mean I might as well have the sweet of seeing her if I'm going to be wretched anyway. You're right, sir."

The Ambassador whirled his eye-glass about his finger.

"Now, touching the irreconcilable nature of the difficulty—" he began.

"Nothing can be done, I am afraid."

"If I were properly accredited."

"You mean, sir, you would be willing to try to use your skill."

"I might attempt a pourparler."

"Oh, I know that you're a wonder—I mean celebrated, sir—for your ability in keeping nations from jumping at each other's throat and bringing them together when they're on the very verge of war—but in this case—"

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*Drawn by Will Foster*

"I'M MISERABLE WITHOUT SEEING HER, AND I'M MISERABLE WHEN I SEE HER"

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"Really, there is not so much difference in a tiff between lovers and strained relations between governments. Both have to be handled delicately."

"Do you believe there could be a chance?" his face lighting up with the question.

"I may consider that I am appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to represent you at—her Majesty's court?"

"Your settlement of the Galapagos imbroglio wouldn't be in it if you could bring anything out of this."

"I expect Elinor here in a few moments," his Excellency returned, as he glanced across the terrace.

Even as he spoke she came into view, slowly walking toward them. She did not look up, as she was occupied with a rose which she held in her hands, and might very well have been unaware that the Ambassador was no longer alone.

"See," she said, with her eyes still downcast, "I have brought you a flower."

She looked up then, and as she was forced to recognize the presence of the young man, her cheek, as soft as the rose's petal, flushed as delicately pink.

"As you have some one with you," she continued, with chilling dignity, "I will go at once."

"Wait a moment, my dear," his Excellency enjoined. "Really, to conduct a peace congress with the principals present is not at all *de rigueur*. However, we must let precedent go. I have a word to say about certain alleged grievances—"

"I have every reason for the greatest indignation and hurt feeling—" she protested, with eyes blazing through sudden tearfulness.

"I have a perfect right to complain—" he interrupted.

"Hush!" said the Ambassador, holding up his hand. "The opposing powers only speak through their representatives. According to the old methods of conducting international negotiations I should approach the matter circuitously. There should be preliminaries and protocols—claims and counter-claims—machinations and manœuvres. However, we have changed all that. With the appearance of America as a world power we have evolved, with other things new, a new diplomacy. We no longer beat about the bush, but come directly to the point in the open. Harold has just been telling me that you are the one thought of his life, and that he is abjectly miserable because of this misunderstanding."

"I said nothing like it, sir," Harold protested, indignantly.

"That is the impression I received from your words," announced the Ambassador, severely. "Permit me to conduct this affair."

"Moreover," his Excellency continued, deliberately, "Elinor has just informed me that she is utterly wretched, because she loves you dearly."

"I never—" she began, furiously.

"That," said the Ambassador, "was the conclusion at which I arrived. In addition Elinor avers that she has no interest in Mr. Preston at all, except in so far as concerns his moral welfare."

"You know," Harold urged, stepping forward and addressing her directly, "that Molly Newbold and I are only good friends, and that she merely danced with me to try to make Preston jealous."

"In addition," pursued the Ambassador, "Elinor states that she has been crying her eyes out."

"I have not," she retorted, furiously. "Not, at least, because—"

"You have been troubled too?" Harold asked, drawing to her side and impulsively seizing her hand.

"Yes," she half sobbed.

"I don't mind admitting it. I haven't known a happy moment since we quarrelled," he assured her, and now he held both her hands in his grasp.

"One might believe," his Excellency observed, "that we had reestablished the—ah—*entente cordiale*."

"We were idiots," she asserted, "ever to have had any such stupid row."

"Then," concluded the Ambassador, innocently, "I may understand that you are willing to kiss and be friends."

"I welcome the first part of the programme with enthusiasm," Harold cried, fervently.

"And I agree to the last," she said, shyly.

"My dear," his Excellency asked, looking at her, "would you mind doing another thing—just stepping into the library and touching the bell for Pitkin?"

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"Of course, godpapa," she responded, quickly.

She ran to the window. Before she had crossed the sill Harold had caught up with her and together they disappeared within. The Ambassador drew a long breath, sank back in his chair, and looked long out over the sea sparkling away to the softer blue of the horizon. For some time he remained motionless; next, raising his head and drawing his fingers down his white mustache, he took up the pencil and wrote once more:

"Age, however, in an optimistic survey, may be said not to be without compensations or perhaps mitigations. Whereas youth is uncertain and disturbed, it is calm and assured. While youth is ever avid of novelty, and in its ignorance uncertain of the benefits which it possesses, age clearly comprehends the value of what it may hold. Youth is ever tugging at the oar and incidentally eating out its heart, when it is not—impelled by ambition, vanity, jealousy, and all the hot passions of the time—breaking it. Age is content to rest and drift, enjoying the prospect and satisfied with the moment and the memory of dangers past and overcome. Who shall say that the state is not the better of the two?"

He paused as voices made themselves heard in the perfect stillness of the summer morning.

"September seems an eternity," he complained. "Can't we be married before?"

"I don't see how it is possible," she lamented. "Aunt Julia is in Europe and will not be back sooner. Then there are all the preparations. As you say, it is so terribly long to wait."

"If we could only elope," he half jested.

"If we only could," she grieved; "but that is nonsense. Oh—I wish—"

"I wish it were September."

"That's what I wanted to say, only I'd rather have you say it."

"I'll count every day and be miserable until then."

"So shall I."

The Ambassador once more raised his pencil and slowly put down the words:

"Age is the period of true happiness, but—" He hesitated and spoke lingeringly to himself under his breath as he again gazed into the infinite distance.

"Who would not exchange for the glorious wretchedness of youth?"

# Revealed

*BY JULIET C. ISHAM*

AH! but you thought Love only had to deal
With my frail body,—and you dreaded tears.
You would have lived a traitor through the years,
Rather than hurt me;—bound upon the wheel,
That men call sacrifice, nor would appeal
Unto my counsel. Had you then no fears
That Love might bring me Vision, as of seers,
And so your poor, weak tenderness reveal?
He who takes grudging dole from pity's hand,
Is like to one who shares ignoble theft;
And hungering mid the plenty in Love's land,
Goes like a beggar of his crust bereft.
Be mine the tears, the pain,—apart from you
Since you are all too tender—to be true.

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# Days with a Mother Bird

*BY JENNIE BROOKS*

"PEEP! peep! peep! pee-ee-*ee*p!" Sudden outcry pierced the early morning stillness.

"Tiptoe upon a little hill" that fell sharply away to the wide expanse of a winding, rocky creek-bed I stood agaze. A desert place, indeed, for bird nests!

The smooth emerald carpet of the hillside, cattle-cropped, daisy-dotted, dandelion-strewn with fairy seed-puffs, unrolled itself softly undulate, and in a cup-shaped hollow a tiny lakelet mirrored trembling tree shadows by day, and by night held a lapful of stars. On pale-brown wings a myriad of killdeer skimmed in slanting flight above the bottom-lands, circled, soared, shouting dismay. I laughed an answer to the fearsome hubbub that betrayed what it meant to hide! Trying to proclaim that no nest of *theirs* lay in that vicinity, their very outcries proved their undoing.

On my hurried descent two birds dropped into the lush meadow-grass vehemently "churr-urr-urring" (a sort of rattling call) to attract and distract my attention. "Stay with us in the meadow!" was their meaning. "There is nothing of interest beyond the fence! and behold *our* distress of broken wing! Come *our* way!" Witlessly I trailed through the wet meadow in the wake of one bird and another. No nest — no nest anywhere! In disgust I turned my back upon their ruses, crept between the sagging wires of a barbed fence, and trod a determined way to the water's edge. Overhead comes a hurrying sound of wings, come falling on the air outcries and warnings, "Peep-peep-pee-*ee*-ee-p!" and alighting in front of me on the sandy shore, the birds scurry east and west, giving me wide choice of direction.

"Ten feet from the hole in the fence" had been my instruction as regarded this particular killdeer's nest. Ten feet to the left, ten feet to the right, ten feet straight ahead. No nest—or indication of a nest. Wander and wander through long "blue-grass"—to-day not "blue," but mistily tasselled with the reddish purple of seed-time,—my tramping feet crushing spicy perfume from crisp young mint leaves. Above my head, ever circling, fly the white-breasted, white-throated birds, keeping anxious eye on my movements. Surely "I burn," as children say, when these shyest of birds come so close. A small, stony elevation just beyond high-water mark I stumble upon, walk over it, about it again, and yet again, and only the Providence that holds in account even the English sparrow prevents my clumsily stepping on the eggs that, in wild joy of discovery, I finally see!

However, I defy almost any one but a killdeer to distinguish such eggs from the stones on which they lie! Precisely are they the color of them—a muddy gray, black-splotched, sharply pointed at one end. Three eggs in a small hollow scooped out on the very highest point of the eminence, which is a mixture of rock and earth and straggling grasses. The hollow is as large as my two palms, and a curiously hard bed for a thing so delicate as an egg-shell. The lining is of tiny pebbles closely, evenly laid (brought by the birds from the brookside?), mayhap scratched together from the gravelly surface about the nest. On the pebbles lie a few bits of bark—this is all in the way of nest-building.

My long examination causes much worry to the owners of the little home, who excitedly "peep-peep" (it seems their only note), and come running quickly up near me, turn their backs, squat upon the ground, and flutter their wings in rapid succession. What instinct, or thought, leads them to a belief that I, deluded by vibrating feathers, will hurry to the rescue of a wounded bird? How strenuous their efforts! How firm their faith in their own powers of deception! Closer they come—and closer.

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It's very funny to see them run through the grass like quails, then on tiptoe peer at me through the high clover, then deliberately turning about, roll on the ground feigning distress. We have yet to become acquaint, you see, and 'twill be a work of time. Out in the hottest sunshine lies the nest. No sign of shade or shelter or even protection from bush or brier. Under an old red parasol I establish myself in the grass about fifteen feet from the bird home.

Our first day leads to little of intimacy. Not once does the female approach the nest, though flying high over and over and over it. At noontime, when, under the cottonwood, I break bread and lift my pail of milk from a leafy branch, both birds fly down to the nest—long continuing there. The whole day is spent in little runs to and from the sandy shore, in incessant efforts to lead me away; and in sallies over the fence into the meadow, loudly calling me to "come." It actually hurts to see the fear of the mother bird. Her devotion brings her near, and nearer, with almost ceaseless cries, and wearisome, useless signals of distress. She crouches deep in the sand—almost burying her head; she lifts high a wide outspread wing; she opens her white-tipped tail into a broad pointed fan; she—all a fluffy, much-puffed-up bunch of feathers—lifts her sleek head and turns it over her shoulder, cunningly watching me between uplifted wings. On the pond's edge in the meadow she trails herself brokenly, employing all her arts to rid herself of me, unwelcome guest that I am! From side to side she turns herself, one wing, then another used as "decoy," ever and always her note a long-drawn humming "churr-urr-urr-rr!"

June 16 marks an advance in her courage. At sight of me she hurries limpingly from her eggs, in vain hope that she and they are undiscovered. Her flight to-day is shorter; low among the grasses she stares back; then jumps up, runs toward me, halts, "bobs" up and down with that oddest of motions among birds, uttering every second her harsh complaining "peep-peep." Again she "turns tail," not in cowardice, but in invitation, "come and follow," or admire the beauty of her plumage, the gay orange spot at the base of her tail, that flaunts itself as she lowers that appendage sweepingly, every single feather spread wide. Altogether confident is she of outwitting me, of winning my compassion for her sorry plight.

Finding her manœuvre useless, she by degrees creeps back to the nest, comes to the edge, "bobs," and "peeps," and by actual count just twenty-three minutes she stands in the same position; then at last she steps upon the nest, her long, bare, delicate little sticks of legs wide apart, one on either side of the nest. By count, again, she stands and "bobs" for fifteen minutes, her back, of course, to me this time, but a watchful eye out over her shoulder; for her eyes being set in the sides of her head, she can only see me with one at a time.

No tent is mine, nor cover of leafy greenness,—only a very mushroom of scarlet umbrella, that in exhaustion I change from hand to hand, all the time coaxing my lady to try and believe in my good intentions, until, convinced she has found the secret of perpetual motion. I stretch myself prone upon the earth, keeping her in eye-range through mimic avenues of tossing, waving blades o' grass. Presto! on the instant my lady sits down! I am not so formidable, it appears, when only my head is seen, and the mushroom of red! Triumph number one, for the distance between us I have gradually lessened to six feet. All my soft assurances that I "will not hurt her," all my asseverations, "Why, *you* know *me!*" have at last made impression, the tone if not the words; and though it may sound inane on paper, I found this wild bird of the shore grew to know my voice as would a caged canary. Her sitting is often interrupted. She half rises, her back to me, "bobs" over the eggs, watches me over her shoulder, "peeps" perpetually, then pantingly sits once more, her long bill ever wide open, her throat palpitating with quick, suffocating heart-beats, the saliva dripping without cessation from the tip of her beak. My heart smites me at this. If the emotion causing the flow is one of fear or anger, I cannot say, but I think the former. At my least change of position she rises and runs away, but soon returns, stares me out of countenance, and sits down again.

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June 17 shows even less fear on her part, and the space between us is lessened, by inches, truly, to four feet. June 18 she rises from the nest at my approach, but without "trailing," or in any way attempting to distract me, only scanning me closely; greeting me with a single note, again she folds up her legs and sits down. As she tips forward and stoops I can plainly see the motherly, brooding way in which the white breast-feathers are fluffed up to receive the precious eggs. There seems reason in the way in which she turns her back invariably before sitting on the eggs. In this position she is ready to run at a moment's notice, and, without taking time to whirl about, may fall into the grass as a bird would do that had been shot—for not once in all the days of our intimacy did she cover the eggs in any different position.

Long at a time did she go without food or drink. For hours at first; for though the male flew above her, bringing provender from the shore, he would not alight while I was near. But twice did he feed her during all the long days if he glimpsed me. My voice held no charm for him! Ever suspicious, ever calling to her from shore or meadow, "Beware! Beware!" from first to last he maintained a strict aversion to the "stranger within his gates."

Time aplenty had I, in those long, drowsy days of waiting for the eggs to hatch, to study the little world astir in the grasses. To wonder how the bee found honey amid the tiny whorl of blossoms that climbs the tapering green fingers of the water-plantain,—up and up go the tiny wreaths, leaving in their wake a harvest of loose brown sheaves that, at a touch, scatter like chaff; to wonder why the "devil's darning-needles," darting over the clover blossoms, should be of changeful hues, iridescent, sky blue, and why the ants toiled up one grass blade only to run down and climb another—in fashion of trained scouts. Wonderful atmospheric changes fall on the quiet land from faintest dawn to dusk. Early morning—and the tree-filled valley submerged in a sea of mist. A soft wind rends it into filmy gray veils, flings them about until the sun comes up and by his alchemy transmutes them into gold, then burns them as incense to himself. A fine sifting snow floats lazily in the air, tiny white feathery flakes from the black seed-pods of the cottonwood-tree, and down on to my book drifts a small yellow feather—a "*carte de visite*"—from the flicker preening himself somewhere in high branches. A dashing kingfisher often swings through the air to perch solemnly on a fence-post and try patiently a "fisherman's luck" in the bubbling, mint-sweetened waters of the creek; while from afar come the patient calls of the ploughman.

June 19. Surely is the sitting bird now resigned to the companionship forced upon her! When I creep through the "hole in the fence" she utters not a single chirp! Carefully I walk past her to reach my accustomed place on the other side, talking to her always. She rises, makes an obeisance, mildly greets me, "Pee-ee-*eep*?" and resumes her place. To-day as I lessen the space to three feet she only looks a question over her shoulder. Her once panting mouth is closed at last, her whole alert body relaxed. Her throat with its white collar and two bands of velvety black no longer throbs to frightened heartbeats. The water no longer drips from her bill—an immense comfort, this, to me! If, weary of the broiling sun, I seek shelter 'neath the cottonwood, she instantly follows. Let the red umbrella again move toward the nest, and she slips through the grass like a sprite, and is ready with quaint genuflexions on *her* side of the nest when I reach *mine!* and without concern she turns her back and sits down!

The 20th, 21st, and 22d are only repetitions of each day's work, the bird showing less of fear at each visit. Any change of programme drives her wild with fright, and a black umbrella substituted thoughtlessly for the red one sent her away from my vicinity for a whole afternoon. Also, if I am lying in the grass she feels more confidence.

At sundown on the twenty-sixth day much excitement was shown by both birds. I had come late, and the old birds flew about in apparent anger. Cause sufficient they had—one egg was missing. Two eggs, however, required and received her most devoted care until



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the twenty-ninth day of June. Noontime, sleepy-time, but more commotion and crying from my friends the killdeer than ever before. From my hilltop I felt something very unusual must have happened, and ran hastily down to find out. Directly at my feet dropped the female, when I stood beside an empty nest! How she quivered and trembled and rolled about in the grass! "Look at me—me—*me!*" while the male squawked and fluttered and dragged himself about, a close second in appeal! Well—what could I do? No young birds, no shells, simply an empty nest! A stony spot, a bit of brownish sand, gray pebbles, clusters of "bunch-grass," but not a youngling to be seen! My verdict was —theft! Out of heart with bird-work, I drop among the grasses, puzzled over the antics of the old ones.

The male disports himself, and "brags" of his wounds directly in front of me, but the instinct of the female is too strong—it cannot brook suppression; she daintily picks an insect here and there from among the grasses at the nest's edge. Aha! young birds *are* about somewhere! (for though she does not *feed* him, she does capture the food and shakes it apart or tears it up for him, or scratches it out of the ground), and gladness succeeds despair. Putting out my hand to help myself rise, lo! I lay it almost on a small brown object lying flatly on the ground! Fancy my delight! One of the young killdeer! Hardly out of the shell and warmly feathered. Near by is the second bird-baby, and both, though apart, are exactly ten inches from the nest. Perfectly inert they lie—two mottled brown splotches scarcely larger than a silver dollar, and on one side protrudes a funny little brown head for all the world like the head of a turtle.

In wonder I lift first one, then another, and lay it in the palm of my hand. The bright black eyes are wide open—so different from tree-born babies! Scarcely out of the shell, and able to walk! To run, I should have said; for as I put down the first one he staggered up on a very drunken pair of legs, and tottered, like a palsied old man, off among the weeds. Taking the remaining morsel of bird in my hand, I held it out to the mother, who, with much talking, had come and stood almost within my reach. I said: "I have it—here it is, see? *Your* little bird—see?" Though not a linguist, I think she knew kindness when she saw it, and she also knew me, for she "bobbed" and curtsied and circled about me, though she kept out of reach, in evident maternal pride, and I felt that we were each congratulating the other on the successful issue of her nursery affairs! Then the faint calls of the baby who had lost himself in the weeds sent the mother running, though her backward glances showed a divided heart, fearing to leave me wholly alone with the one, and to lose the other in the tangleweed!

Back to the nest straggled the venturesome one, an anxious mother jerking along behind him. When I laid down the one I held she hastily "stepped aboard" and brooded them. But the world was too new and interesting to be so soon forsaken. An inquisitive head pushed itself out from her feathers and stayed out despite her evident disappointment. 'Twas her only chance to cuddle them, for such canny youngsters would soon be independent of their parents! Quickly the little one struggled himself free—no "apron-strings" for him!—and gayly he zigzagged through the grass, his patient progenitor rising to follow. In "no time" he became a successful traveller, and it was greatly amusing to follow him about, and see him reel from stone to stone without the vaguest idea of where he was going, leading his mother by the weakest "pee-ee-eep!" you can imagine! Only a mother's quick ear could have caught it!

The moment he unwarily stopped in the grass, that moment she sat upon him, literally, appearing much aggrieved when he would promptly sally forth. His little bare green legs might have been covered with snakeskin, so close was the resemblance. I pick him from the grass and carry him, protesting, back home. The one left in the nest is not strong. He manages to walk out a step or two, but falls weakly. On my hand he lies quietly as I examine his dress. The diminutive wings are barely an inch long, so different from a song-bird's wing. Nature only supplies a need as it becomes necessary, and he is, above all, a walking-bird.

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His downy feathers are thick, thick, his breast snowy white. One black ring about his throat is strongly marked; the second collar of black, reaching from shoulder to shoulder, will grow with his growth. The tails of both birds are as yet but little half-inch "curly-q's" of three tiny feathers, quite awry; but when older they will be long and scalloped out in "points" like a woodpecker's—but not stiff like the tails of those birds. (Why and wherefore is a walking-bird? I do not know, and I asked an ornithologist, and *he* didn't know, either; but I shall find out!) As, kneeling in the grass, I hold the young one on my hand, the mother walks alertly to her side of the nest, bobbing, and bowing consent to my investigation. When I place the bird in the nest she makes no attempt to coax it to walk, but only looks at it as if marvelling at its stillness. Either home seems a good place to the errant one, or pure luck sends him back to be unwillingly cuddled, to push out from his "mammy's" white breast his little brown head that, white-striped, shows the scholarly look of a professor in spectacles.

The next day I find him skipping among stones in liveliest fashion, and, wonder of wonders, as I follow him he runs into the narrow stream at sight of me, out of his depth; his swimming powers come in play, and float him safely to the other shore. Swimming he *was*, however, or the current would have carried him down-stream.

The nest I search for the weak one. He is not there—but lies dead on the grass. As I pick him up the mother runs near, looks at the dead bird as it lies in my hand, shows no concern whatever, and soon turns away. On the following day the trick of misleading me is played with vigor. No young one is to be seen about, but both birds fly to greet me as I come through the meadow, and, once on their side of the fence, they separate and run swiftly over the ground, east and west. Far, far up the creek,—and I foolishly stumble after the female, crossing on stones the wide shallow brook she so lightly skims through. Through banks of mint she leads me, and I hesitate, half doubting, the other half provoked, then turn to watch the male just disappearing in the distance around a curve of the bank. How silly I have been to follow! Midway between the two I shall probably find their treasure. So it is, just midway, and running along the sand, skipping over stones so rapidly that I cannot catch up. Scarcely had I turned, however, when the mother decided the "game was up," and, screaming a loud signal, she flew after me, the male answering her call at once. Again the little fellow strikes the water, and like a puff of down swims boldly across. Such enterprise for one newborn! The friend I have to-day brought with me, to see the wonder of a baby killdeer, gazes in envious admiration as he comes to shore on the other side and with short, rapid steps strides away. "Oh!" she exclaims, "if *my* babies could do that at *three days!*"

The kildeer mother shows alarm at the presence of a stranger, but when the youngster wades the brook to hide among the rushes near me, she crosses the creek in my direction very willingly when she hears my voice. As yet the baby only needs his legs, but one week later, after deluding me into a long chase on foot, and I have all but caught him, lo! he lifts himself into the air and *flies!* Such a mite of a bird to be running about I had never seen! He tumbles up and down among the rocks in most careless fashion, always landing on his feet, and without hesitation, when I "cornered" him ere flying days, would embark on the ripples like a good old sailor!

Three weeks are required to hatch the young ones, so probably the nest held the eggs on the 8th of June, and I did not see them until the 15th. As yet, August 16, the hillsides along the creek echo to the sound of killdeer calls. Whether the birds lay twice or even three times in a summer I must wait to discover until next June. In the late fall, when the birds are often to be seen in large flocks along the ponds, their call of "kill-dee," "kill-dee," is very plain. I have heard it. But during this nesting-time I heard but the one single note, "peep-peep, pee-ee-eep," all in one key.

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*BY FORREST CRISSEY*

EVER since Wesley had heard his father confide to Deacon Gamble that he feared his new son-in-law might prove to be a man with a past, the boy's interest in Guilford Breathitt Kidd had quickened and expanded. To be a "connection" of a man who knew more than he told, and might at any moment turn up so splendid and exciting an asset as a dark past or a checkered career, was both a hope and a distinction. Besides, this man, who had married Wesley's sister after the shortest courtship and the most reckless score for livery hire on record in Gray Willow, had other attributes which fascinated the preacher's boy. He looked like the picture of "Deadshot Dan" in the "Nickel Library," which Wesley was reading in the cool seclusion of the depot baggage-room the very day when the young Lochinvar stepped off the train. Then there was the watch.

The watch! As Wesley now stood at the edge of the oat-field waiting for Gil to reach the end of the windrow and halt the clicking harvester, he recalled the first time he had seen the watch pulled jauntily from the mysterious stranger's vest pocket, lifted lightly by a hand which had just swept caressingly along the curves of his heavy mustache of raven blackness—to borrow the illuminating line from the pages of *Deadshot Dan.*

Every line of the silver timepiece was still clear in his mind, but the longing to again feast his eyes on the shining treasure which had brought him out to the farm was so strong that he paused not for conventional greeting, but abruptly asked, "What time is it?"

If a faint suspicion of a smile moved the lips under the flowing black mustache, the boy on the rail fence did not notice it. His blue eyes were intently following the hand that reached for the chain which anchored the watch to a suspender tab. Then the watch came slowly out of the overalls pocket.

"Let's see it," exclaimed Wesley, darting to the side of the man on the harvester seat.

"She's a beauty, ain't she?" he murmured, gazing into the face of the timepiece and following the swift circuit of the small "second" hand. Then, seeing that Gil was about to close the watch, he threw discretion to the winds and exclaimed, "Lemme snap it."

With an air of bored indulgence the proprietor of the treasure placed it in the boy's hands. There was magic in the touch! The feel of the thing, as it nestled there in his grimy palm, electrified his courage to new lengths of daring. With ecstatic deliberation he snapped the case shut, and then paused for a moment of joyous admiration of the engraved design: a jaunty hunter doffing a plumed hat of marvellously expansive brim, and leaning from his saddle to take a bumper of ale from the hand of a maid.

"I s'pose," remarked Wesley, "that's why they call 'em hunting-cases."

Reluctantly he yielded possession of the treasure. As he saw it disappear into the pocket of its owner he became bold enough to ask the question which had been in his mind a hundred times since the coming of the man with a past: "Say—Gil—where'd y' git it?"

"Off a dead man," was the thrilling answer, followed by a "Git up!" to the horses, which sent the clicking sickle of the harvester into purring refrain.

Wesley, with dream-haunted eyes, dropped at length upon the narrow strip of sod which fringed the cultivated field, joined his hands under his head and gazed into the blue above him. He did not arouse until the harvester had made the round of the field. Then he jumped to his feet, the light of high resolve in his eyes, the poise of his thin, boyish figure alive with unconscious entreaty.

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"Gil—say, Gil—I'll work for that watch—hard—all summer!" The words came fast, spurred by eager hope, and also by a fear that his courage might fail if he did not make his plea quickly—for it had never been easy to ask things of the man from Nowhere, who had swooped his sister out of the parsonage in spite of parental objections and the scandalized chatter of the parish. A mile run would not have given him the choking heart-action that shook his slight frame as he waited for the answer.

"How long?" asked the laconic Kidd.

There was hope! Wesley stepped closer, and, between heart-beats, answered, "All summer!—honest. Will you?"

"There's a lot of hard work to be done, and—"

"I c'n do it," pleaded the boy. "Hain't I earned every cent I ever had? Pa, he'll tell you that; so'll Ev."

Pa—Ev—Ma! He hadn't thought of these obstacles to his bliss. It was strange, too, that he had not, for they were perpetually standing between himself and his chief desires.

"But," added Wesley, who read a yielding in the face of Gil, "I'd ruther you wouldn't say anything t' Ev 'r pa 'r ma. They don't know much about watches, anyway. An' a feller's got a right t' a vacation, an' t' kind o' help 'round on th' farm if he wants to, I guess."

"No loafin'—remember. Th' little game of hookey don't go in th' Gil Kidd outfit!"

"I'll work like—like—" As he groped for a fitting comparison to his future industry the brother-in-law interrupted, "All right," and gave the starting signal for the team. As the sickle began to click again, Wesley stammered:

"Say, you—couldn't let me *carry it now*, could yuh, Gil?"

The black, mysterious eyes of Kidd regarded him with discomforting keenness.

"If th' parson would set you t' rustlin' in th' contributions," dryly remarked godless Gil, "I think he'd have more to live on. You'd better go to th' house an' see Ev—an' be ready to hump yourself in the mornin'."

As an evader of labor Wesley had established an enduring reputation in the family circle; but now he courted work as consistently as he had before eluded it.

During the first weeks of his servitude Wesley tasted the dregs of physical weariness. His limbs were numb and leaden at night and stiff in the morning. Sometimes he was awakened in the night hours by the pangs of the "leg-ache." But he was working for the watch. The watch that filled his waking hours and sometimes haunted his dreams; the watch that had "come off a dead man," and was owned by a man with a checkered career; the watch that ticked mystery, and shut between its silver lids dark history which only the silent man from Nowhere could unravel! One night Wesley dreamed that he saw a towering figure like that of Guilford Breathitt Kidd bending over the body of a man in a mountain pass and taking the watch from his pocket, while the terrified passengers of the stage-coach all held their hands high in the air, their white faces silently watching the fearsome tableau. A black mask covered the eyes of the tall road-agent, but from under the disguise flowed a mustache of raven blackness. It was only a dream, but it put new life into the tired legs of the boy. That was a watch to work for!

Even the twice seven years of Jacob's servitude came to an end, and at last August reached its final sunset. With scrupulous care Wesley did the chores for the last time—and, "for good measure," greased the top-buggy. Then he went to the hog-lot, where Gil was leaning against the fence and making mental calculations against the day of market.

The supreme hour of attainment had at last arrived; the lust for possession was at the moment of gratification! In the soft moonlight, with his wide-brimmed slouch-hat tilted on his head at reckless angle, the brother-in-law looked more than ever the "bad man" of the boy's dream.

Timidly Wesley touched his arm and said, "I've greased th' top-buggy, Gil."

"All right."

The indifference of the reply and the silence which followed it were ominous. Could it be that anything might possibly come between him and the watch at this last moment?

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"Can't I have it—now—to-night? I've done the work!"

Abstractedly and with tantalizing deliberation the wordless Gil unhitched the chain from its anchorage, and passed both watch and chain into the eager, trembling hands of the boy.

As Wesley started towards the house he overheard the words, "Odd little devil!"

For hours, far into the night, Wesley sat in his chamber gloating over his treasure, opening the inside cover and breathlessly watching the antics of "the works," turning it over and over, absorbing every letter, line, and scratch upon its shining surfaces, "hefting" it in one palm and then in another. But finally he shed his clothes in a heap upon the floor and slid into bed, his watch under his pillow. It gave him an exquisite thrill of pleasure to hear, through the thickness of the pillow, the steady, muffled tick of the timepiece, like the beating of a faithful and friendly heart close beside him. Here was companionship beyond any he had ever known! What delicious joy to lie there in the dim moonlight, listening to the vibrant ticking of his treasure, and dreaming of the things it had seen, of the journeys it had taken, of the secrets it had known, of the happy and perhaps the "fatal" hours it had marked!

Then came the thought: What if some one should enter the room and take it away from him!—for it seemed to him inevitable that all the world must somehow understand he was now the possessor of the thing best worth having.

"It 'll be over my dead body," he said—and started at the sound of his own voice. He arose and barred the door by slipping the back of the only chair in the chamber under the latch—his thin limbs, guiltless of conventional nightgown, spotted with the "black and blue" marks from bruises received in his service for the watch.

Again and again he drew the treasure from under his pillow, scanned it rapturously, and said to himself: "It's mine. I got it!"

Next day, as he entered his appearance at home, his mother seemed to Wesley to be more irritable than ever. He had learned that the way of happiness lay in attracting the least possible attention to himself in the family circle, and now, with his great secret, his ambition was complete effacement from the parental mind.

Therefore he answered his mother's inquiries in monosyllables, and watched for the first chance to make good his escape and join the boys.

"What you been doin' out there at Ev's?" she inquired, as she bore heavily upon the flat-iron with which she was polishing the bosom of the pastoral shirt.

"Oh, workin' some, an'—"

"Working? What have you done with all your wages?"

"He didn't pay me no wages," answered Wesley.

"Well, I guess he didn't come out much ahead at that," sadly commented the mother, and then added: "Now, don't you hang around up-town. If you aren't home to supper at seven o'clock you'll go to bed hungry. I just wonder how it would seem to have a husband who wasn't nervous, a church that paid its minister enough to keep a family decently, and a boy who had some idea of helping out his father and mother."

There was only one serious check to Wesley's pride in displaying his watch; he could take only his trustworthy mates into his confidence. To have worn his treasure openly and received the envious admiration of the entire tribe of boys would have involved the swift percolation of the news to the parsonage. He had learned, too, that parish sentiment forbade the possession on the part of the preacher's boy of things in which other boys might indulge freely. "Making talk" among the members of the church and congregation had become early chartered in Wesley's experience as one of the snags which he must steer clear of. Now that he had his watch, he wished more earnestly than ever before that he had not been born to the life of public scrutiny which centred in the parsonage.

But the days were rich in secret delights, and he finally came to feel a sense of safety in his possession, the joy of which steadily grew upon him. His only fear was that the watch might be stolen from his clothes while he was in the swimming-hole. The disappearance of

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several pocket-knives from "pants" left on the bank was a warning which he quickly heeded, and when he was going swimming he stowed the watch away in a hiding-place which he felt to be cunningly secure from discovery. Returning from one of these expeditions to the river, he went at once to his chamber. A moment later he called down the stairway: "Ma! Where's my old rubber boots?"

"I exchanged them with the ragman from Town Line for tinware."

"When was ol' Stumpy here?" came from the white-faced boy at the head of the stairs—a boy whose knees shook under him so wildly that he leaned against the wall for support.

"Oh, early—just after you left. Why?"

"Nothin'."

Town Line was seven miles away, and the old peddler was of evil reputation, and commonly spoken of in Gray Willow as being "crooked as a dog's hind leg." Wesley knew that he could not follow on the trail of the rascally ragman until morning without running the danger of stirring up a rescue-party, for the Rev. Milton Merritt was a light sleeper who often worked off his midnight "nervous spells" by taking a census of his family. He did not dare to absent himself from the supper-table, and even the abstracted preacher, in the Friday depths of his sermon throes, noticed the ashen tinge of the peaked face opposite him and asked:

"What is the matter, Wesley? You look as pale as a sheet."

"Stayed in too long an' swallowed a lot of water when Juicy Simpson ducked me." This explanation was a masterstroke of diplomacy.

"Haven't I warned you," exclaimed the father, "not to associate with that Simpson boy? He's a scamp—a shiftless, hardened little vagabond."

"He come after I'd gone in," interrupted Wesley, "an' I couldn't drive him out the swimmin'-hole. He c'n lick the whole lot of us, and he'd beat us all up if we was to say anything."

And the meal passed safely in a table sermon on the influence of evil associates. But the night dragged dismally. *His watch was gone!* Unless he could recover his treasure there was nothing more to live for. Somehow he would recover it.

If old Stumpy, the peglegged peddler, had discovered the watch in the toe of the boot he would never give it up voluntarily. But perhaps he had not found it? There was his only hope. Anyhow, he would follow him as relentlessly as Deadshot Dan had pursued the villain who had "robbed the defenceless inmates of an erstwhile happy home." When the interminable night gave place to dawn Wesley sneaked down the stairway, filled his pockets with doughnuts and cookies, and left a note on the kitchen table explaining:

"I have gone to the country. A boy has give me a lame Rooster."

Here was a grist for the parsonage mill, and he shrewdly calculated that his mother would concern herself more about this unexpected addition to the family larder than with his absence. And it would take him only two miles out of his way to pick up the fowl which had been promised him by the new boy who had lately started in to Sunday-school.

He covered the seven miles to Town Line in panting haste. As he approached the peddler's shanty he saw the wagon was there, and his heart leaped with hope.

"I want t' buy back them rubber boots ma sold you yesterday at Gray Willow—if you don't ast too much fer 'em."

"They're in there, somewhere," answered Stumpy, pointing to a pile of rags under a shed. Wesley dove into the junk-heap like a rabbit-dog into a brush-pile. Yes; there were the boots! Instantly his arm slipped into one and then another. He was weak and dizzy with the discovery that his treasure was not there. But to accuse the old peddler of having found the watch was not a part of the plan of relentless pursuit which he had worked out in the night. Instead, he visited the local jewelry-store and scanned the trays in the show-case for the watch. Then he hung about the depot and scraped acquaintance with the boy who was learning telegraphy. Before he had left, in the afternoon, his new jackknife, a rabbit's foot, and a dog-eared copy of *The Demon Huntress* had been transferred to the "cub" operator in exchange for a solemn promise that if old Stumpy sent a watch by express

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Wesley was to be notified. Then the disconsolate young detective turned his face towards Gray Willow and gathered in the rooster. More than once, on the homeward way, his hand went instinctively to the empty pocket where his watch had once reposed. What an empty world it was!

The week which followed was the first of the fall term, but Wesley moped about in spiritless indifference to the doings of the playground. But he haunted the post-office, and was first at the window after the distribution of each incoming mail.

The day after the pastor and his wife had departed for the annual denominational conference at Metropolis, Wesley roamed Main Street in a restless, indifferent survey of the displays in the dingy windows of the little stores.

From force of habit he entered Deacon Frink's jewelry-store and asked, "Got any broken watch-springs?"

While the jeweller removed his magnifying-glass from its anchorage in a mesh of wrinkles and poked about in a tray of scraps, Wesley again followed the leadings of habit, rubbed against the show-case, and listlessly eyed the contents of the trays under the glass.

Suddenly his heart stopped beating, his face went white, and the cords of his throat knotted tight. There, against the black plush of a tray, was the watch—his watch! It had been polished until it shone with an unfamiliar splendor—but it was *his watch!* The training in discretion which came from his schooling as a preacher's boy served him mightily in this supreme test of self-control.

As he quietly waited for the fragments of shining watch-springs, apparently listening to the "foreordination" argument between the "Universal" free-thinking cattle-buyer and the Deacon, the riddle unfolded to him: the new set of silver-plated spoons which had suddenly appeared on the family table! There had been no donation party in the church for months, no weddings, and only funerals in families too poor or too stingy to make fine presents to the preacher. Here was the only thing which would account for the new tableware!

Rebellion burned in his heart with so fierce a flame that he moved quickly out of the store, lest he should madly smash the show-case, snatch his treasure, and run away with it. He would have it back again, someway—but not that way! Quickly he ran back to the solitary house, dropped down upon the wood-shed steps, and took counsel of his wounded and outraged feelings. And so it was not the sly and thieving old Stumpy, but his own mother, who had found his watch and swapped it away. His mother! He would have the watch back; and after that—revenge! Hot tears trailed streakily down his thin, unwashed cheeks, and he swallowed hard at the constricting lumps of grief in his throat.

At length, as the house cat rubbed her drab sides against his bare legs and purred comfortingly, he raised his eyes. They took in the potato-patch, the bigness of which had appalled him at the planting, and given him hours of backache in the bug-fighting campaign before he had escaped to the farm. He jumped quickly to his feet, ran to the nearest neighbor's, and returned with a spading-fork and two baskets. Then he began a whirlwind attack upon the potato-field. The afternoon school-bell was ringing when he began the onslaught, but he did not hear it. He forgot that he had not eaten at noon, and at evening he was still fiercely plunging the fork into the soil, throwing his weight deftly against it, and uncovering hill after hill and row upon row of the potatoes. The yield was big. This observation and the details of his plan drove the thought of supper from his mind. The moon was bright when he threw down the spading-fork and ran down the road to Harlow's—the only boy in the community who had the free use of a team and the liberty to pick up odd jobs of light hauling. His swift feet soon brought him in at the farm bars. Harlow was sitting alone on the horse-block, and Wesley panted out the story of his mission—with reservations as to its real motive.

"I'll be there with the team a few minutes after sunrise," said Harlow.

Once more at the parsonage the boy took up the spading-fork and plied it by moonlight. The village was in its slumbers by the time he finished the last row. The rattle of Harlow's wagon awakened him at sunrise, and together they fell to the work of picking up the potatoes, sort-

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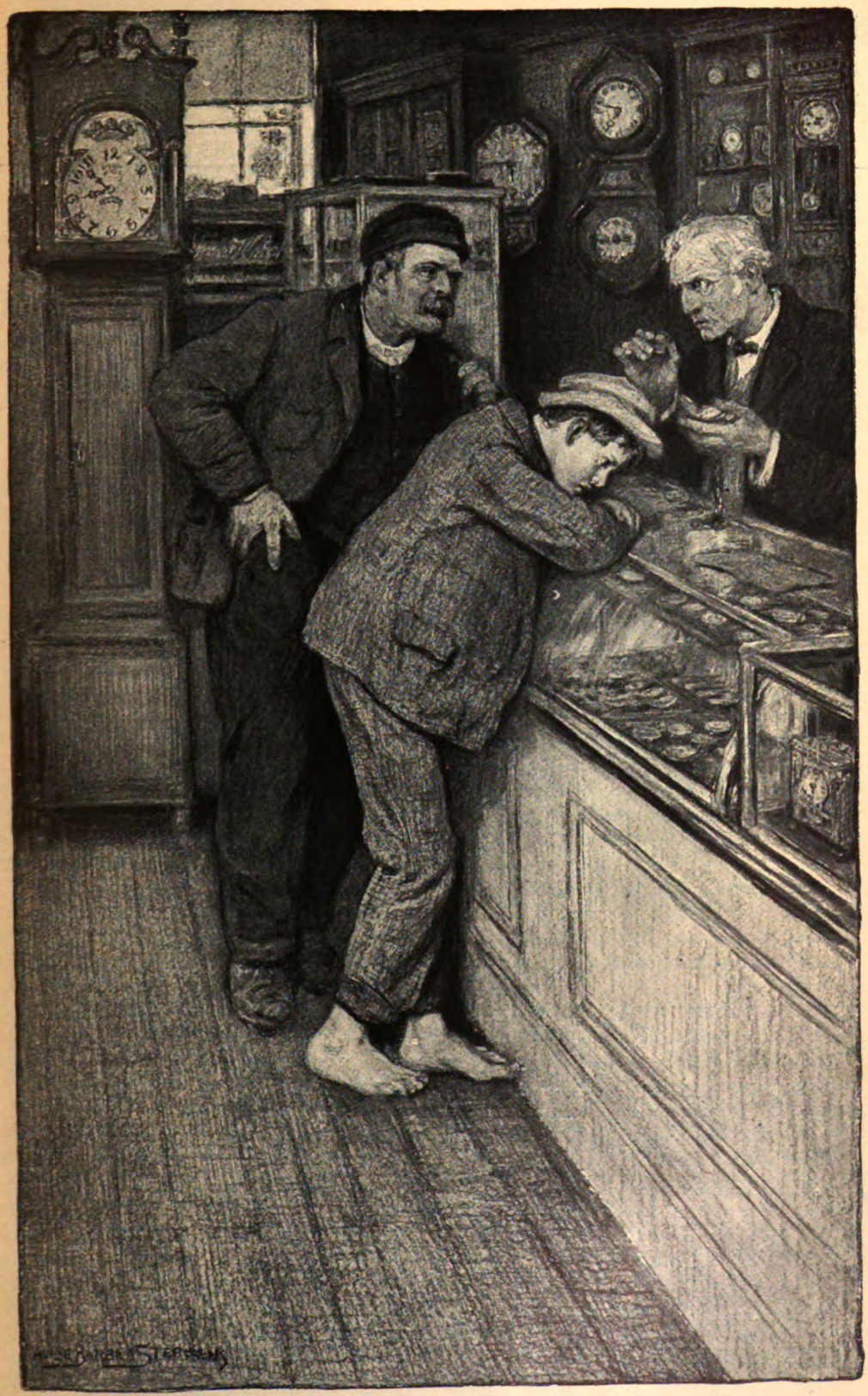

*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

THERE, AGAINST THE BLACK PLUSH OF A TRAY, WAS THE WATCH



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ing them as they went along down the rows. Scarcely a word escaped Wesley, and the frantic speed with which he "picked up" caused Harlow to remark:

"Wes, you act like our [illegible] when he's digging a chipmunk out of a rotten log!"

The swiftness with which Wesley ate the doughnuts Harlow's mother had sent made Harlow wonder if it were not really true, as the cattle-buyer had once said, that the preacher didn't get more than half enough to feed a family on.

They were at the cross-cut station before the potato-buyer had finished his leisurely breakfast. He needed, he said, just another good load to fill out his car. Wesley, therefore, drove a bargain for a price which the buyer declared "fancy." With hard, glistening eyes Wesley watched him count the money. Fifteen dollars! Would it be enough to buy back the watch?

"Whip 'em up, Harlow!" he exclaimed impatiently as the boys again climbed up to the wagon seat. "This ain't any funeral, and I got t' get back and 'tend to a lot of things 'fore th' stores close."

As the clattering wagon shook and jolted its small passengers Wesley "paid off" Harlow and then fell into moody silence. Out of deliberations he evolved the conclusion that Harlow was a bit too squeamish and conscientious to be entrusted with the execution of the remainder of his plan. He would call to his assistance the grandson of Squire Tamlin, who had more money to spend than any other boy in the village, whose expenditures, consequently, were less under suspicion.

At the village Wesley gave a whistle which brought Clarence out of the store, and Wesley unfolded his plan—as Harlow started home, wondering what scheme the preacher's boy was up to now, and wishing that he was as "smart" in his lessons as Wesley.

A few moments later Clarence visited the jewelry-store, and then joined Wesley in the horse-sheds behind the church.

"Got it?" eagerly questioned Wesley, reaching out an impatient hand which he could not keep from trembling.

"You bet! but I had to jew the old skinflint to git it fer th' money."

"I'll do somethin' fer you sometime," responded Wesley, turning on his heel and bolting towards home. He want to be alone with his treasure—do dear to him now that it had been lost and recovered. But the bitterness at the injustice he had suffered did not vanis , the watch under his pillow seemed that night to tick the words: "Ven-geance! Re-venge! Ven-geance!" He thought of what Deadshot Dan would do if he "stood in his boots." He could think of no way more effective in showing his mother the wild resentment which he felt than by "mussing up" the clean beds; consequently, he migrated from one sleeping-room to another, leaving behind him, upon the clean sheets and pillow-slips, the telltale marks of his labors in the potato-patch.

When he arose in the morning he felt that he had planned his entire life. He was going to leave behind him the testy surveillance of parents who misunderstood and mistreated him—who had tried to rob him of the dearest thing he had ever possessed—and he would strike out into the great world and make a place for himself. At Sterling he would stop and work in the watch-factory long enough to earn money to carry him out into the West—the splendid West of Deadshot Dan!

A new hardness had crept into his face, and this look came with increased flintiness into his eyes as they chanced to read the motto over the sitting-room door: "God Bless Our Home."

"There's too much talk like that here for me," he muttered, as he passed out of the door and tucked the key under the mat. Then, with a backward look, he took the State Road towards Sterling—sullen determination speaking from every angle of his thin, world-weary little figure.

The gauzy haze of the Indian summer draped the hills which shut about Gray Willow when the Rev. Milton Merritt gave his wife her medicine from the tumbler on the stand beside the bed, and stopped on his way back to the study to look down the road—a habit he had formed in the weeks since his return from the conference. There, turning in at the gate, was Wesley, his head up and a hard, defiant look on his sharp face. The father's first blush of joy at seeing the

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He gave his Wife her Medicine

boy, and his realization that the appealing letters had brought him back, suddenly turned to anger. The sensitive, irascible nature of the man whose dreams had turned to ashes ever since he had left the seminary easily fluctuated, in the turn of a hand, from tenderness to anger.

He stood in the doorway with the threat of chastisement in his eyes. But the boy did not flinch. He looked steadily into the flashing eyes of the preacher, and his gaze carried a message of something beyond the sullen defiance of a boyish culprit.

Swiftly the eyes of the father flushed and softened. He held out his hand and said, "Wesley!"

Then they went into the study, and as he softly closed the door, Wesley slumped wearily into the chair beside the study-table. As the father settled wearily into the chair on the opposite side of the table the boy's glance took note of how thin and wrinkled he had grown. Suddenly the man arose and stood looking out of the window, the polished surfaces of his black clothes shining with a lustre which told the story of his ministry more vividly than words.

Wesley broke the silence.

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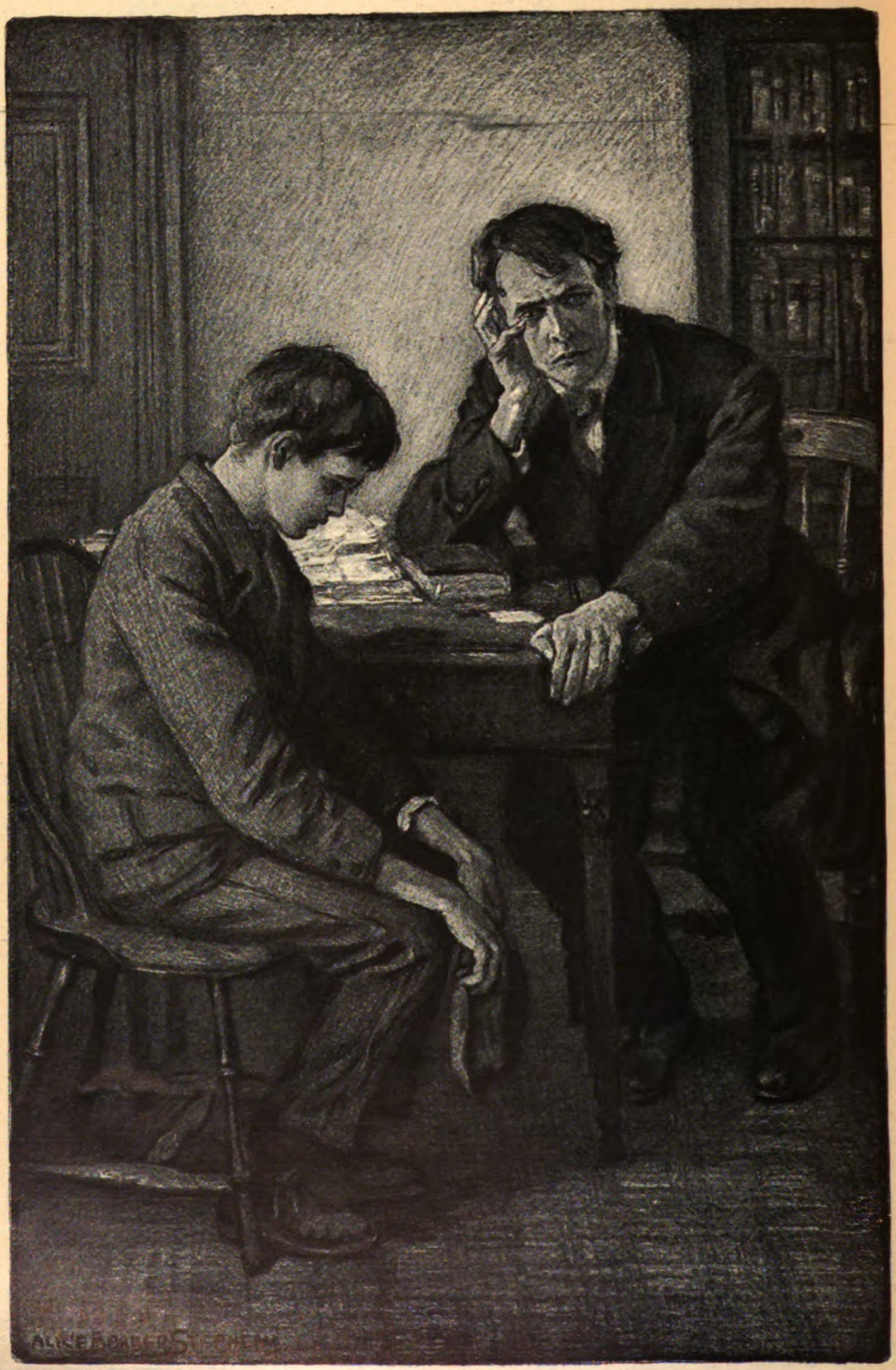

*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKED TO HER, BOY"

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"She took my watch," he said. "It was mine. Gil give it to me. I worked hard all summer. She found it and traded it to ol' Frink for spoons. It—"

"It was all wrong, Wesley," interrupted the father, turning upon the boy a new look—one Wesley had never seen excepting when the preacher was delivering that funeral sermon which had become the standard of eloquence in Gray Willow. "She sees it now. And so do I. I am as much to blame as she. It looked right to us then; but we know now that it wasn't. I'm afraid, Wesley, there's been very little in our lives where they've touched yours that *has* been right. But I'd like to tell you something about your mother and how it all looked to her. Shall I?"

The boy nodded dumbly, and the tall man sat down and leaned forward above the table. The far, dreamy "funeral-sermon look" lighted his face when he continued:

"She was beautiful to look at then—when she was twenty and we were married. But she'd always been frail and petted. Her father was the banker, and her mother died when she was little. She had everything — almost everything — to make her happy, until I came along. She thought I'd make her happy—and I thought so, too. But her father didn't. He said I'd be a failure. He was a keen, far-sighted man, and—he was right! I have been a hopeless failure. All he said about my not being able to earn enough to keep a wife has been true; so has his sneer that I'd be harder to live with than a bear with a sore paw. It has all come true, Wesley. I'm the saddest example of a failure that ever tried to teach men from the pulpit. But I've failed worst of all as a father.

"But about your mother; she kept up under it all with a good face for the first few years; then it struck into her—the truth of what her father had said—the pinching poverty of the life she'd come into, the nagging, rasping criticism that the wife of a poor preacher has to stand—one who is married to a failure! Every bright thing she'd ever looked forward to shrivelled and faded—and she with it. There isn't a thing in this house, Wesley, that she didn't have when she was married that hasn't been sent in as a 'donation'—the chair you sit on, the bed she's lying on, much of the food we eat, the dishes which hold it, and the table under the dishes—all donated—even her best dress, and the shoes she walks in! There is so little money comes in at the church door that the contribution-box is the only thing connected with the church or parsonage that isn't worn out.

"Worn out!"—he repeated the words with a peculiar and lingering emphasis—"and the little woman in there—your mother—is most worn of all. Why, boy, the silver-plating was so worn off the spoons she started housekeeping with that they looked as if they were made of brass. I've seen her cry over 'em more than once—especially lately. And when she expected my sister to visit us, this cut her deeper than ever.

"Then you came home from a summer's work without bringing back a cent to help out in the cruel, wearing pinch that is growing tighter and tighter. Finally she discovered that you'd given your summer's work for a watch. A watch—when she hardly had a decent pair of shoes or a hat that wasn't a scandal. 'He'll fool it away,' she told me. 'He'll let some boy wheedle it from him for something that 'll never do him or anybody else any good—and we need it so much!' That's the way it looked to her, boy. And to me, too. It seemed a sinful waste to let it go that way. But it was all wrong, Wesley. All wrong. We should have—"

It was a very crumpled little figure which faced the preacher; but the hard, defiant look had vanished from the thin, peaked face; the blue eyes, blurred with tears, looked boyish again, and reminded the man of how they looked in his babyhood.

Silently, save for much sniffing and choking, Wesley reached into his pocket, drew forth the precious watch, and put it on the worn, green baize of the little study-table. Then, with a supreme effort at self-control, he finally stammered as he shoved his treasure across the table:

"Ma—she—she c'n have it. It's all—all right."

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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER VII

"I SHALL soon be back," said Diana —"very soon. I'll just take this book to Dr. Roughsedge. You don't mind?"

The question was addressed—in a deprecatory tone—to Mrs. Colwood, who stood beside her, at the Beechcote front door.

Muriel Colwood smiled, and drew the furs closer round the girl's slim throat.

"I shall mind very much if you don't stay out a full hour, and get a good walk."

Diana ran off, followed by her dog. There was something in the manner both of the dog and its mistress that seemed to show impetuous escape—and relief.

"She looks tired out!" said the little companion to herself, as she turned to enter the hall. "How on earth is she going to get through six weeks of it?—or six months!"

The house as she walked back through it made upon her the odd impression of having suddenly lost some of its charm. The peculiar sentiment—as of a warmly human, yet delicately ordered life, which it had breathed out so freely only twenty-four hours before—seemed to her quick feeling to have been somehow obscured or dissipated. All its defects, old or new, —the patches in the panelling, the darkness of the passages,—stood out.

And "all along of Eliza!" All because of Miss Fanny Merton! Mrs. Colwood recalled the morning—Miss Merton's late arrival at the breakfast-table, and the discovery from her talk that she was accustomed to breakfast in bed, waited upon by her younger sisters; her conversation at breakfast, partly about the prices of clothes and eatables; partly in boasting reminiscence of her winnings at cards, or in sweepstakes on the "run" on board the steamer. Diana had devoted herself to the display of the house, and her maid had helped Miss Merton to unpack. The process had been diversified by raids made by Miss Fanny on Diana's own wardrobe, which she had inspected from end to end, to an accompaniment of critical remark. According to her, there was very little that was really "shick" in it, and Diana should change her dressmaker. The number of her own dresses was large; and as to their colors and make, Mrs. Colwood, who had helped to put away some of them, could only suppose that tropical surroundings made tropical tastes. At the same time the contrast between Miss Fanny's wardrobe and what she herself reported, in every tone of grievance and disgust, of the family poverty, was surprising, though no doubt a great deal of the finery had been as cheaply bought as possible.

By luncheon-time Diana had shown some symptoms of fatigue, perhaps—Mrs. Colwood hoped!—of revolt. She had been already sharply questioned as to the number of servants she kept, and the wages they received, as to the people in the neighborhood who gave parties, and the ages and incomes of such young or unmarried men as might be met with at these parties. Miss Merton had boasted already of two love-affairs—one the unsuccessful engagement in Barbadoes, the other—"a near thing"—which had enlivened the voyage to England; and she had extracted a promise from Diana to ask the young solicitor she had met with in the train—Mr. Fred Birch —to lunch, without delay. Meanwhile she had not, of her own initiative, said one word of those educational objects, in pursuit of which she was supposed to have come to England. Diana had proposed to her the names of certain teachers, both of music and languages; names which she had obtained with much trouble. Miss Fanny had replied, rather carelessly, that she would think about it.

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*Drawn by W Hatherell, R. I.*

SHE WALKED QUICKLY THROUGH THE WOODS

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It was at this that the eager sweetness of Diana's manner to her cousin had shown its first cooling. And Mrs. Colwood had curiously observed that at the first sign of shrinking on her part, Miss Fanny's demeanor had instantly changed. It had become sugared and flattering to a degree. Everything in the house was "sweet"; the old silver used at table, with the Mallory crest, was praised extravagantly; the cooking no less. Yet still Diana's tired silence had grown; and the watching eyes of this amazing young woman had been, in Mrs. Colwood's belief, now insolently, now anxiously aware of it.

Insolence!—that really, if one came to think of it, had been the note of Miss Merton's whole behavior from the beginning,—an ill-concealed, hardly restrained insolence, towards the girl, two years older than herself, who had received her with such tender effusion, and was, moreover, in a position to help her so materially. What could it—what did it mean?

Mrs. Colwood stood at the foot of the stairs a moment, lost in a trance of wonderment. Her heart was really sore for Diana's disappointment, for the look in her face, as she left the house. How on earth could the visit be shortened and the young lady removed?

The striking of three o'clock reminded Muriel Colwood that she was to take the newcomer out for an hour. They had taken coffee in the morning-room upstairs, Diana's own sitting-room, where she wrote her letters, and followed out the lines of reading her father had laid down for her. Mrs. Colwood returned thither; found Miss Merton, as it seemed to her, in the act of examining the letters in Diana's blotting-book; and hastily proposed to her to take a turn in the garden.

Fanny Merton hesitated, looked at Mrs. Colwood a moment dubiously, and finally walked up to her.

"Oh, I don't care about going out. It's so cold and nasty. And besides, I—I want to talk to you."

"Miss Mallory thought you might like to see the old gardens," said Mrs. Colwood. "But if you would rather not venture out, I'm afraid I must go and write some letters."

"Why, you were writing letters all the morning! My fingers would drop off if I was to go on at it like that. Do you like being a companion? I should think it was rather beastly—if you ask me. At home, they did talk about it for me. But I said, no, thank you! My own mistress, if you please!"

The speaker sat down by the fire, raised her skirt of purple cloth, and stretched a pair of shapely feet to the warmth. Her look was good-humored and lazy.

"I am very happy here," said Mrs. Colwood, quietly. "Miss Mallory is so charming and so kind."

Miss Fanny cleared her throat, poked the fire with the tip of her shoe, fidgeted with her dress, and finally said, abruptly,

"I say—have all the people about here called?"

The tone was so low and furtive that Mrs. Colwood, who had been putting away some embroidery silks which had been left on the table by Diana, turned in some astonishment. She found the girl's eyes fixed upon her—eager and hungry.

"Miss Mallory has had a great many visitors,"—she tried to pitch her words in the lightest possible tone,—"I am afraid it will take her a long time to return all her calls."

"Well, I'm glad it's all right about that!—anyway. As mamma said, you never know. People are so queer about these things, aren't they? As if it was Diana's fault!"

Through all her wrath, Muriel Colwood was conscious of a sudden pang of alarm; which was in truth the reawakening of something already vaguely felt, or surmised. She looked rather sternly at her companion.

"I really don't know what you mean, Miss Merton. And I never discuss Miss Mallory's affairs. Perhaps you will kindly allow me to go to my letters."

She was moving away, when the girl beside her laughed again, rather angrily, and Mrs. Colwood paused, touched again by instinctive fear.

"Oh, of course if I'm not to say a word about it—I'm not—that's all! Well, now, look here—Diana needn't suppose that I've come all this way just for fun. I had to say that about lessons and that kind of thing,—I didn't want to set her against me—

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but I've . . . Well!—why should I be ashamed, I should like to know?" she broke out shrilly, sitting erect, her face flushing deeply, her eyes on fire. "If some one owes you something — why shouldn't you come and get it? Diana owes my mother *money!*—a lot of money! —and we can't afford to lose it. Mother's awfully sweet about Diana,—she said, 'Oh no, it's unkind,'—but I say it's unkind to *us*, not to speak, when we all want money so bad—and there are the boys to bring up—and—"

"Miss Merton—I'm very sorry—but really I cannot let you talk to me of Miss Mallory's private affairs. It would neither be right—nor honorable. You must see that. She will be in by tea-time herself. Please—"

Muriel's tone was gentle; but her attitude was resolution itself. Fanny Merton stared at the frail, slim creature, in her deep widow's black; her color rose.

"Oh, very well. Do as you like!—I'm agreeable! Only I thought perhaps —as you and Diana seem to be such tremendous friends—you'd like to talk it over with me first. I don't know how much Diana knows—and I thought perhaps you'd give me a hint. Of course she'll know all there was in the papers. But my mother claims a deal more than the trust-money—jewels and that kind of thing. And Uncle Mallory treated us shamefully about them—*shamefully!* That's why I'm come over. I made mother let me! Oh, she's so soft, is mother; she'd let anybody off. But I said, Diana's rich, and she *ought* to make it up to us! If nobody else 'll ask her, I will!"

The girl had grown pale, but it was a pallor of determination and of passion. Mrs. Colwood had listened to the torrent of words, held against her will, first by astonishment, then by something else. If it should be her duty to listen?—for the sake of this young life, which in these few weeks had so won upon her heart?

She retraced a few steps.

"Miss Merton,—I do not understand what you have been saying. If you have any claim upon Miss Mallory, you know well that she is the soul of honor and generosity. Her one desire is to give everybody *more* than their due. She is *too* generous,—I often have to protect her. But as I have said before—it is not for me to discuss any claim you may have upon her."

Fanny Merton was silent for a minute, staring at her companion. Then she said abruptly,

"Does she ever talk to you about Aunt Sparling?"

"Her mother?"

The girl nodded.

Mrs. Colwood hesitated,—then said unwillingly: "No. She has mentioned her once or twice. One can see how she missed her as a child—how she misses her still."

"Well, I don't know what call she has to miss her!" cried Fanny Merton, in a note of angry scorn. "A precious good thing she died when she did—for everybody."

Mrs. Colwood felt her hands trembling. In the growing darkness of the winter afternoon it seemed to her startled imagination as though this black-eyed, black-browed girl, with her scowling, passionate face, were entering into possession of the house, and of Diana,—an evil and invading power. She tried to choose her words carefully.

"Miss Mallory has never talked to me of her parents. And, if you will excuse me, Miss Merton,—if there is anything sad—or tragic—in their history, I would rather hear it from Miss Mallory than from you!"

"Anything sad?—anything *sad?* Well, upon my word!—"

The girl breathed fast. So, involuntarily, did Mrs. Colwood.

"You don't mean to say"—the speaker threw her body forward and brought her face close to Mrs. Colwood—"you are not going to tell me that you don't know about Diana's mother?"

She laid her hand upon Muriel's dress.

"Why should I know? Please, Miss Merton!" and with a resolute movement Mrs. Colwood tried to withdraw her dress.

"Why, *everybody* knows—everybody!—everybody! Ask anybody in the world about Juliet Sparling—and you'll see. In the saloon coming over I heard people talk about her all one night—they didn't know who *I* was—and of course I didn't tell. And there was a book in the ship's library — *Famous Trials*, or some name of that sort—with the whole



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thing in it. You don't know—about—Diana's *mother?*"

The fierce, incredulous emphasis on the last word, for a moment, withered all reply on Mrs. Colwood's lips. She walked to the door mechanically to see that it was fast shut. Then she returned. She sat down beside Diana's guest, and it might have been seen that she had silenced fear and dismissed hesitation. "After all," she said, with quiet command, "I think I will ask you, Miss Merton, to explain what you mean?"

The February afternoon darkened round the old house. There was a light powdering of snow on grass and trees. Yet still there were breathings and bird-notes in the air, and tones of color in the distance, which obscurely prophesied the spring. Through the wood behind the house the snowdrops were rising, in a white, invading host, over the ground covered with the red-brown deposit of innumerable autumns. Above their glittering white rose the warm browns and purples of the lower wood, through which again shot up the magnificent trunks—gray and smooth and round—of the great beeches, which held and peopled the countryside, heirs of its ancestral forest. Any one standing in the wood could see, through the leafless trees, the dusky blues and rich violets of the encircling hill,—hung there, like the tapestry of some vast hall; or hear from time to time the loud wings of the wood-pigeons, as they clattered through the topmost boughs.

Diana was still in the village. She had been spending her hour of escape mostly with the Roughsedges. The old Doctor among his books was now sufficiently at his ease with her to pet her, teach her, and, when necessary, laugh at her. And Mrs. Roughsedge, however she might feel herself eclipsed by Lady Lucy, was in truth much more fit to minister to such ruffled feelings as Diana was now conscious of than that delicate and dignified lady. Diana's disillusion about her cousin was, so far, no very lofty matter. It hurt; but on her run to the village, the natural common sense Mrs. Colwood had detected had wrestled stoutly with her wounded feelings. Better take it with a laugh! To laugh, however, one must be distracted; and Mrs. Roughsedge, bubbling over with gossip and good humor, was distraction personified. Stern Justice, in the person of Lord M.'s gamekeeper, had that morning brought back Diana's two dogs in leash, a pair of abject and convicted villains, from the delirium of a night's hunting. The son of Miss Bertram's coachman had only just missed an appointment under the District Council by one place on the list of candidates. A "Red Van" bursting with Socialist literature had that morning taken up its place on the village green; and Diana's poor housemaid, in payment of a lifetime's neglect, must now lose every tooth in her head, according to the verdict of the local dentist—an excellent young man, in Mrs. Roughsedge's opinion, but ready to give you almost too much pulling out for your money. On all these topics she overflowed,—with much fun and unfailing good humor. So that after half an hour spent with Mrs. Roughsedge and Hugh in the little drawing-room at the White Cottage, Diana's aspect was very different from what it had been when she arrived.

Hugh, however, had noticed her pallor and depression. He was obstinately certain that Oliver Markham was not the man to make such a girl happy. Between the rich Radical member and the young officer—poor, slow of speech and wits, and passionately devoted to the old-fashioned ideals and traditions in which he had been brought up—there was a natural antagonism. But Roughsedge's contempt for his brilliant and successful neighbor—on the ground of selfish ambitions and unpatriotic trucklings—was in truth much more active than anything Markham had ever shown, or felt, towards himself. For in the young soldier there slept potentialities of feeling and of action, of which neither he nor others were as yet aware.

Nevertheless he faced the facts. He remembered the look with which Diana had returned to the Beechcote drawing-room, where Markham awaited her, the day before, and told himself not to be a fool.

Meanwhile he had found an opportunity in which to tell her, unheard by his parents, that he was practically certain of his Nigerian appointment, and must that night break it to his father and

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mother. And Diana had listened like a sister, all sympathy and kind looks, promising in the young man's ear, as he said good-by at the garden gate, that she would come again next day to cheer his mother up.

He stood looking after her as she walked away, his hands in his pockets, a flush on his handsome face. How her coming had glorified and transformed the place! No womanish nonsense, too, about this going of his!—though she knew well that it meant fighting. Only a kindling of the eyes,—a few questions as practical as they were eager,—and then that fluttering of the soft breath which he had noticed as she bent over his mother.

But she was not for him! Thus it is that women, the noblest and the dearest, throw themselves away. She, with all the right and proper feelings of an Englishwoman, to mate with this plausible Radical and Little-Englander! Hugh kicked the stones of the gravel savagely to right and left as he walked back to the house,—in a black temper with his poverty and Diana's foolishness.

But was she really in love? "Why then so pale, fond lover?" He found a kind of angry comfort in the remembrance of her drooping looks. They were no credit to Markham, anyway.

Meanwhile Diana walked home, lingering by the way in two or three cottages. She was shyly beginning to make friends with the people. An old road-mender kept her listening while he told her how a Tallyn keeper had peppered him in the eye, ten years before, as he was crossing Barrow Common at dusk. One eye had been taken out, and the other was almost useless; there he sat, blind, and cheerfully telling the tale,—"Muster Markham—Muster Henry Markham—had been verra kind,—ten shillin' a week, and an odd job now and then. I do suffer terr'ble, miss, at times,—but ther's noa good in grumblin'—is there?"

Next door, in a straggling line of cottages, she found a gentle, chattering widow whose husband had been drowned in the brew-house at Beechcote twenty years before, drowned in the big vat!—before any one had heard a cry or a sound. The widow was proud of so exceptional a tragedy; eager to tell the tale. How had she lived since? Oh, a bit here and a bit there. And of late, half a crown from the parish.

Last of all, in a cottage midway between the village and Beechcote, she paused to see a jolly middle-aged woman, with a humorous eye, and a stream of conversation,—held prisoner by an incurable disease. She was absolutely alone in the world. Nobody knew what she had to live on. But she could always find a crust for some one more destitute than herself, and she ranked high among the wits of the village. To Diana she talked of her predecessors—the Vavasours—whose feudal presence seemed to be still brooding over the village. With little chuckles of laughter, she gave instance after instance of the tyranny with which they had lorded it over the countryside in early Victorian days; how the "Madam Vavasour" of those days had pulled the feathers from the village girls' hats, and turned a family who had offended her, with their belongings, out into the village street. But when Diana rejoiced that such days were done, the old woman gave a tolerant "Noa—noa! They were none so bad—were t' Vavasours. Only they war no good at 'heirin'," "

"Airing?" said Diana, mystified.

"Heirin'," repeated Betty Dyson, emphatically. "Theer was old Squire Henry—wi' noabody to follow 'im—an' Mr. Edward noa better,—and now thissun, wi' nobbut lasses. Noa—they war noa good at 'heirin',—moor's t' pity." Then she looked slyly at her companion. "An' yo', miss? Yo'll be gettin' married one o' these days, I'll uphowd yer."

Diana colored and laughed.

"Aye," said the old woman, laughing too, with the merriment of a girl. "Sweethearts is noa good—but you mun ha' a sweetheart!"

Diana fled, pursued by Betty's raillery, and then by the thought of this lonely laughing woman, often tormented by pain, standing on the brink of ugly death, and yet turning back to look with this merry, indulgent eye upon the past; and on this dingy old world, in which she had played so ragged and limping a part. Yet clearly she would play it again if she could—so sweet is mere life!—and so hard to silence in the breast.

Diana walked quickly through the woods, the prey of one of those vague

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storms of feeling which test and stretch the soul of youth.

To what horrors had she been listening? —the suffering of the blinded road-mender,—the grotesque and hideous death of the young laborer in his full strength, —the griefs of a childless and penniless old woman? Yet life had somehow engulfed the horrors, and had spread its quiet waves above them, under a pale, late-born sunshine. The stoicism of the poor rebuked her, as she thought of the sharp impatience and disappointment in which she had parted from Mrs. Colwood.

She seemed to hear her father's voice. "No shirking, Diana! You asked her—you formed absurd and exaggerated expectations. She is here; and she is not responsible for your expectations. Make the best of her, and do your duty!"

And eagerly the child's heart answered, "Yes, yes, papa!—dear papa!"

And there, sharp in color and line, it rose on the breast of memory, the beloved face. It set pulses beating in Diana which from her childhood onwards had been a life within her life, a pain answering to pain, the child's inevitable response to the father's misery, always discerned, never understood.

This abiding remembrance of a dumb, unmitigable grief, beside which she had grown up, of which she had never known the secret, was indeed one of the main factors in Diana's personality. Muriel Colwood had at once perceived it; Markham had been sometimes puzzled by the signs of it.

To-day, because of Fanny and this toppling of her dreams, the dark mood, to which Diana was always liable, had descended heavily upon her. She had no sooner rebuked it, by the example of the poor, or the remembrance of her father's long patience, than she was torn by questions, vehement, insistent, full of a new anguish.

Why had her father been so unhappy? What was the meaning of that cloud, under which she had grown up?

She had repeated to Muriel Colwood the stock explanations she had been accustomed to give herself of the manner and circumstances of her bringing up. To-day they seemed to her own mind, for the first time, utterly insufficient. In a sudden crash and confusion of feeling it was as though she were tearing open the heart of the past, passionately probing and searching.

Certain looks and phrases of Fanny Merton were really working in her memory. They were so light, yet so ugly. They suggested something, but so vaguely that Diana could find no words for it; a note of desecration,—of cheapening—a breath of dishonor. It was as though a mourner, shut in for years with sacred memories, became suddenly aware that all the time, in a sordid world outside, these very memories had been the sport of an unkind and insolent chatter that besmirched them.

Her mother!

In the silence of the wood the girl's slender figure stiffened itself against an attacking thought. In her inmost mind she knew well that it was from her mother—and her mother's death—that all the strangeness of the past descended. But yet the death and grief she remembered had never presented themselves to her, as they appear to other bereaved ones. Why had nobody ever spoken to her of her mother, in her childhood and youth? — neither father, nor nurses, nor her old French governess? Why had she no pictures, no relics, no letters? In the box of "Sparling Papers" there was nothing that related to Mrs. Sparling; that she knew—for her father had abruptly told her so, not long before his death. They were old family records which he could not bear to destroy, the honorable records of an upright race; which some day, he thought, "might be a pleasure to her."

Often during the last six months of his life, it seemed to her now, in this intensity of memory, that he had been on the point of breaking the silence of a lifetime. She recalled moments and looks of agonized effort and yearning. But he died of a growth in the throat; and for weeks before the end speech was forbidden him, on account of the constant danger of hemorrhage. So that Diana had always felt herself starved of those last words and messages which make the treasure of bereaved love. Often and often the cry of her loneliness to her dead father had been the bitter cry of Andromache to Hector—"I had from thee, in dying, no memorable word, on which I

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might ever think in the year of mourning, while I wept for thee."

Had there been a quarrel between her father and mother—or something worse? —at which Diana's ignorance of life, imposed upon her by her upbringing, could only glance in shuddering? She knew her mother had died at twenty-six; that in the two years before her death Mr. Mallory had been much away, travelling and exploring in Asia Minor. The young wife must have been often alone. Diana, with a sudden catching of the breath, envisaged possibilities, of which no rational being of full age who reads a newspaper can be unaware.

Then, with an inward passion of denial, she shook the whole nightmare from her. Outrage!—treason!—to those helpless memories of which she was now the only guardian? In these easy, forgetting days, when the old passions and endurances look to us either affected or eccentric, such a life, such an exile as her father's, may seem strange even,—so she accused herself—to that father's child. But that is because we are mean souls beside those who begot us. We cannot feel as they; and our constancy, compared to theirs, is fickleness.

So, in spirit, she knelt again beside her dead, embracing their cold feet, and asking pardon.

The tears clouded her eyes; she wandered blindly on through the wood; till she was conscious of sudden light and space. She had come to a clearing, where several huge beeches had been torn up by a storm some years before. Their place had been filled by a tangle of many saplings, and in their midst rose an elder-bush, already showing leaf, amid the bare winterly wood. The last western light caught the twinkling leaf-buds, and made of the tree a Burning Bush, first herald of the spring.

The sight of it unloosed some swell of passion in Diana; she found herself smiling amid her tears, and saying incoherent things, that only the wood caught.

To-day was the meeting of Parliament. She pictured the scene. Markham was there, full of projects and ambitions. Innocently, exultantly, she reminded herself how much she knew of them. If he could not have her sympathy, he must have her antagonism. But no chilling exclusions and reserves! Rather, a generous confidence on his side; and a gradual, a childlike melting and kindling on hers. In politics she would never agree with him,—never!—she would fight him with all her breath and strength. But not with the methods of Mrs. Fotheringham. No!—what have politics to do with—with—

She dropped her face in her hands, laughing to herself, the delicious tremors of first love running through her. Would she hear from him? She understood she was to be written to; though she had never asked it. But ought she to allow it? Was it *convenable?* She knew that girls now did what they liked; threw all the old rules overboard. But—proudly —she stood by the old rules; she would do nothing "fast" or forward. Yet she was an orphan—standing alone; surely for her there might be more freedom than for others?

She hurried home. With the rush of new happiness had come back the old pity, the old yearning. It wasn't, wasn't Fanny's fault! She—Diana—had always understood that Mr. Merton was a vulgar, grasping man of no breeding; who had somehow entrapped "your aunt Bertha—who was very foolish and very young"—into a most undesirable marriage. As for Mrs. Merton—Aunt Bertha—Fanny had with her many photographs, among them several of her mother. A weak, heavy face, rather pretty still. Diana had sought her own mother in it, with a passionate, yet shrinking curiosity; only to provoke a rather curt reply from Fanny, in answer to a question she had with difficulty brought herself to put—

"Not a bit! There wasn't a scrap of likeness between mother and Aunt Sparling."

The evening passed off better than the morning had done. Eyes more acute in her own interests than Diana's might have perceived a change in Fanny Merton, after her long conversation with Mrs. Colwood. A certain excitement, a certain triumph, perhaps an occasional relenting and compunction: all these might have been observed or guessed. She made herself quite amiable; showed more photographs, talked still more frankly of her card-winnings on the steamer, and

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of the flirtation which had beguiled the voyage; bespoke the immediate services of Diana's maid for a dress that must be done up; and expressed a desire for another and a bigger wardrobe in her room. Gradually a tone of possession, almost of command, crept in. Diana, astonished and amused, made no resistance. These, she supposed, were West-Indian manners. The Colonies are like healthy children that submit in their youth, and then grow up and order the household about. What matter!

Meanwhile Mrs. Colwood looked a little pale, and confessed to a headache. Diana was pleased, however, to see that she and Fanny were getting on better than had seemed to be probable in the morning. Fanny wished—nay, was resolved—to be entertained and amused. Mrs. Colwood threw herself with new zest into the various plans Diana had made for her cousin. There were to be a luncheon-party, an afternoon tea, and so forth. Only Diana, pricked by a new mistrust, said nothing in public about an engagement she had, to spend a Saturday-to-Monday with Lady Lucy at Tallyn three weeks later; though she and Muriel made anxious plans as to what could be done to amuse Fanny during the two days.

Diana was alone in her room at night, when Mrs. Colwood knocked. Would Diana give her some lavender-water?—her headache was still severe. Diana flew to minister to her; but once admitted, Muriel said no more of her headache. Rather she began to soothe and caress Diana. Was she in better spirits? Let her only entrust the entertaining of Fanny Merton to her friend and companion,—Mrs. Colwood would see to it. Diana laughed, and silenced her with a kiss.

Presently they were sitting by the fire, Muriel Colwood in a large armchair, a frail, fair creature, with her large, dark-circled eyes, and her thin hands and arms; Diana kneeling beside her.

"I had no idea what a poison poverty could be!" said Muriel, abruptly, with her gaze on the fire.

"My cousin?" Diana looked up, startled. "Was that what she was saying to you?"

Muriel nodded assent. Her look—so anxious and tender—held, enveloped her companion.

"Are they in debt?" said Diana, slowly.

"Terribly. They seem to be going to break up their home."

"Did she tell you all about it?"

Mrs. Colwood hesitated.

"A great deal more than I wanted to know!" she said at last, as though the words broke from her.

Diana thought a little.

"I wonder—whether that was—what she came home for?"

Mrs. Colwood moved uneasily.

"I suppose if you are in those straits you don't really think of anything else—though you may wish to."

"Did she tell you how much they want?" said Diana, quickly.

"She named a thousand pounds!"

Muriel might have been describing her own embarrassments, so scarlet had she become.

"A thousand pounds!" cried Diana, in amazement. "But then why — why—does she have so many frocks—and play cards for money—and bet on races?"

She threw her arms round Mrs. Colwood's knees impetuously.

Muriel's small hand smoothed back the girl's hair, timidly yet eagerly.

"I suppose that's the way they've been brought up."

"A thousand pounds! And does she expect me to provide it?"

"I am afraid—she hopes it."

"But I haven't got it!" cried Diana, sitting down on the floor. "I've spent more than I ought on this place; I'm overdrawn; I ought to be economical for a long time. You know, Muriel, I'm not really rich."

Mrs. Colwood colored deeper than ever. But apparently she could think of nothing to say. Her eyes were riveted on her companion.

"No, I'm not rich," resumed Diana, with a frown, drawing circles on the ground with her finger. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have taken this house. I dare say it was horrid of me. But I couldn't have known, could I?—that Fanny would be coming, and want a thousand pounds?"

She looked up expecting sympathy—perhaps a little indignation. Mrs. Colwood only said,

"I suppose she would not have come over—if things had not been *very* bad."

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"Why didn't she give me some warning?" cried Diana, "instead of talking about French lessons! But am I bound—do *you* think I am bound to give the Mertons a thousand pounds? I know papa got tired of giving them money. I wonder if it's *right!*"

She frowned. Her voice was a little stern. Her eyes flashed.

Mrs. Colwood again touched her hair, with a hand that trembled.

"They are your only relations, aren't they?" she said, pleadingly.

"Yes," said Diana, still with the same roused look.

"Perhaps it would set them on their feet altogether."

The girl gave a puzzled laugh.

"Did she—Muriel, did she ask you to tell me?"

"I think she wanted me to break it to you," said Mrs. Colwood, after a moment. "And I thought it—it might save you pain."

"Just like you!" Diana stooped to kiss her hand. "That's what your headache meant! Well, but now—ought I—ought I—to do it?"

She clasped her hands round her knees and swayed backwards and forwards—pondering,—with a rather sombre brow. Mrs. Colwood's expression was hidden in the darkness of the big chair.

"—Always supposing I can do it," resumed Diana. "And I certainly couldn't do it at once; I haven't got it. I should have to sell something, or borrow from the bank. No, I must think—I must think over it," she added, more resolutely, as though her way cleared.

"Of course," said Mrs. Colwood, faintly. Then she raised herself. "Let me tell her so,—let me save you the conversation."

"You dear!—but why should you!" said Diana, in amazement.

"Let me."

"If you like! But I can't have Fanny making you look like this. Please, please go to bed."

An hour later, Mrs. Colwood, in her room, was still up and dressed, hanging motionless, and deep in thought, over the dying fire. And before she went to sleep, far in the small hours, her pillow was wet with crying.

## CHAPTER VIII

"I THOUGHT I'd perhaps better let you know—I'm—well, I'm going to have a talk with Diana this morning!"

The voice was determined. Muriel Colwood—startled and dismayed—surveyed the speaker. She had been waylaid on the threshold of her room. The morning was half-way through. Visitors, including Mr. Fred Birch, were expected to lunch, and Miss Merton, who had been lately invisible, had already, she saw, changed her dress. At breakfast, it seemed to Mrs. Colwood, she had been barely presentable. Untidy hair, a dress with various hooks missing, and ruffles much in need of washing—Muriel could only suppose that the carelessness of her attire was meant to mark the completeness of her conquest of Beechcote. But now her gown of scarlet velveteen, her arms bare to the elbow, her frizzled and curled hair, the powder which gave a bluish white to her complexion, the bangles and beads which adorned her, showed her armed to the last pin for the encounters of the luncheon-table.

Mrs. Colwood, however, after a first dazzled look at what she wore, thought only of what she said. She hurriedly drew the girl into her own room and shut the door. When, after some conversation, Fanny emerged, Mrs. Colwood was left in a state of agitation that was partly fear, partly helpless indignation. During the fortnight since Miss Merton's arrival, all the energies of the house had been devoted to her amusement. A little whirlwind of dissipation had blown through the days. Two meets, a hockey-match, a concert at the neighboring town, a dinner-party, and various "drums," besides a luncheon-party, and afternoon tea at Beechcote itself in honor of the guest:—Mrs. Colwood thought the girl might have been content! But she had examined everything presented to her with a very critical eye, and, all through, it had been plain that she was impatient and dissatisfied. For, inevitably, her social success was not great. Diana, on the other hand, was still a new sensation, and something of a queen wherever she went. Her welcoming eyes, her impetuous smile, drew a natural homage; and Fanny followed sulkily in her wake,

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accepted—not without surprise—as Miss Mallory's kinswoman, but distinguished by no special attentions.

In any case, she would have rebelled against the situation. Her vanity was amazing, her temper violent. At home she had been treated as a beauty, and had ruled the family with a firm view to her own interests. What in Alicia Drake was disguised by a thousand subtleties of class and training, was here in its crudest form. But there was more besides,—miserably plain now to this trembling spectator. The resentment of Diana's place in life, as of something robbed, not earned,—the scarcely concealed claim either to share it, or attack it,—these things were no longer riddles to Muriel Colwood. Rather they were the storm-signs of a coming tempest, already darkening above an innocent head.

What could she do? The little lady gave her days and nights to the question, and saw no way out. Sometimes she hoped that Diana's personality had made an impression on this sinister guest; she traced a grudging consciousness in Fanny of her cousin's generosity and charm. But this perception only led to fresh despondency. Whenever Fanny softened, it showed itself in a claim to intimacy, as sudden and as violent as her ill-temper. She must be Diana's first and dearest, — be admitted to all Diana's secrets and friendships. Then on Diana's side, inevitable withdrawal, shrinking, self-defence,—and on Fanny's a hotter and more acrid jealousy.

Meanwhile, as Mrs. Colwood knew, Diana had been engaged in correspondence with her solicitors, who had been giving her some prudent and rather stringent advice on the subject of income and expenditure. This morning, so Mrs. Colwood believed, a letter had arrived.

Presently she stole out of her room, to the head of the stairs. There she remained, pale and irresolute, for a little while, listening to the sounds in the house. But the striking of the hall clock, the sighing of a stormy wind round the house, and, occasionally, a sound of talking in the drawing-room, was all she heard.

Diana had been busy in the hanging of some last pictures in the drawing-room—photographs from Italian pictures and monuments. They had belonged to her father, and had been the dear companions of her childhood. Each, as she handled it, breathed its own memory—of the little villa on the Portofino road, with its green shutters, and rooms closed against the sun; or of the two short visits to Lucca and Florence she had made with her father.

Among the photographs was one of the "Annunciation" by Donatello, which glorifies the southern wall of Santa Croce. Diana had just hung it in a panelled corner, where its silvery brilliance on dark wood made a point of pleasure for the eye. She lingered before it, wondering whether it would please *him,* when he came. Unconsciously her life had slipped into this habit of referring all its pains and pleasures to the unseen friend,—holding with him that constant dialogue of the heart without which love neither begins nor grows.

Yet she no longer dreamt of discussing Fanny, and the perplexities Fanny had let loose on Beechcote, with the living Markham. Money affairs must be kept to oneself; and somehow Fanny's visit had become neither more nor less than a money-affair.

That morning Diana had received a letter from old Mr. Riley, the head of the firm of Riley and Bonner—a letter which was almost a lecture. If the case were indeed urgent, said Mr. Riley, if the money must be found, she could of course borrow on her securities, and the firm would arrange it for her. But Mr. Riley, excusing himself as her father's old friend, wrote with his own hand to beg her to consider the matter further. Her expenses had lately been many, and some of her property might possibly decline in value during the next few years. A prudent management of her affairs was really essential. Could not the money be gradually saved out of income?

Diana colored uncomfortably as she thought of the letter. What did the dear old man suppose she wanted the money for? It hurt her pride that she must appear in this spendthrift light to eyes so honest and scrupulous.

But what could she do? Fanny poured out ugly reports of her mother's financial

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necessities to Muriel Colwood; Mrs. Colwood repeated them to Diana. And the Mertons were Diana's only kinsfolk. The claim of blood pressed her hard.

Meanwhile, with a shrinking distaste, she had tried to avoid the personal discussion of the matter with Fanny. The task of curbing the girl's impatience, day after day, had fallen to Mrs. Colwood.

Diana was still standing in a reverie before the "Annunciation" when the drawing-room door opened. As she looked round her, she drew herself sharply together; with the movement of a sudden and instinctive antipathy.

"That's all right," said Fanny Merton, surveying the room with satisfaction, and closing the door behind her. "I thought I'd find you alone."

Diana remained nervously standing before the picture, awaiting her cousin, her eyes wider than usual, one hand at her throat.

"Look here," said Fanny, approaching her,—"I want to talk to you."

Diana braced herself. "All right." She threw a look at the clock. "Just give me time to get tidy before lunch."

"Oh, there's an hour—time enough!"

Diana drew forward an armchair for Fanny, and settled herself into the corner of a sofa. Her dog jumped up beside her and laid his nose on her lap.

Fanny held herself straight. Her color under the powder had heightened a little. The two girls confronted each other, and vaguely, perhaps, each felt the strangeness of the situation. Fanny was twenty, Diana twenty-three. They were of an age when girls are generally under the guidance or authority of their elders,—comparatively little accustomed, in the normal family, to discuss affairs, or take independent decisions. Yet here they met, alone and untrammelled; as hostess and guest in the first place; as kinswomen, yet comparative strangers to each other, and conscious of a secret dislike, each for the other; on the one side an exultant and partly cruel consciousness of power; on the other feelings of repugnance and revolt only held in check by the forces of a tender and scrupulous nature.

Fanny cleared her throat.

"Well, of course Mrs. Colwood's told me all you've been saying to her. And I don't say I'm surprised."

Diana opened her large eyes.

"Surprised at what?"

"Surprised—well!—surprised you didn't see your way all at once, and that kind of thing. I know I'd want to ask a lot of questions!—shouldn't I, just! Why, that's what I expected. But you see, my time in England's getting on. I've nothing to say to my people; and they bother my life out every mail."

"What did you really come to England for?" said Diana, in a low voice. Her attitude, curled up among the cushions of the sofa, gave her an almost childish air. Fanny, on the other hand, resplendent in her scarlet dress and high coiffure, might have been years older than her cousin. And any stranger watching the face, in which the hardness of an "old campaigner" already strove with youth, would have thought her, and not Diana, the mistress of the house.

At Diana's question, Fanny's eyes flickered a moment.

"Oh, well, I had lots of things in my mind. But it was the money that mattered most."

"I see," murmured Diana.

Fanny fidgeted a little with one of the three bead necklaces which adorned her. Then she broke out:

"Look here, Diana, you've never been poor in your life—so you don't know what it's like being awfully hard up. But ever since father died, mother's had a frightful lot of trouble—all of us to keep, and the boys' schooling to pay, and next to nothing to do it on. Father left everything in a dreadful muddle. He never had a bit of sense—"

Diana made a sudden movement. Fanny looked at her astonished, expecting her to speak. Diana, however, said nothing, and the girl resumed:

"I mean, in business. He'd got everything into a shocking state, and instead of six hundred a year for us, as we'd always been led on to expect—well, there wasn't three! Then, you know, Uncle Mallory used to send us money. Well"—she cleared her throat again and looked away from Diana—"about a year before he died he and father fell out about something—so *that* didn't come in any more. Then we thought perhaps he'd remember



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us in his will. And that was another disappointment. So you see — really, mother didn't know where to turn."

"I suppose papa thought he had done all he could," said Diana, in a voice which tried to keep quite steady. "He never denied any claim he felt just. I feel I must say that; because you seem to blame papa. But of course I am very sorry for Aunt Bertha."

At the words "claim" and "just" there was a quick change of expression in Fanny's eyes. She broke out angrily: "Well, you really don't know about it, Diana, so it's no good talking. And I'm not going to rake up old things—"

"But if I don't know," said Diana, interrupting, "hadn't you better tell me? Why did papa and Uncle Merton disagree? And why did you think papa ought to have left you money?" She bent forward insistently. There was a dignity—perhaps also a touch of haughtiness, in her bearing, which exasperated the girl beside her. The haughtiness was that of one who protects the dead. But Fanny's mind was not one that perceived the finer shades.

"Well, I'm not going to say!" said Fanny, with vehemence. "But I can tell you, mother *has* a claim!—and Uncle Mallory *ought* to have left us something!"

The instant the words were out she regretted them. Diana abandoned her childish attitude. She drew herself together and sat upright on the edge of the sofa. The color had come flooding back hotly into her cheeks, and the slightly frowning look produced by the effort to see the face before her distinctly, gave a peculiar intensity to the eyes.

"Fanny, please!—you must tell me why!"

The tone, resolute, yet appealing, put Fanny in an evident embarrassment.

"Well, I can't," she said, after a moment,—"so it's no good asking me." Then suddenly she hesitated—"or—at least—"

"At least, what? Please go on."

Fanny wriggled again, then said with a burst,

"Well, my mother was Aunt Sparling's younger sister—you know that—don't you?—"

"Of course."

"And our grandfather died a year before Aunt Sparling. She was mother's trustee. Oh, the money's all right—the trust money, I mean," said the girl, hastily. "But it was a lot of other things,—that mother says grandpapa always meant to divide between her and Aunt Sparling,—and she never had them, —nor a farthing out of them!"

"What other things? I don't understand."

"Jewels!—there!—jewels,—and a lot of plate. Mother says she had a right to half the things that belonged to her mother. Grandpapa always told her she should have them. And there wasn't a word about them in the will."

"*I* haven't any diamonds," said Diana, quietly, "or any jewels at all, except a string of pearls papa gave me, when I was nineteen, and two or three little things we bought in Florence."

Fanny Merton grew still redder; she stared aggressively at her cousin.

"Well—that was because—Aunt Sparling sold all the things!"

Diana started and recoiled.

"You mean," she said, her breath fluttering, "that—mamma sold things she had no right to—and never gave Aunt Bertha the money!"

The restrained passion of her look had an odd effect upon her companion. Fanny first wavered under it, then laughed; a laugh that was partly perplexity, partly something else, indecipherable.

"Well, as I wasn't born then, I don't know. You needn't be cross with me, Diana; I didn't mean to say any harm of anybody. But—mother says"—she laid an obstinate stress on each word—"that she remembers quite well—grandpapa meant her to have—a diamond necklace,—a *rivière*" (she began to check the items off on her fingers); "there were two, and of course Aunt Sparling had the best;—two bracelets, one with turquoises and one with pearls,—a diamond brooch,—an opal pendant,—a little watch set with diamonds, grandma used to wear,—and then a lot of plate!—Mother wrote me out a list—I've got it here." She opened a beaded bag on her wrist, took out half a sheet of paper, and handed it to Diana.

Diana looked at it in silence. Even her lips were white, and her fingers shook.

"Did you ever send this to papa?" she asked, after a minute.

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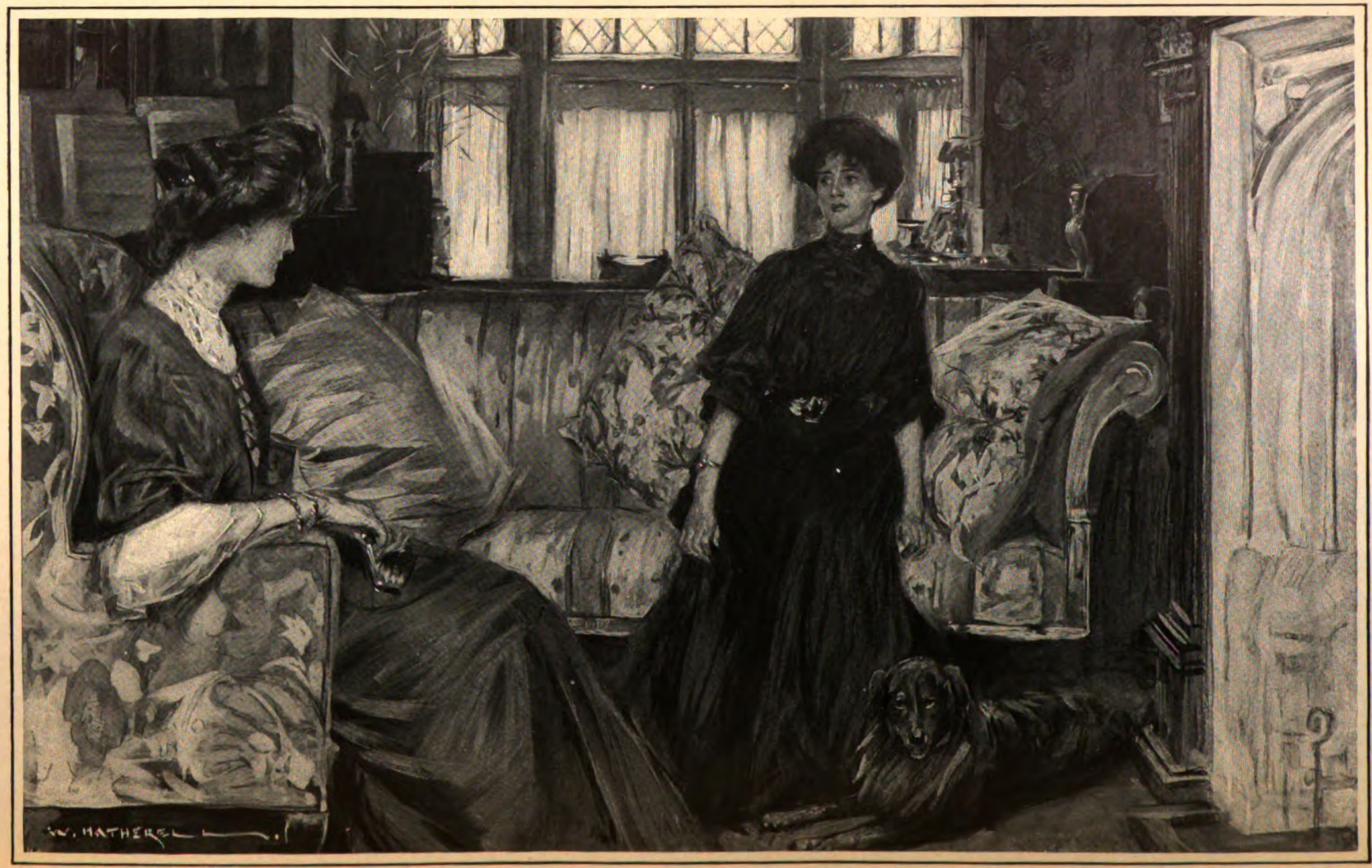


*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by I. C. Faber

"YOU NEEDN'T BE CROSS WITH ME, DIANA"

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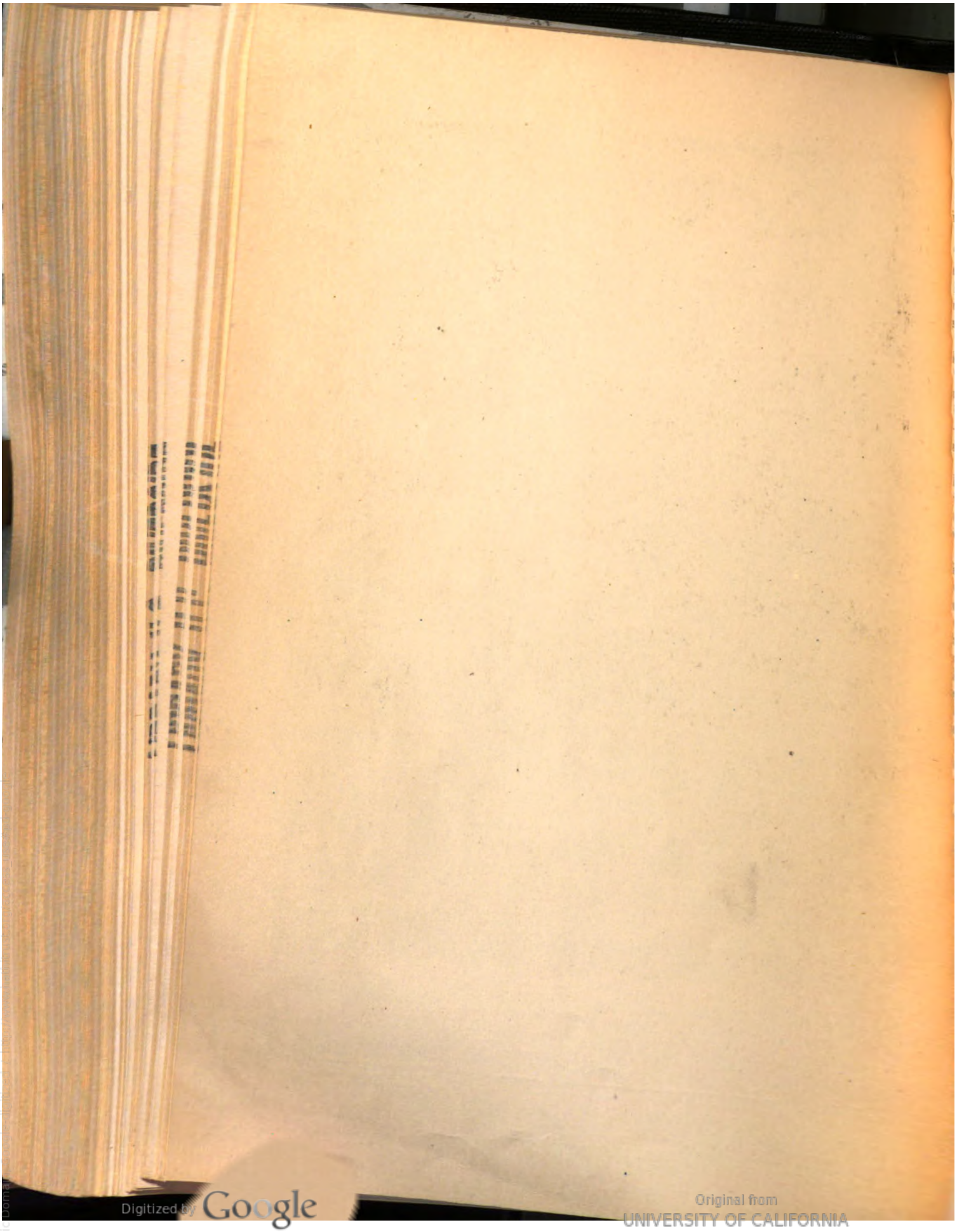
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Fanny fidgeted again.

"Yes."

"And what did he say? Have you got his letter?"

"No; I haven't got his letter."

"Did he admit that—that mamma had done this?"

Fanny hesitated—but her intelligence, which was of a simple kind, did not suggest to her an ingenious line of reply.

"Well, I dare say he didn't. But that doesn't make any difference."

"Was that what he and Uncle Merton quarrelled about?"

Fanny hesitated again; then broke out,—"Father only did what he ought—he asked for what was owed mother!"

"And papa wouldn't give it!" cried Diana, in a strange note of scorn—"papa! who never could rest if he owed a farthing to anybody—who always overpaid everybody—whom everybody—"

She rose suddenly with a bitten lip. Her eyes blazed—and her cheeks. She walked to the window and stood looking out, in a whirlwind of feeling and memory, hiding her face as best she could from the girl who sat watching her with an expression half sulky, half insolent. Diana was thinking of moments—recalling forgotten fragments of dialogue—in the past, which showed her father's opinion of his Barbadoes brother-in-law. "A grasping, ill-bred fellow"—"neither gratitude nor delicacy"—"has been the evil genius of his wife, and will be the ruin of his children." She did not believe a word of Fanny's story—not a word of it!

She turned impetuously. Then as her eyes met Fanny's, a shock ran through her,—the same sudden, inexplicable fear which had seized on Mrs. Colwood, only more sickening, more paralyzing. And it was a fear which ran back to and linked itself with the hour of heart-searching in the wood. What was Fanny thinking of?—what was in her mind—on her lips? Impulses she could not have defined, terrors to which she could give no name, crept over Diana's will, and disabled it. She trembled from head to foot,—and gave way.

She walked up to her cousin.

"Fanny!—Is there any letter—anything, of grandpapa's—or of my mother's—that you could show me?"

"No! It was a promise, I tell you—there was no writing. But my mother could swear to it."

The girl faced her cousin without flinching. Diana sat down again, white and tremulous, the moment of energy, of resistance, gone. In a wavering voice she began to explain that she had, in fact, been inquiring into her affairs, that the money was not actually at her disposal, that to provide it would require an arrangement with her bankers and the depositing of some securities; but that, before long, it should be available.

Fanny drew a long breath. She had not expected the surrender. Her eyes sparkled, and she began to stammer thanks.

"Don't!" said Diana, putting out a hand. "If I owe it you—and I take it on your word—the money shall be paid—that's all. Only—only, I wish you had not written to me like that,—and I ask that—that—you will never, please, speak to me about it again!"

She had risen, and was standing, very tall and rigid, her hands pressing against each other.

Fanny's face clouded.

"Very well!" she said, as she rose from her seat,—"I'm sure I don't want to talk about it. I didn't like the job a bit—nor did mother. But if you are poor—and somebody owes you something—you can't help trying to get it—that's all."

Diana said nothing. She went to the writing-table and began to arrange some letters. Fanny looked at her.

"I say, Diana!—perhaps you won't want me to stay here after— You seem to have taken against me."

Diana turned.

"No," she said, faintly. Then, with a little sob, "I thought of nothing but your coming."

Fanny flushed.

"Well, of course you've been very kind to me—and all that sort of thing. I wasn't saying you hadn't been. Except—Well, no, there's one thing I *do* think you've been rather nasty about."

The girl threw back her head defiantly.

Diana's pale face questioned her.

"I was talking to your maid yesterday," said Fanny, slowly, "and she says you're going to stay at some smart place next week, and you've been getting a new dress for it. And you've never said a

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*word* to me about it,—let alone ask me to go with you!"

Diana looked at her amazed.

"You mean—I'm going to Tallyn!"

"That's it," said Fanny, reproachfully. "And you know I don't get a lot of fun at home,—and I might as well be seeing people — and going about with you—though I do have to play second fiddle. You're rich of course—everybody's nice to you."

She paused. Diana, struck dumb, could find, for the moment, nothing to say. The red flamed in Fanny's cheeks, and she turned away with a flounce.

"Oh, well, you'd better say it at once—you're ashamed of me! I haven't had your blessed advantages!—Do you think I don't know that!"

In the girl's heightened voice and frowning brow there was a touch of fury, of goaded pride that touched Diana with a sudden remorse. She ran towards her cousin—appealing—

"I'm very sorry, Fanny. I—I don't like to leave you—but they are my great friends—and Lady Lucy, though she's very kind, is very old-fashioned. One couldn't take the smallest liberty with her. I don't think I could ask to take you—when they are quite by themselves—and the house is only half mounted. But Mrs. Colwood and I had been thinking of several things that might amuse you—and I shall only be two nights away."

"I don't want any amusing—thanks!" said Fanny, walking to the door.

She closed it behind her. Diana clasped her hands overhead in a gesture of relief and amazement.

"To quarrel with me about that—after—the other thing!"

No!—not Tallyn!—not Tallyn!—anything but that!

Was she proud?—snobbish? Her eyes filled with tears, but her will hardened. What was to be gained? Fanny would not like them; nor they her.

The luncheon-party had been arranged for Mr. Birch, Fanny's train acquaintance. Diana had asked the Roughsedges, explaining the matter, with a half-deprecating, half-humorous face, to the comfortable ear of Mrs. Roughsedge. Explanation was necessary, for this particular young man was only welcome in those houses of the neighborhood which were not socially dainty. Mrs. Roughsedge understood at once—laughed heartily—accepted with equal heartiness—and then taking Diana's hand, she said with a shining of her gray eye:

"My dear, if you want Henry and me to stand on our heads, we will attempt it with pleasure. You are an angel!—and angels are not to be worried by solicitors."

The first part of which remark referred to a certain morning after Hugh's announcement of his appointment to the Nigerian expedition, when Diana had shown the old people a sweet and daughterlike sympathy, which had entirely won whatever portion of their hearts remained still to be captured.

Hugh meanwhile was not yet gone,—though he was within a fortnight of departure. He was coming to luncheon, with his parents, to support Diana. The family had seen Miss Merton some two or three times, and were all strongly of opinion that Diana very much wanted supporting. "Why should one be civil to one's cousins?" Dr. Roughsedge inquired of his wife. "If they are nice, let them stand on their own merits. If not, they are disagreeable people who know a deal too much about you. Miss Diana should have consulted me."

The Roughsedges arrived early, and found Diana alone in the drawing-room. Again Captain Roughsedge thought her pale, and was even sure that she had lost flesh. This time it was hardly possible to put these symptoms down to Markham's account. He chafed under the thought that he should be no longer there in case a league, offensive and defensive, had in the end to be made with Mrs. Colwood for the handling of cousins. It was quite clear that Miss Fanny was a vulgar little minx, and that Beechcote would have no peace till it was rid of her. Meanwhile, the indefinable change which had come over his mother's face, during the preceding week, had escaped even the quick eyes of an affectionate son. Alas! for mothers—when Lalage appears!

Mr. Birch arrived to the minute, and when he was engaged in affable conversation with Diana, Fanny, last of the party,—the door being ceremoniously thrown open by the butler,—entered, with an air.

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Mr. Birch sprang effusively to his feet, and there was a noisy greeting between him and his travelling companion. The young man was slim, and effeminately good-looking. His frock coat and gray trousers were new and immaculate; his small feet were encased in shining patent-leather boots, and his blue eyes gave the impression of having been carefully matched with his tie. He was evidently delighted to find himself at Beechcote, and it might have been divined that there was a spice of malice in his pleasure. The Vavasours had always snubbed him, Miss Mallory herself had not been over-polite to him on one or two occasions. But her cousin was a "stunner"; and secure in Fanny's exuberant favor, he made himself quite at home. Placed on Diana's left at table, he gave her much voluble information about her neighbors, mostly ill-natured; he spoke familiarly of "that clever chap Markham," as of a politician who owed his election for the division entirely to the good offices of Mr. Fred Birch's firm, and described Lady Lucy as "an old dear," though very "frowsty" in her ideas. He was strongly of opinion that Markham should find an heiress as soon as possible, for there was no saying how "long the old lady would see him out of his money," and everybody knew that at present "she kept him beastly short." "As for me," the speaker wound up, with an engaging and pensive naïveté, "I've talked to him till I'm tired."

At last he was headed away from Tallyn and its owners, only to fall into a rapturous debate with Fanny over a racing bet which seemed to have been offered and taken on the journey which first made them acquainted. Fanny had lost, but the young man gallantly excused her.

"No—no, couldn't think of it! Not till next time. Then—my word!—I'll come down upon you—won't I? Teach you to know your way about,—eh?"

Loud laughter from Fanny, who professed to know her way about already. They exchanged "tips,"—until at last Mr. Birch, lost in admiration of his companion, pronounced her a "ripper";—he had never yet met a lady so well up; "why, you know as much as a man!"

Dr. Roughsedge meanwhile observed the type. The father—an old-fashioned, steady-going solicitor—had sent the son to expensive schools, and allowed him two years at Oxford, until the college had politely requested the youth's withdrawal. The business was long established, and had been sound. This young man had now been a partner in it for two years; and the same period had seen the rise to eminence of another and hitherto obscure firm in the county-town. Mr. Fred Birch spoke contemptuously of the rival firm as "smugs"; but the district was beginning to entrust its wills and mortgages to the "smugs" with a sad and increasing alacrity.

There were, indeed, some secret discomforts in the young man's soul; and while he sported with Fanny he did not forget business. The tenant of Beechcote was, *ipso facto*, of some social importance; and Diana was reported to be rich; the Roughsedges also, though negligible financially, were not without influence in high places; and the Doctor was governor of an important grammar-school recently revived and reorganized, wherewith the Birches would have been glad to be officially connected. He therefore made himself agreeable.

"You read, sir, a great deal?" he said, to the Doctor, with a professional change of voice.

The Doctor, who like most men was a trifle greedy, was silently enjoying a dish of oysters delicately rolled in bacon. He looked up at his questioner.

"A great deal, Mr. Birch."

"Everything, in fact?"

"Everything,—except, of course, what is indispensable."

Mr. Birch looked puzzled.

"I heard of you from the Duchess, Doctor. She says you are one of the most learned men in England."

"The Duchess?" The Doctor screwed up his eyes and looked round the table.

Mr. Birch, with complacency, named the wife of a neighboring potentate who owned half the county.

"Don't know her," said the Doctor.—"Don't know her—and—excuse the barbarity—don't wish to know her."

"Oh, but so charming!" cried Mr. Birch,—"and so kind!"

The Doctor shook his head; and declared that great ladies were not to his taste. "Poodles, sir, poodles! 'fed on

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cream and muffins!'—there is no trusting them!"

"Poodles!" said Fanny, in astonishment. "Why are Duchesses like poodles?"

The Doctor bowed to her.

"I give it up, Miss Merton. Ask Sydney Smith."

Fanny was mystified, and the sulky look appeared.

"Well, I know I should like to be a Duchess. Why shouldn't one want to be a Duchess?"

"Why not, indeed?" said the Doctor, helping himself to another oyster. "That's why they exist."

"I suppose you're teasing," said Fanny, rather crossly.

"I am quite incapable of it," protested the Doctor. "Shall we not all agree that Duchesses exist for the envy and jealousy of mankind?"

"Womankind?" put in Diana. The Doctor smiled at her, and finished his oyster. Brave child! Had that odious young woman been behaving in character that morning? He would like to have the dealing with her. As for Diana, her face reminded him of Cowper's rose "just washed by a shower"—delicately fresh, —yet eloquent of some past storm. Good heavens! Where was that fellow Markham? Philandering with politics?—when there was this flower for the gathering!

Luncheon was half-way through, when a rattling sound of horses' hoofs outside drew the attention of the table.

"Somebody else coming to lunch," said Mr. Birch. "Sorry for 'em, Miss Mallory. We haven't left 'em much. You've done us so uncommon well."

Diana herself looked in some alarm round the table.

"Plenty, my dear lady, plenty!" said the Doctor, on her other hand. "Cold beef, and bread and cheese,—what does any mortal want more? Don't disturb yourself."

Diana wondered who the visitors might be. The butler entered.

"Sir James Chide, ma'am, and Miss Drake. They have ridden over from Overton Park, and didn't think it was so far. They told me to say they didn't wish to disturb you at luncheon, and might they have a cup of coffee?"

Diana excused herself and hurried out. Mr. Birch explained at length to Mrs. Colwood and Fanny that Overton Park belonged to the Judge, Sir William Felton; that Sir James Chide was often there, and no doubt Miss Drake had been invited for the ball of the night before; awfully smart affair!—the coming-out ball of the youngest daughter.

"Who is Miss Drake?" asked Fanny, thinking enviously of the ball, to which she had not been invited. Mr. Birch turned to her with confidential jocosity.

"Lady Lucy Markham's cousin; and it is generally supposed that she might by now be something else but for—"

He nodded towards the chair at the head of the table, which Diana had left vacant.

"Whatever do you mean?" said Fanny. The Markhams to her were so far mere shadows. They represented rich people on the horizon, whom Diana selfishly wished to keep to herself.

"I'm telling tales, I declare I am!" said Mr. Birch. "Haven't you seen Mr. Oliver Markham yet, Miss Merton?"

"No. I don't know anything about him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Birch, smiling, and peeling an apple with deliberation.

Fanny flushed.

"Is there anything up—between him and Diana?" she said, in his ear.

Mr. Birch smiled again.

"I saw old Mr. Vavasour the other day —clients of ours, you understand. A close-fisted old boy, Miss Merton. They imagined they'd get a good deal out of your cousin. But not a bit of it. Oliver Markham does all her business for her. The Vavasours don't like it a bit, I can tell you."

"I haven't seen either him or Lady Lucy—is that her name?—since I came."

"Let me see. You came about a fortnight ago—just when Parliament reassembled. Mr. Markham is our member. He and Lady Lucy went up to town the day before Parliament met."

"And what about Miss Drake?"

"Ah!—poor Miss Drake!" Mr. Birch raised a humorous eyebrow. "Those little things will happen, won't they? It was just at Christmas, I understand, that your cousin paid her first visit to Tallyn. A man who was shooting there told me all about it."

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"And Miss Drake was there too?"

Mr. Birch nodded.

"And Diana cut her out?" said Fanny, bending towards him eagerly.

Mr. Birch smiled again. Voices were heard in the hall, but before the new guests entered, the young man put up a finger to his lips.

"Don't you quote me, please, Miss Merton. But I can tell you your cousin's very high up in the running just now. And Oliver Markham will have twenty thousand a year some day, if he has a penny. Miss Mallory hasn't told you anything—hasn't she? Ha, ha! Still waters, you know,—still waters!"

A few minutes later Sir James Chide was seated between Diana and Fanny Merton, Mr. Birch having obligingly vacated his seat and passed to the other side of the table, where his attempts at conversation were coldly received by Miss Drake. That young lady dazzled the eyes of Fanny, who sat opposite to her. The closely fitting habit and black riding-hat gave to her fine figure and silky wealth of hair the maximum of effect. Fanny perfectly understood that only money and fashion could attain to Miss Drake's costly simplicity. She envied her from the bottom of her heart; she would have given worlds to see the dress in which she had figured at the ball. Miss Drake no doubt went to two or three balls a week, and could spend anything she liked upon her clothes.

Yet Diana had cut her out,—Diana was to carry off the prize! Twenty thousand a year! Fanny's mind was in a ferment —the mind of a raw and envious provincial, trained to small ambitions and hungry desires. Half an hour before, she had been writing a letter home, in a whirl of delight and self-glorification. The money Diana had promised would set the whole family on its legs, and Fanny had stipulated that after the debts were paid she was to have a clear, cool hundred for her own pocket, and no nonsense about it. It was she who had done it all, and if it hadn't been for her they might all have gone to the workhouse. But now her success was to her as dross. The thought of Diana's future wealth and glory produced in her a feeling which was an acute physical distress. So Diana was to be married!—and to the great *parti* of the neighborhood! Fanny already saw her in the bridal white, surrounded by glittering bridesmaids; and a churchful of titled people, bowing before her as she passed in state, like poppies under a breeze.

And Diana had never said a word to her about it,—to her own cousin! Nasty, close, mean ways! Fanny was not good enough for Tallyn—oh no! *She* was asked to Beechcote when there was nothing going on—or next to nothing,—and one might yawn oneself to sleep with dulness from morning till night. But as soon as she was safely packed off, then there would be fine times, no doubt; the engagement would be announced; the presents would begin to come in; the bridesmaids would be chosen. But she would get nothing out of it—not she; she would not be asked to be bridesmaid. She was not genteel enough for Diana.

Diana—*Diana!*—whose mother—

Fanny's whole nature gathered itself as though for a spring upon some prey, at once tempting and exasperating. In one short fortnight the inbred and fated antagonism between the two natures had developed itself—on Fanny's side,—to the point of hatred. In the depths of her being she knew that Diana had yearned to love her, and had not been able. That failure was not her crime, but Diana's.

Fanny looked haughtily round the table. How many of them knew what she knew? Suddenly a name recurred to her—the name announced by the butler and repeated by Mr. Birch. At the moment she had been thinking of other things; it had roused no sleeping associations. But now the obscure under-self sent it echoing through the brain. Fanny caught her breath. The sudden excitement made her head swim. She turned and looked at the white-haired elderly man sitting between her and Diana.—

Sir James Chide!

Memories of the common gossip in her home, of the talk of the people on the steamer, of pages in that volume of *Famous Trials* she had studied on the voyage, with such a close and unsavory curiosity,—danced through the girl's consciousness. Well, *he* knew! No good pretending there. And he came to see Diana,—and still Diana knew noth-

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ing! Mrs. Colwood must simply be telling lies—silly lies! Fanny glanced at her with contempt.

Yet so bewildered was she that when Sir James addressed her, she stared at him in what seemed a fit of shyness. And when she began to talk, it was at random, for her mind was in a tumult. But Sir James soon divined her. Vulgarity, conceit, ill-breeding — the great lawyer detected them in five minutes' conversation. Nor were they unexpected; for he was well acquainted with Miss Fanny's origins. Yet the perception of them made the situation still more painfully interesting to him,—and no less mysterious than before. For he saw no substantial change in it; and he was in truth no less perplexed than Fanny. If certain things had happened in consequence of Miss Merton's advent, neither he nor any other guest would be sitting at Diana Mallory's table that day; of that he was morally certain. Therefore they had not happened.

He returned with a redoubled tenderness of feeling to his conversation with Diana. He had come to Overton for the Sunday, at great professional inconvenience, for nothing in the world but that he must pay this visit to Beechcote; and he had approached the house with dread,—dread lest he should find a face stricken with the truth. That dread was momentarily lifted, for in those beautiful dark eyes of Diana innocence and ignorance were still written; but none the less he trembled for her; he saw her as he had seen her at Tallyn, a creature doomed, and consecrate to pain. Why, in the name of justice and pity, had her father done this thing? So it is that a man's love, for lack of a little simple courage and common sense, turns to cruelty.

Poor, poor child! At first sight he, like the Roughsedges, had thought her pale and depressed. Then he had given his message. "Markham has arrived!—turned up at Overton a couple of hours ago—and told us to say he would follow us here after luncheon. He wired to Lady Felton this morning to ask if she would take him in for the Sunday. Some big political meeting he had for to-night is off. Lady Lucy stays in town—and Tallyn is shut up. But Lady Felton was, of course, delighted to get him. He arrived about noon. Civility to his hostess kept him to luncheon—then he pursues us!"

Since then!—no lack of sparkle in the eyes or color in the cheek! Yet even so, to Sir James's keen sense, there was an increase, a sharpening, in Diana's personality of the wistful, appealing note, which had been always touching, always perceptible, even through the radiant days of her Tallyn visit.

Ah, well—like Dr. Roughsedge, only with a far deeper urgency, he, too, for want of any better plan, invoked the coming lover. In God's name, let Markham take the thing into his own hands!—stand on his own feet!—dissipate a nightmare which ought never to have arisen,—and gather the girl to his heart.

Meanwhile Fanny's attention—and the surging anger of her thoughts—were more and more directed upon the girl with the fair hair opposite. A natural bond of sympathy seemed somehow to have arisen between her and this Miss Drake—Diana's victim. Alicia Drake, looking up, was astonished, time after time, to find herself stared at by the common-looking young woman across the table, who was, she understood, Miss Mallory's cousin. What dress, and what manners! One did not often meet that kind of person in society. She wished Oliver joy of his future relations.

In the old panelled drawing-room the coffee was circulating. Sir James was making friends with Mrs. Colwood, whose gentle looks and widow's dress appealed to him. Fanny, Miss Drake, and Mr. Birch made a group by the fireplace; Mr. Birch was posing as an authority on the drama; Fanny, her dark eyes fixed upon Alicia, was not paying much attention; and Alicia, with ill-concealed impatience, was yawning behind her glove. Hugh Roughsedge was examining the Donatello photograph.

"Do you like it?" said Diana, standing beside him. She was conscious of having rather neglected him at lunch and there was a dancing something in her own heart which impelled her to kindness and compunction. Was not the good, inarticulate youth, too, going out into

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the wilds, his life in his hands, in the typical English way? The soft look in her eyes which expressed this mingled feeling did not mislead the recipient. He had overheard Sir James Chide's message; he understood her.

Presently, Mrs. Roughsedge, seeing that it was a sunny day and the garden looked tempting, asked to be allowed to inspect a new greenhouse that Diana was putting up. The door leading out of the drawing-room to the moat and the formal garden was thrown open; cloaks and hats were brought, and the guests streamed out.

"You are not coming?" said Hugh Roughsedge to Diana.

At his question he saw a delicate flush, beyond her control, creep over her cheek and throat.

"I—I am expecting Mr. Markham," she said. "Perhaps I ought to stay."

Sir James Chide looked at his watch.

"He should be here any minute. We will overtake you, Captain Roughsedge."

Hugh went off beside Mrs. Colwood. Well, well, it was all plain enough! It was only a fortnight since the Markhams had gone up to town for the Parliamentary season. And here he was again, upon the scene. Impossible, evidently, to separate them longer. Let them only get engaged and be done with it! He stalked on beside Mrs. Colwood, tongue-tied and miserable.

Meanwhile Sir James lingered with Diana. "A charming old place!" he said. "But Markham tells me the Vavasours have been odious."

"We have got the better of them! Mr. Markham helped me."

"He has an excellent head, has Oliver. This year he will have special need of it. It will be a critical time for him."

Diana gave a vague assent. She had in truth two recent letters from Markham in her pocket at that moment giving a brilliant and minute account of the Parliamentary situation. But she hid the fact, warm and close, like a brooding bird; only drawing on her companion to talk politics, that she might hear Markham's name sometimes, and realize the situation Markham had described to her, from another point of view. And all the time her ear listened for the sound of hoofs and for the front-door bell.

At last! The peal echoed through the old house. Sir James rose, and instinctively Diana rose too. Was there a smile — humorous and tender — in the lawyer's blue eyes?

"I'll go and finish my cigarette out-of-doors. Such a tempting afternoon!"

And out he hurried before Diana could stop him. She remained standing, with hurrying breath, looking out into the garden. On a lower terrace she saw Fanny and Alicia Drake walking together, and could not help a little laugh of amusement, that seemed to come out of a heart of content. Then the door opened, and Markham was there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHARTRAN'S PAINTING OF PASCAL AND DESCARTES, IN THE SORBONNE

# The University of Paris

*BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.*

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE middle ages have exerted their deepest influence on modern life through institutions. The institutions which have had the greatest influence are the Holy Roman Empire, the Papacy, and the University. To the University the modern world is most deeply indebted for its intellectual development. The University of Paris, in causing this development, for eight hundred years, has been, perhaps, the most efficient force. What the Empire was to government, what the Papacy was to religion, that was the University to the intellect of man; and in this intellectual progress the university on the Seine bore a principal part. Let us of the English tradition, who recognize that Oxford, of all universities, has the strongest national influence, not forget that it was students from Paris who contributed much to the early progress of Oxford. The Seine flowed into the Isis, and the Isis into the Thames.

The history of the University of Paris, like the history of Paris itself, is a history of revolutions. From the eleventh century, when education passed from the monks into the hands of the secular clergy, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon established the University of France as a method of carrying on education of all types, the annals of the great school at the capital form a record of turnings and overturnings. These revolutions were ecclesiastical, political, educational, personal. The university and its chancellor were often at enmity; the Pope occasionally did himself the honor of excommunicating the whole university; not infrequently, too, the authorities of the university dissolved themselves and left Paris; the rector, from time to time,

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quarrelled with the deans; the university occasionally condemned Parliament, and claimed its own right, as "the eldest daughter of the king," to plead before the monarch only. In the fifteenth century the university was frequently involved with both the ecclesiastical and the civic authorities over questions of privilege.

This quarrelsomeness, both in mood and act, may have some relation to the present separate condition of the higher education in Paris. If one look at a chart of the various higher schools of the French capital, he is impressed with the manifold divisions. These divisions spring from, as well as unite in, the Minister of Public Instruction. They number no less than a dozen, including schools whose names are most general as well as those of very special teaching and application. Schools of the modern languages, of the higher normal instruction, exist side by side with the College of France and the University of Paris.

The University of Paris in its formal relationship includes six departments—the Faculty of Letters, the Faculty of Sciences, the Faculty of Law, the Faculty of Protestant Theology, the Faculty of Medicine, and the School of Pharmacy.

But while one recognizes these divisions, he does not fail to appreciate, also, that all these schools, colleges, universities, and faculties have their origin in the Minister of Public Instruction. But what is possibly of greater significance in the administration of the higher education is the fact that the relationship of all these diverse institutions and agencies is characterized by great cordiality of sentiments and beliefs and by warmth of personal regard of the members of the several teaching staffs. Side by side stand the buildings of the College of France and of the Sorbonne. In these two institutions certain courses of instruction seem to be duplicated, but the relationship is one of harmony and efficiency. They are, as are other institutions, essential parts of that great method known as the University of France, which represents with the great legal code the most lasting results of the work of the first Napoleon.

Universities are like Tennyson's brook —governments may come and governments may go, but universities go on forever. With the risings and fallings of dynasties for eight hundred years in

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THE BOTANICAL LABORATORY

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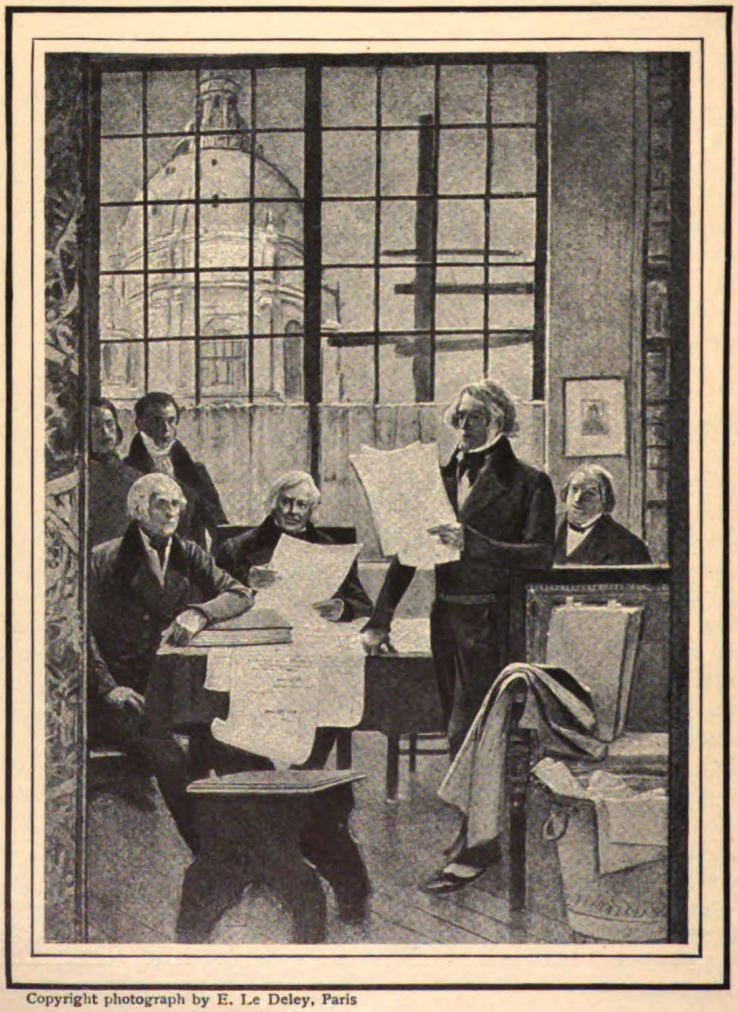
France, the university of its capital has gone on. It is pleasant to be able to say that its progress under the Republic for the last generation has been greater than its advancement under the last Empire. Universities ought, in the nature of things, to have a higher degree of prosperity under a democratic than under a monarchical government. The people should be more interested in securing for themselves the best things that education can give than any monarch, be he even the perfectly wise and good despot, can give them. At all events, the Republic is more efficient in the service of education than was either Napoleon III. or Louis Philippe. The demand for money seems, in fact, to be quite as insistent under a republic as under an imperial government. It appears also to be as insistent in Paris as in New Haven. Economies in university administration are evident. The pay of professors in the College of France is small; $2000—the normal sum—is not a large income for a college family in the French capital. It is pleasant, however, to record that the beginnings of a pension system are made. But yet certainly it is not a sign of niggardliness in either the state or the municipality to find a university building erected at a cost of some seven million dollars. It is perhaps unique that this vast expenditure, made between 1884 and 1900 for the noble hall known as the Sorbonne, in which the university has its chief centre, was incurred in equal parts by the Re-



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FLAMENG'S PAINTING OF EDGAR-QUINET, VILLEMAIN, GUIZOT, MICHELET, COUSIN, RENAN

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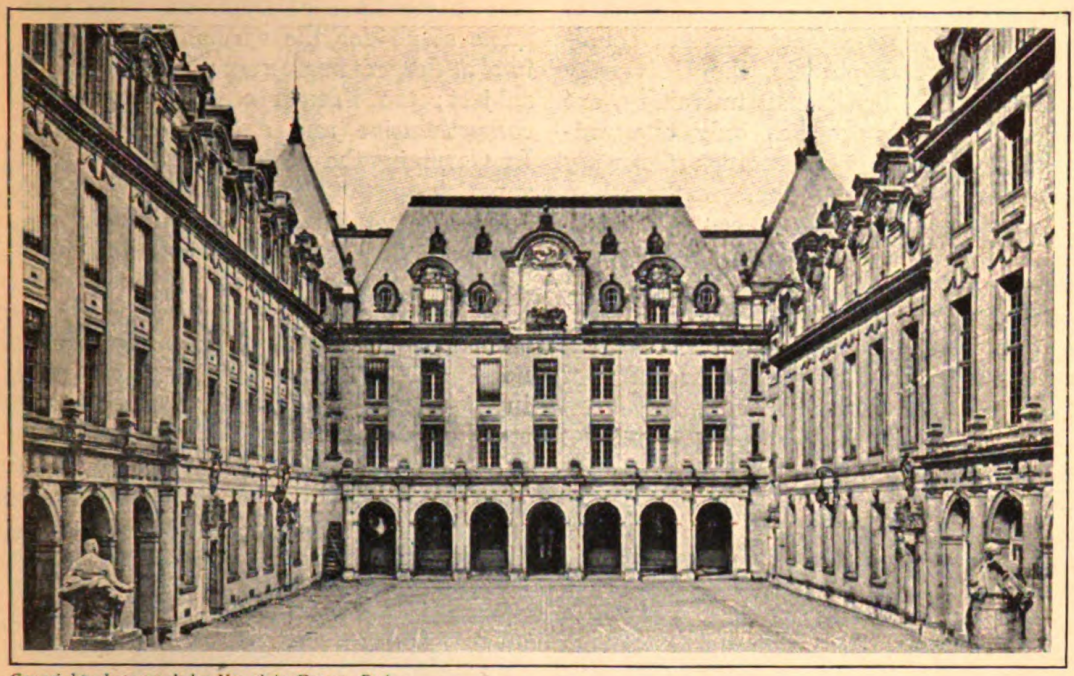

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INTERIOR COURT OF THE SORBONNE

public of France and by the city of Paris. It is not Minneapolis or Ann Arbor or Madison which furnishes one-half of the money for the chief buildings of its university; each university is a child of the State and not of the immediate municipality. But the sense of pride in their university is great in the people of Paris. It is the institution which has survived all changes. Among the whole French nation, too, is found a sense of pride in the University of Paris. But what is more important is that a belief exists, of course more or less unconscious and atmospheric, that the stability of a government by the people depends largely upon the intelligence of the people. Intelligence must increase, it is recognized, as government becomes more democratic. In securing such intelligence the guidance and inspiring force of universities are of prevailing worth.

The chief place of the University of Paris is the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne represents a building and not an institution. The present structure, together with the building of the University of Vienna, represents the noblest academic architecture. The Vienna building is more imposing and impressive to the general sense. The Paris building is a more delicate piece of art. For in certain relations the Paris building is simply an art gallery. The best of French painters of recent years have worked together in placing upon its walls representations of historic academic scenes and of scholastic interpretations. The immense painting of Puvis de Chavannes, which, next to Tintoretto's great canvas at Venice (Streater's paintings which form the ceiling of the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford are in thirty-two sections, although together they cover forty-six hundred square feet), is possibly the largest painting in the world—more than a hundred feet in length and more than thirty in height. It is of course most conspicuous of all academic paintings, but it exists not alone; for Chartran and Flameng have also put upon the walls of the corridors and of the noble Faculty Hall historic scenes. Pascal, Descartes, Cuvier, and Lavoissier represent names, movements, and interpretations which lend themselves both to æsthetic impressiveness and scholastic inspiration. The whole impression given by the present building is a union of both the æsthetic and the scholastic.

The contrast between the University of Paris and the German university sys-

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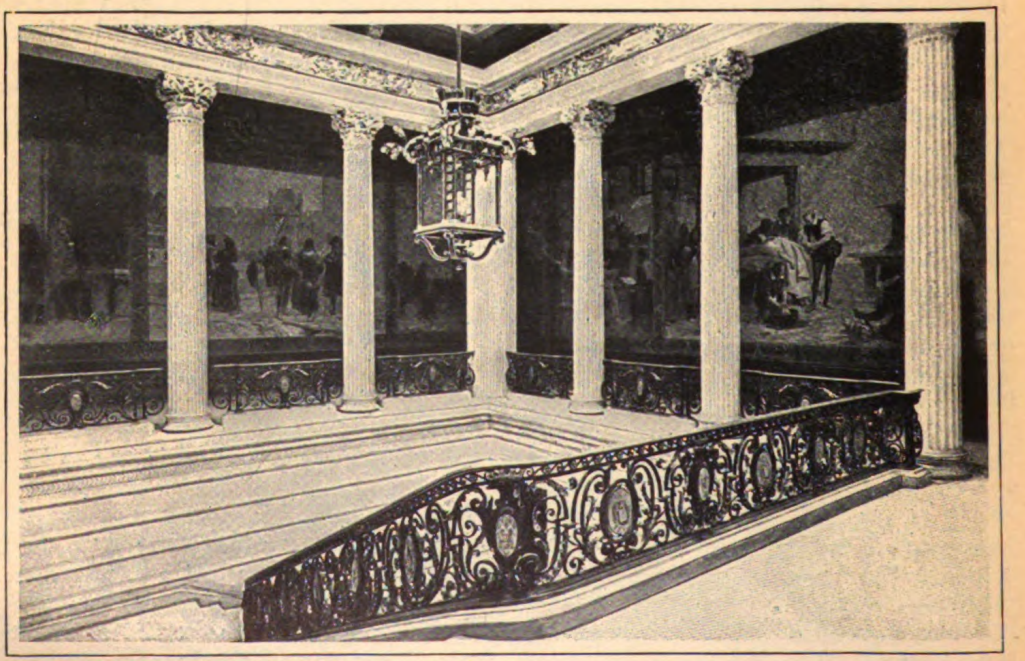
tem meets one as soon as he begins to reflect upon French methods and conditions. The two phrases, the University of Paris and the German university, are significant. France has only one university which is outstanding; Germany has several. The French method has, on the whole, been one of centralization; the German, of division. Do not Leipsic and Munich and Heidelberg represent in some departments results as great and opportunities as rich as those which Berlin offers? The intellectual life of Paris has been enriched at the expense of all of provincial France. But the contrast does not end with administrative elements. It continues in scholastic concerns. In scholarship the Germans are more profound, the French more facile; the Germans more learned, the French superior in the forms of the presentation of knowledge. The Germans are more progressive in scholarship, more daring in hypothesis; the French more careful and conservative. The Germans are more willing to push forward their hypotheses without regard to the limitation of a fact; the French more inclined to keep to the teaching and the force of a fact itself. The French are far more responsive to the force of tradition. The Germans stand for the specialist, manifesting a deeper narrowness in treating a subject; the French offer a view more comprehensive and a wider conspectus. In Germany the philosophical faculty is superior to the professional; in France the profession has attained a place more conspicuous. Few, if any, university lectures are so clear in their articulation or so pleasing in their presentation of truths as those given in Paris; none are more learned than those offered in Berlin. The German professor and student are greater men; the French greater gentlemen.

In Paris, as in the German university, the thesis plays an important part. Undoubtedly the best German theses are certainly as good as, or better than, the best written by French students; but also undoubtedly the poorest German are poorer than the poorest French. A mediocre French student, wishing to get a doctorate, usually manages to collect enough literary stuff to make a fairly good presentation. A mediocre German student, a candidate for degrees, would be passed in certain universities who would be refused in Paris.



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STAIRCASE IN THE SORBONNE

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On these grounds it may be added that it would be wiser for the American student to begin his advanced studies in Paris, and to continue them in Germany; but there are other grounds which make the opposite course desirable. For the methods of university work are better in the institutions of the northern side of the Rhine. The students study harder, and moral conditions seem to be more sane.

For the French institution is seeking to attract students from America. The desire is constantly and strongly expressed to divert such men from going to Germany. "Do you welcome American students?" I asked the obliging secretary of the College of France. "Toujours" ("every time"), was his emphatic reply. In fact, of the four degrees—the Baccalaureate, the Licentiate, the Doctorate in Science and Letters, and the Doctorate of the University—the last one, established about ten years ago, was established confessedly as a rival to the German Doctorate in Philosophy. It was in no small degree a bid for American students. So far it has not accomplished its purpose. For it must be acknowledged that the American home is hardly eager to entrust its sons, of even twenty-five years of age, to a lengthy residence in Paris; and in any consideration of an academic question the wishes of an American father and mother do, and should, early and strongly emerge. But there is a more fundamental and general consideration preventing American students from coming to Paris. Latin peoples and life are not so akin to the Anglo-Saxon peoples and life of the New World as are the Teutonic. Such a fact constitutes a reason, more or less strong and general, against the American student coming to Paris unless there be strong reasons of quite another sort urging him. In the case of the student of the fine arts such reasons do exist. If France had been able to support and continue the popularity which she enjoyed in the American Republic—a republic which she helped to make—for the forty years following the war of the Revolution, her great capital might have attracted American students as Leipsic and Halle began to do in the early decades of the last century. It is to be feared that the time is now too late. The great French university exists primarily for the French people, despite alliances and associations formed to promote the coming of foreigners, and especially of Americans. For as a permanent condition the Anglo-Saxon peoples do not mingle so easily

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LABORATORY OF PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCH AT THE SORBONNE

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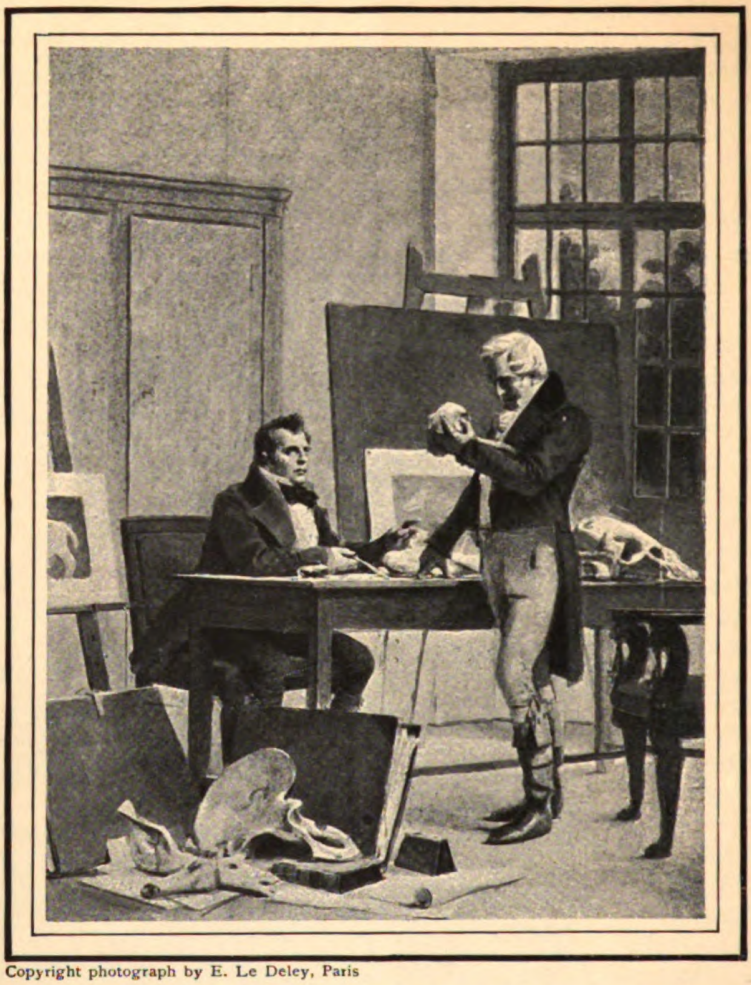

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THE SORBONNE—CHARTRAN'S PAINTING OF CUVIER

with peoples of Latin origin and traditions as with those of a more strictly northern source and environment.

Yet Americans are losing in their knowledge and appreciation of certain subjects in not coming to Paris. The Romance tongues can here be best studied, despite the indebtedness which the French acknowledge they owe to the Germans, and especially to the great Diez. This indebtedness covers both literature and philology, for Diez was the teacher and inspirer of Gaston de Paris, of Tobler, and of Mussaffia. It is also probably true that in general there is no better place for studying the sciences than Paris offers. One, moreover, need hardly look upon the mere list of courses in the political and social sciences without being deeply impressed with the richness of the opportunities thus presented.

Great universities in great cities are usually better fitted to promote the discovery of truth than to train men. Small colleges placed in small towns are usually better equipped for the training of men than for the discovery of truth. But in the University of Paris both purposes prevail. I asked a distinguished savant which purpose was the stronger, and his reply was, "They are both equally strong." The same reply would be given by the members of the teaching staff of most American universities, but on the whole the discovery of truth seems to me to be at least as important in the University of Paris as the more immediate human purpose.

Coeducation is in Paris, as in most Continental universities, the customary method. Women come and go, work by the side of the men, and men by their side, and neither minds the other. This

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condition is so unlike the relation which obtains in many coeducational colleges in America, in which each does mind the other; but a lecture-room is quite a different affair from a recitation-room; and a great university in a great metropolis is quite unlike a small college in a small college town, or a large university in a small inland city. In the Continental university, men and women listening to an academic lecture, or even working in the same botanical laboratory, have practically no more relation than they would have in seeing a play in the same theatre, or worshipping together in the same church.

The high quality of teaching found in French schools is due in no small degree, both directly and indirectly, to the University of Paris and to the Ecole Normale Supérieure, also of the capital. This is a school, established like similar schools in America, as a place for the training of teachers. Its diploma is of great worth in securing and holding a good place on a teaching staff. It has not yet been able to pass out of a stage of ridicule and of a certain degree of dislike on the part of some scholars, although its work is of a very high character. This excellence of the work itself, however, is lifting it to a high and wide place of esteem. In the general scheme of scholastic sympathies and affiliation the relation existing between this school and the University of Paris is helpful to each. The university may present content of knowledge, and the normal school methods for making this content available as a teaching instrument. In Paris and France, as in America, the best teacher represents the liberal training of the higher education united with the professional training of the school of education.

There is one lesson for us American college folk, which springs out of the student life in the Latin Quarter, to which I wish to allude. Students everywhere are sure to have a life of their own. Is it not frequently remarked to the American student that he "should not let education spoil his college life"? In case the academic authorities fail to provide fitting opportunities for students to live their own life, they are sure to create such opportunities for themselves. Such opportunities thus created are in grave peril of not being the best. Such opportunities are far from being the best in Paris. The American college placed either in the metropolis or the country village should seek to open fitting opportunities for students to have their good times together. The times which they thus have together will prove to be good in every sense of the word. But if the college or university make and keep itself remote from its students, if it give the impression or have the belief that it has done its full duty to its students when it has set before them certain lectures, students will be inclined to take the college at its own interpretation, and will seek their life outside of academic walls. Such a life thus sought and enjoyed often represents forces and conditions which disintegrate manhood. Those characteristic gatherings, the students' balls, are not things to be imitated in Boston or New York or Chicago. The whole athletic condition in the American college has evil features; but the lack of a similar interest in the Continental universities opens the way to students to have interests which are far less desirable. Better by far is the American football game even at its worst than the Students' Bal Bullier of the Boulevard Saint-Michel.



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# A Prophet Honored

*BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR*

IT was at that season of the year when trains and vehicles of travel generally are possessed by an animated tangle of vacation-hunters. There was a cheerful significance, therefore, in the almost unmanageable swarm of migration, the vivacious throngs to be seen at every station, the towering aggregations of luggage; one could almost hear, in the cool distance, the drum-beats of a thousand carnivals. Yet this innocent and universal motive did not account for the apparently reluctant journeyings of two travellers who shared a sticky plush seat near the door of the hot, cinder-strewn car—a keen-faced, youngish man and a pretty, soberly dressed woman of a conservative American type. These alone, of the multitude, seemed unable to resist the common discomforts with any degree of buoyancy. As often as the train halted, the man would raise the window and the woman lift her veil, after which their wretchedness seemed to undergo a moment's alleviation. Then the man would hastily exclude the hurricane of black particles and return to his reading of a German review, while the woman watched, with something a shade warmer than indifference, the turbulent pastimes of a young family in the seat ahead.

At Springfield, where the train stopped for ten minutes, there was the characteristic turmoil of travellers changing cars, of the recklessly hurried transfer of luggage, of the loud barter of that insubstantial refreshment held traditionally peculiar to the traveller's needs. Here the two companions made a determined flurry of effort to diminish their misery, and the man, crossing to the vacant opposite seat, leaned curiously out of the open window.

Suddenly he heard his name called, and a bearded, spectacled face approached his. "How are you, Waters?" said a crisp, cool voice. "How do you do? On your way to Amberley? Shall see you to-morrow, then. You're looking well. Glad to see you again."

Waters withdrew into the car's cindery shelter. "Holcomb," he explained. "George Holcomb, the history fellow. Going to Amberley, he says."

Mrs. Waters's "Oh!" was carefully non-committal. But she ventured, afterwards, "Wasn't he at college with you—in your class?"

"He was," said Waters, "with a vengeance. They'll be likely to make much of him at Amberley because, incidentally, he's worked up their local history quite a bit. I'd forgotten that. Haven't seen Holcomb for years. He hasn't changed, though."

Mrs. Waters took unnecessary pains to readjust her veil. Hers was the difficulty of an excess of understanding. She was uncomfortably aware that there being nothing to say, it was better to say nothing.

"I saw Stebbins, too, in the station. Lord! I had no idea the Academy was in the way of—"

Mrs. Waters brightly interrupted. "But Mr. Stebbins is an admirer of yours, dear, isn't he? You know he wrote—"

Waters turned sharply. "Don't, Milly," he said. "Don't bring up those things now. I've made up my mind to go through with this, but that's all I can make up my mind to. The situation is not affected in the least by any sophistries which you, in the goodness of your heart, may devise, or by any attempt that either one of us may make to reconcile fundamental incongruities. In its ghastly way the whole thing is absurd, and we know it is. I can't see that it is of any use for us to act as if we *didn't* know it." He returned to his review, and Mrs. Waters, with that tact which in wives often attains such perfection as really to demand another name, remained silent.

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An hour later they descended at the little station, domestic rather than official in air, which was the symbol of Amberley, and emerged thence into an atmosphere all sudden fragrance and calm. The unworldly little town, with its ancient bulwark of hills, had its peculiar appeal to Waters, to which he now sensitively responded. It happened that here his father had spent his youth, he himself had been born, and his mother, whom he had never known, had died and lay buried. Here he had spent three years of his own lonely boyhood at that Academy for whose benefit to-morrow's annual dinner was to be held, and here lived those excellent people, their hosts during this brief visit, his great-uncle Matthew and his wife. "Boyhood associations"—as he would hear them termed to-morrow!—therefore arose in their warm, vaporous fashion to meet him, from the broad fields, sweet with flowering grasses, from the almost obliterated little path yonder whose desirable issue was once a schoolboy secret, from that serrated horizon of cold blue hills whose venerable mysteries had so profoundly touched his boyish imagination. . . .

Meanwhile he was conscious that his hand was being grasped by a succession of men whose names he could not, in this sudden fashion, quite remember; that Milly was being taken in charge by Uncle Matthew, who had come to meet them in the carryall; that welcomes of a consciously formal and official tinge were being offered him by folk who seemed to have an honest pleasure in the meeting.

Waters's manner on all occasions was shy. He smiled in a less harassed fashion as these friendly overtures were made, but he said little, and his wife's acute perception discerned that he was ill at ease. She had hoped that he would "rise to the occasion" better, or affect to. Public appearances were by no means new to him. He had become, indeed, all too familiar with publicity, since he had become the type of humorist whose latest witticism is expensively syndicated from one end of the country to the other, and had had to meet the inordinate public demand to behold the jester in *propria persona*. It was as though people childishly supposed him to be imbued with a communicable elixir, through which they, by association, might acquire the joy of life. . . . Poor David! she lamented, —that it should be his province to be regarded as dispenser of the magic essence!

But they were shortly jogging along the dusty road under the tremulously proud escort of Uncle Matthew, and official Amberley, dispersing in its several directions, was free to exercise its indulgent comment on the newcomers' appearance. Indulgent, inasmuch as the character of Waters's reputation made him seem far nearer and more comprehensible, more an immediate and lively cause of pride, than any of the more severely learned gentlemen whom it was Professor Abbott's wont to invite to address them. Amberley was proud to be a cradle of learning, and it annually ate its dollar's worth, for the greater financial solidity of the Academy, with dignity and gusto; nevertheless it was secretly aware that the entertainment that learning itself afforded in its after-dinner speeches was of a decidedly attenuated kind. David Waters—why, the newspapers were full of him!—would be a guest of quite another order. Here was the material for a people's hero!

The town had first known the elder David Waters's son when he came to prepare for college at its Academy; a thin, serious boy, who looked as though he would be likely to overwork. Later, they heard of him at college, where it was understood that he had gained some prowess; and again there was the rumor of his going abroad to study, which was in keeping, for he belonged to a family of substantial attainments. The next reports were of his father's death, and then of the boy's sudden and romantic marriage; and there was no more talk of study, of Europe, of professorships. Whether old Matthew Waters was taciturn or uninformed, knowledge of the young man, at all events, dribbled slowly into the consciousness of his native town. So the surprise was complete when Amberley, in its deliberate fashion, became aware that the humorous writings of one David Waters had become a popular, perhaps a national, enthusiasm. "Can it be our David Waters?" asked Amberley, self-consciously, hesitating to indulge its

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utter gratification; and time had only confirmed the certainty that it was. And when it further became known that these achievements were everywhere accessible and designed to be popularly understood and laughed over, ingenuous Amberley tardily held its very sides with glee. It had happened naturally enough, therefore, from the intensity of the town's desire to see him, that the pressure brought upon Waters, now the professional "funny man," to appear at the Academy dinner had been extreme. There had, in short, been no refusing.

The citizens of Amberley, even those who lived upon the remotest outskirts, always bought their tickets to the Academy dinner in mid-August, with an absolute confidence not only that they would be able to absorb the full equivalent in mind and body, but that they were even safe in violating routine to the extent of laying out their Sunday clothes the day before. It had never been known to rain on an Academy day, and Amberley knew that it never would. To-day, indeed, the sun himself perhaps arose a little earlier than usual to accommodate the festal preparations of those matrons who had the great affair in hand. At all events, they were both astir at an uncompromisingly early hour; and even before breakfast, aproned and sunbonneted figures were following, at a lively gait, such byways as led to the town hall, and ample, responsible-looking carriages were discharging burdens at the door. By ten o'clock this preparatory excitement had subsided; the exterior of the hall was one of perfect composure; and the elm-shadowed street, which kept its cool dignity in the hottest weather, was tranquilly expectant.

Whether privately or publicly, Amberley dined at sharp noon, and shortly after eleven the diners began to arrive. Buggies with the expressive, dust-laden wrinkles of age ended their creaking journeys by gravely turning into the sheds in the rear of the hall. Groups of strained and solemn demeanor advanced beneath the elms, among them the very figures that a few hours before had displayed a juvenile agility, but who now seemed to take each step reluctantly, in the interests of an exceptional decorum. "Occasions" were rare in Amberley, and deliberation of movement merely signified an intention to make the most of this precious one. Beneath the sternest expression was a satisfaction that was almost joy.

At a discreet moment a familiar carryall brought Uncle Matthew and Aunt Eliza and their two important guests. Many of those assembled under the elms had not seen David Waters for many years, and were abrim with an affectionate curiosity, but it is not to be imagined that there was, on that account, a precipitate advance to greet him. But David himself was of the same fibre as these folk, and was not to be deceived by mere slowness of movement. He saw the affection in their eyes, heard the pride in their voices. Here and there, too, were individual townsmen for whom he felt sudden throbs of reminiscent affection. There was old Nathan Steele, that wise boyhood friend; and the pretty woman in blue was Lucy Cooper, his tomboy chum in the Academy days. If he might only have abandoned himself to the pleasure of this meeting; if it were purely a matter of personal affection; if there were nothing beyond!

But there, within the doorway, his eye had already caught the white hair and masterful profile of that fine old scholar, Professor Abbott, who had played host at the Academy dinners since they had first become a village institution. Beside him was that other familiar figure, President Shaw of the Academy. There was Holcomb, happily expanding to the measure of his new dignities, and others of scholastic reputation, together with that Western statesman who had come to support with fresh rhetoric what was then called the doctrine of "anti-imperialism"—a banner which Professor Abbott, with gentle supercilious defiance of local conviction, chose annually to wave in the face of Amberley's stolid endurance.

In hesitant and embarrassed manner, Waters responded to greetings, suffered himself to be led up the steps, joined the group within, contributed to the exchange of comment and inquiry, and gladly subsided when Holcomb finally secured attention and talked eagerly of his new history volume. Yet so tumultuous and obtrusive was his inner consciousness

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that he could not fully realize the scene, except when certain faces or phrases sharply recalled him. A reporter came to demand an outline of his "speech," and openly disbelieved him when he truthfully declared he had none. Again, he found himself listening to the replies which Milly's low, well-toned voice was making to the friendly inquiries with which she was beset.

"You must be so proud of your husband," some one was suavely saying to her now. "He's a very young man, isn't he, to be so well known. My husband had a newspaper the other day with a little thing of his in it, and I declare we both laughed till we cried. But I suppose that when you live with a comical person all the time—"

At this point Waters knew that Milly was drawing the good woman away that he might hear no more. Just then the president of the Academy turned and laid an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"Well, David," he said, "childhood is an inscrutable thing. We thought you an uncommonly serious boy, more serious, almost, than we were ourselves. Now we are still plodding along to the old dull tune, while you have changed yours and are singing your way through the world. How does it feel, my boy?"

If they would only spare him that question! For a moment Waters was tempted to answer truly. He longed to confess that he considered singing one's way through the world a beggar's trade, that his own tastes were quite other than these pedants dreamed. Yet there he stood, the self-committed clown, and as such he was to be hailed; hailed, too, his vanity reminded him, by the very men who had once wholesomely feared him as a competitor. How was he to endure, and why should he, their tacit patronage, ill concealed by compliment? Could he do it, could he, for Milly's sake and for the children's? Even Milly, poor girl, did not wholly realize the truth. In decency he could not let her. She did not fully know how each step that he had made toward his present infamous success had seemed at the time only a necessary compromise, a postponement of better things. All men, he knew, who in youth assume the responsibility of families, make compromises with their ambitions. Why had his compromise alone led to so bitter a penalty that now, in this dear village, where his boyish mind had planned the future that had so eluded him, he was to wear the odious motley, flaunt his paltry bauble, and accept the kind of applause—none other—that is the jester's? Five hundred miles away, the ordeal had seemed unpleasant but inevitable. Here, on the threshold, it seemed a fiercer agony than his nerves were strung to bear.

The doors were now opened into that forum of political, religious, and social activities that was to-day the banquet-hall. A respectful hush fell upon the groups gathered near the doorway, and they stood aside as Professor Abbott and David Waters entered together and walked up the length of the hall, Mrs. Waters and the president of the Academy following them. The table set for the "guests of honor" was at the head of the room, and next a platform whose confused but generous decoration offered a vaguely patriotic background for the speakers. On the table thus conspicuously honored the distribution of food was both artful and abundant. The round tottering cake, of countless storeys, placed near Mrs. Waters, was of deliberate perfection, the stout and sugary "jelly roll" that balanced it no mere accident of cookery.

Guests of second rank were free to choose seats for themselves at the other tables, each of which bore its adequate burden of homely and substantial dishes. So conscientiously had it been prepared that the banquet had almost a moral flavor, an impression helped out by the severe massing of the table decoration, in which dahlias and marigolds and hollyhocks bloomed with defiant rigidity. More fragile flowers had been purposely withheld in view of the feast's public and educational character.

Waters noted that the time allotted to mere eating was, after all, surprisingly brief. It accorded neither with the temperament nor the custom of the banqueters to dally unnecessarily over so matter-of-fact an occupation. And it seemed that but a few minutes had passed when, as an unmistakable signal that the material division of the dinner was complete,

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and as an ingenious means of securing undivided attention for the speakers, extra table-cloths were brought in and effectually laid over the remaining viands. There were obvious glances of resentment in a few quarters at this summary, if just, curtailing of purely gluttonous joys; then there was a noisy clatter of chairs as everybody changed his position; then a moment's hush; then old Professor Abbott, mellow, genial, keen, rose with the deliberate grace of which age is sometimes capable and began his annual address, concerned, as usual, with the status and needs of the Academy.

At its close he introduced the Western statesman, who for fifteen minutes, with the bland wit of the professional platform orator, balanced between the effort to appeal to an audience whose sectional political prejudices quite excluded himself and his subject, and the responsibility of doing his duty by the doctrine he had been imported to uphold. A number of his hearers disapprovingly withdrew as he got under way, and a tolerant smile spread among those who remained; the situation was not a new one. Off his guard for a moment, Waters smiled too; he was beginning to reabsorb the familiarly piquant atmosphere of the place.

But immediately he heard Professor Abbott's distinguished voice remarking that the question of imperialism was a serious thing; too serious, many seemed to think, for a midsummer banquet, even though it be a banquet with so solid and praiseworthy a purpose as this. How particularly fortunate it was, then, that their Academy could call upon a graduate who could lend an element of gayety and wit to a doubtless prosy occasion—one to whom their troubled universe was a merry thing.

This allusion had been eagerly awaited, and there was a movement toward applause in the lower part of the hall, checked, however, by Professor Abbott's next words. Waters's turn was not yet. They would first listen, he explained, to another Academy graduate, who had lately become, as they all knew, Amberley's first scientific historian.

Professor Holcomb, his spectacles shining, rose to his feet with a spring. In the quick, level staccato of the classroom lecturer he proceeded to observe that this was a day dedicated, he saw, to merriment. And as Amberley had not invited her accomplished son, his own contemporary and classmate, now known to them all, in Hamlet's words, as a "fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,"—as Amberley had not invited Mr. Waters in order to listen to the discourse of a mere pedagogue, he would confine his remarks to a few vital points. He then spoke fluently for half an hour. Waters, resentfully alive to what he considered the too obvious kindliness of the references to himself, thought he detected derision in every word.

The historian was followed by Stebbins, another Academy graduate, who had published poems containing unmistakable references to the local flora, and who had now come back to patronize the source of what he called his inspiration; and Stebbins by a trustee of the Academy, the joints of whose oratory creaked from disuse. He could not forbear, he said, to add his word of greeting to "that genial wit, that exuberant and frolicsome fancy, that we have here with us to-day." He was one, he declared, with the philosopher who said that could he make the jokes of a nation—if that was the way the quotation ran,—he cared not who made its laws.

It was the turn finally of the president of the Academy, a part of whose yearly function was a recital of the glories won by Academy graduates. It was no slight evidence, the good man declared, in the confident cadences of the administrator on duty, while Waters writhed in silent protest,—no slight evidence of the breadth of training of that Academy to which they were all so gratifyingly loyal that they should be able to welcome among their alumni not only men prominent in the affairs of the nation, men eminent in the stern paths of science and the gentler ways of poesy, but one also who reflected the fun of the world in the cunning mirror of his brain. He, for one, rejoiced, as he had been, he confessed, amazed, that there was a graduate of Amberley who stood before the world as the exponent of gladness and laughter, as the Man of Fun. . . .

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The afternoon was wearing on, but the citizens assembled for the greater glory of Amberley Academy seemed not to have wearied of the feast provided. Professor Abbott rose for the last time, with a significant glance at Waters as he did so. The man of mirth caught the look and knew that he must prepare himself.

"New England's message to the world," began the speaker—and Waters, who saw what was coming, bent his head as one who submits, perforce, to the inevitable agony of the final straw—"has been a sombre one. We, in affectionate loyalty to the pioneer States, are unable to conceive that this message shall ever be other than distinguished and important; yet we should rejoice, doubtless, that its force is becoming adapted to a modern age, that in the literature of the future New England will be accounted no less versatile than in the past she has always been accounted eminent. And that while she will continue to venerate her transcendentalists, her romanticists, her poets, she will also be able to—to establish the completeness of her modern development by pointing to her somewhat paradoxical product, an apostle of pure gayety, a professional dissipator of the dulness of our world."

Mrs. Waters trembled from she knew not what dim apprehension as her husband rose to speak, and waited, it seemed to her many minutes, for the tumultuous greeting to die away. For at last staid Amberley, whose own face never relaxed beyond a grim smile, was to warm at her bosom her own famed humorist, interpreter of her own long latent mirth; and into her proud heart there surged the riotous joy of possession. . . .

Waters acknowledged the applause but distantly, and to Milly his expression was absolutely new. His eyes looked at no one present, and his voice was low and not fully under his control as he began to speak.

"My dear old friends," he said, his voice falling upon a sudden and utter stillness,—"for I see in your eyes that I may call you such—I will confess to you that I came here to-day with no very clear idea of what I was to say. As you are doubtless aware, it is more or less the habit of the humorist to depend upon the inspiration of the moment."

He stopped. Milly, from her seat, could see that the audience was listening with a half-smile on its face, ready at any moment to respond with laughter to the unspoken jest. Happily, they could not know that it was, after all, not they whom Waters was addressing—not the larger audience that loved and admired and acclaimed,—but the smaller one that sat grouped behind him; those men who were but his peers, and yet who to-day, he felt, had stretched to the uttermost both their vocabulary and their narrow sense of propriety, in order to present to this mendicant for their mercy a manner cantingly, odiously kind.

"And I will admit, too," continued Waters, his voice growing stronger as he became more and more inflamed by a single passionate desire, "that it is the spell of this old town that I love and have always loved, it is contact with these venerable gentlemen who influenced my boyhood, it is the looking into your own faces, which are almost those of my own kin,—it is these things which have impelled me to speak as I shall speak. It is my prayer that if I speak plainly, you will not feel that you invited me here in vain or that I am ungrateful for your cordial welcome. I am inclined to believe that there may even yet prevail in our New England, whatever contemporary concessions she may make, the belief that the truth is better than vain things."

A full stop, that Waters might catch his breath, was interpreted as a rhetorical pause, the humorist's indication that the point of the joke is made; and there came a storm of applause, no less hearty because vague in meaning. As it subsided, various comments were audible to Milly.

"How much more comical it is to keep a straight face like that!" one woman was saying. "I guess he feels pretty well wound up, now he's got back to Amberley," said another.

Waters continued: "And so what I have to say may very well take the form of a warning to any of you who may ever be tempted to permit your ambition to be deflected by the fatal easiness of being funny."

Promptly, loudly, came the acclamation, which Waters, disconcerted, tried

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vainly to interrupt. The vein which he had struck, that of depreciation of himself, appealed to his audience as characteristic of the true humorist and exquisitely comic.

"Indeed, I cannot accept your kind congratulation, the sort of congratulation I have received to-day, without protesting with the utmost sincerity that, of all manifestations of human intelligence, that most offensive to me personally is the small, trashy witticism, told in current language for the man in the street, told in rhyme or prose or fable."

He was cut short by boisterous laughter. Certainly there was to be no hair-splitting by this humorist. This was the broad, genial wit that the veriest ploughman could understand and delight in.

"Believe me," protested Waters, "I am serious. This—this is not funny. But I am bound to tell you, after what has been said, that my own concern with the froth of literature and of life has been a matter only of passing and vital expediency. That I should be known as a humorist, as we Americans popularly understand the word to-day, is a distinction which I have won, believe me, in spite of myself, and one which it affronts and humiliates me that I am obliged to maintain. Whatever influence I may have with you, therefore, I should wish to be exerted in behalf of eternal wisdom rather than of transitory folly. I may even make the extraordinary plea, contrary to the implications of my courteous predecessors, not to be judged purely on the merits of my own acts [applause], at least not to be condemned unheard. And in the name of that friendliness you have shown me, in the name of our common associations, I ask you"—the speaker's voice had become almost shrill and his thin face flushed—"I beg of you to believe that in my heart I am true to my inheritance, that I am, like the rest of you, a man with a serious purpose which, God help me, I shall never relinquish, and the attainment of which I even dare hope I may some day come and prove to you here!"

He was already done; and the honest face of Amberley wore a look, for a mere flash of time, of uncomprehending disappointment. Yet her faith was of the kind that shall remove mountains, and if only to fortify her own convictions, she could not permit the final demonstrations to be any less emphatic than the previous ones. Later, by her own fireside, she might admit that the Man of Fun had nodded; in public he was to be sustained at any cost. So she upheld him stormily, roaring a generous affectation of mirth, responding with a wide maternal indulgence to an appeal which, even though not understood, must not be made in vain.

With a superior smile of detachment from the entire insane performance, Professor Abbott waited for quiet to ensue. Waters's emotional apologia, with its strong camp-meeting flavor, its execrable taste, was a just penalty for their recognition of a man who had lost—what mattered it that he said he hadn't?—his traditions. As for the popular delight in him, as obtuse as it was noisy, and the best comment, after all, on the futility of public confession,—these good people, as everybody knew, would have been even more delighted at a circus.

But even as he made these sound reflections he was thanking the speakers, with a brief phrase or two, declaring the dinner over.

Of the men he had specifically addressed, and who knew it, not one now turned his face toward Waters. He had chosen to rebuke the attitude they had taken; none other was possible. He resented tolerance; let him accept indifference. It was grotesque, this attempt to be all things to all men; let him see that it had failed.

Failure, indeed, tolled sternly enough in the man's own hopeless heart as he felt their chill and eloquent reserve. He had risked everything to avoid showing himself a fool — which was precisely what, for his pains, they now coldly considered him. As for the good souls he had ostensibly appealed to, what had they ignorantly had but a laugh for his wounds? If the jester forget his part, the world will remind him.

At the door Waters, as he knew he should, found his wife waiting. "Come, David," she said. "Uncle Matthew has the carriage ready. We are going to take the long way home." And in her voice there was something that led his bleeding spirit to creep within the wings of peace she offered.

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THE VILLAGE STREET

# In a Habitant Village

*BY HOWARD E. SMITH*

PHILIPPE ST. GELAIS pushed my canoe from the club's float before the sun had struck the tops of the towering spruce along the river banks. All the forenoon I whipped the black, foam-specked pools as we worked up-stream through splashes of sunlight and frothy shallows. At noon we stopped to lunch under the drooping branches of a sweet-smelling balsam farther up-stream than I had ever come before. When we had finished our trout and bacon, I lay down on the soft, white lichen to enjoy the warm sun and listen to the wash of the river and to the voices in the breeze. My guide, picking up a coal from the embers in the fire, flipped it into his pipe-bowl with a dexterous movement of his knotty hand, and the pleasant smoke of *tabac Canadien* drifted by me.

"Is it that the *m'sieur* would be wearied if I speak more about St. Anne?" he asked.

"No, Philippe, you know I always like to hear about your home," I answered. "But can't we go and visit your folks? You say it is not far. Would it be a difficult trip?"

"*Pas, m'sieur,*" he assured me, "it is a voyage of the most easy—of two hours only. But, *m'sieur*"—he moved uneasily—"but it is not good at my house like the club to which *m'sieur* belongs. He might have of disappointment when he arrived at there and the family be tiresome to him. Yet, if he wishes to go, I will guide him so far as there with the most great pleasure."

"*Très-bien,* Philippe, let's go."

Quietly and swiftly, with that grace he



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HABITANTS GETTING WATER FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES

had inherited from his *coureurs des bois* ancestors, he cleaned the few camp-dishes and had them back into the canoe before my pipe burned out.

"All is well, *m'sieur*," he said shortly, picking up the paddle and respectfully bowing.

I took my seat in the middle of the canoe and Philippe silently stepped in behind me. The delicate craft glided into the stream, its wake widening out to the banks and twisting the inverted forest into strange moving forms. The wood about us was utter quiet—made stiller by the sense that from its depths a myriad beady eyes watched our passing. Even the wind died away in this canyon of trees, and only the gurgle of the stream and the swish of Philippe's paddle broke the silence. At length the water grew icy cold; the Laurentides rose high about us, and along the narrowing banks the birches leaned over and met above us.

"*Entends!*" Philippe whispered, raising his paddle as he listened. "That is a *coq* at the house of Picard. It is soon now—but soon."

And so it was. A field appeared in the wilderness—and there was the first house we had seen since we left the club that morning.

"Ah, it is the house of Picard," came the voice from behind, "and here is the lane where he gets water."

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NEAR EACH HOUSE WAS AN OVEN FOR BAKING BREAD

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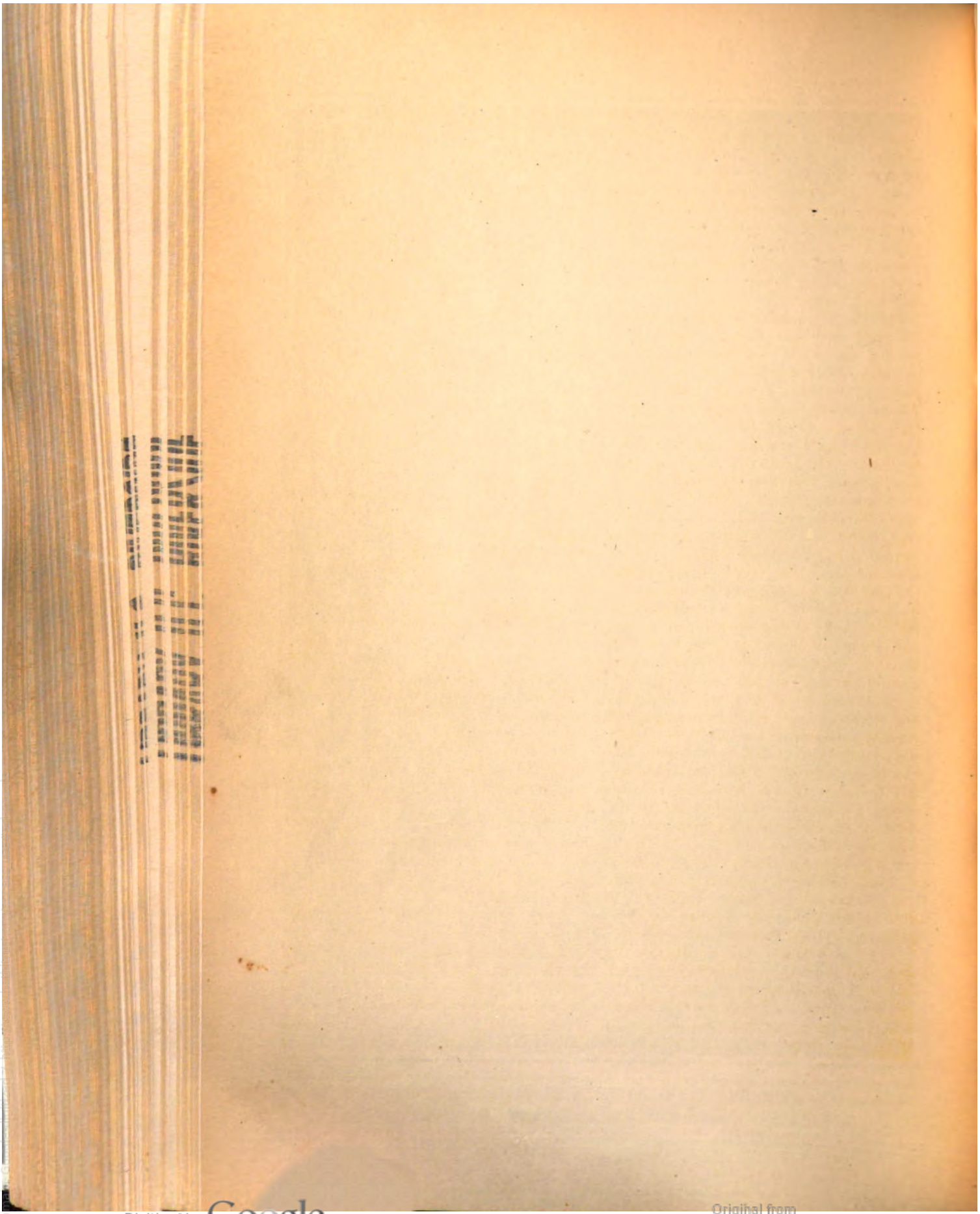

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"From the river?" I asked.

"*Oui,* it is that we get all our water from the *rivière,*" he replied. "Sometimes, though, in the winter, one is not able to get of it, and it is then that one melts of snow, but it is not good like the *rivière.* He is only a small *rivière,* this, and he often makes of anger in the spring-time when he is big, and has even killed a few of us, but we others habitants love him because he is much to us, *m'sieur*—and he brings one home, too," he added, tenderly.

Philippe grounded the canoe below an old mill with its ominous rumble of wooden machinery and the splash of its creaking water-wheel. Then we scrambled up the bank on to the edge of the village. Steep-roofed houses two stories high, all well whitewashed, and sitting at any angle to a winding street, huddled as though for protection about a gray stone church that towered from a clump of Normandy poplars. The sun hit the white houses with dazzling brightness and danced on the shining, tin-covered church roof. Dahlias and sunflowers drooping over the picket fences about the gardens brushed our sleeves as we walked down the board walk that lined but one side of the street. The pleasant drone of busy flax-wheels wafted through open doors. Children peered around corners or flattened their noses against windows as we passed. Old men and old women with white bonnets on were smoking and knitting on their *galeries* in the warm sun; others were talking leisurely in the road to passing neighbors. All the men tipped their hats as they bowed to us. On the steps before the door of an old log-house a man was cutting his son's hair.

"*Bo' jou',* Chagnon," Philippe spoke to him, and then, turning to me, said: "He is the owner of the *moulin* where it is that we left the *canot.* He has *b'en d'argent*—he. His father was the *seigneur.*"

Near each house was a structure of stone and mortar, usually across the road, and built on a platform of logs.

"What is it that they are?" Philippe said, repeating my question in *patois.* "They are *fours,* where one makes the bread to bake. We have not of ovens in the stoves of our houses like the *messieurs* have at the club."

Through the long, clear shadow from the church a thin column of smoke rose from a big-mouthed chimney in the end of a roof that turned up at the eaves—over two *galeries.*

"*C'est b'en* that mother will have the supper soon," Philippe said. "One has much of hunger after he is on the *rivière* all day—is it not?"

As he spoke the church-bell sounded over the peaceful valley. I looked up to the spire and saw the sun's last rays turning the gilded cross on its apex into a brilliant yellow flame against the deep blue of the Canadian sky. Philippe stopped, took off his old frayed hat, and, with his eyes to the ground, muttered a prayer. Down the road was another man saying angelus also, bowed before a tall wooden cross that rose from a tangle of brambles and berry-bushes. When Philippe ended the prayer we went on and were soon at his house.

The kitchen was a spacious low-posted room, with long strips of brightly dyed rag carpet on its uneven floor. A large cross, bound together with caribou thongs, and a print of the bleeding heart hung over a door that opened into the only other room on the ground floor. The air was filled with the smell of frying pork and the high-pitched *patois* of Philippe's mother making profuse apologies for the appearance of the room. The little children hung about her while she was getting the supper-table ready, looking shyly around her flowing homespun skirts at me, until their father spoke to them and they all sat down on a long green bench in the deep shadow under the stairway.

"Now if it is pleasing to the *m'sieur,*" madam said at last, wiping a chair with her white apron for me and lighting a lamp, "we will eat before the *souper* makes itself cold."

There was a clatter of chairs as we gathered around a big bowl of pea porridge steaming in the centre of the table by the lamp. Each ate directly from it with a big iron spoon. Reaching across the red table-cover, I thrust mine in with the others, and finding it very appetizing, praised it to madam.

"*Merci!*" she returned, her bony face smiling gratefully; "but it is easy to make of it. The *m'sieur* will find it in all the

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homes of us. Since the church laid of taxes on all the things in our gardens, we habitants have raised much of peas, for, *m'sieur*"—she added, smiling—"it named not the pea in the law, and they have much of strength *aussi*. Is it not, Lacomb?"

"*Oui*," came his deep voice through a mouthful of fat pork, but it was far less eloquent than the ponderous shoulders on his sturdy frame or any movement of his body. His muscles forced against his red-striped shirt whenever he passed me the unsalted bread or the maple sugar.

"Ah, one sees with ease that the *m'sieur* eats not with so many of children," he remarked, his keen eyes glinting in the lamplight; "he reaches for things not fast enough."

"There are eighteen to us," his *créature* put in proudly. "Philippe has the most of age. He has twenty years, and little Angela here has three months."

I expressed surprise at the number and asked if the neighboring families were so large.

"*Mais oui, m'sieur*," she replied, quickly, "and one cannot have a too large family. *M'sieur le curé* says that well of children pleases the Heaven much. If a *figure* marries herself and has not of them, it is a curse, *certainement*."

A Parental Duty

"*Oui, c'est vrai*," Lacomb agreed; "but the most great thing that ever to one comes is to have an *avocat* in the family. We feed ourselves with hope that it will be Joseph in this family," he added, placing his gnarled hand on the boy's shock head.

"Is it that the *m'sieur* wishes more of tea?" Philippe's sister Marie asked, reaching across the table with the stone teapot.

"No, thanks," I answered, for I had eaten quite enough. The soup-bowl and the dishes which had been heaped with potatoes and *pembina* were empty. The family arose, and Philippe, Lacomb, and I went out into the twilight, while madam and the children washed the dishes in a wooden sink.

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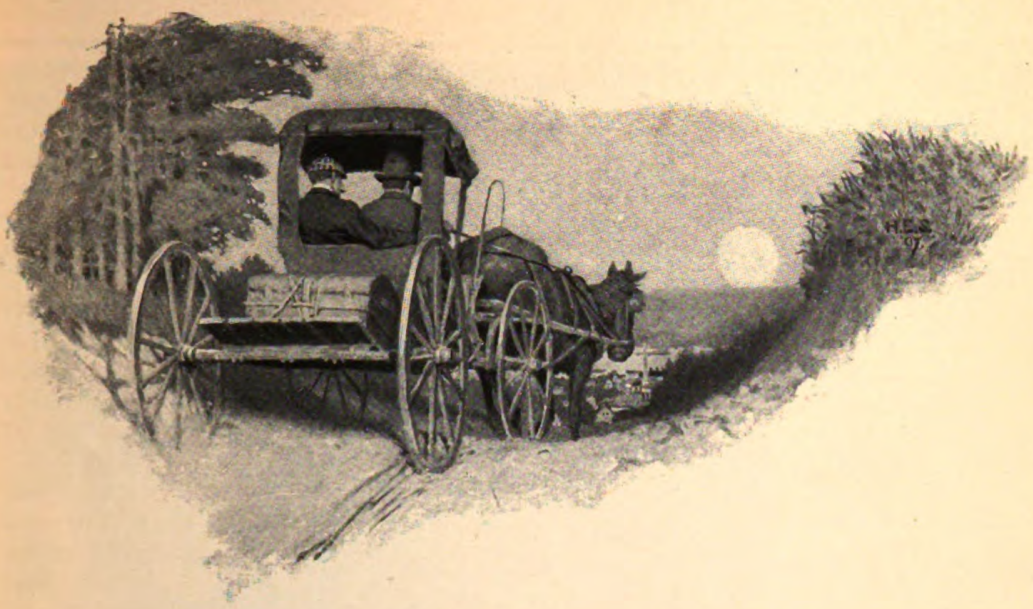

"ONE SEES LITTLE FROM THESE MOUNTAINS"

"The *m'sieur* says that he would have of pleasure to hear you play," Philippe said to his father as we sat down and tilted our chairs against the house. "Will you get the violin?"

The village was wrapped in the soft gray of the long Canadian dusk. The windows of the houses glowed from the warm lights within. The distant mountains deepened in the gathering gloom. The sound of voices and the occasional strains of homely habitant *chansons* drifted through the village as others came out for their evening smoke or strolled down the plank walk to gossip with their neighbors.

"That was Picard, the town-crier," Philippe said, after a full-faced fellow with bristling side-whiskers had stopped to talk with him and gone on again.

"The town-crier," I repeated; "what does he do?"

"*Mon Dieu,* is there not a *crieur public* in the *ville* of the *m'sieur?*" he asked.

I explained as simply as I could that we once had them, but that now we had newspapers containing the news of the whole world delivered to our houses two or three times a day. "How," I asked, "could there be criers in cities a hundred times larger than St. Anne?"

I waited to see what this child of Nature would say, whose whole life had been spent in this remote valley and on those few streams that flowed out of it—into an unbounded world of trees.

"To have a hundred more, *m'sieur,*" came the answer.

Lacomb came out with his fiddle.

"*Excusez moi, m'sieur,* it is that I must put the bull at the church into the barn before I play," he said, and started across the street. "Picard auctions him next Sunday after mass for the Infant Jesus."

"Oh, *oui*—the town-crier!" Philippe exclaimed, remembering I had asked him a question. "He stands on the steps of the church after *masse* and tells what it is that has happened in the week and gives notices of sales of cows and pigs. He has much of memory—Picard."

As Lacomb returned, a tall figure in a black *soutane* and low-crowned black felt hat came with him. It was the *curé.*

"*Bon soir, mes enfants,*" he said, stepping on to the *galerie.* Philippe gave his seat to him, and the *curé,* sitting down, drew a pipe from his pocket.

"The *m'sieur* is a stranger in St. Anne," he said to me, and scratched a match on the plaster of the house, lighting up his kindly old face and glinting the iron-rimmed spectacles on his thin nose. "He

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THE PLEASANT DRONE OF BUSY FLAX-WHEELS

fishes with Philippe?—*oui*, it is as I thought. But one comes not often so far up the *rivière*—a stranger is rarely in St. Anne." Then he asked me a score of questions about the world I came from. We talked until the twilight faded into darkness. I told him of the various life in our large cities; of their traffic and of their buildings.

After a long silence he said, "Ah, *oui, oui,* I have heard and also read some little of what it is that the *m'sieur* says, but is it quite true—all?"

I assured him that it was and that it was but a very little of the whole.

"Ah, *excusez moi,*" he replied; "the *m'sieur* sees that the life of us is very different from his, and it is that I have seen but little of what he speaks that I him a little doubted. I have seen once only the *chemin de fer* or of the others things that the *m'sieur* says are common in his country, and one is able not to make a clear mind about them from reading. The *m'sieur* is the only man to whom I ever talked who came from there. The others habitants are able not to read and know less of it, for one sees little from these mountains but woods and rivers and the spire of St. Henri—*c'est tout.* But it is well, for they are happy," he added, smiling, and, knocking the ashes from his pipe against the wheel of a water-cart that stood by, arose.

"*Bon soir,*" he said, and went off towards the *presbytère,* and the darkness swallowed him up.

After he had gone Lacomb began to

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NEIGHBORS CAME OVER AND SAT ALONG THE GALERIE

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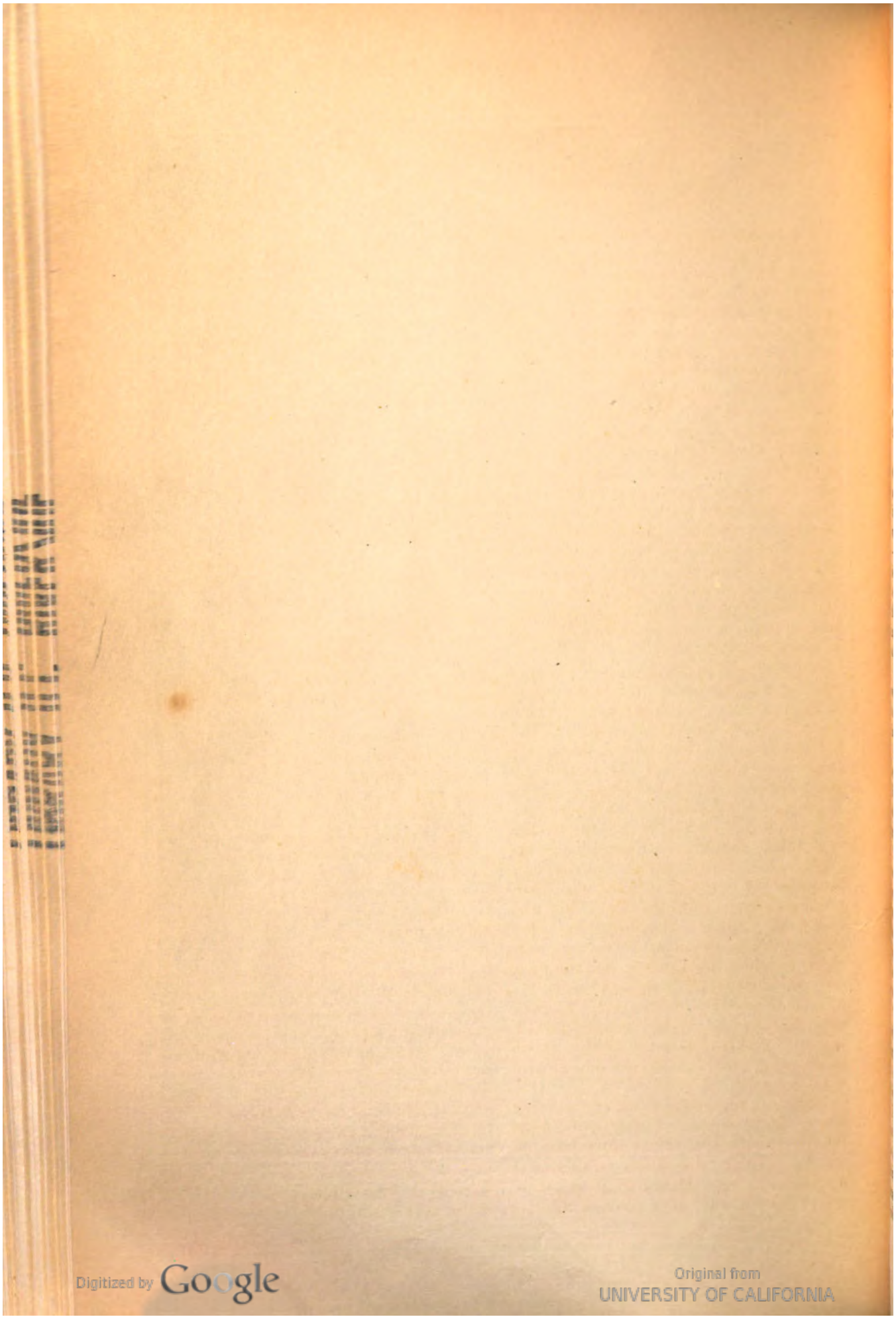

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play, and Philippe's voice resounded up the street with:

*Je voudrais bien me marier,*
*Mais j'ai grand' peur de me tromper;*
*Ils sont si malhonnêttes!*
*Ma luron, ma lurêtte,—*

Neighbors came over and sat along the *galerie* or went into the kitchen—all joining in the familiar *chansons* which Lacomb played. Before long there was a good gathering, both young and old. As it got too cold outside, Lacomb went in, and everybody followed. Marie sat down to the organ and the two began to play. I sat down by Philippe's *grandmère,* who was smoking and knitting by a clock that reached to the ceiling.

"The violin of Lacomb is very old," she told me, pressing the tobacco into her pipe with her forefinger. "She come from Normandie many of years before I was born. She was always in the family —the violin. Lacomb plays on her often before the house, and it is he who is able to play best in the village. The feet of the *garçons* are not still for long when he makes the bow to jump across her—the *m'sieur* will soon see."

Even as she spoke François Chagnon went over to Lacomb. "Make the music to go more fast," I heard him say, "more fast. Is it not that it is too slow?"

Lacomb smiled, but did not speak. His head bent farther over his instrument. His caribou *botte sauvage* struck the *catalan* harder and faster, and his horny fingers skipped more nimbly over the strings.

Philippe and François carried out the stove, while others rolled up the long breadths of carpeting and the little braided rugs. Philippe threw his arm about the miller's daughter and they skipped across the floor. The rest were quick to follow his example, and the room was soon in a whirl of flying couples.

"Ah, it is as I said—the dance begins," said the *grandmère,* her mouth puckering into a satisfied smile. "But *voyez,* it is Marie who wishes to dance with *m'sieur*—see!"

I glanced across the room and saw she was looking at me. I rose and joined the dance with her. Hour after hour we whirled among the flying sashes and homespun skirts. Occasionally a couple would stop to wipe their faces or drain a glass of home-brewed beer from a big stone pitcher on the table, then dance on again as enthusiastic as before; but the music never halted. The old *grandmère* knitted through it all, but her little deep-set eyes followed every movement of the dancers. Those sitting or standing about the room were smoking with her. A thick dust from the floor filled the air. The room became hot and close. At last, wearied and dizzy, I excused myself and went outdoors into the fresh air.

All was still out there. The valley and the village were lit with a strange phosphorescent glow. The long tongues of the aurora borealis were streaming over half of the sky, silhouetting the church spire against its brightness.

"The northern lights are very beautiful to-night," I told the *grandmère* when I came in. "You should see them."

"The *éclairon,*" she gasped, and, jumping up, went out on to the *galerie.* I followed and found her staring blankly at the sky, her hands clasped over her breast.

"*Sacré bleu,* it is bad—too bad," she repeated, and went in as abruptly as she came out. I stayed to enjoy the glory. The sky grew much brighter. The vapory shafts of delicate violet and rose now shot far down the southern sky, and the aureola had reached the zenith.

The music ceased inside. The habitants came out, and as they looked heavenward a silence fell on them. It grew profound, then intense. I could hear some one's watch tick.

No one spoke or moved, until the *grandmère,* stretching her withered hand skyward, began a low monotonous chant. It was weird and eerie. My scalp seemed to move. The words were so indistinctly spoken I could not catch their meaning. The others joined her, and the song swelled through the village and reechoed from the distant sombre mountains. One by one the villagers began to leave, and the song gradually died away. Some, however, still sang as they went down the road. The dance was over. As I turned into the house with Philippe I asked him what the song meant.

"The country is very dry, the *m'sieur* knows," he answered, securing the door with a heavy wooden bolt. "We have a drought in the country, and if the *éclairon* is very bright during a drought, it is

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that there will be only little of harvest—*v'là!* it is too bad. So we prayed to-night that it may not come true this autumn. It is a superstition of the oldest. Some believe it not. I hope that it is not true, but I don't know," he added, shrugging his shoulders.

The tall clock near the red stairway struck eleven. The children had clattered off to bed. Madame led me up the stairway to my chamber. It was a compact little room, just large enough for a four-poster and a two-storied stove that sat in the partition to heat two rooms at once. Everything in the chamber was home-made, I think, from the crazy-quilt on the bed to the clumsy latch on the door.

"I have of hope that the *m'sieur* will sleep well," she said, parting the chintz curtains of the bed and poking the feathers about. "But before I go I will make him to be safe through this night. This is *eau bénite.*" She reached down a green bottle from a peg at the head of the bed by the crucifix, and, kissing it, dipped a spruce spray that was tied about its neck into the bottle and sprinkled the holy water over the coarse homespun sheets.

After she had gone I threw back the wall-paper covered sashes of the inner window and opened a swinging pane in the outer. The sky still vibrated with the glory of the waning *éclairon.* Now and then I heard notes of the song growing fainter and still more faint, until they died away, and only the lonesome wind in the leaves by the window and the distant murmur of the Rivière des Chutes broke the sombre hush that lay over the village of Philippe St. Gelais's home—St. Anne.

# The Pilgrim

*BY LUCIUS WITHERS*

NO wrathful wrecks of yesterday
  Shall shut the sunlight from my face;
Nor bar my upward-climbing way
  Nor trammel me in my soul-race.

Done deeds are dead. Let those who will
  Falter and fall before old ghosts;
For me the sweet, exultant thrill
  Of marching with the conquering hosts.

For me, no dreaming doubtful dreams,
  Nor pondering on gone defeat.
Before me lies the road which gleams
  With all its triple-millioned feet

That bravely strive unceasingly
  To reach that far tall-towered height,
Whereon the sun shines dazzlingly
  And where there is no bitter night.

No hand may help, no word may cheer
  But by whatever Gods there be
Within my heart there lurks no fear
  And I shall wrest the victory!

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# The Accident

*BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON*

DOLLIVAR straightened up and motioned the assistant away.

"It is a bad fracture."

"What else? Don't lie to me," said Brent.

Dollivar looked down at his patient, still under the chloroform.

"But it's his back, too, Brent."

"He'd better be dead," said Brent, hardly.

He stood staring, clear-eyed, at his son's unfamiliar figure, bandaged, broken, deathlike. Even the head, unhurt though that was, shared the violent change. Mortal whiteness obliterated the boyish tan. The lips set in pale curves were like the lips in sculptured faces. The copper-red waves of hair thickly flung across the square forehead alone had any look of life, alone tempted the touch of a living hand. Brent's dropped there.

"Poor little Curt!" he said. He turned on his heel and left the room and the house.

When Dollivar bent to the bed again some shadow of death had been withdrawn, some creeping illumination of life had taken its place. The black lashes flickered, lifted; the mouth corners trembled on the edge of a smile.

"Tough on him, Dolly." The patient said it weakly, glancing toward the door.

"What's that? Your chloroform's talking, Curt."

"Is it?" asked the boy, looking Dollivar full in the face with perfectly sensible gray eyes.

"How do you feel now?" said Dollivar, choosing to ignore this.

"Just so—*deathly*—sick."

"It won't last. You're better, you see."

"Yes." His eyes closed, his lips tightened, he quivered from heel to head, and started to put his uninjured arm across his face, but changed his mind.

"First turn of the screw, old fellow," said Dollivar, regarding him intently.

The boy flung him a gallant look. "All right," he said.

Dollivar sat down by him. "Now, Curt," he laid down the law, "you must take what I leave to keep you quiet. To suffer too much now would wear you out for what may come—since you heard so much—though we'll hope it won't."

"Pain is better than this—"

"If you'd taken ether you *would* be sick. You'll obey orders?"

"Yes, Dolly. You've the upper hand now."

His voice trailed off to an indistinct whisper. His clear look wavered, fixed on a vision of his brain.

Dollivar laid a big quieting hand over the boy's. His mobile features were set in an intense sadness. He knew that a doctor must of necessity shed a patient's trouble and pain, as a leaf its raindrops; but Curtis was his cousin, his favorite. He had to let himself be troubled, be hurt. He could not help it.

Ellen stood on her porch steps, a card in her hand. It was a visiting-card, and on the reverse side a single intimate initial signed a scribbled line—"At home to my friends."

All at once, with a resolute movement, she turned and went down to where her mother hung over a rose-bed.

"Mamma, I'm going over to see Curtis. He sent me this."

Mrs. Marcy looked up inattentively and took the card. "Oh! that poor boy of Margaret Brent's. Well, since we're in the country. Won't you take some flowers? Sick people like flowers."

"I'm not going to see sick people," cried the girl, laughing, her hands behind her.

But her heart beat childishly, and she was thrilled with the instinctive terror of youth before all irrevocable encroachments on youth's empire of well-being, as she walked slowly up to the cottage



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between trellised roses that broke into climbing spray of snow and flame. Doors and windows stood open. The wind and the vines and the filmy curtains strayed in and out in a gala of dancing motion. The girl advanced uncertainly. Sense of disaster lay like a confusing cloud over the familiar place. Now always around some rose-wreathed corner would be Pain, Death, lying in wait. Her hazel eyes widened like a child's with the immensity of the realization. As she lifted her hand to the bell some sound arrested it, turned her head.

"Oh!" she cried, the color streaming into her pale cheeks. "You treacherous boy!"

"I *have* been watching you; but you should have seen me. Won't you come in this way?"

She dropped to the low seat of one of the tall windows whose sashes opened outward like doors, and regarded him frankly. He was lying in an invalid-chair cunningly disguised to look like any big lounging-chair. Newly cut magazines surrounded him. The steamer rug across his knees furthered an illusion that made her lips tremulous.

"Well, I am," he said.

"What?" she asked, courageously. It was to be gotten over with, she understood.

"Outward bound." He turned his head to smile at her, because he had divined her thought.

She continued to look away beyond the dimmest blue ridges in the blue-gray distance to the end of that voyage, not daring to meet his eyes because of the tears in her own.

"Ellen," he coaxed, lifting himself on his sound elbow as much as he could.

She looked up at last.

"Now, Ellen Marcy, if you're going to be sorry for me, just run along home."

"I can't help it, Curt;" but she laughed a little, too.

"Indeed, you don't need to be." He said it convincingly. "Do you think I asked you here to trouble your dear heart? No; I'm just the same fellow you were good to last summer—except that I have to lie here, and that I've more perspective. Won't you hand me my book? I let it fall to make you look around."

She kept it in her hand, fluttering the pages over.

"If you'd like to read to me?" She gave him an indignant glance. He broke into irrepressible boyish laughter. "Nearly every one does."

"Did I bring you any flowers?"

"Oh, I really don't mind the flowers. I should have liked yours. Look at all these empty jars."

"You're hinting. Would Uncle Maury let me fill them?"

"Ask him."

She came back gayly, going past him into the long dim white and yellow room, gathering up pottery jars and rose-bowls, bringing them out to range about her on the porch rug.

"What did he say?"

Ellen lifted her glowing face. "Sholy, honey!" She gave the words the richest, most cordial intonations of her young voice. "He is coming now. Oh, uncle, can you spare all those?"

"And lots more, Miss Ellen," said the old colored man. "Does you want water in all these things, now?"

"Please. I came over to give Mr. Curtis a lesson in arranging flowers."

The boy's eyes laughed at him across the girl's bent head. "That's straight, Uncle Maury. Suppose you push that table by us."

"You take a copper rose-bowl," began Ellen, carrying out her jest gravely. She placed it on the table, and tossed a tangle of tea-roses on his gay rug. "First select a long-stemmed, full-blown rose—oh, those leaves are falling; take another. Now, place it so. Then this rose and bud—so—below it. Last let this lovely branch trail over as it will."

Curtis watched her face now instead of her fingers. When she was not smiling its dominant note was sadness. Her beautiful lips were sad, the bend of her brow, the curve of her sweet cheek, the poise of her little head. Her gentle contralto voice broke your heart when she sang, if you were her lover or her poet. Yet she was the happiest girl he knew, the most persistent dweller in girlhood's joy.

His reverie was dispelled by the housekeeper, who brought in an unexpected tea-tray, tulips of painted china for cups, a green dragon for a teapot, golden disks for tea-cakes.

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens* — Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WELL," HE SAID, "I AM OUTWARD BOUND"

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Ellen blushed. "Why, Mrs. Whitmore! Is it so late? What will mamma say to me? But it's been good fun."

"And you're not going to spoil it now?"

His look up to her was more appealing than he knew. It had been such a gay little hour of good companionship—why should she not linger among the roses and break a tea-cake with him?

She sat down opposite with her prettiest air of disengagement. "Of course I'm not," she declared.

"I thank you for coming," said the boy, a little grave, a little formal, when she rose to go.

"It's thank you for letting me come," she nodded, smiling, and strolled away, a shining, slender figure in the late sunlight.

"What do they mean by leaving him alone?" her thought ran. "His mother is a heartless woman. And Rhoda—" a smile broke. "Impossible to conceive of Rhoda when pain and anguish— Well, then, Marty, Steve? But children must be at school. I'm glad it's summer. They can't well stay away all summer."

Walking along with inward eyes, she did not notice two men on horseback until they rode aside to let her pass. One was Dollivar, who dismounted, turning back with her.

"I've been to call on one of your patients."

"Curt?" He looked pleased.

"And I think it a shame!"

"What?"

"The whole thing. His life was worth most. It wasn't his fault that the child was playing in the road."

"So you would have gone on?" Dollivar searched her face with his grave eyes.

"No," cried the girl, indignantly.

"Then why should the boy have chosen the coward's part? No, Ellen, that little black creature had the same right to live that he had. Why, you'd never have spoken to Curt again if he had run over Aunt Delphy's baby!"

Tears hung on her downcast lashes. "Oh, you are right."

"Certainly I am. And it doesn't matter so much to Curt. He can have anything he thinks of. His father put in an elevator last week."

Their scornful glances met in full accord.

"And some of the family are down from Washington every now and then—when they're not in England or Germany." Her light tone was divested of intelligence.

"Well," protested Dollivar, fairly, "he won't be taken anywhere with them. I never saw a stubborner donkey when it came up. What? I beg your pardon?"

"I merely invited you in."

"You don't mean I've brought you home? Of course I can't come in. I'm on my rounds." He swung the gate for her, and she leaned on it and watched him ride up to the Brent cottage.

"No," said Curtis, "I won't go up to town, Dolly."

"Do you mind telling me why?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind my telling you?"

"Least said, Dolly."

Dollivar went and stood by the window, completely vexed. The boy followed him with affectionate eyes. "Oh," he permitted, "if it's on your mind to that extent."

Dollivar turned. "You think they don't want you?"

"You're so crude, Dolly. As if it were that simple!"

"You are selfish. You distress them."

The boy flushed deeply, but his expression of conviction remained unaltered. "I should distress them more. They lead lives I could not share. My father's time is wholly occupied. Can't you see I'd be in the way?"

"You'll have better doctors."

"You don't believe it."

"More to interest you."

Curtis looked around at his books, looked out of the half-circle of tall windows encircling an upper balcony, and adding it to the room that he might have as much of the sky and mountains as possible, looked last at a letter on the desk fronting his bed. "I don't know that. I've plenty to do, to think about, to see. The sky's good as the ocean when you get a sweep like that."

Dollivar took in the clouded November sky curving bleakly behind the half-circle of steel-blue mountains.

"When was your father down?"

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Curtis flushed again. Without looking, Dollivar knew the sensitive spot had been touched, was aching.

"He's been rushed lately. That bill is up, you know."

Dollivar looked at him mercilessly now.

"Drop it, Dolly," said the boy, coldly. "And leave you thinking me a meddlesome brute?" He was silent a moment. "Curt," he said at last, "the way to make people give out all the love they really have in their hearts for you is to be as troublesome to them as possible. Why, you were everything to your father—you are still—but you don't make him realize it. You withdraw—keep to one side. Let him see that you are lonely, that you suffer, that you would be glad to be treated as a child sometimes."

The straight lips trembled, steadied themselves.

"Dolly," said the boy in a low voice, "if I let go—once—to myself even—I could never get back here again. Do you ask me to let go?"

"No," cried Dollivar, in haste, as if the word snatched from a danger.

"You see," Curtis continued, presently, in his natural voice, "if I'm to live at all it must be in this way I've felt out for myself. Some day—when it doesn't matter—I'll get good. What are you after?"

Dollivar was leaning over, opening a desk drawer. Accumulated sleeping-powders lay there untouched.

"I've always told you not to leave them," said Curtis, on the quick defensive.

Dollivar shut the drawer good-humoredly. "How do you do it? I'm curious, since I see it's a genuine state of mind, not a little bravado now and then."

"None of your business, Dolly."

"As if you minded me! Out with it!"

"Let me alone, Dollivar." The tone showed temper, and was wholly boyish.

Dollivar gave him a quick, surprised look. He caught it, flushing. "Can't you understand that I don't choose to die like a chloroformed kitten? I've only my brain to enjoy life with, and I'd like full use of that."

"That's *why*—I believe I asked *how?*"

"Which is psychology, Dolly," said Curtis, his gray eyes lit and dancing, "and which would be wasted on you."

Dollivar grinned and gave it up indulgently. His eyes fell on the half-open letter.

"So you hear from that dear girl?"

"Isn't she? There's a message to you about some one on their place."

"Granny Harris—yes?"

"About bringing her up to the hospital. I was to ask you to write."

Dollivar looked at Curtis hard. Ellen was, of all others, the girl to tread the path of pity to find love. He reddened at the look he got back.

"I'm not that sort of cur, Dolly," said the boy. "She's not that sort of fool. I feel like calling Uncle Maury to throw you down-stairs."

"I'll save you the trouble, Curt," said Dollivar, going out. "Here's your father now," he called back.

The boy's face lit up, turned steadfastly to the open door.

Brent came in, looking unusually tall and straight and young. There were times when his forty-odd years seemed scarcely more than thirty.

"I couldn't get off last week, Curt," he vowed, pulling off his gloves. "Feeling pretty good to-day, are you?"

Curtis nodded. "I didn't mean you to catch me up-stairs this time. It's Dolly's fault—we got to scrapping. How are things going?"

"Oh, my way." He looked around carelessly, noting the glass enclosure. "Did you get it to suit you?"

"Yes. It's the best thing yet."

Brent, too, took in the sweep of cold sky, of colder landscape, and shivered. It seemed a totally inadequate substitute for other things—so did the books he had brought down—wholly childish and inadequate. This quick, apparently contented substitution of a life of thought for a life of action was a thing he could not comprehend in a creature of his flesh and blood. Strangeness rose up between them like a miasma.

"I ordered the Spanish books. Alderson saw to it himself."

"Yes, I heard from them yesterday."

Curtis's voice dropped flat. Each time he felt as if it would be different—each time it was the same. Mechanically he turned over the volumes old Maury had brought up. Brent rose.

"I'll get a bath before dinner, Curt.

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Hope those are right." He placed a hand on the boy's shoulder as he spoke.

Curtis glanced up, put his own hand over his father's a moment. "Of course they're right. I'll be down by the time you are."

Brent found him in his sitting-room—the table spread, the fire glowing, a second big chair before it. For the first time some savor of the old life returned, and Brent became once more the comrade, intimate, humorous, unreserved. Curtis, his head thrown back on his clasped hands, laughing, flushed to his old boyishness, drew him on. For the moment for them both the invalid vanished. Chance brought up the Ormond races. For five minutes Brent ran on forgetful. The sixth he had recalled some accident, and had remembered. He flung himself back and became silent.

"Oh, go on, father," cried Curtis, frankly annoyed. "I may be out of it, but I like to talk it over."

That was just what Brent could not understand. His gloomy eyes lifted, fixed on the boy's face, grown pale again, its sensitive lines in undue evidence. They poured out on Curtis a passionate pity and pain, but back of both lurked contempt and plainly showed through—though this Brent did not dream.

"I wish I could take it as you do, Curt." He got up and strode restlessly about the room, the boy's eyes following quietly. At length he came to a stand before the fire. "I hardly know you any more," he broke out. "I didn't imagine you had it in you to settle down like this,"—his face twitched; "but I suppose it's a good thing you can do it."

The boy's pride towered, his clasped hands clenched behind his head, his face became a mask. The two fell helplessly apart.

Brent dropped back in his chair and took up an evening paper. When they spoke again it was eleven.

"I'll go up now, Uncle Maury," Curtis was saying.

Brent looked up. "I've got to catch the early train, Curt. I'll be in to say good-by."

Curtis was conscious of a throb of relief.

"If you're to do that, father, you'd better get to bed, too."

"Presently," said Brent, lighting a cigar and settling back with another paper. Once to himself, he flung both away and sunk his head between his fists. Sullen rebellion possessed him. "Now why should it have happened to my boy?" he muttered, "and why should it have changed him so—in God's name, why?"

Left alone, Curtis put out his reading-lamp, letting the moonlight flood the room. Reaction softened his eyes, relaxed his lips, turned him into his liberal, loving-hearted self again. For some hours he lay at peace watching the great sky filled with torn clouds and a flying moon. But just as he dropped to sleep his enemy crept, sprang, held him down quivering. It was then that Brent stopped at his door. "Asleep, Curt?" he asked, softly. It was impossible to answer without betrayal. He feigned the regular breath of the sleeper.

Unexpectedly Brent entered, stood for an eternity over him. When he mercifully went away, Curtis reached out a shaking hand and relit his lamp. Toward morning Brent, who had not slept, either, that night, came in.

"I'll have to be starting, I guess," he said.

Curtis glanced up, his absorbed look becoming aware, attentive. He put down his book—one of those you would not wish to die before reading—keeping a hand on it as he spoke. "I thought you'd be down longer."

"I've got to meet some men in town this evening," said Brent, searching about.

"Your gloves? On the desk there."

Brent caught them up. "Sure you wouldn't be better off with us, Curt?"

"Perfectly."

Brent looked at him closely. "You're not cross with me?"

Curtis smiled. "I hope I'm not getting to be a bad-tempered fellow, father."

"Perhaps I am," said Brent, with an impatient sigh. His eyes strayed to the clock. He clasped Curtis's hand quickly, tightly. "I sha'n't make that train if it's on time," he declared, vanishing.

Ellen sat down by the bed, her figure drooping in its close habit. A cluster of red leaves lay in her lap with her riding-crop and some unopened letters.

"So you go to-night?"

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"Yes,"—she looked through the great window; "but I would stay if I could."

"It *is* beautiful now. You've been riding?"

"Around by the river road." She lifted the leaves. "Whole mountain hollows are this color."

"I know." His eyes went past her to the Blue Ridge; blue no longer, rather one towering curve of magnificent color dim through a golden blur. The summits of Otter and Apple Orchard, highest and remotest of all, showed vaguely illumined outlines in a misty sky. The setting sun, the one distinct and ponderable feature of the scene, looked a ball of gold heavily falling of its own weight into the imagined oceans of the world.

"We used to go camping over there," he said. "I caught my first trout in a pool under Apple Orchard."

"That was in the spring?"

"May."

Spring-time died in the word for her.

She laid the leaves on the bed and leaned over, both hands out to him. They lay slender and brown in his. Suddenly his fingers closed on them firmly. "Good-by," he said.

"You're not worse?" Her eyes were gravely anxious.

He shook his head. "No." With a parting pressure he let her hands go, and she rose. At the door she turned. His lips smiled at her across the room. In his eyes lurked the thought that he might never see her again. She came back. "Did I drop a letter?" She searched the floor with her glance. "Curtis,"—her tone startled a full look out of him,—"you *are* worse?"

He had colored strangely when she began to speak. "Dolly has not told me so. He never keeps anything back." He spoke carelessly, his mind elsewhere—on her lips, her hands, her eyes. "Am I to have letters from you again?"

"If I have time. They bother me so, all sorts of people."

"Vanity! How about two a week?"

"From you? Certainly."

"To me," he corrected, smiling.

They parted lightly enough, yet as the curtains closed behind her the thought that he might never see her again yearned in his face, was plain enough to Dollivar, entering three minutes later.

"So the Marcys are off for the winter?"

"Yes," said Curtis, "to-night." He saw the leaves for the first time and took them in his hand. They had been broken from a young oak, one of those that stand apart, slender, perfectly domed, with small, beautifully shaped leaves growing in lavish clusters, a vivid evergreen green in summer, an absolute unspecked crimson in fall. What life, what length of unconscious endurance, they had signified! And now they were to die. He put them down with an irrepressible pang and met Dollivar's look at last.

"So," said Dollivar, "you *are* that sort of cur?"

"But she does not know it, Dolly," said the boy, beseechingly. "Besides—" he added, after a long pause.

The tone brought Dollivar close.

"Look me over, Dolly. I feel so different lately."

"Then you've deceived me!"

"Just till she got away. I couldn't lie to her—so she'd believe me—if I knew for certain."

"And is she that sort of fool?"

"No," said Curtis, steadily, "she is not; but I am her friend, and she is a sweet, loving-hearted woman. It would have hurt her to go knowing me worse."

"Well?" He asked it half an hour later.

"Three months, perhaps."

Curtis picked up the leaves again and lay with his eyes fixed on them. "The tree these came from will hardly have turned brown," he said. But he did not say it unhappily, and he answered Dollivar's troubled look with a smile free from feigning.

"Yes, I knew you'd be glad," said Dollivar, heavily.

"I've been happy, too," said Curtis, quickly, "but now I'm tired. Dolly?"

"Yes?"

"Promise me something."

"I must use my judgment, Curt."

"Let me tell them."

"Why?" Dollivar asked it suspiciously.

"Let me tell—my father—when I am ready." His face was one urgent entreaty. "I beg it of you, Dolly."

"I can't refuse you, Curt." He stood up. "Only—don't make me regret it."

Ellen turned as old Maury entered, hesitating, stammering, and handed her

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens* Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THE VOICE WITHIN ESSAYED TO SPEAK, BROKE, AND WAS STILL

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a tiny scrawl on the back of one of her own old envelopes. She crumpled it unread in her palm.

"Is he too ill to see me? Who is down?"

"He won't let on he's worse, Miss Ellen. There ain't no one here."

Ellen slipped past him, and looked back sweetly.

"It isn't your fault, uncle," she said, and ran on up. She stopped, trembling, the straight folds of the curtain between them.

"Curt," she called, softly—then again, more softly, "Curt, let me come in."

"No—dear!"

The refusal, scarcely more than a parting breath, smote her back a step. She locked her fingers before her to keep from touching the curtain.

"Let me."

"And give you new trouble of heart," he thought. "Ellen,"—his voice lingered on the name, loved it,—"I must not."

She had her one moment of absolute joy, without past or future—she had not wholly known before,—then there was only the future advancing without mercy.

With all her heart she craved to push back the flimsy barrier, to put her arms around him, to answer the love so piteously withheld with her own poured inexhaustibly out. "And give him a last unhappiness—in mine," she reproached her heart. She remained silent.

"Ellen?"

"Yes?" she faltered.

"Is it not best?"

"Yes." Her voice came clear and beautiful now—all her strength went into it. "Yes," she repeated. And, after long waiting, "Then it's—good-by?"

The voice within essayed to speak, broke, and was still. She crept away.

On the stair landing Dollivar met her, looked his surprise.

"I just came down to say good-by—mother has been ordered south. We go to-morrow—but he would not see me." Her eyes put a question.

"Weeks possibly—a day perhaps—how can one tell?" He studied her face. The sadness in it that had once seemed a jest of Life's was fulfilled at last—at last expressed her heart, her soul.

"Ellen," he said, chiefly because he did not wish to say it, "go back to him. You are a pair of high-minded fools—you poor children. What if you do hurt each other? It will be sweet and—God knows—brief."

"But you do not guess the hurt," she whispered. "No," she went on, "when you come to die you want your own, your very own. You turn for your last joy to the hearts that have held you all your life—you know that—you have seen it?"

"Yes; but how do you know it—you who have never seen it?"

"I would—and Curtis wants—"

"His father," said Dollivar, the bitter tone sharp in his voice; "but what can I do? I promised to let him tell them. He insists that he's no worse—as if I couldn't see what he's up to. I was an idiot—but he begged so—and I thought the change so evident. You saw it?"

"That was different." She moved nearer, sudden light in her face. She looked almost happy. "I have not promised. I can give him that."

"Do you mean it?"

She ran down the steps without replying. In the doorway she looked back, saw that he gazed after her, and gave him a smile. "Yes, I mean it," she said.

As Brent went through the upper hall toward a light between half-drawn curtains, the place had to him the stillness of sleep. Curtis lay, his face turned away from the door between his upflung arms, his hands holding slightly to one of the brass rods set in the head of the bed. But as Brent stood, fearing to waken him, he saw them slowly close and strain until the bed shook, and knew the silence to be that of pain. Still he watched, that he might know all. Suddenly Curtis spoke, under his breath, quickly, as if the word would break into a cry if it were lingered on.

"Don!" he called to the dozing dog on the hearth. "Don!"

The setter turned his beautiful, intelligent head, rose deliberately, and came to the bedside.

"Up, Don!" The quick voice was barely audible.

The dog reared himself to the pillow and licked the hand nearest him. The most poignant moment of Brent's life gripped at his throat.



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"Good old fellow!" said Curtis, weakly, after a long pause. He put an arm over the dog's neck, and a second silence fell. His eyes were shut. He did not know of Brent until he felt his arms around him. Then he turned his ravaged face full to his father and opened his eyes. "Who sent you?" they asked.

"Oh, Curtis," cried Brent, "wouldn't you rather have me than—than a dog?"

For a moment he held back. "But it doesn't hurt the dog." He said it faintly, smiling a little.

"Little son!" Brent whispered.

Under the close mask of a boy's pride and a boy's courage, both immeasurably intenser than the pride and courage of any man, something stirred to answer the call. Involuntarily his quivering body yielded to Brent's arms. Suddenly, contemptuously, he pushed the mask aside, met Brent's eyes without a reserve, and he saw in the vast, dark caverns of Unknown Things a child crouching, lonely, frightened, lost. As he looked, the child turned with the face of the little picture hanging over the old crib in the nursery, and ran stumbling, sobbing with joy, straight to his father's heart.

"Were you fair to me, Curt?" said Brent.

"Father," said the boy, tears running down his face, "I've been the stubbornest fool; but what difference does it make now? It is so good to have you—this way. I am so happy."

"I did not know," stammered Brent. "I knew nothing."

"You're going to know a lot. Come around here on the bed by me, and smoke, and let me tell you what I've planned to do with the money—to begin with."

Brent did as he bade him. He even lit a cigar, but it went out, and he let it go. Instead he turned, slipping an arm about the boy's shoulders. "Go ahead," he said. He tried to say it cheerfully.

Curtis lay thinking a little, then unfolded a scheme, big, boyish, but startlingly practicable and simple. They looked it over a long time.

"You always gave your toys away, Curt," said Brent, finally, "and I'm to keep on doing it for you?"

"You're to give happiness away for us both—that's what the toys used to stand for. But it's easy to give away what I didn't earn—if I could have—" His face pressed heavily on Brent's arm, his hand gripped hard.

"What do you take? Where is it?"

"Just hold me—that's good!"

Brent took him wholly in his arms, crushed his pain to his heart. He felt him relaxing, sinking, dying. "Curtis!" he cried, as if he could coerce Life.

The boy heard, struggled to come. His eyelids lifted, quivered, fell. Again Brent called. Again the eyes opened vaguely. "Listen!" urged Brent, every fibre of him pleading. "Don't die now, Curt. I know I'm a cur to ask you to stay and suffer, but I can't bear it. I can't—and I'll have to!"

A whimsical look stole into the boy's face. He glanced across Brent's shoulder to Dollivar, just entering. "I've got to live a while longer, Dolly," he said. "Come here and tell me how to do it."

"It's freezing outside," said Dollivar, striking his palms together. "Brent, how are you?" He sat down by the bed. "What's that, Curt?"

"I don't feel like I'm going to die. I did five minutes back, but I want to live now. Won't that make a difference?"

"Go out," motioned Dollivar.

Dawn was breaking when he came down to where Brent stood in the numbing cold of the porch. He joined him, and they tramped up and down together. At length Dollivar looked at him.

"Brent," he said, "he may—for a while. It does make a difference, his wanting to—for he had given up. Only he must take something to dull that torture when it comes. You must make him. He's been game, all right, but if he wishes to live even a month longer he must run away a little."

"He *has* been game, Dollivar? And I thought—" He choked over the words and fell silent.

"It's easy to be brave," said Dollivar, "when people are looking at you, but that boy's been brave all the time. He hasn't whimpered. You couldn't do it. I couldn't do it. No one could but a fool boy, and that boy one in a hundred thousand. He's been brave before himself — when no one else was awake in the house—when pain wrung him the night long—when he had nothing

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but death to look forward to, and nothing to remember but that his own father thought it the best thing that could happen to him."

"He didn't hear that!"

"He did," said Dollivar, savagely.

"He knew how I loved him."

"He knew that the sight of him hurt you, and that your inclination — how often you have yielded to it, Brent— was to avoid him. Why was he going to die down here by himself? So that a lot of selfish people would think it came suddenly and have a minimum of inconvenience and pain. I've seen all sorts, Brent, and no dago cripple in a cellar on a heap of rags has been any lonelier than your boy with father, mother, sisters, brothers, and all that money could get—which was precious little, let me tell you. What do you know of what he really feels and thinks?"

"I've been here all night," said Brent. He turned. Dollivar caught him back. "Forgive me; but much money can give so little, and a little love that isn't afraid of being hurt can give so much, and I didn't know you'd found it out."

"Why didn't you say this a year ago?"

"Well, it wasn't so bad a year ago. And I wasn't sure that you had it in you to understand. It struck me that your pride was hurt more than your heart. You'd been proud of the lad because he went in for things and kept his head—your own youth arm in arm with you. And when Fate flung him by broken, your first impulse, your first expression, was an immense disgust. And he saw it, heard it, sympathized with it, and was too proud to make an appeal of his weakness and pain. He merely kept aside and let your lives go on without him. He understood that Margaret's sciatica required German baths, and Rhoda's matrimonial intentions a London season, and that the two had to keep up the social end in Washington, and that you had twenty balls to juggle in the air at once. And he understood it without bitterness—only—"

"What?"

"You, Brent—how could you not know your own boy better?"

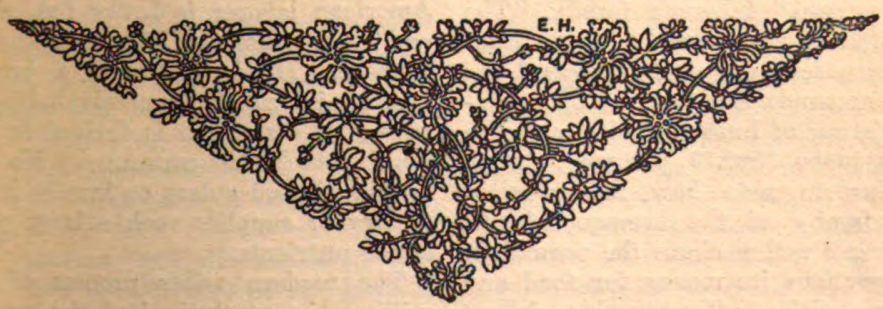
"How long do you give me, Dollivar?"

"Long enough to make it up to him," said Dollivar, with an unexpected, beautiful smile. He threw an arm about his cousin's shoulders, and they went in together.

Curtis lay dozing. Brent sat down by him, chin on palm, elbow on knee, gazing out to the mountains beyond the river. His eyes were deep and unhappy. His troubled heart looked through them. To-day was his, but what of the morrow —what of the room, vacant, bereft of its soul, strewn with the heart-breaking, trivial life belongings disdained by Death? He turned at the pang and saw that Curtis fixed questioning eyes on his face. The boy reached out a hand. Brent took it, leaning over, speaking low. "Oh, I know I'm an ungrateful hound, Curt."

Curtis lay silent. He had drawn his father's hand so that it pillowed his cheek. Unfeigned content spoke in his attitude, his expression. Gradually it wore upon Brent's mood, displaced his unrest, put him wholly in touch.

"It will be long enough," said Curtis then. Their quiet eyes met. "Length of time is nothing. It's what we feel. A moment can be long enough, father— and we've had hours. We'll have days, weeks. It will be long enough—to be happy in—together."

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# The Nation's Bread

*BY HARRY SNYDER*

Professor of Chemistry, College of Agriculture, University of Minnesota

THE bread material of a nation is an index of the degree of civilization. The savage of to-day, as of old, crushes his grain between stones and in crude mortars; higher in the scale of civilization these give place to querns and other primitive mechanical devices; while civilized man prepares his refined flour by reducing the grain between millstones or steel rolls, removing the hulls and branny portions of the kernel by means of screens and silk bolting-cloths.

Wheat has always been the chief bread-making cereal. No other cereal can take its place for bread-making, because the gluten is unlike that of any other grain except rye, and is especially adapted for bread-making purposes. Wheat gluten contains a material known as gliadin, which is gluelike and sticky; it holds together the flour particles and enables the gas generated in the process of bread-making to be retained, causing the bread to be light and porous. If it were not for the gliadin, bread would be dense like a lump of putty. From a nutritive point of view, also, wheat occupies a higher position than any other cereal.

That bread is justly entitled to be called the "staff of life" is fully borne out by investigations of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor. This department made an investigation to determine the amount spent for food by a "normal" laborer's family. The data obtained from the 11,156 families whose expenses were studied showed the average amount spent for food by a family consisting of husband, wife, and five children to be $329.19 per year. It is interesting to note how the so-called normal family of the average laborer, which seems rather above the normal in size, apportions its money for food and other necessities. Twenty-nine dollars and twenty cents is expended for bread, flour, and cereals; and while the cost of the bread is small compared with that of other foods, the amount of nutrients and energy derived from it is large. The laborer's meat bill is the largest of all. He spends $110.50 per year for all kinds of meat, three and a half times as much as for bread. His butter costs him about as much as his bread, and sugar half as much, while about the same sum is spent for potatoes and vegetables as for bread. Thirty-eight dollars go for milk and eggs. More coffee is used than tea; about $10 is spent for the one, and $5 for the other. Religion, charity, and tobacco claim nearly equal amounts, while intoxicating liquors come in for a much larger share. Labor organizations get about $9 per year, while $5.79 is contributed to the support of state and local governments in the form of taxes. Sickness and death on the average claim $20.54. It is quite apparent that bread and flour do not form a very large item of the food expense of the normal laborer's family, as only 9 per cent. of the cost of the food goes for bread, and 91 per cent. for all other food articles.

When the nutrients and energy of each food are calculated from the chemical composition it is found that about 45 per cent. of the energy value of the laborer's daily ration is derived from bread alone. It is claimed that the American laborer is better fed, clothed, and housed than the laborer of any other country. He is distinctly a bread-fed laborer, inasmuch as nearly half of the energy of his ration is derived from the bread which he consumes. No other article of food enters so largely into his dietary or supplies such a large portion of the nutrients.

The modern roller process of flour-milling has revolutionized the manufac-

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ture of flour. A much larger proportion of the wheat kernel is now utilized for the production of flour than when millstones were used; also the flour is whiter and cleaner, as better opportunity is afforded to remove the dirt particles and débris before they contaminate the flour. Experience has shown that the more completely the dirt and outer coat of the wheat are removed the whiter the flour and the better the quality for bread-making. This has resulted in color being taken as a standard of purity of flour. It is impossible to cover up blemishes in flour without affecting the color.

There are but few articles of food that compare in cleanliness with well-milled flour. The first step in the process of milling is to thoroughly clean the wheat, then the wheat berry is liberated from its protecting branny capsule. The dirt is all present on the surface of the wheat berry, and the present process of milling aims at excluding the dirt-collecting surface layer.

Much popular misconception exists in regard to flour-milling. This is due to the comparatively recent advent of the roller process. By this process the cleaned wheat is reduced between corrugated steel rolls, the flour thus formed is removed and the granular middlings are separated from the fine and coarse bran, purified, and gradually reduced to flour between smooth steel rolls. The bolting-cloths through which the refined flour is passed contain upwards of 16,000 meshes per square inch. It is now possible to recover a much larger per cent. of the granular middlings in the form of flour than by the old system of milling with millstones. A bushel of wheat weighing 60 pounds will make about 45 pounds of flour, of which about 43¼ pounds are ordinary straight-grade flour, and 1¾ pounds are low grades of flour. Inasmuch as 75 per cent. of the wheat kernel is made into merchantable flour, it is quite apparent that there is no possibility of any large loss of nutritive value during the process of milling, particularly when it is remembered that the part that is excluded consists of indigestible branny particles.

The question naturally arises, to what extent have the changes in the methods of milling affected the composition and nutritive value of bread made from the flour? Has the development of the modern roller process of milling resulted in the production of a more or a less valuable and nutritious product? Some claim that the more complete removal of the bran makes a less valuable food, that the most valuable nutrients are present in the bran which is excluded from the flour. In support of this view the argument is advanced that the bran contains more protein, fat, and mineral matter than any other part of the wheat kernel, and that its exclusion must necessarily make a less valuable food. This appears like a plausible argument, until it is remembered that a food is valuable not alone for what it contains, but also for what the body can get from it. It is the digestible nutrients of a food that are of value, and the indigestible nutrients often impart a negative value. For example, on the basis of total protein, leather containing 80 per cent. of protein would be considered five times as nutritious as beefsteak containing 16 per cent. No one, however, could consistently claim that leather with its 80 per cent. of protein, largely indigestible, has a higher food value than beefsteak. In the case of Graham and white flour the same conditions exist in a modified form. It is true that Graham flour often contains more total protein, fat, and mineral matter than ordinary white flour, but the nutrients in Graham are less digestible; hence the body actually gets more available nutrients from the ordinary white flour than from the Graham or entire-wheat flour.

The United States Department of Agriculture through its Office of Experiment Stations has carried on at the universities of Minnesota and Maine extensive investigations relating to the digestibility and nutritive value of all types of flour, including ordinary white flour, Graham or wheat meal which is prepared by grinding the entire wheat kernel without removing the bran, shorts, or germ—those portions commonly known as the wheat offals,—and the so-called entire-wheat flour made by removing a part of the bran and grinding the material finer than for Graham flour. The general plan of the investigation was to secure representative lots of hard and soft spring

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and winter wheats from Minnesota, Dakota, Michigan, Indiana, Oklahoma, and Oregon, and to divide each lot into three parts, one-third being made into ordinary white flour, one-third into whole-wheat flour, and one-third into Graham. All of the three kinds of flour were manufactured under chemical supervision from the same lot of wheat, so that there might be a uniform basis of comparison. Bread was made from each kind of flour and fed to working-men, so that the actual digestibility might be determined. Each kind of bread was analyzed, and also all of the indigestible and waste products thrown off from the body. For a period of four days white bread and milk alone were fed to the men, then whole-wheat bread was substituted for the white bread, and finally Graham bread was fed, each for the same length of time. In all, over a hundred digestion trials were made, and the investigation extended over a period of six years. The results are of great interest.

Men of various types and professions were used as subjects in these experiments—farmers, teamsters, college students, and professional men of sedentary habits of life. A ledger account was opened with each man experimented upon. He was charged with the food which he consumed. This food was both weighed and analyzed. For every pound of bread which he ate he was charged with one-tenth of a pound of gluten and five-tenths of a pound of starch, or whatever the analysis of the bread showed it to contain. The man was regarded simply as a complicated machine, in which the food served in part as fuel and in part as repair material. The efficiency or value of the food was determined by the completeness with which it was digested and absorbed by the body and finally utilized as fuel or for repair purposes. The part ejected from the body as indigestible was determined from the analysis of the waste products. In the ledger account the man was credited with the food which he digested and utilized. This was obtained by deducting from the total food consumed the nutrients returned as indigestible. This is on the same principle as weighing and analyzing coal or other fuel and then weighing and analyzing the ashes, clinkers, and unburned coal to find out how much has been burned or utilized. The energy or fuel value of the bread was determined by means of the calorimeter—a piece of apparatus so constructed as to accurately measure the heat given off during the combustion of a weighed quantity of material.

The conclusions reached from these experiments are given in one of the reports as follows:

"According to chemical analysis of the Graham, entire-wheat and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Fife wheat, the Graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein (glutenous matter). But according to the results of digestion experiments with these flours, the proportion of digestible protein and available energy in the patent flour was larger than in either the entire-wheat or the Graham flour. The lower digestibility of the protein in the Graham flour is due to the fact that in both Graham and entire-wheat flours a considerable portion of the protein is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion. Thus while there actually may be more protein in a given amount of Graham or entire-wheat flour than in the same weight of patent flour from the same wheat, the body obtains less of the protein and energy from the coarse flour than it does from the fine, because, although the including of the bran and germ increases the percentage of protein, it decreases the digestibility."

When the coarser grades of flour were eaten there was a noticeable increase in the amount of indigestible or waste matter. The branny particles are not digested, and this increases the peristaltic action of the digestive organs, which results in the food being hurried along so that it is not retained in the tract for so long a time as the more finely granulated foods, and consequently there is not as complete absorption of the nutrients. This physiological action of whole-wheat and Graham flours is often beneficial in promoting greater activity of a sluggish digestive tract, thus giving the muscles of the digestive tract needed exercise, as in the case of individuals

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of sedentary habits. The benefit derived is purely physiological, and is not due to the coarser breads being more, but to their being less, completely absorbed by the body. A person with a sensitive digestive tract sometimes suffers from irritation caused by the coarse branny particles, as in the case of one of the young men experimented upon, who had an attack of gastritis as a result of living for four days upon the Graham bread.

The coarser breads made from the Graham and entire-wheat flours are less digestible, also, because the coarser particles of which they are composed fail to come in complete contact with the digestive juices.

It has been claimed by some persons that the coarser breads are preferable because they contain larger amounts of mineral matter, particularly phosphates. Upon this point there is not much experimental data, but that which is available does not indicate that such is the case. While the coarser flour contains more phosphates, these cannot be as completely absorbed as those in the finer flour. In an ordinary mixed ration containing bread in liberal amounts there are from two to five times as much of the phosphorus compounds as are required by the body.

From a pecuniary point of view flour and bread, along with corn-meal, stand at the head of the list of food articles. More of the valuable nutrient protein can be purchased in the form of wheat flour than can be had at the same price in the form of any other article of food, and also as much energy.

There is a great difference in the bread-making value of flour produced in different localities. Climate, soil, and seed all influence the composition and bread-making value of the wheat. Flours which are the most suitable for bread-making are white or of a light creamy color, free from dust and dirt particles, and with a slightly gritty feeling when rubbed between the thumb and finger. Flour should also be free from objectionable odors, of good capacity to absorb water, and should make a dough that is elastic, and neither too sticky nor too much like putty. A barrel of flour will make from 250 to 280 pound loaves of bread, depending upon the capacity of the flour to absorb water.

The factors which influence the bread-making value of a flour are many, as quality of the wheat used, character of the milling, absence of branny impurities in the flour, amount and kind of gluten, color of the flour, absorptive capacity, expansive power of the gluten, character of the enzymes or soluble ferments of the grain, age of the flour, method of storing, and ability of the flour to respond to the yeast or other leavening agent. When sound flour is stored for three to six months there is an improvement in bread-making qualities, due to the ageing and curing of the flour. Flours vary so much in composition that it is necessary at times to slightly modify the process of bread-making in order to secure the best results.

Bread-making in itself is both a science and an art, and is too little understood. The chemistry of bread-making is as intricate as any of the reactions among complex organic compounds. Every constituent of flour is influenced either chemically or physically during the process. Many important problems in bread-making invite the assistance of the scientist.

The introduction of the roller process of wheat-milling has resulted in the production of whiter, cleaner, cheaper, more nutritious, and better flour. The more complete removal of the bran and wheat offals has been advantageous, as it produces a more digestible breadstuff, and enables the consumer to secure from a given weight more nutrients than could be secured if the flour were milled in any other way. The roller process of milling has been a step in advance.

Man needs food for the energy which it will produce and the digestible nutrients which it contains. Bread furnishes the energy and nutrients in more digestible forms and at less expense than any other article of food. It is one of the cheapest, most digestible, and most nutritious of human foods. Bread is entitled to the high esteem in which it is held, as it furnishes nearly half of the energy employed in the work accomplished by the American laborer.

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# Old Eve

*BY GEORG SCHOCK*

THE ferns waved in a tremulous wake and shook out sweet odors as Sophia Herbst went by, carrying the short knife, the forked stick, and the red handkerchief which were her tools. Not a stem was broken by her passing, for she set her feet almost as straight and warily as an Indian. The knee-boots which defended those dexterous feet looked too heavy for her to lift, for she was little, like a stunted shrub. Her small, wrinkled face peered out of her sunbonnet—the face of a woman who has watched a goal recede before her. She was all alone with the woods.

It pleased her to be alone there, for she was proud of having no competitors, and the mountain was the scene of her professional activity. She was a snake-hunter. The first heat started her wandering, with careful steps, in search of her peculiar prey, and her calendar marked, not winter and spring, but hibernation, breeding-time, and "good weather," in which the game was sluggish and disposed to lie in the sun. In a tiny way she was a monopolist, for her rattlesnake-oil was in demand for various aches and ailments. She was a speculator, too; her capital was the quickness of her old eyes and hands, and she took large risks.

She was enviable in that her work called her to that green, silent place. The columnlike oaks and chestnuts flared into foliage thick enough to break the intrusive sunshine into little pieces. Up there the birds continued their perpetual conversation and rarely ventured down into the twilight. Among the undergrowth stood ghostly Indian-pipes, and cardinal-flowers red enough to be the bloody souls of the warriors who had laid the pipes aside. Now and then there was a silky sound of wind. If a brake stirred or a dry leaf rustled Sophia paid particular attention.

The point she was aiming for was a pile of rocks, where the trees were few and the sunshine came in. The stone glittered, and the moss that clung to it was hot and stiff. There were some ominous-looking black holes and crevices, and one warm shelf had already an occupant. He lay like a strap that has been thrown down carelessly, his markings were dusty, he was at peace. He was doing no harm, but the shape of his head and the appendage to his tail condemned him. His strange amber eyes stared: they looked as if he were weary of his own wisdom. Indifferent to a fight, he began to glide toward the nearest hole, scratching softly on the dry moss, with a snake's inexplicably horrible motion.

Sophia wasted no time. She tucked the ends of the red handkerchief into her apron-band, adjusted her forked stick, and pinned the incriminating head with a movement so sure that it was beautiful. Then the hot ledge became the scene of violence and turmoil. The snake fought hideously, knotting himself and shaking his ineffectual rattle. He refused death; his flesh rebutted it, as would a man's flesh. Sophia reflected, "You are no handsome one; your skin is well worn; I think you are good for nothing but to give oil." A stamp of her heel made the writhings impotent; the knife did its work of decapitation; then the red handkerchief, already heavy, was opened for the squirming remnants. It is conceivable that Eve, in the leisure of her later life, might have done the same thing in the same businesslike manner.

She sat and watched the holes with a cat's patience, but no more game appeared, and she was on her way home by sundown. Close to the foot of the mountain, where the smoke of forest fires blew down thickly in the fall, stood a few poor houses, among weedy fields

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*Drawn by Stanley Arthurs*

"IT SHAMES ME TO SEE HIM WHEN I LOOK SO HARD"

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dotted with stumps and stones. Sophia's was the poorest. It was as gray as the old stump under the window, and a hungry-looking lilac-bush was higher than its roof. From the top of this lilac-bush waved a worn-out red handkerchief, which now served as defence for the chickens against the hawks that came down from the hilltop. In that limpid air, which was as clear as though a shower had just passed, the poor banner was wonderfully bright. So was the splendid fuchsia blooming beside the door, and dripping with flowers so scarlet and purple that they might have come from Tyre.

There were signs of the owner's business in various places. The window-sill held a board sprinkled with meal, on which two fine snakeskins were stretched to dry, and in a spot blackened by frequent fires a three-legged iron pot stood waiting. Sophia went to work. Her hands, which did such daring things with their knotty knuckles and broad finger-tips, were quick and cunning. She slashed at her day's catch without repulsion, blew the fire, and fed the pot with "fillets of a fenny snake." She even felt beneficent. "This oil will cure many a toothache," she thought.

As the daylight faded, the fire grew brighter. It was burning clear when a young woman came up the road and turned in toward the house. The flames illuminated her. She was thin and dark, and miserably dressed in a ragged blue cotton gown and boots which were no longer safe for Sophia to wear on the mountain. She looked as if her youth did not do her much good.

"Have you already eaten supper, grandmother?" she asked, in soft German.

"No; I finish this first. You need get nothing for me."

The girl waited. "I should have something to eat for myself," she said, with diffidence.

"When you work for Aaron Krebs all day in the field, Aaron Krebs has the right to give you meals as well as wages. Did you make no bargain for your board?"

"I could have stayed; they wanted me to stay," she admitted. "But Albert was there. You know Mr. Krebs is his uncle. It shamed me to see him when I look so hard."

Sophia stirred her ugly cookery with vigor. "Well, Minnie Herbst! If Albert Wenrich cannot stand to see you in the clothes you wear to work he is indeed delicate. Would be better if you thought how we must strive to get our suppers and our dinners, instead of throwing away a meal that you should have by rights. Have you your wages?"

Minnie was walking into the house, and Sophia repeated the question in a shout. Then she called back, "I have the money tied up in my handkerchief," and disappeared as though she were escaping, and her grandmother sent a sharp look after her.

She came back presently with a slice of bread and apple-butter and sat down on the stump to eat it, brightening as the food refreshed her.

"Grandmother," she said.

"Yes, well?"

"I see you dug up the ground around the lilac-bush. I think that is a good thing. To-morrow morning I dig it again and trim it off. It may be, if I take care of it, we have some flowers next year."

Sophia gave a look of angry alarm out of all proportion to the occasion, which sat oddly on her small, gentle face. "No, you do not dig up that lilac-bush," she said. "I see not how you think I have time to dig up lilac-bushes, or you, either."

"If it had nice flowers, grandmother—we might sell them."

"Humph!" said Sophia. "Waste good time that you might put on the potato-patch! Who would buy your flowers if you had them? No. You keep away from that lilac-bush."

"Some people give money for flowers. Mrs. Wenrich, Al's mother, she drove by the other week, and she saw my fuchsia, and she said that it was the finest plant that she had yet seen, and she would give seventy-five cents for it."

"Well, why did she not fetch it away, then?" demanded Sophia.

"Oh, I would not sell it, grandmother. Since I took all the trouble to raise it, I like it so. And, anyhow, since it is Al's mother wants it, I would sooner give it to her than to sell. She has already done me favors."



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"You had better go to bed," said Sophia, stirring. "I have to stay up with my oil. To-morrow I take all my bottles down to Al Wenrich's store and fetch up something. A few things we can no longer do without, if they do cost. Give me your wages now, before you go in."

Minnie rose wearily and made a tentative step toward the house.

"Give me your wages, I said, Minnie."

"Grandmother, I do not like to give you my wages this time." Her words were firm, but her voice was pitiful.

"Oh?"

"No. I must have a little money to buy gingham for a new dress. I can no longer go out to work in this. Just see how very old and torn it is, and the material is so weak that it will no longer hold the mending. I am ashamed to let the men in the field see me in such a thing. To-day I tore my sleeve all out, and I saw them look and smile."

"Come here. You can mend that if you do it with care. If you take care you can wear that dress yet another month. Give me your money."

"It is only ninety cents, anyhow, grandmother," Minnie begged. "Just enough to buy some gingham. I take the buttons off this dress."

"Give the money here, Minnie," Sophia repeated. She was not irritable; indeed, her voice was patient; but the girl, who was a head the taller, surrendered her few poor coins as she would have done to a highwayman, and went into the house drooping

Sophia had no compunctions. She stirred and strained with calm, business-like interest, and the oil which resulted was a beautiful amber color and perfectly transparent. By the time it was bottled the moon was shining gloriously into the clearing, and the surrounding woods were dead black. As she sat, in her turn, on the stump and ate bread and apple-butter, she could see what a poor home she had almost as well as by day. Now, however, she was at peace. She was about to taste her solitary pleasure, which was great enough to transport her; for a little while she would be as much absorbed as if she were creating.

There was no need for her to look to see if she were quite alone, since the ears that were used to listen for the rustle of venomous snakes were better than any eyes. To make sure that her granddaughter would not come out upon her, she went to the open window and leaned over the drying skins, with her upturned profile showing pale against the dark oblong. She heard Minnie sigh in her sleep. Then she fetched a trowel and began to dig under the lilac-bush, using her hands after a certain depth had been reached. It did not look like much of a treasure that rewarded her — an old baking-powder box, with earth sticking to it; but she handled it as a Hollander might have handled the tulip bulb for which he had spent all he had. She had spent all she had for this—strength, wits, and courage; and here they were, come back to her in an allotropic form.

She unscrewed the box lid and shook out the contents into her lap: four little rolls of paper money tied up with black yarn according to denomination, so that it could be counted in the dark. The tens and fives were few, but the twos and ones made plump bundles. She untied them affectionately and counted each roll three or four times. Then she sat a while. This was her busy season: to-morrow night there would be something to add. It was pleasant to wonder in what notes her pay would be, and she thought about it, with her back to the lilac-bush and her face to the moon. There was another pleasure in feeling and counting the rolls over and over: "One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." She sighed when she left them alone, buried out of the moonlight in their little grave.

The lilac-bush was the first thing she looked at when she came toiling home with her basket the next day at noon. It was undisturbed. The red rag on the top branch waved cheerfully in an autumnlike wind, and the frail little house was overflowed with sunshine. It looked gay, but it should have looked gayer still, for the fuchsia, whose blossoms were always as bright as jewels in the noon sun, was gone from the door.

Minnie came hurrying out. "Grandmother," she said, as one who fears the worst, "you see that my fuchsia is not here. Can you tell me what is become of it?"

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Sophia sank upon the step, wiping the perspiration from her forehead with the back of her hand. She looked exhausted and angry. "Can you not let me be once till I get my breath?" she panted.

Minnie waited. "Now, grandmother, I think you are able to tell if you know where it is," she said, after a respectful interval.

"Ach yes, I know where it is."

"Where?"

"Mrs. Wenrich has it."

"Grandmother, did you take the fuchsia to her, after I had said that I would not part with it?"

Sophia did not answer.

"You did. Maybe you will say whether you sold it to her, although you knew I would rather give it than sell it."

"Certainly I sold it. Would I make a present of seventy-five cents in a flower? When she can afford so well to pay, too. And I got a dollar for it because I fetched it down."

"Well, grandmother!" Minnie said. Then she stared at the place where the flower had stood, looking more and more sullen, in a silence that seemed to enwrap her. Now that she was rested, she appeared larger than the evening before, and more resistant. She began to examine the basket. It contained groceries, and at the bottom there was a little bag of candy.

"What is this?" she asked.

"I bought it for you," said Sophia, and all in a moment her face changed wonderfully. It expressed the sweeter mood that might have been normal if she could have afforded it. She looked like a real grandmother, as she waited hopefully to see Minnie's pleasure in this gift which she had felt reckless in buying.

"You brought that for me!" said the girl, and her tone emphasized the offering's triviality. "It cost about three cents. If you had taken the money for my fuchsia to buy me the dress that I need, I could have thought better of it." She spoke slowly, with the hard veracity of youth.

Sophia's potential sweetness went out like a light. "Ach, stop your yammering! Could we eat your fuchsia? Dare we keep what we do not need when there are those who will pay for it? Ach, it is wonderful how some people can throw money around! This morning a fat woman in Al Wenrich's store bought a flowered pitcher with a handle that will break if she looks at it, and fifteen yards of such pink gingham for a dress. 'I have no need of the pitcher or the dress,' she said, 'and I doubt if the stuff will wash; but I must have them, they are so pretty!'"

"Yes, it makes us feel poor to see such things. But it is so much in Al's pocket, anyhow," said Minnie, in a pugnacious tone.

"Al's pocket! Oh, he will look out for that. He will get on well, no matter how others do, have no fear! I care not if I never see Al Wenrich."

"Why not?" Minnie asked, sharply.

"Yes, I tell you why not. When I had sold my fuchsia and my oil, and picked out the goods I wanted, then he said he must let the oil go hereafter ten cents cheaper on the bottle. 'Ten cents cheaper, anyhow,' he said. I asked why, and he had the face to tell me that the people thought it was priced too high, and he could not sell it unless we took off something. I told him he was just trying to make more on it, and he could wait a while before he had any more to sell. Now when the folks want their oil they dare come up here for it."

Minnie looked amazed. "Grandmother, I know not what has got into you, to talk like that to Al, as kind as he is! And, anyhow, you only spite yourself. The folks will not drive all the way up here, when they can get patent medicines at the store."

"Oh, I believe they will," sneered Sophia, with professional resentment. "Those that are used to be cured with my rattlesnake oil will come up after it, if once their bones and their teeth ache bad enough. Take those goods into the house now, and make dinner ready."

Minnie obeyed without answering, and with a peculiar expression of meditative hostility. Sophia did not notice it. She wished to enjoy a sight of the money in her purse; but, "If she knows what I have," she thought, "it may be that she will ask me again for that dress." Therefore she waited until Minnie was occupied in the house, and then, turning her back to the window and stooping in

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an attitude suggestive of prayer, she opened her round leather purse and began to count. The amount was short. She counted three times, with the same result.

"Ach, my!"

For a few minutes her old figure drooped forward as if she found it too much to rise. Then she called: "Minnie! I must go again. I dropped some money." There was a plaintive note in her voice, in spite of its determination.

Minnie appeared, looking eager. "Shall I go for you?" she offered, dutifully; but her eyes shone when her grandmother said: "No; stay here. I go myself. I know where I dropped it, about a half-mile down. I sat a while and counted up what I had. It is there, certainly."

"How much?"

"Ten cents. Enough to buy two pounds of sugar, or half a pound of coffee, or ham to make us a dinner."

The young woman went smiling back into the house, and the old woman started. She was used to miles of tramping through cool woods, where the ground was soft and there were frequent restful stops; but the journey of the morning, over a hot and hilly road, and with heavy loads, had worn her out. Her joints were sore, her muscles ached, even her hands felt tired. She set her feet as if she were planting them in holes, and her lean arms swung.

It was hard work to reach the fence corner where she had rested. The dry grass was still pressed down, and she seated herself carefully in her former position and began to hunt. First she looked; then she felt through the grass, which was tough and sharp, combed it with her fingers, pulled up some of it. There were tangled blackberry-vines, and she turned them carefully and examined the ground under them, but she could not find the dime. "I must give up," she said aloud, after a long search. "I must go home. I must eat." She looked drearily across the wide, hot fields and pulled herself to her feet.

She was so tired that she could scarcely get on. Her short, weather-beaten figure crawled up and down the sunny hills so slowly that it was like a part of the landscape. All the way home she kept thinking: "If I had not lost that dime, I should have had three dollars and seventy-five cents. Now I have only three sixty-five. *Ei!*" She suffered over this subtraction.

Even the prospect of adding to the baking-powder box did not cheer her for the rest of the day, and when she was alone that night she sat with the beloved object untouched in her lap, almost without interest. The forest and the night that seemed to crouch therein were still; the heated earth reposed; the clearing was white under the moon. Old Sophia looked up, dumb, to that old moon, which looked back as it had looked forever.

Sighing, she opened the box, and the precious rolls dropped into her lap. She picked up one. It was the tens and always small, for there were only six of them; but it seemed thinner than usual. She slipped off the knotted yarn without waiting to untie it, and counted. The notes were three.

Three and no more. She could not make them any more.

Her breath came hard, but she made no outcry. She counted the fives; half were gone; the twos the same; the ones looked hopeful, but only half of them remained. When she was assured of the calamity, she gave a gasp, laid her hands in her lap, and sat quite still, facing the moon.

"*Now* what shall I do?" she said, in a muffled voice.

Then the full sense of this loss galvanized her, and she counted the bills over and over and confused them, ran her fingers in a futile search around the inside of the box, shook out her skirts, and hunted on the ground. Tears came, streaming and silent, but she did not feel them; she dug in the hole like a dog, and the tears fell into the flying dirt. With a jerking mouth, she rocked back and forward and whispered, "Ach! my money! Ach, my money!"

After a while she wiped her face and began to deliberate. She rejected the idea of a tramp, who would have taken it all; of a neighbor for the same reason. When she had gotten so far there was another spasm of searching: in the absence of any one to steal the money, she could not believe that it was really gone. Then she settled down again.

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*Drawn by Stanley Arthurs*

"MY MONEY! MY MONEY!"

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"And has it come to this," she thought, with solemnity, "that I must suspect my own granddaughter, who is my son's child?"

She sat a long time hopelessly, her thoughts repeating themselves. "I dare say nothing. If she took it I think I would rather lose the amount than know certainly. If she did not, how will it go here if once she knows I thought she had done so? And, anyhow, she would know then that I had all this money all the time, and it may be she would work no more. I must sit down under it.

"If she did do this it is her mother who comes out in her. It is no blood of my son."

That was a hard night. It cost her an effort to lie down, not knowing whether she would lie beside an enemy; and every time Minnie tossed she hated her. She lay in misery, trying to think of ways to prove that the thief was any one else, and to get back the money; she stared into the dark, which hid the distress and wrath of her own face, and wondered whether Minnie's face would look guilty if she could see it; and the hours trailed past her.

When morning came back to the mountain, Minnie appeared worn enough. They hardly spoke to each other, and Sophia sent the suspected girl for wood in order to get rid of her. She went without remark, and the old woman remained alone in the sunshine, sitting on the gray stump, which seemed a fit pedestal. "I dare not go to the woods to-day," she thought, looking at her shaking hands. "I should be bitten."

She was still there, disconsolate, when Albert Wenrich came into the clearing. This much-blessed man looked pleasant in all weathers, and had solid reasons for doing so; and now he was quite radiant with good-will. He wore black clothes and an ornate blue cravat, but he was not above carrying a sack over his shoulder. This he swung cheerfully down before Sophia.

"What is that?" she asked, and scowled at him.

"I brought it up for you," he said, with good humor. "I saw that you were a little disappointed yesterday, Mrs. Herbst, when I told what the folks say about your price for oil. Now that is what they do say, and it is a fact that I must lower the charges, but I thought that we could split the difference if you would take it out in trade. So I brought this sack of potatoes to make up the transaction of yesterday."

He beamed with enjoyment of his own benevolence, and was as insensible to Sophia's mood as if she had belonged to a lower species. She thrust her thin arm into the bag and took out a potato, which was no browner than her hand.

"So you bring these instead of money," she said, in a soft tone. "Instead of the money."

"I knew that you would be glad—"

"Have you not seen that I have a potato-patch which is bigger than I need?"

"Well, is that so? I never noticed it. I was indeed taken up with other things," he agreed, without embarrassment. "I thought here was something that would just suit you."

"So?" said Sophia. "Well, you were mistaken. "Get out!" She suddenly raised her voice. "Get right out of here!"

"What?"

"Go! This is my land. I do not want you on it, and I will not have you."

"Mrs. Herbst—"

"Say nothing. I want to hear nothing more from you. You do not leave when I tell you? Go, or—" Her arm contracted, and she threw the potato, which struck Albert in the chest, astonishing him so much that he could neither speak nor move.

"Go on! Can you not hear me? Are you deaf yet?"

He stared at her in an incredulous way; then he turned and went slowly toward the road. Sophia did not respect his retreat. She clawed for more potatoes and threw them, and she was not too unsteady to aim. With each one she screamed: "Go on! Get out!" in a louder tone. Albert's benefaction returned to him suddenly; he walked in an ignominious shower, and the missiles that did not hit still had their full effect as insults. It was all over in a minute, but even after he was out of sight around the corner she kept on throwing. She was still at it when Minnie ran toward her, calling, "Grandmother! Grandmother!"

Then she let her arm drop, and fell

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back upon the stump. "Yes, well?" she said, looking up with a turn of her neck like a young girl.

"Grandmother, what has come over you?"

"What have you to say about it?"

"Are you sick? Have you pain in the head? For what do you throw the potatoes at Albert?"

Sophia faced her indifferently. She had been beside herself, and this exercise of her soul had refreshed her with the rejuvenating power of rage, so that for the moment she was really young. "I know not what right you have to ask me questions," she said, airily; "but I am good-natured, and I will tell you that Al Wenrich thought that he would cheat me out of money. But he was mistaken; yes, he was mistaken indeed. I ordered him off my place, and when he was in no hurry to go I chased him off with his own potatoes."

"You threw them after him, when he brought them all the way up here out of kindness! You—"

Sophia smiled. Just then she detested the girl, whom she suspected of having robbed her of her peculiar love as though they were of the same age. "Ach, Minnie," she said, with vivacity, "you stand up for Al Wenrich a little too much, as long as he has not asked you yet. And I never thought that he would ask you. Do you think he ever will?" Her taunt was the weapon of a young woman.

Minnie was bewildered, but at that insult her face blazed. "Yes, I do stand up for him," she said, in a low, furious voice, "and I do not expect him to ask me, such a girl as I, who works in the fields, who has no decent clothes, who must give up all her money. It would be a wonderful thing if a man like Albert would want to be connected with us. But I let him see now that this at least is not my doing." She dashed down the road, calling: "Al! Al! Wait!"

Sophia watched her go, still with a malicious smile; then her face became dull again; that sudden youth was seen no more. She sat and thought, her head drooped in hopeless acquiescence; all her years came back to her, and more upon them.

She spent most of the day there in the sun,—the idle day, which was harder than the night. Sometimes she dozed, without escaping her sense of trouble, and woke and wondered if her loss were true, and remembered that it was. Often she looked at the lilac-bush. When night came she meant to take out what remained of the money and feel it. The sum so wickedly diminished had been brought together like a work of art, little by very little. She had been tired so often for that money. Now one and another of her long tramps and her hungry days and her aching nights recurred to her and mocked her,—she might as well have eaten and been lazy. Her strength, her labor, even her privations, had been taken from her. She mourned.

She hardly thought of Minnie, and Minnie did not come; no one came; no one even passed the house until evening. Then she heard a man's step on the road, and Albert Wenrich appeared. He looked as if he were determined to carry a disagreeable thing through with justice, and he walked up to her warily, ready to dodge any missiles that might be flying.

"This is yours, Mrs. Herbst," he said, and laid a roll of bills on her knee. "Minnie she caught up with me this morning, and we had some talk about—other matters,—and I got her to tell me where she had—found—this."

Sophia looked from the money to him, and when he saw her face he pitied her. "So my Minnie was willing to take it from me!" she said, feebly. Then there was a long pause.

After a time she asked, "How did she know I had it?"

"She knew that you did not spend all you made, and you had her wages; and when you were so unwilling to let her go near the lilac-bush, which looked as if some one had dug around it, she suspected. Then while you were hunting for the lost dime she looked. She thought she had a right to the half, since she had worked and helped to make it. She said also that it was her fuchsia which you sold to my mother." Albert made this speech with no more accusation than could be found in his clear and honest eyes.

"She thought she had a right to it," repeated Sophia, with a kind of gratitude.

"Then she walked down with me to

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see my mother. She wanted to buy a few things,—poor girl, it went against her to buy them from me, but I would let no one else wait on her,—and when I saw what for a big roll of money she had,—she told me how it was."

"I do not understand it right yet," complained Sophia. "*Why* did she want to see your mother?"

"Yes, you must know that, certainly. I took her to see my mother because on the road down I persuaded her to promise me. She was unwilling to do it at first, but I persuaded her. She will not come home any more, Mrs. Herbst. She stays at my house now, and to-morrow we are married."

Sophia heard him with the indifference of spiritual exhaustion. Days must pass before she could realize all this. "So?" she said, dully.

"Indeed. And I have yet more to say, Mrs. Herbst. When will Minnie come of age?"

"In May next."

"Can you put by from what she makes more than five dollars a month?"

"Not near that."

"Well, we call it five dollars, and ten months. I know you might think that you were entitled to her services until she is of age, so I buy her off; I pay you fifty dollars. Here is it."

Sophia straightened up, gave one loving glance at the money—in bank-bills, all rolled—which he held out to her, and said, "Al Wenrich, my granddaughter is not for sale."

"No, no; do not regard it so. I want you to have it. Just take it; call it a wedding-present. I know you have hard getting along."

"No, I take it not. You need not imagine that you can buy Minnie."

Albert smiled at that. "Yes, you think a great lot of Minnie, certainly."

"This that is mine I keep, for the most of it I made, and it is as you say, that since I brought her up from a little one I have the right to what she earns until she comes of age. But from you I take nothing. If you want to do so, you dare give the fifty to her and say I said she should make use of it to buy things."

Albert stood silently wondering. He had not yet spoken when the old heroine began, all of a sudden, her apology: "Albert, I know you since you were born, and you have always been a good boy, and I am glad that you marry Minnie, for you will take good care of her. And I would like better if you knew why I do as I have done. You have always had everything full and plenty, and you cannot say how it goes with some others, or how very poor they are. You have plenty of butter on your bread; I eat mine so. You have one good suit a year; I cannot go in the church because I have no decent calico. You stay in your store if it suits you; if not, away you go. I have to work something if I want to live. So I thought of the snakes on the mountain, and I watch and hunt and wait with patience, and find one one time, and another time come home with nothing, and run the risk that others will not run, to keep body and soul together. It takes me to kill the ugly snakes and make them into healing oil. You have seen my stick and my knife and my big red handkerchief—they are what I have to keep myself alive; they are all I have—they and my hands.

"No doubt it looks funny to you how stingy I am. You are young; but I am old. The days they eat away my strength as the mice eat the cheese. I must do as I do. I dare not much longer trust my hands to catch the snake before he catches me. Then some one else can get my oil, and if I have not something saved, then what?

"So I have pinched. And I have talked cross to my girl to make her work. If I can put by yet for a few more years, then I dare be old; not otherwise. Always must I think of the money, the money! And what I need would be so little to other people! Ach, sometimes I think that I myself am fighting like the snake under the stick!"

Her voice stopped, and she gazed away into the woods; she seemed remote, and sad with an elemental sadness. Albert still stood before her. In this revelation of mordant necessities her attack upon him in the morning was all forgotten. He saw her with the dignity of poverty, of age, of sex, and past maternity. At that moment Albert Wenrich's soul was in the posture of the soul of a Teutonic knight.

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It was she who put an end to that tense moment. "This is no way for me to talk!"

"I am glad you told me," he said, gravely. "Mrs. Herbst, I want to say that you have no more need to worry. I see to it."

She did not blush, but her embarrassed backward movement was like a blush. "I meant not to ask," she said; "I just wanted you to know. It shames me now that I said this to you. I am no beggar."

"Indeed not. I know well how you meant it. But I also mean this. You know that I am well off. Now we begin with this money, which I leave here—please say nothing against it,—and to-morrow evening I bring Minnie up, and we talk further. Are you afraid to stay here alone?"

"Ach, no! Should I be afraid of the woods? But the money—"

"I want you to keep it. Good night, Grandmother Herbst." He walked away quickly, and left the two rolls lying in her lap.

Sophia hid them in her bosom, and kept her fingers on them while she listened until she could no longer hear his steps. Then she drew a long, luxurious breath.

As her breast rose she felt the contact of the money, the blessed surety of relief from importunate care. It was over now. She lifted her small face, all worn with her sordid war, and faced the moon, round and bright as a coin; she looked at it and at the little, newly minted stars with condescension.

# A Sea-Spell

*BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS*

THE bay is bluer than all the sky;
The sky is bluer than sapphire stone;
The wind and the wave, the wave and the wind,
Beat and dazzle me glad and blind,
Over the marshes blown.

Once I was a plover who ran, who ran,
A crying shadow along the foam:
Once I was a gull in the swing of the spray,
Over green shallows I hung all day,
Till sunset carried me home.

Once I was a ship with glorious sails
That leapt to the love of the wind.
Up over the edge of the world I fled,
Sun-followed and fleet foam-heralded:—
The hidden tides knew my mind.

But now I am only a girl who runs,
A laughing pagan with tangled hair.
Plover and gull and ship was I,—
Perchance when my body comes to die
My soul shall again fly fair?

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# Editor's Easy Chair

IN the morning the trees stood perfectly still: yellow, yellowish-green, crimson, russet. Not a pulse of air stirred their stricken foliage, but the leaves left the spray, and dripped silently, vertically down, with a faint, ticking sound. They fell like the tears of a grief which is too inward for any other outward sign; an absent grief, almost self-forgetful. By and by, softly, very softly, as Nature does things when she emulates the best Art, and shuns the showiness and noisiness of the second-best, the wind crept in from the leaden sea, which turned iron under it, corrugated iron. Then the trees began to bend, and writhe, and sigh and moan; and their leaves flew through the air, and blew and scuttled over the grass, and in an hour all the boughs were bare. The summer, which had been living till then, and dying, was now dead.

That was the reason why certain people who had been living with it, and seemed dying in it, were now in a manner dead with it, so that their ghosts were glad to get back to town, where the ghosts of thousands and hundreds of thousands of others were hustling in the streets and the trolleys and subways and elevateds, and shops and factories and offices, and making-believe to be much more alive than they were in the country. Yet the town, the haunt of those harassed and hurried spectres, who are not without their illusory hilarity, their phantasmal happiness, has a charm which we of the Easy Chair always feel, on first returning to it in the autumn, and which the representative of the family we are imagining finds rather an impassioned pleasure in. He came on to New York, while the others lingered in a dim Bostonian limbo, and he amused himself very well, in a shadowy sort, looking at these other shades who had arrived in like sort, or different, and were there together with him in those fine days just preceding the election; after which the season broke in tears again, and the autumn advanced another step toward winter.

There is no moment of the New York year which is more characteristic of it than that mid-autumnal moment, which the summer and the winter are equally far from. Mid-May is very well, and the weather then is perfect, but that is a moment pierced with the unrest of going or getting ready to go away. The call of the eld in Europe, or the call of the wild in Newport, has already depopulated our streets of what is richest and naturally best in our city life; the shops, indeed, show a fevered activity in the near-richest and near-best who are providing for their summer wants at mountain or seashore; but the theatres are closing like fading flowers, and shedding their chorus-girls on every outward breeze; the tables d'hôte express a relaxed enterprise in the nonchalance of the management and service; the hotels yawn wearily from their hollow rooms; the greengroceries try to mask the barrenness of their windows in a show of tropic or semitropic fruits; the provision-men merely disgust with their retarded displays of butcher's meats and poultry.

But with what a difference the mid-autumn of the town welcomes its returners! Ghosts, we have called them, mainly to humor a figure we began with, but they are ghosts rather in the meaning of *revenants*, which is a good meaning enough. They must be a very aged or very stupid sort of *revenants* if their palingenetic substance does not thrill at the first nightly vision of Broadway, of that fairy flare of electric lights, advertising whiskeys and actresses and beers, and luring the beholder into a hundred hotels and theatres and restaurants. It is now past the hour of roof-gardens with their songs and dances, but the vaudeville is in full bloom, and the playhouses are blossoming in the bills



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of their new comedies and operas and burlesques. The pavements are filled, but not yet crowded, with people going to dinner at the tables d'hôte; the shop windows glitter and shine, and promise a delight for the morrow which the morrow may or may not realize.

But as yet the town is not replete to choking, as it will be later, when those who fancy they constitute the town have got back to it from their Europes, their Newports, their Bar Harbors, their Lenoxes, their Tuxedos, weary of scorning delights and living laborious days in that round of intellectual and moral events duly celebrated in the society news of the Sunday papers. Fifth Avenue abounds in automobiles, but does not yet superabound; you do not quite take your life in your hand in crossing the street at those corners where there is no policeman's hand to put it in. Everywhere are cars, carts, carriages; and the motorist whirs through the intersecting streets and round the corners, bent on suicide or homicide, and the kind old trolleys and hansoms that once seemed so threatening have almost become so many arks of safety from the furious machines replacing them. But a few short years ago the passer on the Avenue could pride himself on a count of twenty automobiles in his walk from Murray Hill to the Plaza; now he can easily number hundreds, without an emotion of self-approval.

But their abundance is only provisional, a mere forecast of the superabundance to come. All things are provisional, all sights, all sounds, and this forms the peculiar charm of the hour, its haunting and winning charm. If you take the omnibus-top to be trundled whiningly up to one of the farther Eastside entrances of the Park, and then dismount and walk back to the Plaza through it, you are even more keenly aware of the suspensive quality of the time. The summer, which you left for dead by mountain or seashore, stirs with lingering consciousness in the bland air of the great pleasaunce. Many leaves are yet green on the trees, and where they are not green and not there they are gay on the grass under the trees. There are birds, not, to be sure, singing, but cheerfully chirping; and there are occasional blazons of courageous flowers; the benches beside the walks, which the northern blasts will soon sweep bare, are still kept by the lovers and loafers who have frequented them ever since the spring, and by the nurses, who cumber the footway before them with their perambulators. The fat squirrels waddle over the asphalt, and cock the impudent eye of the sturdy beggar at the passer whom they suspect of latent peanuts; it is high carnival of the children with hoops and balls; it is the supreme moment of the saddle-donkeys in the bye-paths, and the carriage-goats in the Mall, and of the rowboats on the ponds, which presently will be withdrawn for their secret hibernation, where no man can find them out. When the first snow flies, even while it is yet poising for flight in the dim pits of air, all these delights will have vanished, and the winter, which will claim the city for its own through a good four months, will be upon it.

Always come back, therefore, if you must come at all, about the beginning of November, and if you can manage to take in election day, and especially election night, it will not be a bad notion. New York has five saturnalia every year: New-year's Night, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Election Night, and Thanksgiving, and not the least of these is Election Night. If it it a right first Tuesday of November, the daytime wind will be veering from west to south and back, sun and cloud will equally share the hours between them, and a not unnatural quiet, as of political passions hushed under the blanket of the Australian ballot, will prevail. The streets will be rather emptied than filled, and the litter of straw and scrap-paper, and the ordure and other filth of the great slattern town will blow agreeably about under your feet and into your eyes and teeth. But with the falling of the night there will be a rise of the urban spirits; the sidewalks will thicken with citizens of all ages and sexes and nations; and if you will then seek some large centre for the cinematographic dissemination of the election news, you will find yourself one of a multitude gloating on the scenes of comedy and tragedy thrown up on the canvas to stay your im-

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patience for the returns. Along the curbstones are stationed wagons for the sale of the wind and string instruments, whose raw, harsh discords of whistling and twanging will begin with the sight of the vote from the first precinct. Meantime policemen, nervously fondling their clubs in their hands, hang upon the fringes of the crowd, which is yet so good-natured that it seems to have no impulse but to lift children on its shoulders and put pretty girls before it, and caress old women and cripples into favorable positions, so that they may see better. You will wish to leave it before the clubbing begins, and either go home to the slumbers which the whistling and twanging will duly attend; or join the diners going into or coming out of the restaurants, or the throngs strolling down into the fairy realms of Broadway, under the flare of the whiskeys and the actresses.

At such a time it is best to be young, but it is not so very bad to be old, for the charm of the hour, the air, and the place is such that even the heart of age must rise a little at it. What the night may really be, if it is not positively raining, you "do not know, or need to know." Those soft lamps overhead, which might alike seem let garlanding down from the vault above, or flowering up from the gulfs below out of a still greater pyrotechnic richness, supply the defect, if there is any, of moon and stars. Only the air is actual, the air of the New York night, which is as different from that of the London night as from that of the Paris night, or, for all we know, the St. Petersburg night. At times we have fancied in its early autumnal tones something Florentine, something Venetian, but after all it is not quite either, even when the tones of these are crudest. It is the subtlest, the most penetrating expression of the New York temperament; but what that is, who shall say? That mystic air is haunted little from the past, for properly speaking there never was a city so unhistorical in temperament. A record of civic corruption, running back to the first servants of the Dutch Companies, does not constitute municipal history, and our part in national events from the time we felt the stirrings of national consciousness has not been glorious, as they have not been impressive. Of New York's present at any given moment you wish to say in her patient-impatient slang, "Forget it, forget it." There remains only the future from which she can derive that temperamental effect in her night air; but again what that is, who shall say? If any one were so daring he might say it was confidence modified by anxiety; a rash expectation of luck derived from immunity for past transgression; the hopes of youth shot with youth's despairs: not sweet, innocent youth, but youth knowing and experienced, though not unwilling to shun evil because of the bad morrow it sometimes brings. No other city under the sun, we doubt, is so expressive of that youth: that modern youth, able, agile, eager, audacious; not the youth of the poets, but the youth of the true, the grim realists.

Something, a faint, faint consciousness of this, visits even the sad heart of age on any New York night when it is not raining too hard, and one thinks only of getting indoors, where all nights are alike. But mostly it comes when the autumn is dreaming toward winter in that interlude of the seasons which we call Indian Summer. It is a stretch of time which we have handsomely bestowed upon our aborigines, in compensation for the four seasons we have taken from them, like some of those Reservations which we have left them in lieu of the immeasurable lands we have alienated. It used to be longer than it is now; it used to be several weeks long; in the sense of childhood it was almost months. It is still qualitatively the same, and it is more than any other time expressive of the New York temperament, perhaps because we have honored in the civic ideal the polity of our Indian predecessors, and in Tammany and its recurrently triumphant braves, have kept their memory green. But if this is not so, the spiritual fact remains, and under the sky of the election night you *feel* New York as you do in no other hour. The sense extends through the other autumn nights till that night, sure to come, when the pensive weather breaks in tears, and the next day it rains and rains, and the streets

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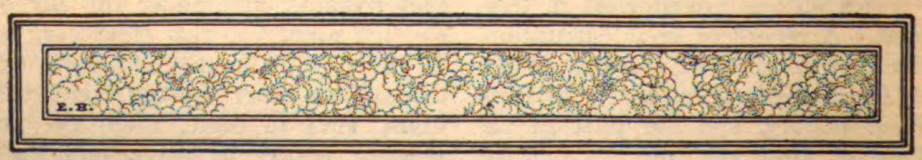
stream with the flood, and the dull air reeks with a sort of inner steam, hot, close, and sticky as a brother: a brother whose wants are many, and whose resources are few. The morning after the storm, there will be a keen thrill in the air, keen, but wholesome and bracing as a good resolution, and not necessarily more lasting. The asphalt has been washed as clean as a renovated conscience, and the city presses forward again to the future in which alone it has its being, with the gay confidence of a sinner who has forgiven himself his sins, and is no longer sorry for them.

After that interlude, when the streets of the Advanced Vaudeville, which we know as New York, begin again and continue till the Chasers come in late May, there will be many other sorts of weather, but none so characteristic of her. There will be the sort of weather in which the reader will be impatiently cutting the leaves of this department, toward the end of January, when really it seems as if nothing else could console him for the intolerable freezing and thawing, the snow upon snow, the rain upon rain, the winds that soak him and the winds that shrivel him, and the suns that mock him from a sub-tropic sky through a sub-arctic air. We foresee him then, with that straining of the mind's eye which the immensity of the Magazine's circulation, and the mechanical difficulties of getting its numbers out in time for the months they are named after, keep at the sharpest tension: we foresee him then, settling into his armchair, while the wind whistles as naturally as the wind in the theatre around the angles of his lofty flat, and drives the snow of the shredded paper through the air, or beats it in soft clots against the pane. He turns our page, and as he catches our vague drift, before yielding himself wholly to its allure, he questions, as readers like to do, whether the writer is altogether right in his contention that the mid-autumnal moment is the most characteristic moment of the New York year. Is not the mid-winter moment yet more characteristic? He conjures up, in the rich content of his indoor remoteness, the vision of the vile street below his flat, banked high with the garnered heaps of filthy snow, which alternately freeze and thaw, which the rain does not wash nor the wind blow away, and which the shredded paper flakes are now drifting higher. He sees the foot-passers struggling under their umbrellas toward the avenues where the reluctant trolleys pause jarringly for them, and the elevated trains roar along the trestle overhead; where the saloon winks a wicked eye on every corner; where the signs of the whiskeys and actresses flare through the thickened night; and the cab tilts and rocks across the trolley rails, and the crowds of hotel-sojourners seek the shelter of the theatres, and all is bleak and wet and squalid. In more respectful vision he beholds the darkened mansions of the richest and best, who have already fled the scene of their brief winter revel, and are forcing the spring in their Floridas, their Egypts, their Rivieras. He himself remains midway between the last fall and the next spring; and perhaps he decides against the writer, as the perverse reader sometimes will, and holds that this hour of suspense and misgiving is the supreme, the duodecimal hour of the metropolitan dial. He may be right; who knows? New York's hours are all characteristic; and the hour whose mystical quality we have been trying to intimate is already past, and we must wait another year before we can put it to the test again; wait till the trees once more stand perfectly still: yellow, yellowish-green, crimson, russet, and the wind comes up and blows them bare, and yet another summer is dead, and the mourners, the ghosts, the *revenants* have once more returned to town.



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# Editor's Study

NO notion is more obstinately maintained than that human nature is the same in all ages. "Essentially the same," the phrase usually runs, thus leading on to a particularly infertile ontological speculation.

The idea of sameness does not belong to the content of any real knowledge of ours, and occurs to us only after or along with our sense of some difference or change, as a complement or reflex, due to a very useful and quite indispensable mental habit, but for which any generalization would be impossible, or even the idea of personal identity, or such a process as memory. But inevitable and important as this habit is—as important as the attraction of gravitation is in the universe,—the bond of all our diverse expanse of knowledge, it is and must forever remain something wholly of the mind, not a constituent element of our perception of what is going on without us or within us. The idea of sameness is, then, a notion, in a negative way agreeable and satisfactory when we reflect upon its constitutional value—as when we reflect upon that of gravitation —but not particularly or really interesting. It is the diversity and expansion which engage in a positive way our eager curiosity and interest.

Could anything be duller than history written with a view to prove or illustrate the persistent uniformity of human nature? We know, indeed, that some things are normally common to all men in their physical and mental constitution; and if we could put ourselves back to that remote period when humanity had not risen above the animal plane and the mentality incident to his actions and passions on such a plane, when what seemed his possibilities could be predicated, as in the case of other animals, from his physical structure, including his brain, we might be impressed by a sense of uniformity, in a general way corresponding to our sense of uniformity in Nature. In such sameness of human nature we should confront a mask hiding everything which we count distinctive of humanity.

Our historical researches do not enable us to even approach such a period, but they carry us back far enough to disclose a humanity so intimately blended with Nature that we still confront an impenetrable mask, hiding man's proper destiny as completely as the barren primeval earth withheld from possible prevision her future investiture of life and beauty.

This primitive period endured the longest and was the most persistent in stability of any in human history, having only a fragmentary record, since there was so little in it worthy of any record. So lacking in diversity, it could not minister to our intellectual diversion.

But the moment man transcends the scope of physical action and passion, the mentality incident to these, and an exclusive regard for primary family and social relations consequent upon them,—the moment of his psychical awakening, when his imagination enters its distinctive realm, and creatively projects its embodiments, no longer confined to those primitive choric, lyric, and dramatic manifestations in which the physical body is an indispensable participant—that moment of escape from the chrysalis of humanity marks the commencement of a series of marvellous changes which were transformations of human nature itself. This is the course of evolution—on the lower and primary plane, long periods with few and almost imperceptible variations; on the higher, a more and more rapid succession of distinct epochs with ever-increasing variations, until it is convincingly apparent that man, in the fulfilment of his proper destiny, is the most mutable of beings.

The field of his mutability is the widest, in part because, as having choice, he is the master of materials and of limitless

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artifice through the immense range of artificial selection, and, as having a progressively complex consciousness, he is the one earthly spectator of the course of things and events in the world outside of him and of human phenomena; but chiefly because of his psychical faculty and sensibility, as having creative imagination, the determinant of his faith, his art, his literature, his philosophy—all of his life that gives him distinction and that makes human history interesting.

But, as the master artificer, he has such power to promote psychical changes in himself as he has to affect natural processes, through his arbitrary selection. Owing to what he has fashioned, to the artificial elements of his civilization, the psychical transformations have had ever a more and more rapid succession. His freedom of choice saves him from confinement to the fixed circles in which Nature moves, and there is no possible mathematical calculation of any critical moment marking his ascensions or declinations; while his power to determine to so great an extent his own environment is a constant acceleration of his progress, affording fresh permissive conditions of his psychical evolution.

The radical changes in human nature belong to the psychical field, but we must include in our consideration not only what the creative imagination has been in science, art, literature, faith, and philosophy, but what it has been in life, independently of these. It is true that we can have no idea of any past age, in this respect, as we have of our own, because the phenomena are so evanescent and can only be indirectly suggested by accessible records. If these phenomena could be reproduced for us in their reality, the great civilizations of the past would disclose more delicate graces and charms of social life than can be divined by the archæologist or the historian.

There were as good codes of morality, indicating as much regard for the obvious virtues, six thousand years ago as we have to-day; but blended with this morality in human action were positive excellences, independent of formal injunction, making up the full embodiment of such ideals as were possible. It is in this spiritual physiognomy — which we call, in the largest sense, Manners—that the conduct of human life has been undergoing marvellous changes during two hundred generations; and these transformations have, in every stage of the evolution, been reflected in art and literature—in all the monuments of creative imagination—rather than in institutional forms and conventions, which would forever remain the same, in obstinate stability, but for the psychical renewals affecting the whole fabric of life.

When we consider distinctive periods, separated by long intervals, the radical changes in human nature become evident at a glance and without laborious discrimination. But we are living in a time when a decade stands for an epoch in psychical evolution. There is now no far quest of the imagination in art or in life; it has come home to the human spirit. The projection, the spectacle, the remote symbol, have passed; and the new variations, however radical, are therefore not so readily open to outward observation.

Recently, in *Le Figaro,* M. Marcel Prevost called general attention to a significant change which had occurred within a few years in the polite world's estimate of personal beauty. Suddenly challenged by the statement, the polite world confessed to its truth—the reign of beauty had passed. Then we reflected that this change had been for some time anticipated in the art of painting and in black-and-white portraiture—a psychical distinction or charm had displaced merely physical beauty. However we may account for it, it connotes a remarkable change in human sensibility, as if some formerly glorified element of æsthetic satisfaction had suddenly been blotted out of our world. Perfectly consonant with this eclipse of beauty is the avoidance, in recent fiction—to mildly designate what almost seems a positive aversion — of what we call goodness. Faultfulness seems more real and interesting than the constant virtues, perhaps because it suggests the possibility of redemption and so has a psychically dynamic value which appeals to the artist. In Miss Sinclair's *The Helpmate* is suggested the reverse dynamic movement, since the reader is all along impatiently awaiting Anne's repentance of her goodness. There is undoubtedly a new sense

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of life—of its flexibility, of the values incident to even its fallibility. The parable of the prodigal son has had its special meaning for every Christian epoch—its deepest meaning for the sympathetic mood of to-day, one not to be apprehended by the medieval mind, which reserved the aureole for sainthood only. Some new psychical sense led Lincoln to select for individual preference the hymn beginning, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

That is a modern note—not merely the divestiture of the outward insignia of pride, but to bring into contempt the pride of the eye, the pride of learning, the pride of possession, the pride of goodness itself. Yes, and an equally false pretension—the pride of humility.

Why for the past generation have we not had in periodicals the kind of short stories of romantic love which abounded sixty years ago—stories in which the youth and the maiden occupied the reader's interest from the beginning to the end, excluding other characters except those bearing directly upon the love-affair between these two, favoring or opposing, and admitting no feature or incident which did not either directly heighten the romance or roughen its course? The American novel — after the days of Irving and Cooper and before the recognition of Hawthorne—was usually an expansion of this insipid banquet, helped out by equally crude religious or moral flavors. In accounting for the disappearance of this kind of fiction it is easy to say that the writers grew weary of immaturity. But the change in the sensibility of both the writer and the reader implied something deeper than this. There is no aversion and never will be to young romance. Aucassin and Nicolette will please the fancy till our planet is senile. We see them through a distance, which serves the same purpose as the element lacking in these old-time short stories might have served if it had been present—a poetic glamour such as Harriet Prescott Spofford knew how to use in her earliest romances and has not forgotten how to use in her latest, or a quaint simplicity like that which charmed us in Miss Wilkins's first fiction—any element, indeed, which makes romance really romantic through an appeal to the imagination. The development in this direction since Mrs. Spofford and, later, Miss Wilkins began to write is a transformation of this kind of fiction and implies a corresponding change in the sensibility of readers.

In a sense nearly every novel is a love-story, but the best of them we are not likely to regard in that light, because the romance in them is a haunting implication, as it is in life, not the everywhere explicit argument of the drama. The masters of our present-day fiction, by making everything else and every other interest apparently supreme, intensify the implicit romance — Mrs. Humphry Ward in one way and Hewlett in another, while Conrad often dispenses with it altogether—at a considerable sacrifice of popular favor.

The more mature lover has won a preferred interest just because it is possible to associate with the riper period features of psychical value. Marriage is a higher state of development than courtship and, wholly apart from its practical problems, leads out into the world of real life—into its varied spiritual currents and vicissitudes.

Those primary relations which belonged to the oldest, as they do to the latest, social order are, in our new fiction, transfigured, but only reflect the change which they have experienced in our modern life. All our affections have participated in the psychical renascence. We have become unprecedented fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends. The primary passions, and especially those mentioned for deprecation in the Litany—envy, hatred, and malice—are negligible factors except in degenerate life and literature, and we wonder how they could ever have had such prominence in old plays and novels. The ancient villains are no more recognized by us as real men and women than the haloed saints. This new sense of life implies a revolutionary change in human sensibility.

From the extreme modern point of view all the literature and art of the past seems to belong to a museum of antiquities, containing precious treasures, many of which appeal to us and are inspiring, as embodiments of a beauty that is everlasting, and some of which we cherish in our affections. For the most part, our

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wonder and curiosity are compelled rather than compelling, touched with reverent passiveness in the presence of somewhat alien majesties who repel our near approach—a wonder and curiosity quite unlike the feeling with which we regard those embodiments of genius which respond to our freshly awakened sensibility, closing in with us at this immediate moment and leading us on imperatively and with absorbing interest to the next.

Even our favorite old authors whom we would fain carry about with us in our pockets rather obstinately refuse domestication. We exclaim, "Dear old Elia!" and, "Dear old Thackeray!" but, however affectionately we approach them, we find that their faces are turned away from us, and even from the readers of their own time. Lamb's fixed regard is toward Elizabethan times and Thackeray's toward the eighteenth century, which he knew so well and so loyally loved—both of them flatly rejecting even comparative modernity. The less ingratiating of the past worthies of literature are sought by us in their remote heights; they are a part of our store of intellectual delights or necessary to our culture. We read them in our youth and, more or less passively, assented to their immortality, and now — we read them when we have the time; present satisfactions are more sufficing.

But the young of to-day who have the time—or should have it, if athletic contests and the training for them are not too exacting—are they reading the old authors beyond what is required of them in the schools? We have a hopeful assurance of the continuity of culture. If it is not to be through the graduates of our universities, then it will be, as in the case of Curtis and Howells, through young men, in every part of the country, whose thirst for the new knowledge will ensure also new interpretations of the past, in history, philosophy, and criticism. That which has served its time and passed away, for all its inadequacies, has in its death yielded its final service for our nutrition — every old pretension, spectacle, and symbol. All our great learning is from the study of these dissolutions.

Childhood recapitulates past stages of human evolution; its early sensibility demands old myths and fairy-tales, and otherwise in its behalf we make large ravages upon what we have shelved, or laid away in our museum of antiquities. This is a natural preparation for the kind of culture which shall recognize what is of eternal excellence in the imaginative creations of the past and, at the time when childish things are put away, shall most intelligently repudiate old and outworn fashions and symbols. We are all, indeed, "children of larger growth," but the larger growth brings with it a rational discrimination, so that even when, by way of holiday amusement, we don an older and more picturesque vesture and play antiques, we clearly understand ourselves and the whimsical nature of our relaxation.

What we seem most of all to have repudiated in our new literature has really become the most essential part of it. The poetry we seem to have spurned has its renascence in imaginative prose. Every new scepticism, every new insistence upon reality, creates fresh zest and hospitality for faith and romance. It is only some old fashions of these that are cast off. So our new life and literature are animated by the spirit which created the impressive spectacle and processional of the past, though the outward fashions and phases of these have vanished.

When we regard any distinctive human period at its prime—the age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Anne, of Victoria — we discover psychical lineaments that suggest comparative modernity, but, with closer scrutiny pursuing the comparison, we should see how far each of these periods falls short of the modernity we know—in its criticism, its scepticism, what it called its common sense, its conception of altruism, its whole attitude toward life and the world.

Within the memory of men who have reached the age of fifty the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and of interpretation—its real modernity, which does not mean the depreciation of the past, but a deeper and truer appreciation, nor any break in the continuity of culture, which is rather led into fresher and more fertile fields of expansion.

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# Editor's Drawer

## The Moon-mirror Light & Power Co.

*BY THOMAS A. JANVIER*

"AMONG the many ingenious inventions of my friend Beverly," said the Colonel, "his device for the collection and distribution of moonlight for commercial purposes—which took practical form in his Moon-mirror Light & Power Company — easily holds the first place."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Doctor, "I should think it would! Beverly must have been as crazy as a loon!"

Ignoring this interjected commentary, the Colonel continued: "As on several previous occasions I have informed you, gentlemen, Mr. Beverly was one of those exceptional beings of limitlessly sanguine temperament in whom imagination and energy—each developed to the highest degree—were so perfectly united and, at the same time, so nicely balanced that the resultant force was the rare quality which we term creative genius. That his creations not infrequently manifested a disposition to collapse on the merely utilitarian side was with him—so long as the abstract correctness of their vitalizing principles remained unimpugned — a negligible quantity. He was best pleased, of course, when substantially useful results flowed from his ingeniously contrived projects; but his mind was of that large sort which rises superior to the pettinesses of practicality, and is content to find in theoretical accomplishment a pure reward."

"A rare, and a most admirable, nature!" interpolated the Bishop, thoughtfully. "Your friend Beverly, Colonel, clearly classes with the small but noble host of

THE ELECTRIC EEL DOMESTIC MOTOR WAS SUITABLE FOR MINOR HOUSEHOLD WORK



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the illuminati—to whom all human progress is due. As Gregorius well has said, speaking with his accustomed broadly imaginative grasp—"

"Precisely, Bishop. Beverly himself had that kind of a grasp. You noticed it before you had talked with him for five minutes. In fact, in his extraordinary mental make-up imagination easily was the dominant quality. The merest spark of suggestion at any time would fire in his wonderful mind a train of novel concepts which would go off like fire-works; and all of them would be of a sort to arouse intellectual interest, and most of them of a nature to advance—as you truly have said—the general welfare of mankind. What is still more remarkable, he very frequently would burst into inventive flame without even waiting for the suggestive spark to catch up with him. Indeed, among the results of such mental spontaneous combustion were some of the most strikingly original of his many brilliant achievements.

"As belonging to this category, I may instance his exceedingly ingenious Electric Eel Domestic Motor—suitable for such minor household work as coffee-grinding, ice-cream-making, clothes-wringing, churning, and so on—which could be increased or diminished in voltage by introducing into or extracting from the power-tank—through a suitably insulated orifice—the number of eels required for the work to be performed. That this admirable contrivance was not a commercial success was due merely to the detail that electric eels, free on board in South-American waters, cost individually rather more than the price of a 20-eel-power dynamo—and Beverly's attempt to reduce the cost by starting an eelery in this country failed because the eels, not being of a gregarious habit, took to fighting in the pond in which he had placed them, and used up all their electricity among themselves. However, as the soundness of the underlying principle of his invention very generally was recognized, Beverly was content with having scored an abstract rather than a concrete success."

"Did he mix up his eels with his moonlight?" asked the Doctor.

"He did not," replied the Colonel. "His moonlight-utilization project was a separate matter, that he took up when he became convinced that his electric-eel scheme could not be made commercially profitable. So far as it had its origin in any of his previous outflows of inventive energy, it in part derived from his device for shooting mountain-sheep: the essential feature of which, as you will remember, was the erection of a series of enormous mirrors around a mountain frequented by those shy animals—with the resulting ability to see a sheep, and to shoot it with a properly curved rifle, at any point on the mountain's circuit.

"It was during one of the many nights which my friend passed in that elevated solitude, far above the cloud-line, that the first thrillings of his new plan came to him. In that clear air, at that great altitude, the light of the moon—just then full—was of a dazzling brilliancy; and the moonrays were so increased and so intensified by their flashings from mirror to mirror that the whole crest of the mountain was flooded with a cold, glittering splendor. Yet only a little below that glowing mountain-top were cloud-banks, thick and far-extending, which veiled in darkness vast stretches of the under earth. In other words—as Beverly's keen perceptive faculties led him to note instantly—a very large percentage of the moon's illuminating power simply was going to dead waste.

"Economy, in the broad sense of the term, was the high end toward which my friend's inventive effort ever most urgently was directed. In the very moment that he recognized the waste of moonlight that was going on around him, and cognately realized the vastly more enormous waste that was going on under like conditions throughout the world, his acute intellect devised a way to stop it—and the moon-mirror project took form in his mind."

"Most curious!" said the Judge, suddenly rousing himself. "How old was Mr. Beverly?"

"I am at a loss, sir, to perceive the bearing of your question," the Colonel replied, with asperity; "nor is it a question that can be answered with precision. Like the rest of us, Mr. Beverly was of various ages. He began life at what may be termed the zero-point—and thence continued. At one time he was ten years old. Later he was twenty years old—and so on. Is there any other irrelevant matter, Judge, about which you desire information? If not—as I happen to be at the most interesting point in my narrative—I will go on."

"Really, Colonel, I beg your pardon," said the Judge, deprecatingly. "I am sure I don't know why I asked that question! I think I must have been thinking about something else. Do, please, go on."

"It was the mirror part—materially modified and very greatly extended—of his sheep-shooting apparatus," the Colonel continued, "that Mr. Beverly designed to use in his moonlight collection and distribution undertaking; and his plan was as simple and as effective as it was comprehensively complete. In brief, he proposed to establish a vast system of mirrors—severally resting upon ball-and-socket pivoted bases, and fitted with a simple clock-work attachment working in unison with the annual and diurnal revolutions of the earth and with the monthly revolutions of the moon—upon all mountain peaks rising above cloud-level throughout the world. By a supplementary oscillating clock-work attachment, similarly of an extreme simplicity, the moonrays impinging upon the mirrors were to be deflected upon and concentrated into simply contrived receivers set up at suitable intervals; from which receivers, by means of

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a simple system of tubular mirror conduits, the condensed moonlight was to be conveyed to conveniently situated distributing-stations below the cloud-level: whence — after passing through a simple disintegrating transmuter —it was to be conveyed by a minor simple system of mirror-piping to all points at which it was to be used, as occasion demanded, either for light or for power. You will perceive—"

"Where did Beverly's Moon-mirror Company have its headquarters?" interrupted the Doctor. "At Bloomingdale — with branches at Kirkbride's and Colney Hatch?"

"Speaking, of course, in the abstract, Doctor," the Colonel replied, frigidly, "the fact has been observed from Abernethy's time onward that common courtesy is the last virtue that a member of the medical profession is likely to possess, were I to add that within my own personal knowledge uncommon discourtesy is a marked medical characteristic—"

"Hold! Hold! my dear Colonel!" put in the Bishop, with suave remonstrance. "Remember Saint Luke — to whom Saint Paul surely would not have referred as 'the beloved physician' were your hasty generalization well founded. Remember, too, Saints Cosmo and Damian, 'the blessed Arabian doctors'—those brother saints who dwelt at Ægæ in Cilicia in the second half of the third century. By order of Diocletian (to whose execrable atrocities I shall revert later) those holy men were cast into the sea—but only to be rescued by an angel. The fire to which they then were exposed refused to burn them. When they were set up to be stoned, the very stones went wide of them and left them unharmed. That they eventually were beheaded without difficulty is a detail aside from my present contention, which is— But I perceive, my dear Colonel, that I am interrupting your story; and, also, I trust that for my present purposes I have said enough."

"We await with interest, Colonel, the development of your thesis," added the Judge, speaking drowsily. So novel a proposition as the commercialization of moonlight is a matter about which we gladly will hear all that you have to tell."

"To be sure, Colonel, go right ahead," said the Doctor, cordially. "You know I don't mean any real harm when I jump in with my fool questions. Crack away and tell us how Beverly came out with the rig that he was setting up on the moon."

"He did not come out," the Colonel replied, with a severe brevity. "He remained in. Actuarial calculations—taking note of the periodic loss incident to the moon's seasons of obscuration—having disclosed the fact that the interest charges upon the cost of his moon-mirror plant would be in excess of returns from purchasers of light and power, the dictates of his shrewd common sense compelled him to abandon his theoretically perfected scheme."

THE FIRST THRILLINGS OF HIS NEW PLAN CAME TO HIM

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A Sore Mishap

*Oh, what can be the matter that Malinda cries so hard?*
*She broke her strand of amber beads out in the chicken-yard!*

---

# Mr. Horace Carr

*BY WILBUR NESBIT*

HE called her on the telephone,
And told her from afar,
In what was his politest tone:
"I'm Mr. Horace Carr."
"Too bad!" the gentle maid replied
In accents that were jolly.
"But if you want to take a ride,
Why don't you catch the trolley?"

"I fear you do not understand,"
He said, and gave a jar
To the receiver in his hand—
"I'm Mr. Horace Carr!"
"Indeed, I deeply sympathize
With you," she said, with laughter.
"I think you would be very wise
To take the train hereafter."

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said again,
"'Tis merry that you are.
I'd like to call to-day at 10—
You see, I'm Mr. Carr."

"I'm sorry for you," so she said.
"I'm grieved at your narration.
But I'm not the directing head
Of lines of transportation."

"I'm Mr. Horace Carr!" he cried
Into the telephone.
"That statement will not be denied,"
Came back her mocking tone.
"I'm Mr. Carr! I'm Mr. Carr!"
He desperately shouted.
"Then catch another where you are!"
She petulantly pouted.

At last, by spelling out each word,
He told her what he meant—
(In truth, this incident occurred
Just as we represent).
He came; he called; he came again—
An ancient horse-car brought him.
He kept on coming there—and then
He was her Carr—she caught him!

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### Where It Was Signed

A TEACHER who was hearing the recitation of a history class asked:

"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

"Please, sir, at the bottom," answered a little boy.

---

### Declined

FRED and Louis came in late to supper, hungry as wolves, and tired from an afternoon's work and play. They slipped quietly into their accustomed seats at the table, and looked with watering mouths on two tempting plates prepared for the late-comers.

Now, Fred was just entering upon the study of Latin at school, and he had contracted the boyish habit of Latinizing his English words.

"Supper, supperi, suppero, supperum," he began to rattle off in glee as a sort of preliminary to his evening meal.

When he put out his hand for his plate, he was astonished to find that the busy Louis had appropriated it and was already eating at a startling rate.

"Why, what do you mean, you little rascal," Fred cried in anger, shaking his brother by the shoulder.

"M-mean?" stammered Louis, between mouthfuls. "Why, haven't you just declined supper?"

---

### Why Not?

THE verse you write
You say is written;
All rules despite,
But not despitten.
The gas you light
Is never litten.

The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk;
The boy you spank
Is never spunk;
A friend you thank
But never thunk.

Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken;
But if you sneak
You have not snoken.
The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken.

A dog will bite,
Likewise has bitten
With all his might,
But not his mitten.
You fly your kite,
But not your kitten.

HARROLD SKINNER.

### Observant

STANLEY, aged four, is one of a large family. Besides numerous sisters and brothers, there are aunts and uncles galore and many cousins. The only very young people, however, are those in his immediate household.

At Thanksgiving dinner Stanley gazed solemnly around the table for a while, and then announced, oracularly:

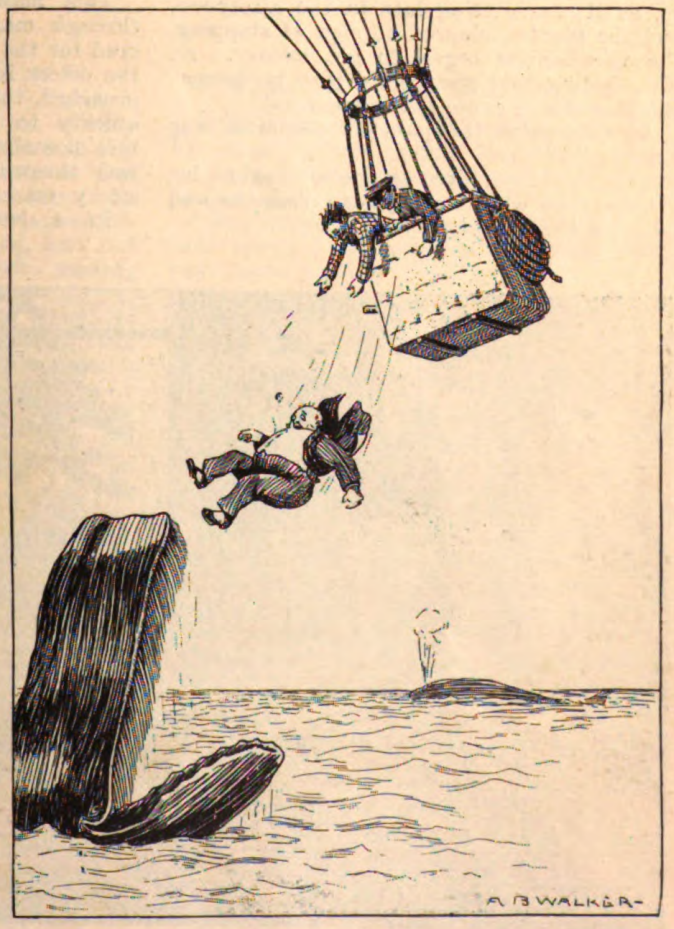
"My mother and the cat seem to be the only people in this whole family that have any children!"

---

### Little Pitchers

"IF I had only known that this pleasure was in store for me," said the doctor, as he shook hands cordially with his wife's cousins, "I should certainly have arranged my business so as to be home earlier."

"Why, pa," piped up little Tommy, "don't you remember that ma told you they were coming, and you said, 'Oh, the devil!'"




The Modern Version of Jonah and the Whale

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### What Did She Do?

IN a backwoods church it was proposed to subject a young member to discipline for dancing.

An intelligent woman, who had travelled a little and knew something of broader views, undertook the defence of the young girl. She maintained that the course they proposed might drive the girl away from all religion, and closed by saying, "There are worse things than dancing. I am sure I, myself, have done things much worse."

A horny-handed old elder leaned forward excitedly, and exclaimed, in his strong nasal, "Good heavens! Sister Sally! What hev you done?"

---

### Too Good to Lose

TWO wealthy bankers of Boston were on a fishing trip in Maine, not long ago, when one suggested that they enter a little backwoods meeting church they chanced to come across in the course of their wanderings.

They took their places on a rear bench, just as the preacher had begun his sermon. He continued speaking for over an hour; so, as it was getting late in the afternoon, and the speaker showed no sign of stopping, the vacationists began to get uneasy. At last, feeling that they could stay no longer, the Bostonians arose and started out.

At this point the parson's discourse was cut short.

"Under the circumstances," said he, grimly, "we will interrupt our remarks and take up the collection now."

Cornered

### Saved Himself First

SAM PORTER and Hiram Brown were out rowing on the Merrimac, when the boat capsized, spilling both men in the water. Sam was a fine swimmer, but was not very bright, while Hiram was bright enough, but could not swim a stroke.

When Sam found himself in the water he struck out lustily for the shore, while Hiram clung to the overturned skiff.

As soon as Sam reached the shore he was about to plunge into the water again, when a man standing near said, "What are you going back into the water for? You just swam ashore."

Sam paused a moment, then said, "Wall, I hed to save myself first; now I'm goin' back to fetch Hi!"

And he proceeded to bring Hiram ashore.

---

### Through with Patriotism

AT a recent meeting of Spanish war veterans, one member who saw service in Cuba told an amusing story wherein a volunteer soldier was the principal figure.

This man's regiment had been wading through many weary miles of soft, sticky mud for the greater part of the day. When the officer in command of all the forces approached, the men were drawn up somewhat quickly to salute him. In the midst of this floundering movement one of the men was thrown violently into the black and sticky mass.

In a few minutes he crawled to his feet, a wobegone spectacle, his face smeared to the complexion of a negro.

"Are you hurt, my man?" an officer asked him.

"No," replied the soldier, in a tone of the utmost disgust. "I ain't hurt; but if ever I love a country agin you can kick *me!*"

---

### A Request

IT was a Western man who posted up the following notice at an open-air concert:

"The chairs in front of the band-stand are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

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FATHER GIRAFFE. "*This is a funny book; they have the giraffe family classified among the lower animals.*"

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### Power of Suggestion

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher told a class of little six-year-olds that after Adam was made he was very lonely, and so God promised to make a wife for him. At night, while Adam was sleeping very soundly, God took a rib from his side, and out of it He made the promised wife, naming her Eve.

This statement was a great shock to Willie, one of the class, and he exclaimed, "Didn't it hurt him? Didn't he have a pain in his side? Didn't he cry?"

The teacher's answers were not satisfactory, and he carried his troubles to his mother. And the question of pain in the side was discussed many times during the week, but Willie's fears for Adam's comfort were unappeased.

On Friday he came rushing into the house crying, "Oh, Mamma! Mamma! I have such a pain in my side. I think God is going to make me a wife."

---

### Wonderful Memory

A SCHOOL-TEACHER who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the discovery of America by Columbus, ended it with:

"And all this happened over four hundred years ago."

A little boy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought:

"Oh, my, what a memory you've got!"

### Would We Choose Our Relations?

LITTLE Austin, on his return from the picnic, after gazing long and fixedly at the plain-looking brother of his companion, seated across the car:

"Say, Tom, if that boy over there wasn't your brother, and you just met him, would you choose him for your brother?"

---

### The Queen's Lesson in Table Manners

ONE of the ladies-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria had a very bright little daughter about four years old, and of whom the Queen was very fond.

The Queen invited the child to have lunch with her.

Of course the mother was highly pleased, and charged the little girl to be very careful about her table manners, and to be very polite and careful before the Queen.

The little girl came home in high glee, and the mother asked her all about the luncheon.

"Were you a very polite little girl? and did you remember to do all I told you at the table?" asked the proud mamma.

"Oh yes. I was polite," said the little one, "but the Queen wasn't."

"The Queen wasn't!" said the mother. "Why, what did she do?"

"She took her chicken bone up in her fingers, and I just shook my finger at her like you did at me, and said, 'Piggy, piggy, piggy!'"

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## Shadows

*"I sent my boy to fetch a plant*
*From Aunt Maria Pool.*
*I wonder why he doesn't come,*
*He's slow as any mule."*

---

### Finance

"THE feminine mind entertains some unique notions of business," recently observed a high official of a certain insurance company. "As a case in point, I may cite the experience of one of our agents in an Ohio town who succeeded in writing insurance on the building owned by a German woman.

"When the woman came for her policy the agent remarked:

"'It would be better if you'd leave your check now for the first premium.'

"'How much?' asked the woman, warily.

"'Just a little over fifty dollars, replied the agent. 'I'll tell you the exact amount in a moment.'

"'Look here, young man!' exclaimed the woman, 'I'm in much hurry this morning, und I can't wait. Yust you dell your company to let it stand und deduct it ven the place burns down.'"

---

### Forethought

A LAD of ten years living in a suburb of Baltimore was recently taken into town to spend the day with his grandfather.

At dinner he ate himself into a state of great satisfaction, his relatives the while looking on in wonder. Finally he was actually forbidden to eat any more.

On the way home the lad pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing at it.

"What is that, Bobby?" asked his sister.

"Only a dog-biscuit," came from Robert, in apologetic tone.

"Where did you get it?"

"I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained Bobby, "so I took it away from Fido."

### The Duty of the Acolyte

CHARLIE described his first experience as a choir-boy to his younger brother. The ritualistic service had greatly impressed him. "Mother," remarked the young brother a little while later, "Charlie says in the choir where he sings they sling insects round and it smells awful!"

---

### The Prince Consort

*(Ballad of a Beach Comber)*

HO! Hi'm th' Chief Adwiser ter a Sub-Queen o' th' Kaiser—
W'ich 'er name is Bambaloozo, an' she rules th' 'Ogan Group;
(You will get it she's a lady—an' 'er 'ide is ruther shady)—
But Hi 'ad ter be 'er 'usband or she'd put me in th' soup!

Hi didn't mean ter land 'er; Hi'm an' hinnercent bystander,
When she turns 'er glims hupon me an' she rolls 'er hye an' sighed.
Then she signs she loves me dearly, an' she hintermates quite clearly
That Hi'd better be contented or she'd 'ave me stewed or fried!

So Hi'm th' Chief Adwiser ter a Sub-Queen o' th' Kaiser—
(Hi'd turn me kingdom Hinglish, but Hi doesn't 'ave th' say).
Fer it seems th' Prince Consorter 'asn't got th' say 'e orter—
So Hi'm 'tendin' ter me bizness an' Hi don't try gittin' gay.

ALFRED DAMON RUNYON.

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*Painting by Howard Pyle* Illustration for "The Choices"

ROSAMUND AND SIR GREGORY

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HARPER'S
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# Julia Bride

*BY HENRY JAMES*

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

SHE had walked with her friend to the top of the wide steps of the Museum, those that descended from the galleries of painting, and then, after the young man had left her, smiling, looking back, waving all gayly and expressively his hat and stick, had watched him, smiling too, but with a different intensity—had kept him in sight till he passed out of the great door. She might have been waiting to see if he would turn there for a last demonstration; which was exactly what he did, renewing his cordial gesture and with his look of glad devotion, the radiance of his young face, reaching her across the great space, as she felt, in undiminished truth. Yes, so she could feel, and she remained a minute even after he was gone; she gazed at the empty air as if he had filled it still, asking herself what more she wanted and what, if it didn't signify glad devotion, his whole air could have represented.

She was at present so anxious that she could wonder if he stepped and smiled like that for mere relief at separation; yet if he wanted, in that degree, to break the spell and escape the danger why did he keep coming back to her, and why, for that matter, had she felt safe a moment before in letting him go? She felt safe, felt almost reckless—that was the proof—so long as he was with her; but the chill came as soon as he had gone, when she took the measure, instantly, of all she yet missed. She might now have been taking it afresh, by the testimony of her charming clouded eyes and of the rigor that had already replaced her beautiful play of expression. Her radiance, for the minute, had "carried" as far as his, travelling on the light wings of her brilliant prettiness—he, on his side, not being facially handsome, but only sensitive, clean and eager. Then, with its extinction, the sustaining wings dropped and hung.

She wheeled about, however, full of a purpose; she passed back through the pictured rooms, for it pleased her, this idea of a talk with Mr. Pitman—as much, that is, as anything could please a young person so troubled. It happened indeed that when she saw him rise at sight of her from the settee where he had told her five minutes before that she would find him, it was just with her nervousness that his presence seemed, as through an odd suggestion of help, to connect itself. Nothing truly would be quite so odd for her case as aid proceeding from Mr. Pitman; unless perhaps the oddity would be even greater for himself—the oddity of her having taken into her head an appeal to him.

She had had to feel alone with a vengeance — inwardly alone and miserably alarmed—to be ready to "meet," that way, at the first sign from him, the successor to her dim father in her dim father's lifetime, the second of her

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mother's two divorced husbands. It made a queer relation for her; a relation that struck her at this moment as less edifying, less natural and graceful than it would have been even for her remarkable mother—and still in spite of this parent's third marriage, her union with Mr. Connery, from whom she was informally separated. It was at the back of Julia's head as she approached Mr. Pitman, or it was at least somewhere deep within her soul, that if this last of Mrs. Connery's withdrawals from the matrimonial yoke had received the sanction of the Court (Julia had always heard, from far back, so much about the "Court") she herself, as after a fashion, in that event, a party to it, would not have had the cheek to make up—which was how she inwardly phrased what she was doing—to the long, lean, loose, slightly cadaverous gentleman who was a memory, for her, of the period from her twelfth to her seventeenth year. She had got on with him, perversely, much better than her mother had, and the bulging misfit of his duck waistcoat, with his trick of swinging his eye-glass, at the end of an extraordinarily long string, far over the scene, came back to her as positive features of the image of her remoter youth. Her present age—for her later time had seen so many things happen—gave her a perspective.

Fifty things came up as she stood there before him, some of them floating in from the past, others hovering with freshness: how she used to dodge the rotary movement made by his pince-nez while he always awkwardly, and kindly, and often funnily, talked—it had once hit her rather badly in the eye; how she used to pull down and straighten his waistcoat, making it set a little better, a thing of a sort her mother never did; how friendly and familiar she must have been with him for that, or else a forward little minx; how she felt almost capable of doing it again now, just to sound the right note, and how sure she was of the way he would take it if she did; how much nicer he had clearly been, all the while, poor dear man, than his wife and the Court had made it possible for him publicly to appear; how much younger too he now looked, in spite of his rather melancholy, his mildly-jaundiced, humorously-determined sallowness and his careless assumption, everywhere, from his forehead to his exposed and relaxed blue socks, almost sky-blue, as in past days, of creases and folds and furrows that would have been perhaps tragic if they hadn't seemed rather to show, like his whimsical black eyebrows, the vague interrogative arch.

Of course he wasn't wretched if he wasn't more sure of his wretchedness than that! Julia Bride would have been sure—had she been through what she supposed *he* had! With his thick, loose black hair, in any case, untouched by a thread of gray, and his kept gift of a certain big-boyish awkwardness — that of his taking their encounter, for instance, so amusedly, so crudely, though, as she was not unaware, so eagerly too—he could by no means have been so little his wife's junior as it had been that lady's habit, after the divorce, to represent him. Julia had remembered him as old, since she had so constantly thought of her mother as old; which Mrs. Connery was indeed now, for her daughter, with her dozen years of actual seniority to Mr. Pitman and her exquisite hair, the densest, the finest tangle of arranged silver tendrils that had ever enhanced the effect of a preserved complexion.

Something in the girl's vision of her quondam stepfather as still comparatively young—with the confusion, the immense element of rectification, not to say of rank disproof, that it introduced into Mrs. Connery's favorite picture of her own injured past—all this worked, even at the moment, to quicken once more the clearness and harshness of judgment, the retrospective disgust, as she might have called it, that had of late grown up in her, the sense of all the folly and vanity and vulgarity, the lies, the perversities, the falsification of all life in the interest of who could say what wretched frivolity, what preposterous policy, amid which she had been condemned so ignorantly, so pitifully to sit, to walk, to grope, to flounder, from the very dawn of her consciousness. Didn't poor Mr. Pitman just touch the sensitive nerve of it when, taking her in with his facetious, cautious eyes, he spoke to her, right out, of the old, old story, the everlasting little wonder of her beauty?

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*Drawn by W. T. Smedley*

THE YOUNG MAN HAD LEFT HER, SMILING, LOOKING BACK

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"Why, you know, you've grown up so lovely—you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen!" Of course she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen; she was the prettiest girl people much more privileged than he had ever seen; since when hadn't she been passing for the prettiest girl any one had ever seen? She had lived in that, from far back, from year to year, from day to day and from hour to hour—she had lived for it and literally *by* it, as who should say; but Mr. Pitman was somehow more illuminating than he knew, with the present lurid light that he cast upon old dates, old pleas, old values and old mysteries, not to call them old abysses: it had rolled over her in a swift wave, with the very sight of him, that her mother couldn't possibly have been right about him—as about what in the world had she ever been right?—so that in fact he was simply offered her there as one more of Mrs. Connery's lies. She might have thought she knew them all by this time; but he represented for her, coming in just as he did, a fresh discovery, and it was this contribution of freshness that made her somehow feel she liked him. It was she herself who, for so long, with her retained impression, had been right about him; and the rectification he represented had *all* shone out of him, ten minutes before, on his catching her eye while she moved through the room with Mr. French. She had never doubted of his probable faults—which her mother had vividly depicted as the basest of vices; since some of them, and the most obvious (not the vices, but the faults) were written on him as he stood there: notably, for instance, the exasperating "business slackness" of which Mrs. Connery had, before the tribunal, made so pathetically much. It might have been, for that matter, the very business slackness that affected Julia as presenting its friendly breast, in the form of a cool loose sociability, to her own actual tension; though it was also true for her, after they had exchanged fifty words, that he had as well his inward fever and that, if he was perhaps wondering what was so particularly the matter with her, she could make out not less that something was the matter with *him*. It had been vague, yet it had been intense, the mute reflection, "Yes, I'm going to like him, and he's going somehow to help me!" that had directed her steps so straight to him. She was sure even then of this, that he wouldn't put to her a query about his former wife, that he took to-day no grain of interest in Mrs. Connery; that his interest, such as it was—and he couldn't look *quite* like that, to Julia Bride's expert perception, without something in the nature of a new one—would be a thousand times different.

It was as a value of *disproof* that his worth meanwhile so rapidly grew: the good sight of him, the good sound and sense of him, such as they were, demolished at a stroke so blessedly much of the horrid inconvenience of the past that she thought of him, she clutched at him, for a *general* saving use, an application as sanative, as redemptive, as some universal healing wash, precious even to the point of perjury if perjury should be required. That was the terrible thing, that had been the inward pang with which she watched Basil French recede: perjury would have to come in somehow and somewhere—oh so quite certainly!—before the so strange, so rare young man, truly smitten though she believed him, could be made to rise to the occasion, before her measureless prize could be assured. It was present to her, it had been present a hundred times, that if there had only been some one to (as it were) "deny everything" the situation might yet be saved. She so needed some one to lie for her—ah she so needed some one to lie! Her mother's version of everything, her mother's version of anything, had been at the best, as they said, discounted; and she herself could but show of course for an interested party, however much she might claim to be none the less a decent girl—to whatever point, that is, after all that had both remotely and recently happened, presumptions of anything to be called decency could come in.

After what had recently happened—the two or three indirect but so worrying questions Mr. French had put to her—it would only be some thoroughly detached friend or witness who might effectively testify. An odd form of detachment certainly would reside, for Mr. Pitman's evidential character, in her mother's hav-

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ing so publicly and so brilliantly—though, thank the powers, all off in North Dakota!—severed their connection with him; and yet mightn't it do *her* some good, even if the harm it might do her mother were so little ambiguous? The more her mother had got divorced—with her dreadful cheap-and-easy second performance in that line and her present extremity of alienation from Mr. Connery, which enfolded beyond doubt the germ of a third petition on one side or the other—the more her mother had distinguished herself in the field of folly the worse for her own prospect with the Frenches, whose minds she had guessed to be accessible, and with such an effect of dissimulated suddenness, to some insidious poison.

It was very unmistakable, in other words, that the more dismissed and detached Mr. Pitman should have come to appear, the more as divorced, or at least as divorcing, his before-time wife would by the same stroke figure—so that it was here poor Julia could but lose herself. The crazy divorces only, or the half-dozen successive and still crazier engagements only—gathered fruit, bitter fruit, of her own incredibly allowed, her own insanely fostered frivolity—either of these two groups of skeletons at the banquet might singly be dealt with; but the combination, the fact of each party's having been so mixed-up with whatever was least presentable for the other, the fact of their having so shockingly amused themselves together, made all present steering resemble the classic middle course between Scylla and Charybdis.

It was not, however, that she felt wholly a fool in having obeyed this impulse to pick up again her kind old friend. *She* at least had never divorced him, and her horrid little filial evidence in Court had been but the chatter of a parrakeet, of precocious plumage and croak, repeating words earnestly taught her and that she could scarce even pronounce. Therefore, as far as steering went, he *must* for the hour take a hand. She might actually have wished in fact that he shouldn't now have seemed so tremendously struck with her; since it was an extraordinary situation for a girl, this crisis of her fortune, this positive wrong that the flagrancy, what she would have been ready to call the very vulgarity, of her good looks might do her at a moment when it was vital she should hang as straight as a picture on the wall. Had it ever yet befallen any young woman in the world to wish with secret intensity that she might have been, for her convenience, a shade less inordinately pretty? She had come to that, to this view of the bane, the primal curse, of their lavish physical outfit, which had included everything and as to which she lumped herself resentfully with her mother. The only thing was that her mother was, thank goodness, still so much prettier, still so assertively, so publicly, so trashily, so ruinously pretty. Wonderful the small grimness with which Julia Bride put off on this parent the middle-aged maximum of their case and the responsibility of their defect. It cost her so little to recognize in Mrs. Connery at forty-seven, and in spite, or perhaps indeed just by reason, of the arranged silver tendrils which were so like some rare bird's-nest in a morning frost, a facile supremacy for the dazzling effect—it cost her so little that her view even rather exaggerated the lustre of the different maternal items. She would have put it *all* off if possible, all off on other shoulders and on other graces and other morals than her own, the burden of physical charm that had made so easy a ground, such a native favoring air, for the aberrations which, apparently inevitable and without far consequences at the time, had yet at this juncture so much better not have been.

She could have worked it out at her leisure, to the last link of the chain, the way their prettiness had set them trap after trap, all along—had foredoomed them to awful ineptitude. When you were as pretty as that you could, by the whole idiotic consensus, be nothing *but* pretty; and when you were nothing "but" pretty you could get into nothing but tight places, out of which you could then scramble by nothing but masses of fibs. And there was no one, all the while, who wasn't eager to egg you on, eager to make you pay to the last cent the price of your beauty. What creature would ever for a moment help you to behave as if something that dragged in its wake a bit less of a lumbering train would, on the whole, have been better for you? The

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consequences of being plain were only negative—you failed of this and that; but the consequences of being as *they* were, what were these but endless? though indeed, as far as failing went, your beauty too could let you in for enough of it. Who, at all events, would ever for a moment credit you, in the luxuriance of that beauty, with the study, on your own side, of such truths as these? Julia Bride could, at the point she had reached, positively ask herself this even while lucidly conscious of the inimitable, the triumphant and attested projection, all round her, of her exquisite image. It was only Basil French who had at last, in his doubtless dry, but all distinguished way—the way, surely as it was borne in upon her, of all the blood of all the Frenches—stepped out of the vulgar rank. It was only he who, by the trouble she discerned in him, had made her see certain things. It was only for him—and not a bit ridiculously, but just beautifully, almost sublimely—that their being "nice," her mother and she between them, had *not* seemed to profit by their being so furiously handsome.

This had, ever so grossly and ever so tiresomely, satisfied every one else; since every one had thrust upon them, had imposed upon them, as by a great cruel conspiracy, their silliest possibilities; fencing them in to these, and so not only shutting them out from others, but mounting guard at the fence, walking round and round outside it, to see they didn't escape, and admiring them, talking to them, through the rails, in mere terms of chaff, terms of chucked cakes and apples—as if they had been antelopes or zebras, or even some superior sort of performing, of dancing, bear. It had been reserved for Basil French to strike her as willing to let go, so to speak, a pound or two of this fatal treasure if he might only have got in exchange for it an ounce or so more of their so much less obvious and less published personal history. Yes, it described him to say that, in addition to all the rest of him, and of *his* personal history, and of his family, and of theirs, in addition to their social posture, as that of a serried phalanx, and to their notoriously enormous wealth and crushing respectability, she might have been ever so much less lovely for him if she had been only—well, a little prepared to answer questions. And it wasn't as if, quiet, cultivated, earnest, public-spirited, brought up in Germany, infinitely travelled, awfully like a high-caste Englishman, and all the other pleasant things, it wasn't as if he didn't love to be with her, to look at her, just as she was; for he loved it exactly as much, so far as that footing simply went, as any free and foolish youth who had ever made the last demonstration of it. It was that marriage was, for him—and for them all, the serried Frenches—a great matter, a goal to which a man of intelligence, a real shy, beautiful man of the world, didn't hop on one foot, didn't skip and jump, as if he were playing an urchins' game, but toward which he proceeded with a deep and anxious, a noble and highly just deliberation.

For it was one thing to stare at a girl till she was bored with it, it was one thing to take her to the Horse Show and the Opera, and to send her flowers by the stack, and chocolates by the ton, and "great" novels, the very latest and greatest, by the dozen; but something quite other to hold open for her, with eyes attached to eyes, the gate, moving on such stiff silver hinges, of the grand square forecourt of the palace of wedlock. The state of being "engaged" represented to him the introduction to this precinct of some young woman with whom his outside parley would have had the duration, distinctly, of his own convenience. That might be cold-blooded if one chose to think so; but nothing of another sort would equal the high ceremony and dignity and decency, above all the grand gallantry and finality, of their then passing in. Poor Julia could have blushed red, before that view, with the memory of the way the forecourt, as she now imagined it, had been dishonored by her younger romps. She had tumbled over the wall with this, that and the other raw playmate, and had played "tag" and leap-frog, as she might say, from corner to corner. That would be the "history" with which, in case of definite demand, she should be able to supply Mr. French: that she had already, again and again, any occasion offering, chattered and scuffled over ground provided, according to his idea, for walking the gravest of

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minuets. If that then had been all their *kind* of history, hers and her mother's, at least there was plenty of it: it was the superstructure raised on the other group of facts, those of the order of their having been always so perfectly pink and white, so perfectly possessed of clothes, so perfectly splendid, so perfectly idiotic. These things had been the "points" of antelope and zebra; putting Mrs. Connery for the zebra, as the more remarkably striped or spotted. Such were the *data* Basil French's inquiry would elicit: her own six engagements and her mother's three nullified marriages—nine nice distinct little horrors in all. What on earth was to be done about them?

It was notable, she was afterwards to recognize, that there had been nothing of the famous business slackness in the positive pounce with which Mr. Pitman put it to her that, as soon as he had made her out "for sure," identified her there as old Julia grown-up and gallivanting with a new admirer, a smarter young fellow than ever yet, he had had the inspiration of her being exactly the good girl to help him. She certainly found him strike the hour again, with these vulgarities of tone—forms of speech that her mother had anciently described as by themselves, once he had opened the whole battery, sufficient ground for putting him away. Full, however, of the use she should have for him, she wasn't going to mind trifles. What she really gasped at was that, so oddly, he was ahead of her at the start. "Yes, I want something of you, Julia, and I want it right now: you can do me a turn, and I'm blest if my luck—which has once or twice been pretty good, you know—hasn't sent you to me." She knew the luck he meant—that of her mother's having so enabled him to get rid of her; but it was the nearest allusion of the merely invidious kind that he would make. It had thus come to our young woman on the spot and by divination: the service he desired of her matched with remarkable closeness what she had so promptly taken into her head to name to himself—to name in her own interest, though deterred as yet from having brought it right out. She had been prevented by his speaking, the first thing, in that way, as if he had known Mr. French—which surprised her till he explained that every one in New York knew by appearance a young man of his so quoted wealth ("What did she take them all in New York then *for*?") and of whose marked attention to her he had moreover, for himself, round at clubs and places, lately heard. This had accompanied the inevitable free question "Was she engaged to *him* now?"—which she had in fact almost welcomed as holding out to her the perch of opportunity. She was waiting to deal with it properly, but meanwhile he had gone on, and to such effect that it took them but three minutes to turn out, on either side, like a pair of pickpockets comparing, under shelter, their day's booty, the treasures of design concealed about their persons.

"I want you to tell the truth for me—as you only can. I want you to say that I was really all right—as right as you know; and that I simply acted like an angel in a story-book, gave myself away to have it over."

"Why, my dear man," Julia cried, "you take the wind straight out of my sails! What I'm here to ask of *you* is that you'll confess to having been even a worse fiend than you were shown up for; to having made it impossible mother should *not* take proceedings." There!—she had brought it out, and with the sense of their situation turning to high excitement for her in the teeth of his droll stare, his strange grin, his characteristic "Lordy, lordy! What good will that do you?"" She was prepared with her clear statement of reasons for her appeal, and feared so he might have better ones for his own that all her story came in a flash. "Well, Mr. Pitman, I want to get married this time, by way of a change; but you see we've been such fools that, when something really good at last comes up, it's too dreadfully awkward. The fools we were capable of being—well, you know better than any one: unless perhaps not quite so well as Mr. Connery. It has got to be denied," said Julia ardently—"it has got to be denied flat. But I can't get hold of Mr. Connery—Mr. Connery has gone to China. Besides, if he were here," she had ruefully to confess, "he'd be no good—on the contrary. He wouldn't deny anything—he'd only tell more. So thank heaven he's away—

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there's *that* amount of good! I'm not engaged yet," she went on—but he had already taken her up.

"You're not engaged to Mr. French?" It was all, clearly, a wondrous show for him, but his immediate surprise, oddly, might have been greatest for that.

"No, not to any one—for the seventh time!" She spoke as with her head held well up both over the shame and the pride. "Yes, the next time I'm engaged I want something to happen. But he's afraid; he's afraid of what may be told him. He's dying to find out, and yet he'd die if he did! He wants to be talked to, but he has got to be talked to right. You could talk to him right, Mr. Pitman—if you only *would!* He can't get over mother—that I feel: he loathes and scorns divorces, and we've had first and last too many. So if he could hear from you that you just made her life a hell—why," Julia concluded, "it would be too lovely. If she *had* to go in for another—after having already, when I was little, divorced father—it would 'sort of' make, don't you see? one less. You'd do the high-toned thing by her: you'd say what a wretch you then were, and that she had had to save her life. In that way he mayn't mind it. Don't you see, you sweet man?" poor Julia pleaded. "Oh," she wound up as if his fancy lagged or his scruple looked out, "of course I want you to *lie* for me!"

It did indeed sufficiently stagger him. "It's a lovely idea for the moment when I was just saying to myself—as soon as I saw you—that you'd speak the truth for *me!*"

"Ah, what's the matter with 'you'?" Julia sighed with an impatience not sensibly less sharp for her having so quickly scented some lion in her path.

"Why, do you think there's no one in the world but you who has seen the cup of promised affection, of something really to be depended on, only, at the last moment, by the horrid jostle of your elbow, spilled all over you? I want to provide for my future too as it happens; and my good friend who's to help me to that—the most charming of women this time—disapproves of divorce quite as much as Mr. French. Don't you see," Mr. Pitman candidly asked, "what that by itself must have done toward attaching me to her? *She* has got to be talked to—to be told how little I could help it."

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" the girl emulously groaned. It was such a relieving cry. "Well, *I* won't talk to her!" she declared.

"You *won't,* Julia?" he pitifully echoed. "And yet you ask of *me*—!"

His pang, she felt, was sincere, and even more than she had guessed, for the previous quarter of an hour, he had been building up his hope, building it with her aid for a foundation. Yet was he going to see how their testimony, on each side, would, if offered, *have* to conflict? If he was to prove himself for her sake—or, more queerly still, for that of Basil French's high conservatism—a person whom there had been no other way of dealing with, how could she prove him, in this other and so different interest, a mere gentle sacrifice to his wife's perversity? She had, before him there, on the instant, all acutely, a sense of rising sickness—a wan glimmer of foresight as to the end of the fond dream. Everything else was against her, everything in her dreadful past—just as if she had been a person represented by some "emotional actress," some desperate erring lady "hunted down" in a play; but was that going to be the case too with her own very decency, the fierce little residuum deep within her, for which she was counting, when she came to think, on so little glory or even credit? Was this also going to turn against her and trip her up—just to show she was really, under the touch and the test, as decent as any one; and with no one but herself the wiser for it meanwhile, and no proof to show but that, as a consequence, she should be unmarried to the end? She put it to Mr. Pitman quite with resentment: "Do you mean to say you're going to be married—?"

"Oh, my dear, I too must get engaged first!"—he spoke with his inimitable grin. "But that, you see, is where you come in. I've told her about you. She wants awfully to meet you. The way it happens is too lovely—that I find you just in this place. She's coming," said Mr. Pitman—and as in all the good faith of his eagerness now; "she's coming in about three minutes."

"Coming here?"

"Yes, Julia—right here. It's where

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we usually meet;" and he was wreathed again, this time as if for life, in his large slow smile. "She loves this place—she's awfully keen on art. Like *you*, Julia, if you haven't changed—I remember how you did love art." He looked at her quite tenderly, as to keep her up to it. "You must still of course—from the way you're here. Just let her *feel* that," the poor man fantastically urged. And then with his kind eyes on her and his good ugly mouth stretched as for delicate emphasis from ear to ear: "Every little helps!"

He made her wonder for him, ask herself, and with a certain intensity, questions she yet hated the trouble of; as whether he were still as moneyless as in the other time—which was certain indeed, for any fortune he ever would have made. His slackness, on that ground, stuck out of him almost as much as if he had been of rusty or "seedy" aspect —which, luckily for him, he wasn't at all: he looked, in his way, like some pleasant eccentric, ridiculous, but real gentleman, whose taste might be of the queerest, but his credit with his tailor none the less of the best. She wouldn't have been the least ashamed, had their connection lasted, of going about with him: so that what a fool, again, her mother had been—since Mr. Connery, sorry as one might be for him, was irrepressibly vulgar. Julia's quickness was, for the minute, charged with all this; but she had none the less her feeling of the right thing to say and the right way to say it. If he was after a future financially assured, even as she herself so frantically was, she wouldn't cast the stone. But if he had talked about her to strange women she couldn't be less than a little majestic. "Who then is the person in question for you—?"

"Why, such a dear thing, Julia—Mrs. David E. Drack. Have you heard of her?" he almost fluted.

New York was vast, and she had not had that advantage. "She's a widow—?"

"Oh yes: she's not—!" He caught himself up in time. "She's a real one." It was as near as he came. But it was as if he had been looking at her now so pathetically hard. "Julia, she has millions."

Hard, at any rate—whether pathetic or not—was the look she gave him back. "Well, so has—or so *will* have—Basil French. And more of them than Mrs. Drack, I guess," Julia quavered.

"Oh, I know what *they've* got!" He took it from her—with the effect of a vague stir, in his long person, of unwelcome embarrassment. But was she going to give up because he was embarrassed? He should know at least what he was costing her. It came home to her own spirit more than ever; but meanwhile he had found his footing. "I don't see how your mother matters. It isn't a question of his marrying *her*."

"No; but, constantly together as we've always been, it's a question of there being so disgustingly much to get over. If we had, for people like them, but the one ugly spot and the one weak side; if we had made, between us, but the one vulgar *kind* of mistake: well, I don't say!" She reflected with a wistfulness of note that was in itself a touching eloquence. "To have our reward in this world we've had too sweet a time. We've had it all right down here!" said Julia Bride. "I should have taken the precaution to have about a dozen fewer lovers."

"Ah, my dear, 'lovers'—!" He ever so comically attenuated.

"Well they *were!*" She quite flared up. "When you've had a ring from each (three diamonds, two pearls and a rather bad sapphire: I've kept them all, and they tell my story!) what are you to call them?"

"Oh, rings—!" Mr. Pitman didn't call rings anything. "I've given Mrs. Drack a ring."

Julia stared. "Then aren't you her lover?"

"That, dear child," he humorously wailed, "is what I want you to find out! But I'll handle your rings all right," he more lucidly added.

"You'll 'handle' them?"

"I'll fix your lovers. I'll lie about *them*, if that's all you want."

"Oh, about 'them'—!" She turned away with a sombre drop, seeing so little in it. "That wouldn't count—from *you!*" She saw the great shining room, with its mockery of art and "style" and security, all the things she was vainly after, and its few scattered visitors



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who had left them, Mr. Pitman and herself, in their ample corner, so conveniently at ease. There was only a lady in one of the far doorways, of whom she took vague note and who seemed to be looking at them. "They'd have to lie for themselves!"

"Do you mean he's capable of putting it to them?"

Mr. Pitman's tone threw discredit on that possibility, but she knew perfectly well what she meant. "Not of getting at them directly, not, as mother says, of nosing round himself; but of listening—and small blame to him!—to the horrible things other people say of me."

"But what other people?"

"Why, Mrs. George Maule, to begin with—who intensely loathes us, and who talks to his sisters, so that they may talk to *him:* which they do, all the while, I'm morally sure (hating me as they also must). But it's she who's the real reason—I mean of his holding off. She poisons the air he breathes."

"Oh well," said Mr. Pitman with easy optimism, "if Mrs. George Maule's a cat—!"

"If she's a cat she has kittens—four little spotlessly white ones, among whom she'd give her head that Mr. French should make his pick. He could do it with his eyes shut—you can't tell them apart. But she has every name, every date, as you may say, for my dark 'record'—as of course they all call it: she'll be able to give him, if he brings himself to ask her, every fact in its order. And all the while, don't you see? there's no one to speak *for* me."

It would have touched a harder heart than her loose friend's to note the final flush of clairvoyance witnessing this assertion and under which her eyes shone as with the rush of quick tears. He stared at her, and at what this did for the deep charm of her prettiness, as in almost witless admiration. "But can't you—lovely as you are, you beautiful thing!—speak for yourself?"

"Do you mean can't I tell the lies? No then, I can't—and I wouldn't if I could. I don't lie myself, you know—as it happens; and it could represent to him then about the only thing, the only bad one, I don't do. I *did*—'lovely as I am'!—have my regular time; I wasn't so hideous that I couldn't! Besides, do you imagine he'd come and ask me?"

"Gad, I wish he would, Julia!" said Mr. Pitman with his kind eyes on her.

"Well then, I'd tell him!" And she held her head again high. "But he won't."

It fairly distressed her companion. "Doesn't he want then to know—?"

"He wants *not* to know. He wants to be told without asking—told, I mean, that each of the stories, those that have come to him, is a fraud and a libel. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse,* don't they say?—so that do you see me breaking out to him, unprovoked, with four or five what-do-you-call-'ems, the things mother used to have to prove in Court, a set of neat little 'alibis' in a row? How can I get hold of so *many* precious gentlemen, to turn them on? How can *they* want everything fished up?"

She had paused for her climax, in the intensity of these considerations; which gave Mr. Pitman a chance to express his honest faith. "Why, my sweet child, they'd be just glad—!"

It determined in her loveliness almost a sudden glare. "Glad to swear they never had anything to do with such a creature? Then *I'd* be glad to swear they had lots!"

His persuasive smile, though confessing to bewilderment, insisted. "Why, my love, they've got to swear either one thing or the other."

"They've got to keep out of the way—that's *their* view of it, I guess," said Julia. "Where *are* they, please—now that they *may* be wanted? If you'd like to hunt them up for me you're very welcome." With which, for the moment, over the difficult case, they faced each other helplessly enough. And she added to it now the sharpest ache of her despair. "He knows about Murray Brush. The others"—and her pretty white-gloved hands and charming pink shoulders gave them up—"may go hang!"

"Murray Brush—?" It had opened Mr. Pitman's eyes.

"Yes—yes; I do mind *him.*"

"Then what's the matter with his at least rallying—?"

"The matter is that, being ashamed of himself, as he well might, he left the country as soon as he could and has stayed away. The matter is that he's in

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Paris or somewhere, and that if you expect him to come home for me—!" She had already dropped, however, as at Mr. Pitman's look.

"Why, you foolish thing, Murray Brush is in New York!" It had quite brightened him up.

"He has come back—?"

"Why, sure! I saw him—when was it? Tuesday!—on the Jersey boat." Mr. Pitman rejoiced in his news. "*He's* your man!"

Julia too had been affected by it; it had brought, in a rich wave, her hot color back. But she gave the strangest dim smile. "He *was!*"

"Then get hold of him, and—if he's a gentleman—he'll prove for you, to the hilt, that he wasn't."

It lighted in her face, the kindled train of this particular sudden suggestion, a glow, a sharpness of interest, that had deepened the next moment, while she gave a slow and sad head-shake, to a greater strangeness yet. "He isn't a gentleman."

"Ah, lordy, lordy!" Mr. Pitman again sighed. He struggled out of it but only into the vague. "Oh then, if he's a pig—!"

"You see there are only a few gentlemen—not enough to go round—and that makes them count so!" It had thrust the girl herself, for that matter, into depths; but whether most of memory or of roused purpose he had no time to judge—aware as he suddenly was of a shadow (since he mightn't perhaps too quickly call it a light) across the heaving surface of their question. It fell upon Julia's face, fell with the sound of the voice he so well knew, but which could only be odd to her for all it immediately assumed.

"There are indeed very few—and one mustn't try *them* too much!" Mrs. Drack, who had supervened while they talked, stood, in monstrous magnitude—at least to Julia's reimpressed eyes—between them: she was the lady our young woman had descried across the room, and she had drawn near while the interest of their issue so held them. We have seen the act of observation and that of reflection alike swift in Julia—once her subject was within range—and she had now, with all her perceptions at the acutest, taken in, by a single stare, the strange presence to a happy connection with which Mr. Pitman aspired and which had thus sailed, with placid majesty, into their troubled waters. She was clearly not shy, Mrs. David E. Drack, yet neither was she ominously bold; she was bland and "good," Julia made sure at a glance, and of a large complacency, as the good and the bland are apt to be—a large complacency, a large sentimentality, a large innocent, elephantine archness: she fairly rioted in that dimension of size. Habited in an extraordinary quantity of stiff and lustrous black brocade, with enhancements, of every description, that twinkled and tinkled, that rustled and rumbled with her least movement, she presented a huge, hideous, pleasant face, a featureless desert in a remote quarter of which the disproportionately small eyes might have figured a pair of rash adventurers all but buried in the sand. They reduced themselves when she smiled to barely discernible points — a couple of mere tiny emergent heads — though the foreground of the scene, as if to make up for it, gaped with a vast benevolence. In a word Julia saw—and as if she had needed nothing more; saw Mr. Pitman's opportunity, saw her own, saw the exact nature both of Mrs. Drack's circumspection and of Mrs. Drack's sensibility, saw even, glittering there in letters of gold and as a part of the whole metallic coruscation, the large figure of her income, largest of all her attributes, and (though perhaps a little more as a luminous blur beside all this) the mingled ecstasy and agony of Mr. Pitman's hope and Mr. Pitman's fear.

He was introducing them, with his pathetic belief in the virtue for every occasion, in the solvent for every trouble, of an extravagant, genial, professional humor; he was naming her to Mrs. Drack as the charming young friend he had told her so much about and who had been as an angel to him in a weary time; he was saying that the loveliest chance in the world, this accident of a meeting in those promiscuous halls, had placed within his reach the pleasure of bringing them together. It didn't indeed matter, Julia felt, what he was saying: he

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conveyed everything, as far as she was concerned, by a moral pressure as unmistakable as if, for a symbol of it, he had thrown himself on her neck. Above all, meanwhile, this high consciousness prevailed—that the good lady herself, however huge she loomed, had entered, by the end of a minute, into a condition as of suspended weight and arrested mass, stilled to artless awe by the effect of her vision. Julia had practised almost to lassitude the art of tracing in the people who looked at her the impression promptly sequent; but it was a singular fact that if, in irritation, in depression, she felt that the lighted eyes of men, stupid at their clearest, had given her pretty well all she should ever care for, she could still gather a freshness from the tribute of her own sex, still care to see her reflection in the faces of women. Never, probably, never would that sweet be tasteless—with such a straight grim spoon was it mostly administered, and so flavored and strengthened by the competence of their eyes. Women knew so much best *how* a woman surpassed—how and where and why, with no touch or torment of it lost on them; so that as it produced mainly and primarily the instinct of aversion, the sense of extracting the recognition, of gouging out the homage, was on the whole the highest crown one's felicity could wear. Once in a way, however, the grimness beautifully dropped, the jealousy failed: the admiration was all there and the poor plain sister handsomely paid it. It had never been so paid, she was presently certain, as by this great generous object of Mr. Pitman's flame, who without optical aid, it well might have seemed, nevertheless entirely grasped her — might in fact, all benevolently, have been groping her over as by some huge mild proboscis. She gave Mrs. Drack pleasure in short; and who could say of what other pleasures the poor lady hadn't been cheated?

It was somehow a muddled world in which one of her conceivable joys, at this time of day, would be to marry Mr. Pitman—to say nothing of a state of things in which this gentleman's own fancy could invest such a union with rapture. That, however, was their own mystery, and Julia, with each instant, was more and more clear about hers: so remarkably primed in fact, at the end of three minutes, that though her friend, and though *his* friend, were both saying things, many things and perhaps quite wonderful things, she had no free attention for them and was only rising and soaring. She was rising to her value, she was soaring *with* it—the value Mr. Pitman almost convulsively imputed to her, the value that consisted for her of being so unmistakably the most dazzling image Mrs. Drack had ever beheld. These were the uses, for Julia, in fine, of adversity; the range of Mrs. Drack's experience might have been as small as the measure of her presence was large: Julia was at any rate herself in face of the occasion of her life and, after all her late repudiations and reactions, had perhaps never yet known the quality of this moment's success. She hadn't an idea of what, on either side, had been uttered —beyond Mr. Pitman's allusion to her having befriended him of old: she simply held his companion with her radiance and knew she might be, for her effect, as irrelevant as she chose. It was relevant to do what he wanted—it was relevant to dish herself. She did it now with a kind of passion, to say nothing of her knowing, with it, that every word of it added to her beauty. She gave him away in short, up to the hilt, for any use of her own, and should have nothing to clutch at now but the possibility of Murray Brush.

"He says I was good to him, Mrs. Drack; and I'm sure I hope I was, since I should be ashamed to be anything else. If I could be good to him now I should be glad—that's just what, a while ago, I rushed up to him here, after so long, to give myself the pleasure of saying. I saw him years ago very particularly, very miserably tried—and I saw the way he took it. I did see it, you dear man," she sublimely went on—"I saw it for all you may protest, for all you may hate me to talk about you! I saw you behave like a gentleman — since Mrs. Drack agrees with me, so charmingly, that there are not many to be met. I don't know whether you care, Mrs. Drack"—she abounded, she revelled in the name—"but I've always remembered it of him: that under the most extraordinary provocation he was decent and patient and

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*Drawn by W. T. Smedley*

"HE SAYS I WAS GOOD TO HIM, MRS. DRACK"

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brave. No appearance of anything different matters, for I speak of what I *know*. Of course I'm nothing and nobody; I'm only a poor frivolous girl, but I was very close to him at the time. That's all my little story—if it *should* interest you at all." She measured every beat of her wing, she knew how high she was going and paused only when it was quite vertiginous. Here she hung a moment as in the glare of the upper blue; which was but the glare—what else could it be?—of the vast and magnificent attention of both her auditors, hushed, on their side, in the splendor she emitted. She had at last to steady herself and she scarce knew afterwards at what rate or in what way she had still inimitably come down—her own eyes fixed all the while on the very figure of her achievement. She had sacrificed her mother on the altar—proclaimed her as false and cruel; and if that didn't "fix" Mr. Pitman, as he would have said—well, it was all she could do. But the cost of her action already somehow came back to her with increase; the dear gaunt man fairly wavered, to her sight, in the glory of it, as if signalling at her, with wild gleeful arms, from some mount of safety, while the massive lady just spread and spread like a rich fluid a bit helplessly spilt. It was really the outflow of the poor woman's honest response, into which she seemed to melt, and Julia scarce distinguished the two apart even for her taking gracious leave of each. "Good-by, Mrs. Drack; I'm awfully happy to have met you"—like as not it was for this she had grasped Mr. Pitman's hand. And then to him or to her, it didn't matter which, "Good-by, dear good Mr. Pitman—hasn't it been nice after so long?"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# Father and Son

*BY RICHARD BURTON*

THRICE I summoned him, for he
  Would not own his fault, nor break
His proud dumbness, facing me
  Like a stone, for Courage' sake.

Once again he came, and lo!
  Inspiration from on high
Whispered: "Fool, do ye not know
  He is only scared and shy?"

Fell a silence in the room;
  There he stood, removed, estranged,
Prisoner to hear his doom;
  Suddenly it all was changed;

Tenderly I drew him near,
  Held him as men hold their own,
Melted all his frozen fear
  In Love's warmth of touch and tone.

So, the father-soul he guessed,
  We no longer were apart,
And the son his sin confessed,
  Sobbed it out against my heart.

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# The Esparto-pickers of Tripoli

*BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG*

SUNRISE shot over the limestone range of the Tripoli hills. Back of them and to the south, canyoned out by numerous *wadees* (river-beds), the plateau-lands of the Sahara stretched away. Northward, forty to ninety miles to the sea, ran a tract of country sprinkled with oases. About these and along the river courses, where Arabs, Berbers, and Blacks cultivate the arid wastes, at harvest-time golden grains wave under the hot desert winds, and here and there green patches of olive-groves darken the clayey, sandy soil. A night mist still hung tenaciously in the valleys and over the low foot-hills along which I rode, and the heavy dew-bejewelled blades of esparto-grass* drenched hoof and fetlock as my horse scattered myriads of the water diamonds from its wiry clumps.

Suddenly from over the brow of a dune a strange, bulky apparition lifted indistinctly from the great solitudes. Then another and still others of these gray spectres moved silently toward us through the mist film, and a caravan of heavily loaded camels trudged silently by, their great incongruous shapes almost lost beneath the huge bundles of esparto-grass which were thrown across their humps.

As the night mists were dispelled before the heat, not a tree nor a shrub broke the monotonous yet imposing harmony of the landscape. My eye wandered over mile upon mile of an immense plain covered by halfa,† nothing but halfa, over which the soft, hot breeze of the *gibleh* (desert wind) played in lazy wantonness, rolling, ever rolling, in endless billows its undulating tops.

So from Portugal and Spain, along the sandy regions of the Atlas as they range through the western half of northern Africa until they finally dwindle away into the desert sands of Tripoli, at intervals great seas of this waving broomlike weed grow at the bases of the mountains and on the plateau-lands. While in Spain and the Barbary States it is an object of commercial enterprise, in Tripoli the industry is unique in its importance, and has enough of the unusual and of the element of danger to make it picturesque in its setting, from when the grass is gathered by the Arabs of the *wadan* (country) to the time when husky Blacks hook the great bales aboard vessels which bear it away to England for the manufacture of paper.

In the distance the rude shacks of some esparto-pickers appeared, looking more like mounds of earth than habitations. About them some hobbled camels browsed on the dryness. I drew rein before one of the shacks, while some of the family ventured forth. A boy, first with one dirty hand, then with the other, compressed a mouldable mass of something into a hard lump, which my head Arab tried to convince me was a camel's-milk cheese. That it bore the hall-mark of the maker there was no doubt. Not far off were the bobbing heads of the esparto-pickers. Standing leg-high amid the waving halfa, they paused in their work to view me curiously.

On close approach one finds the grass, which is perennial and bears a small flower, growing quite sparsely and in separate clumps; the strong stems, tough and fibrous, radiate from the large taproot of each plant. Here the hired picker puts in a long day's work for starvation wages of perhaps twenty cents a day. When he has picked a quantity of grass he ties it up in bundles with bits of esparto rope, ready to be packed into large nets.

Despite the fact that the esparto is considered non-reproductive and is incapable of cultivation, I noticed that the

* Esparto—a Spanish name given two or three kinds of grass, more particularly to the *Macrochloa tenacissima* indigenous to southern Europe and North Africa.

† By the Arabs esparto-grass is called *halfa* or *alfa*.

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Arabs pulled it up, root and all. This is the custom among the esparto-pickers in Tripoli, and was so in Tunis and Algeria until the French put a stop to this disastrous method of gathering. Now they require it to be cut, and thus the great esparto districts of Oran, Bougie, Philippeville, and Oued Laya owe their preservation to the foresight of the French colonial government.

Under the moonlight of early morning these Arabs had begun the day's work. One or two had discarded their woollen barracans as the early chill wore off, and had put on the fantastic broad-brimmed esparto hats of the Sahel as a protection against the intense heat which had already rushed down on the landscape. I knew that later the majority of them would again throw on the heavy barracan, which in this sun-scorched land is worn to keep out the heat as well as the chill. Sandals woven from esparto-grass or the broad-soled desert slippers protected their feet from being scorched and cracked by the sun-baked ground. But the heat and the chill are the least of the dangers which beset the esparto-picker.

With careless ease he gathers the longest of the wiry stems from the most matured clumps. Suddenly with a cat-like spring he jumps aside and eludes the thrust of his arch-enemy, the deadly viper, whose nest he has disturbed in a tuft of matted halfa-grass. But even the sharp eye of the Arab sometimes fails to discern the viper's lair, and he plunges his bare arm into the very nest of this poisonous reptile, only to withdraw it stung and bleeding from the fangs which have buried themselves in his flesh. In the halfa clumps, as well as in crevices under stones, lurks another enemy, the great rock-scorpion of northern Africa—a noxious creature sometimes ten inches in length. Its peculiar averseness to light and desire for warmth make it a much-feared night visitor.

"Arise, let us make morning," sounds over the camp, and the esparto-picker not infrequently shakes out of his barracan a scorpion or two. Perhaps he neglects to dislodge one from his broad-soled desert slippers, and, thus cornered, the scorpion with a lash of its venomous tail attacks the intruder.

The consequences depend greatly upon the size of the scorpion and the constitution of the victim. While the sting is not necessarily fatal, yet the Arabs' sole idea of treatment, so far as I could ascertain, was either to cut off the injured part at once or bandage it tightly above the wound. Then far back on the throbbing desert the poisoned man is left alone with his wild delirium and burning thirst. In many cases the corpse is soon cast out to the vultures and carrion-crows, whose shadows likely enough have already for hours been passing to and fro over the black and swollen body.

In the shadows of the shacks the women and children not employed in the gathering were braiding ropes and making them into immense coarse-meshed nets. Each net when stuffed with halfa contains enough for a single camel-load, and this unwieldy, bulky mass, often four feet wide and twelve in length, is balanced across the camel's hump and secured with lashings, which are fastened fore and aft under the camel's neck and tail.

Summer is the close season, but halfa may be gathered during the entire year. It is extremely difficult to dry if picked green, and should not be gathered until the rainy season—November to March—has passed and the hot desert breezes have thoroughly dried out its moisture. Frequently, however, it is collected green by the Arabs, who then dry it slightly before taking it to market, and in seasons of close competition the dealers themselves have been known to buy it green.

When the time is ripe for transporting the esparto to the seaports of Bengazi, Khoms, Zeliten, and Tripoli, a caravan is organized and takes up the march of from two to four days as the camel journeys. In irregular single file, such as the one which passed me in the early morning, it creeps its way over the desert. Perhaps beside the huge camels a donkey with a smaller load of halfa or water-filled goatskins trudges patiently along, in the vanguard a big white wolf-hound, while the Arabs on foot distribute themselves the length of the *garfla* (caravan). Their ever-ready long flintlock guns or broadswords are slung across their backs, and their senses are ever on the alert for desert thieves, who may lurk in the shadows or lie buried in the sand beside the trail.

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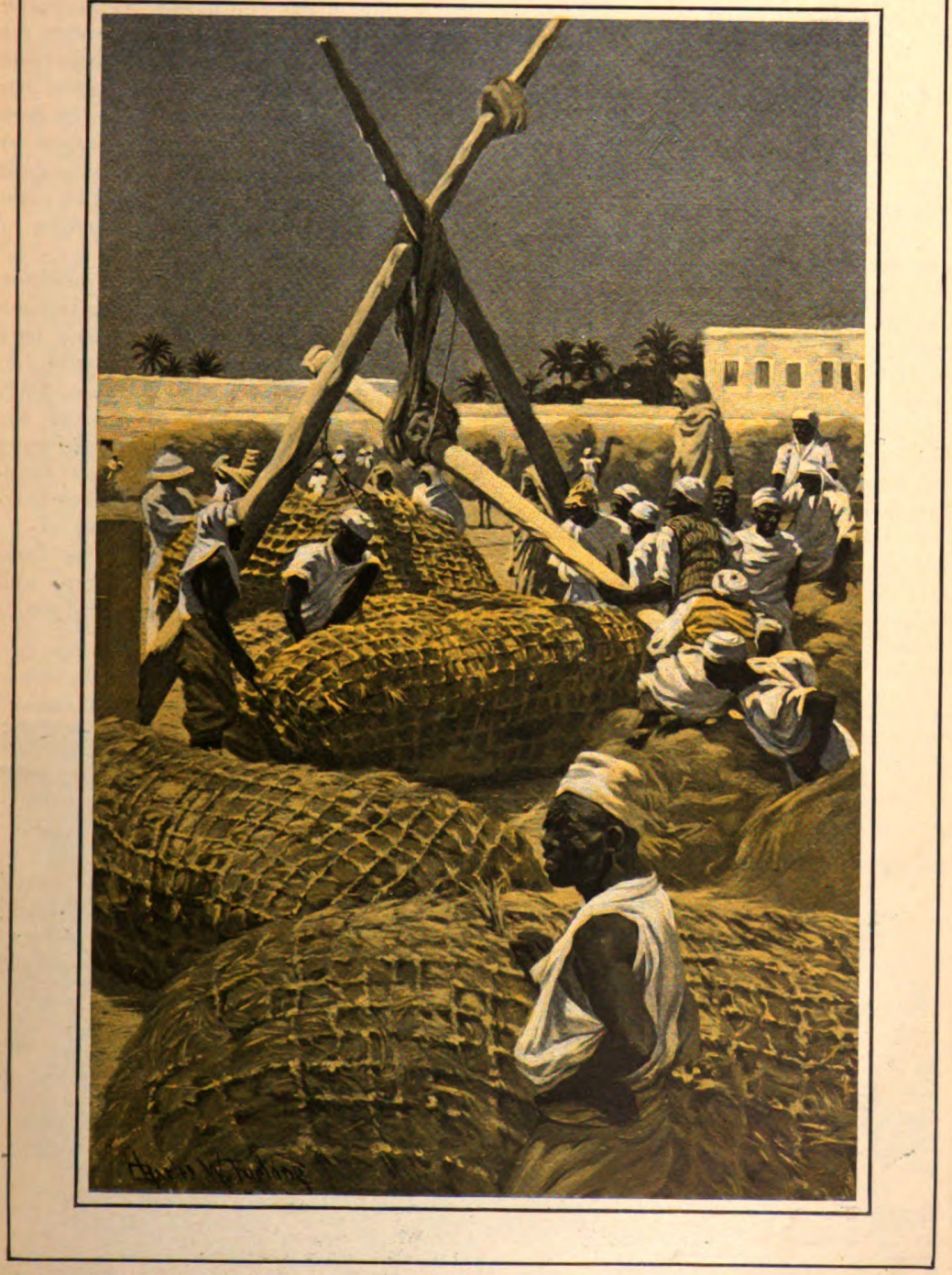

*Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong*

WEIGHING HUGE BALES OF ESPARTO



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Snap! Over the shadow of a dune a flintlock has flashed in the pan, but it is warning enough. Bang! Bang! Red shafts of light like lurid meteors light up in fitful glares the esparto-pickers, as amidst the confusion some bunch the animals, while others repel the attack. But the enemy, as is his custom, has withdrawn as suddenly as he appeared. A wounded esparto-picker is lifted on to a camel; a bunch of halfa lying in the desert a short distance off tells the tale of a successful raid in which the profits of the cargo have been wiped away in a moment by the stampeding to the enemy of a valuable camel; but Allah wills! and the *garfla* takes up the march, soon to pass along the hard-packed caravan road through the palm-groves of the oasis of Tripoli to the Suk-el-Halfa (Halfa Market) without the town.

A cursory glance at the Suk-el-Halfa will impress even the stranger with the importance of the esparto trade, and a few words with any Tripolitan merchant will reveal the fact that not only is it Tripoli's leading export, but in years of little rain and scant harvest, with practically the extinction of the caravan trade, it is the only natural resource which the Arab peasant can fall back upon. In years of full harvests little halfa, comparatively speaking, is brought into market; for the Hadji Mohammed, having reaped his wheat and barley, has not only made provision for his simple wants for the year, but has even brought back from the town bazaars silver ornaments for his women. Consequently necessity does not drive him to the tedious process of halfa-gathering, with all its attendant risks and the long journeys to the coast on camelback, so often unproductive of satisfactory results.

Esparto is not an agricultural product, and it seems fitting that the leading export of those nomadic people should be a product of their own arid land, wild and incapable of cultivation. Since 1868, when the first ship-load of esparto was sent to England, vessels have borne away thousands of tons yearly to that country. You or I pick up a heavy-looking novel perchance and marvel at its lightness, and the reader of some London newspaper peruses its columns and then casts aside the finished product of the esparto-pickers.

BLACKS GRAPPLED THE MESHES WITH LONG IRON HOOKS

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In 1901, which was an average year, 215,155 camel-loads came into the coast towns, nearly 134,000 passed through the gateway of the Suk-el-Halfa, the total export of the country amounting to about 33,000 tons. That from the town of Tripoli, 16,690 tons, brought £75,500, which was over a fourth of the amount of her total exports.

Not ten minutes' trudge through the sand from the heavy battlements which surround Tripoli is the big square-walled enclosure of perhaps three acres—the Suk-el-Halfa. The scenes of this great *suk* have left an indelible impress on my memory. I but close my eyes and see that panorama of the heat, the sweat, and the toil float across the horizon of my imagination like some vivid mirage of that far-away desert land.

One day I strolled across the Suk-el-Thalat (Tuesday market) and followed in the shadow of the wall, lagging after some esparto-camels to the arched gateway of the Suk-el-Halfa. Here the caravan halted, and the leader was accosted by an Arab guard. A short parley and the guns of the drivers were handed over, and the leader tucked the greasy receipt in a leathern money-pouch beneath his barracan. Each camel entirely blocked the gateway as with his load of grass he passed through. Following in their wake through the shady portal, I entered the sun-flooded *suk*. My first impression was of a great sea of yellow-gray esparto bales, resembling a vast herd of half-submerged hippopotami; among them the cotton garments of the negroes flecked white, each dotted by the ebony head of its wearer, and over the glaring white walls which shut in the scene the arches of some neighboring buildings seemed to peer like so many curious monster eyes.

A TYPICAL SHIEK

Here and there great bales poked their noses above the rest, and once in a while one would rise or lower as a camel arose or was unloaded. In this great weighing-yard of the Suk-el-Halfa, called by the natives *rahbah*, a simple though effective system was in use. Across its centre the *suk* was divided by a fence in which breaks occurred at intervals. At these openings big primitive scales had been erected, the number of them depending on the number of buyers; this year there were four. These lever-scales are put up at auction, and public weighers, who are generally Arabs, weigh the nets of esparto and receive a certain amount per hundredweight. On one side of the fence is the unweighed, on the other the weighed, esparto.

Each picker as he enters deposits his esparto in one lot, which is auctioned off unweighed to the highest bidder. Prices fluctuate, owing to the competition of buyers, but the year I was in Tripoli six francs per hundred kilos was a fair price for the raw material. When the bidding opens in the early spring the competition among the buyers is very keen, the price reaching sometimes as high as

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£3 8*s.* 6*d.* a ton. But it sometimes happens that there is not a corresponding increase in its value in England, and the buyers at times sell at a loss.

From the topmost bale of a pile of heat-soaked halfa near one of the scales I watched the day's work. These scales were huge levers. Through a loop of coarse rope suspended from the cross-point of two rough-hewn beams a third hung lazily balanced. At the larger end a chain and tackle containing a scale dangled to the ground. Near by the flapping broad-rimmed hat and officious manner of an Arab at once stamped him as one in authority, a public weigher. By word and gesture he would order a bale rolled out from the heap. Immediately it was noosed in the tackle; a yell from the weigher, and a number of strapping Blacks sprang from below me like so many leopard-cats upon the other and more slender end of the beam. They held for a minute suspended in the air, others hung to their legs, the great beam trembled, then the monster bale at the other end slowly began to rise, and its human counterweight sank gradually to the ground.

A Glimpse of the Native Village

"Four hundredweight," called out the overseer, with a glance at the scale as he released the tackle. Crush! dropped the huge bale, as it sent up a great puff of sand-dust, which drifted away in quiet space, powdering the shiny skins of two Blacks. With remarkable strength they grappled the meshes with long iron hooks, and whirled and rolled it beneath the scales to the other side of the fence, where another relay bundled it end over end into its place.

One cannot sojourn long in Tripoli without being impressed that it is a land of ancient tradition; a land where even to-day only the mere fringe of modern civilization has touched one or two of its ports; a land of customs, implements, and usage of a time long before the Israelites shook the dust of Egypt from their feet.

But somehow of all the primitive native devices none interested me more than the great rough-hewn levers in the Suk-el-Halfa. Many a time I diverged from my objective-point to watch the huge beams lift and dip on their fulcra;—the timber had come perchance from the neighboring oasis, but the idea—? Could it have travelled through the long reaches of centuries from the times when men first had occasion to lift great weights? and I venture an opinion. Could this be a modification of the device

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*Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong*

LOADING UP THE GROANING CAMELS

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by which the ancient Semites and Ethiopians raised tier upon tier the great blocks of the pyramids of Egypt? Simply constructed, easily shifted, allowing a revolution of the weight, when once lifted, through an arc of almost 170 degrees, it might well have been adapted to such a use.

Now that the esparto is weighed, the Arab from whom it was bought must have his drivers load it again on their camels and deliver it into the private esparto-yard of the buyer. As the drivers enter a private yard, a clerk checks and countersigns the tickets given him in the Suk-el-Halfa; then having deposited their nets in one heap, with unloaded camels they present their tickets to the cashier and are paid.

Along the outskirts of the halfa-piles I watched them load up the groaning camels. Always remonstrating, an occasional beast more defiant than the rest refused to lie down to be loaded. Near me one vicious brute had twice shaken off his heavy burden, and now a third time had prematurely lurched to his feet. It finally required the combined efforts of five men to land the unwieldy net of esparto securely across his hump. My sympathies were with the camel.

It was not long after a siesta-time that I accompanied Signor Cortugna to one of the private esparto-yards, of which he was manager. As we turned into the main street of Tripoli, which leads through an outer gate, a man breathless and excited dodged and jostled through the leisurely moving crowd, approached Signor Cortugna, and addressed him in Arabic. Signor Cortugna hailed from its stand, near the market gate, one of the quaint little rigs of which Tripoli boasts several. "Step in," he said; "the Arab informed me of an accident to one of my men." We rattled and bumped over the caravan road to the esparto-yard.

We passed through the gate and were joined by the foreman, who led the way through lanes of loose halfa to a long inclined structure, over which from sunrise to sunset during baling periods an endless traveller with its ceaseless noise conveyed the sorted esparto to the upper floor of a two-story building.

Now a deathless silence hung over the scene, which but an hour ago was alive with the drone of industry. The foreman

SORTING THE ESPARTO

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stopped at a pit at the base of the traveller, in which a Black constantly watches and controls the endless chain. A few remnants of cloth left in the cogs were least among the evidences which told of a lapse of vigilance or a moment's dozing on the part of the lone watcher in the heat and din of the narrow pit.

Followed by several Blacks, we turned away from the sickening sight. A woman's moan floated out from a distant part of the yard; as it rosé and fell, other women added their wails to the crescendo in a great pitiful cry to Allah for the dead, as the good and the bad angels contested for the soul. In a low-lying shed, an old sack for a shroud, lay what remained of the poor fellow.

We were not Mohammedans, and Signor Cortugna paused respectfully at the entrance. The voices hushed; the women from under their colored striped barracans, and some of the half-naked men, glared savagely. It is the law of the country to bury the dead by sundown. As the big piles of halfa cast lengthening shadows across the yard, the orange glow of the sunlight played over four dignified figures who strode away with the bier of their tribesman, to his shallow grave by their village in the oasis. So majestic was their mien, so classic were the graceful folds of their tattered garments, that visions of some ancient Greek, borne to his funeral pyre, ranged across my vision, and the guttural, unintelligible funeral chant sang to my ears:

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
  Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
  Each in its tether.
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
  Cared for till cock-crow:
Look out if yonder be not day again,
  Rimming the rock-row.

A POWERFUL SAVAGE WITH SCARRED CHEEKS

It was a weird scene full of barbaric pathos; but rattle, rattle, and the endless chain of the great traveller again revolved with its cold metallic clink, and again some hundred Blacks took up their work. Not the chocolate-colored hybrid of our land, but great powerful savages these, with white glistening teeth, and cheeks scarred with marks of their tribe or their servitude, men with skins of ebony as polished as patent-leather, down which rolled great beads of perspiration. Any day they might forsake their palm-thatched *zerebas* in the oasis for the jungles of the Sudan from whence they came. The simple white cotton clothes predominated, but many wore nondescript rags and garments of colored stripes, which, with the bright notes of the red fezzes here and there among the yellow esparto hats, served to enhance the color-setting of the scene.

From the great heaps of loose esparto where the Arab pickers had deposited it some of the Blacks with crude short-handled forks pitched it into high windrows. Along these in irregular order others sorted it into three qualities—hand-picked, average, and third, the qualities depending on the length and condition of the grass; at the same time all roots, stones, and foreign substances were discarded. Then the grass which had been thoroughly dried was ready for baling. My use of sketch-book and camera caused some of the sorters to show an ugly disposition, even after

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PACKING GRASS FOR THE HYDRAULIC PRESS

I was joined by Signor Cortugna, who motioned them to get about their work.

In the yards, as in the fields, the esparto-workers are in danger of the scorpion and the viper. "Their bite seldom proves fatal," explained Signor Cortugna, "for we have medicine and treatment ready at hand. But I have never seen one of my Blacks kill a scorpion; for these Kaffirs, like the Arabs, say, 'There is a compact between us, and if we do not kill them they will not kill us.'

"But we must move along if you would see our new Manchester-built hydraulic presses baling up the grass," and we went up the traveller on a pile of halfa, stepping out on the upper floor of the well-built two-storied building. This had superseded some sheds in a corner of the yard, under which were two discarded old hand-presses. Here the thoroughly sorted and cured halfa had been deposited, and was being pitched into a deep twelve-foot pit at one end of the loft, where an Arab and two Blacks grunted and bobbed in unison as they trod down the grass into a big case. When it was full, at a given signal they drew up their legs and hung suspended while the case below swung its cargo of esparto under one of the heavy presses.

Down came a pressure of six hundred tons, mashing the grass into a hard-packed bale of six and a quarter hundred-weight. While the great jaws of the machine held it at this tension, strong steel bands were quickly strapped about it; then rolled off and weighed, it lay ready for shipment.

The entire halfa crop is carried in British bottoms to the United Kingdom. So far as I could ascertain only one bark-load had ever cleared for the United States, and that for New York.

I parted from Signor Cortugna near where the mosque of Sidi Hamet backs into the bazaars, and turned down the Arbar Arsāt to my *lokanda*. In the quiet of the African night, from under the great date-palms far out beyond the town, the hoarse bark of a wolfhound drifted in, and once a soft desert wind wafted from the negro village the faint, distant sounds of the barbaric clink of steel cymbals, of the thrumming *gimbreh*, and, above all, the hoarse wild shouts of wilder men, and I knew that the voodoo and dance were on.

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# Reading

*BY EDWARD S. MARTIN*

THERE is a pretty general complaint about the contemporary American reader that he does not read as good books as he should. The publishers keep testing his mind's appetite, and report with practical unanimity that he likes a pretty light diet. If the publishers can find some one who can write an acceptable story, they can promise to find readers for it—for some stories a great many readers,—but for any harder and more difficult and informing sort of literature, whatever its merit, they are modest in their anticipations. We hear it said that for new books of the more substantial sort—histories, memoirs, travels, and the like—our eighty millions of population does not yet provide so sure a market as the thirty millions of Great Britain. The habit of reading the more substantial books seems to have taken hold of a much larger proportion of the people of the British Isles than of us Americans. And even that is not all. We seem not to be gaining the habit, for the proportion of light reading in the current mass of new literature seems to be increasing.

Why that is, and whether it is a temporary condition or something more serious, is matter for discussion. I suspect it is one of the habitual complaints of literate mankind that the readers of the generation just passed read better books than those of the generations in being. It is no fault of the publishers, for there are plenty of publishers who are eager to print the best books they can hope to sell. They won't print many books that no one will buy, because such a practice as that, if it became habitual, would be incompatible with continuance in the publishing business. But they have an interest, which is more than a mere pecuniary interest, in what they publish, and would much rather find their necessary profit in a book that they can be proud of than in one which can never do credit to their name, however much it may help their pocket.

Probably the case of the readers is not so bad as it seems from the mere fact that everything but fiction is hard to sell. The competition of the magazines and newspapers with books for the attention of readers is much fiercer in this generation than it ever was before. Periodicals are read enormously, and are the chief support of the best writers of the day, and in them fragments at least of many of the solider new books make a preliminary appearance, along with nearly all the best new stories and novels.

To be sure, the more substantial new books are in competition with all the great books that ever were printed. If readers neglected the good new books in order to read the good old ones, we might regret it as something detrimental to the book publishing business and the interests of living authors, but we would not find in it a sign of decaying culture or degenerating taste. But it is not the competition of the old books that limits attention to new ones, for whoever has learned to read the one is by so much the likelier to read the other. Who has the habit of good reading and the appetite for it will read what suits his appetite if he can get it. The trouble is that the appetite is not oftener formed.

If you are to make a silk purse, you must have the silk. You cannot make a reader of good books out of any human material that comes along. You must catch a mind proper for the job. Not all good minds are adapted to much reading. You find very able people who read few books, and mostly trash, and people of less ability who read more, and much better ones. You find also interesting differences in the facility with which different people take in the sense of printed words. Some people from childhood read very much faster and with less effort than others. Their eyes seem to connect



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quicker with their brains, and their perception of words and rows of words is almost instantaneous. Other people never entirely get past the need of pronouncing, mentally, each word. They must hear the word in their minds, if not actually with their ears, before they can fully take it in, whereas the quicker (visual) readers get the sense of it by processes so rapid that they are not distinguishable as processes at all. The slow readers read fewer books, but not necessarily either better or worse ones.

There are great differences, too, in the mental energy of different people, and in the directions in which it expends itself; and there is as much idiosyncrasy about the diet that different minds require as in what suits different stomachs. There are minds that are fed, soothed, and reanimated by music, others by conversation, others by reading. Not that ordinarily there is anything incompatible about these three means of mental refreshment, with all of which most of us deal more or less; but in any individual any one of them may be developed at the cost of the others, or any two to the restriction of the third. If only somehow your mind is fed, and your wits have good substance to work on, it matters not greatly how or whence it is fed. There is no intrinsic merit in merely reading books—even good books. What matters is what you get out of them. For most educated people they are the easiest and surest road to knowledge, the most accessible and unfailing fountain of inspiration, the restfulest resort and the most available entertainment. But their place in the world is along with the tools, the bread, the meat, and the powder—things indispensable, or near it, to civilization, but things only useful to those who have use for them and can use them, and only valuable when used to good purpose.

To read more than one can digest and turn into energy or reserve power is not much better than to eat more than can readily be managed, or than the body requires. There are habits of excessive reading that rank—hardly with excessive gambling or drinking, for they are not so destructive—but well up in the list of the self-indulgent bad habits, like excessive smoking, that help lazy people to neglect their reasonable duties with comfort and no loss of self-esteem.

Nevertheless, so great and honorable has come to be the reputation of books and book learning that it is, *prima facie*, a reproach to any modern person of fair opportunities to have it said with truth that he never reads a book that is worth reading. It leaves him in a posture that requires explanation if not excuse. If it appears that his daily energies are so engrossed by his daily labors that he has no energy left for any reading that requires energy, that explanation will be understood. If it appears that his mind is fed by observation and by the constant impact of other minds, and thoroughly exercised in making decisions and the solving of hard problems, that, too, will be understood. In spite of exceptions, men extremely active in affairs — fortune-builders, projectors of great enterprises— are seldom large readers of books. The best readers, naturally, are people of more leisure, and especially the young and the old; for it is before we get into the rushing current of life's employments, and after we have begun to emerge from it, that most of us working people have most leisure to read. What we read in our age matters not so very much, if only we like it and it keeps us happy; but we are very fortunate indeed if we can get to know good books and something of what is in them while we are still young. That is like storing corn in our granaries and gasoline in our tanks: we go so much the better for it when we get on the road.

And so I find it a matter of very general solicitude with parents to find some means of inducing their children to read improving books while they have the chance. I don't find many parents whose success in this endeavor matches their efforts or their hopes. Bookcases with glass doors and monotonous looking sets of books behind them are comparatively common in American drawing-rooms, but tolerably well stocked libraries are comparatively scarce. Of course you may lead a child to a library, and even leave him there, and not be able to make him read; but he is more likely to read a library than he is to read the parlor bookcase, especially if the bookcase is locked because the books in it are so nicely bound. Familiarity with books—

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even if only with the backs of them—seldom breeds contempt. It is much more apt to breed friendship, and sometimes it breeds strong affection like that for dear people.

But to constrain a young person to read what his elders consider profitable to him is pretty uphill work. It is a case in which leading gives better results than driving. The indispensable preliminary is to create an appetite for knowledge, or at least an active realization of the need to know something that the better sorts of books contain. The readiest means of exciting such an appetite in the young is by conversation. If children are used to hear good talk—talk that has knowledge behind it, and that is concerned with matters really worth talking about,—they may come to understand why it is worth while to know something, and how a fair and growing store of book knowledge helps to equip them with opinions and means of comparison, and to make their ideas about things interesting to others, and the ideas of other qualified people interesting to them. What chiefly determines the scope and quality of our talk is what we know, and what seems to be known by the person we are talking with. Children that grow up in families where the talk is generously flavored with acquired knowledge not only pick up a great deal of knowledge from what they hear, but are likely—or at least liable—to develop an appetite for more, and to go to books to satisfy it. But the talk to have that result must be interesting, and of course talk is not necessarily interesting because it is bookish. The bookish talk of some bookish people is as dull and unprofitable as talk can well be, and not to be compared with the gossip of a lively observer who simply skims the newspapers and takes habitual notice of what is going on.

The newspaper, which becomes a book if you think of its annual yield bound up between covers, is in our day the greatest and most indispensable book of all; but it should be read with vigor and discrimination, and it should be a stimulant to other reading and not a substitute for it. For the young it is not essential. The obligation to be up with the times does not belong to youth. The duty of that part of life is to acquire foundations for intelligent thought to rest upon, but when the foundations are laid the newspaper is a great purveyor of material for the superstructure.

The enormous dimensions of the mass of human knowledge as contained in books is liable to daunt young readers, and discourage them from even nibbling at so huge a cake. The long books are so long, and there are so many of them, and life, all told, is but a span! Help the young readers to a release from that burdensome feeling and to appreciation of the truer sentiment that a good book is the record of the thoughts of a good mind, and that whether one reads much or little of it, contact with the mind that made it is profitable. For though one aim of reading is to gather facts and add to knowledge, its greater use is to teach us to think. Knowledge is like the ore in a great mine, for there is no end to it, and each of us gets out what he can, and smelts it as best he can to get the good out of it. But wisdom comes more like a nugget, and so much of it as we are lucky enough to find is ready for use.

Experience of life adds greatly to the interest of some classes of books, history and biography especially. Even a good newspaper reader, after twenty or thirty years of it, comes to have knowledge of his own historical period at least, and is bound to have reflected upon politics and problems of government, religion, social experiments, and the great topics that concern civilized life. It will interest him to piece out what he remembers, or half remembers, with what he finds in books that are concerned with his own time, or the time immediately preceding it, and to compare politics as he knows them with politics as they have been in the past. All history being a record of what men have done, the better we know men and understand the springs of human action, the more interesting it is to know how men have thought and acted in times past. Plutarch's men seem very far away when we read about them in early life, and get no nearer from comparing them with one another. But it makes a difference when in maturer years we compare Scipio, not with Hannibal, but, out of our own heads and memories, with Lee or General Grant.

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# The Image of Eve

*BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE*

PETER DE KOVEN had a proposition confronting him—the education of a little girl.

The guardianship of two small orphans having been thrust upon him, the future of the boy in the case seemed not to embarrass the guardian, but the education of the little girl, a mere baby still, already sits by his pillow and provokes for him sleepless nights.

"I've been looking into the subject," stated Peter, soberly. "Sometimes I am inclined to decide not to educate Tutie at all. Our grandmothers were left pretty much as the Lord made them. You can't improve on that ideal. Whatever else I decide on, one thing is settled—Tutie will not go to any colleges. I want her a woman, if nothing else."

I knew who was the causing source of this fling—Dr. Mary March, who is co-guardian with Peter for these two little ones. It is with her they live. Dr. March is a graduate of at least two colleges.

"What will Dr. Mary March say to this decision of yours?" I asked. At Peter's answer I had to turn away my face to hide a smile. "I think Dr. March will allow me to decide," said he. This was no news to me.

"What are you two wrangling about?" asked my husband, as he came into the room. So I told him. Whereupon—I knew he would—he launched forth into his present pet topic, the permanence of the primal instincts. With the imminent question of our own daughter's education staring us in the face, we have been obliged to look up all kinds of data, and my husband, through a process of the most elaborate and confusing deductions, has finally emerged with this touchingly simple conclusion: That it matters little how any woman is educated, because she is still created in the image of Eve, and competent, at a moment's notice, to evolve as the most pronounced type of wife and mother.

I suppose it was a highly interesting discourse. Peter seemed to find it so; but for me—I was turning a corner in the birthday gift I was knitting for my husband, and between my efforts not to lose a stitch, not to let the recipient see what I was working on, and not to let him know I had stopped listening to him, I wholly lost the thread of the argument. When I caught it up again my husband was laying down this law: "The primal instinct of every normal woman is to marry and want children of her own. I grant the instinct may be stunted to a mere stub; but the rudimentary development remains, liable to sprout, sometimes most inconveniently. Take the malapropos lady who became a mayor and a mother on the same historic day. No; you can't kill primal instincts—"

"Oh, rot!" cried Peter. "I've seen it done."

"There's your manly friend Dr. Mary March," my husband insisted. "You ought not to be surprised, Peter, to see her walk in that door in bifurcated raiment. It would suit her life much better than her present garb. I don't believe she knows what restrains her. Her stub of a primal instinct won't let her exhibit herself to us in unbecoming garb."

I had promised Peter that I would call on Dr. March with him that same afternoon, and I now rose, folding my work. "I do think, my dear," I admonished my husband, "that for a sensible man you certainly can—"

"Those are my precise sentiments," said Peter. "Your husband's a sensible man, but he certainly can—"

It's all very well for me to rebuke my husband; but when I do so I don't care to be agreed with, not even by our oldest friend.

"Not that he isn't perfectly right," I said, turning on Peter. "I suppose you haven't noted that Dr. March has changed her way of wearing her hair

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*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

HE BEGAN BRAVELY TRYING TO CHOKE DOWN THE HOT BROTH

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since you and she became joint guardians for those children?" She had; and the new way cut off ten years from her, easily; five she hasn't lived, and five she need never have admitted she had lived. Any woman, with just a little pains, can look five years younger than she is. That's a mere question of taking the time for it.

"I don't feel disloyal to Dr. March, telling you this," I went on, "because, though I know why she dresses her hair better and wears bows, she doesn't know. She thinks the old way 'caused her headaches'—or some such nonsense."

"Come, show me her hair," said Peter, rising.

Our arrival at Dr. March's apartment was upon a moment that did not lend itself to the inspection of a coiffure, or, indeed, to the consideration of anything except a fact that took the centre of the stage and dwarfed every other possible consideration.

"I have been sending everywhere for you," said Dr. March. "It is providential that you have happened in."

The only sign of agitation she showed told me that she had bad news to deliver; she addressed herself to Peter, and seemed not to see me standing beside him. She had opened the door of the apartment herself, and as she waited there for a moment, that pause prepared us. Doctors know how to do these things, quite wonderfully, it seems to me.

"There has been an accident," she said, quietly.

She was the doctor on duty, and I never saw her to such advantage. The professional manner, collected, self-contained, became her. She was not at all a handsome woman; she looked handsome then.

"Tutie has had a bad fall," she stated. "I have called in a surgeon. He is very hopeful—but we can know nothing, as yet."

I noted mechanically that her hair was dressed very carefully and in the new mode. I didn't need to be told this had been done before the accident. She had no thought now for Peter, save as a possible assistance in the crisis. I liked her—better than I ever had before.

"Perhaps you can quiet little Tom," she went on. "Unfortunately, he saw his sister fall. They were sliding on the baluster, against orders, and he feels responsible. I can't calm him. I am almost more alarmed about the boy than for Tutie."

"Where is he?" asked Peter. He pushed past Dr. March as if she were a piece of furniture, and, once in the apartment, needed no further guide to the frantic child. We heard Peter's quick step in the next room, his voice speaking, speaking again, then—silence.

I have never understood Peter de Koven with children. I don't know what he does with them—nothing, apparently; but he owns them from the moment they see him. My husband dwells on the primal instinct of wifehood and mothering; if there is a primal instinct for fathering, it is not a "stub" in Peter's case.

"Why couldn't I do that?" asked Dr. March.

I looked at her, and though I recognized the genuine feeling in her voice, saw it reflected in her face, I knew why she had failed where Peter succeeded. It was all written there in her features. Fine as her face is, the expression is that of a man. I seemed to see there before me a most clever, keen, and competent masculine face, not at all the physiognomy of a woman. A stub of feminine instinct is left, enough to get that bow of ribbon into her hair, not enough to teach her how to comfort a child.

And yet—I felt so sorry for her! She was doing her whole duty, her very best for these children, but a man's best, helpless, as most men are, for a woman's best.

I have sometimes thought that Peter's power over little ones is due in large part to his casual ways with them. I thought this once more as I watched him come to join us, carrying little Tom in his arms. The boy's face was hidden on his guardian's shoulder, his small hands clasped tightly about Peter's neck. Peter seemed to have forgotten that he held the child, as he stood talking to Dr. March.

There was very little left for him to discuss with her. She had been competence itself, it appeared. There were surgeons and a trained nurse at Tutie's bedside—almost before she fell, it seemed to me. I watched Peter's face clear as, at each suggestion he made, the deep,

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businesslike tones of Dr. March responded. Every possibility he mentioned had "already been ordered." It was wonderful how she had thought of every detail, when her affections were so engaged, her personal anxiety so great. Of course, as a physician, it was her business to be an expert in such a crisis; but I have seen men physicians who could not by any stretch of the imagination be called experts in their homes. Emperors in the sick-rooms of their patients, they become little short of hysterical with illness in their own families. Dr. March seemed more competent than she was really called upon to be.

"Have you remembered," said Peter—he was whispering to me over the child's shoulder—"have you remembered when we are due at your house? Look at that clock!" I remembered with a shock. My last words to my husband had been a promise to return with Peter de Koven promptly on the hour named. The engagement was highly important, some affair in which my husband and Peter were both financially interested, and in which I was involved, to the extent of having to sign my name to business papers which I was to try to understand.

It lacked but half an hour of the time set for our return. How was Peter to be separated from the little boy? "Has this youngster had his dinner yet?" asked Peter; and instantly the child's arms tightened convulsively.

It isn't easy to fool children. They recognize those first little side-steps that lead to some final shift they are bent on avoiding.

"He has eaten nothing since breakfast," said Dr. March. "I had some broth heated for him, before you came, but—"

"My frote's sore," interrupted the child, unexpectedly, "Somefing's in my frote." No one answered him. Perhaps, at the moment, we were all in his case. Poor baby! It was such a brave, steady little voice, too.

Dr. March spoke presently in that patient, cheerful way which I have never yet seen have the slightest influence on any child. Had she cared for him less I felt she might have been more successful with him. It was plain that she was fond of Tutie—Tom she adored.

"Oh yes, dear; you will try to drink your broth for Cousin March, won't you? Cousin March will get it for you in a pretty bowl with a lovely lady painted on the bottom. You'll see her when you've finished the broth."

"Sha'n't eat it," snapped Tom, and I couldn't blame him. What did he care for lovely ladies—at his age? And this much at least I knew about government, nursery or state—when an order is given that you expect may not be obeyed, the one way to issue that edict is powerfully. Then you stand an even chance of failure; but you've done the one thing possible for success. Well as I appreciate this kindergarten axiom, I am by no means able to force, at will, this power into my own tones, instantly as I can recognize it when heard in my own voice or the voices of others. As Peter spoke to the child, and sharply, I felt that little thrill of satisfaction with which we all applaud the smallest thing well, perfectly done.

Tom obeyed him at once. Sitting upright, such a small, dear little figure, on Peter's knee, he began bravely trying to choke down the hot broth from the spoon which Dr. March lifted to his lips. She knelt, most pityingly, before him, holding the bowl and feeding him, until Peter drew up a small table and set Tom to work on his own account, taking small notice of him.

"There are some things a man does alone, youngster," he said; "one is—eat. Break your toast in your broth, and get to work. Tell me when the lovely lady comes out. I like lovely ladies." He turned to talk to Dr. March of ways and plans, speaking French, which the child did not understand.

There would be no difficulty as to Tom, so Dr. March assured him, if only little Miss Justine, who lived in the apartment above them, were at home.

All children, it appeared, adored her; and, as she had few duties to occupy her, except keeping house for her aunt, little Miss Justine spent hours playing with these two children. She might be willing now, until Tutie was better, to make some arrangement whereby Tom could stay with her; but, most unfortunately, motherly little Miss Justine was out of the city.

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*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YOU," HE CONFIDED

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"She plays with little Tom like a child herself," said Dr. March. "Poor girl! she has had no chance for any advantages in the way of education. I am sure she couldn't pass an ordinary common-school examination."

Peter gazed at Tom soberly. "She's what we want now!" he said. No, he didn't say it. He only looked it. I knew what he was thinking as well as if he had spoken.

The afternoon's revelations had undone any possible effect which the careful coiffure or that becoming bow might possibly have accomplished. This exhibited lack, painfully exhibited, nothing could atone for in the eyes of Peter; and with this object-lesson vanished as well the last chance of a college education for Tutie. Poor Dr. March! As she stood, looking helplessly at little Tom, there was a wistfulness in her strong, manly face that told me she felt, and keenly, her own position—weighed and found wanting. Perhaps she did not quite know what it was she reached out for in that moment of unconscious groping, or it may be I was fanciful and imaginative, creating a situation where there was none. I think I was right. She did not quite fathom what was in her heart. I hope she may never divine it.

Again Peter glanced up at the clock.

Little Tom—there was no help for it—must be dislodged from his perch, and what then? Shaken, half ill, as the child was, he needed just the wise and tender mothering Dr. March could so well discern in the little Miss Justine. If she could so well describe it, why—it made me impatient with her—why couldn't she learn by imitation?

And then, just at that moment, the door opened, and we looked up to see some one standing on the threshold. It was a woman; perhaps she had the sweetest face I have ever seen, or, in this crisis, the Madonna type was to me the only one to be desired. The tender oval of the cheek and chin, the eager eyes—a woman's eyes—under that wide, low brow, the softly parting lips, all spoke of comfort.

There was something exquisite in her atmosphere; you felt it on the moment. It seemed as if the eternal mother, manifested through our great need of her, appeared there, looking in at us.

"Oh, Miss Justine!" cried Dr. March.

Miss Justine came in swiftly to us. Neither Peter nor I had ever seen her before, yet we all three knew each other intimately. Her voice was exactly like her face.

"I have just come home," she said, a little breathlessly. "They have just told me—" She caught sight of Tom on Peter's knee, and her face altered. She came toward him with that welcoming delight children so love to excite.

"He mustn't talk," said Peter, gravely, "not until he has uncovered the lovely lady in the bottom of his soup-bowl."

"My soup's et," said Tom, tersely. He lifted the bowl for inspection. "I've scraped all the clothes off the lady," he announced, in solemn surprise.

"So you have," said Peter, and Miss Justine laughed aloud. It was a laugh no child could resist. She stood looking over at Tom, with that delicious comicality still in her eyes, still that tenderness about her mouth, and held out both her hands to him.

"Come here!" she said.

Tom dropped from Peter's knee like a pleased robin, and hopped across the floor to her.

"I got somethin' to tell you," he confided.

Of course he had. So had I. So might any one. I looked at Peter. Might he, too, perhaps, have something to tell her? Was not this the ideal lady of his dreams?—a woman as God made her; so uneducated, Dr. March had assured us, as to be unable to pass the simplest school test; untaught, save by the primal instinct that made of her the perfect mother, she gathered the child into her arms, not pityingly—she was far, far too wise for that—laughingly. She was holding him off, or he thought she was, insisting his "whispers tickled"; all the while she was drawing him closer to her, farther from himself, from the fright and grief his poor little heart had nearly broken in the holding. . . .

I don't know how long we stood there, furtively watching, Peter and I, before we stole away quietly and stood, our exit unheeded, in the hallway outside. There we waited, looking at each other.

"Yes," said Peter. "Yes—that's ex-

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actly what I meant. That's what a man wants."

"We must see her again. We must see her often," I breathed.

"Yes," said Peter again, and dreamily. He was standing, listening to the voices—or the voice—within.

"She couldn't pass a common-school examination," he whispered. "Does she need to? Do you suppose, for a moment, that she could be—like that"—he nodded toward the room—"if she'd had Dr. March's *advantages?*"

"No," I agreed; "I'm afraid not."

"Good," said Peter. "You've had your object-lesson: Miss Justine on one side, on the other—Dr. March."

"Hush!" I cried, sharply, for Dr. March was hurrying toward us down the hallway. She had been called from the room earlier, and now was fairly running to join us. She did not need to say her news was good. Her strong features glowed with it.

Tutie had roused. As Dr. March leaned over her bed she opened those big eyes of hers, and spoke. What she had said was characteristic. "I felled. Somebody ought to have been keeping care of me."

"The little lamb!" I cried.

"The little limb!" said Peter; but we meant the same thing.

"Can Miss Justine stay on here for the rest of the afternoon?" asked Peter, abruptly. "Will you ask her if she can? I have to be away for several hours, and Tom needs peculiar care. She understands him—wonderfully."

"Ask Miss Justine to—stay—on here—with Tom?" faltered Dr. March, wonderingly, as if dismayed at such a suggestion.

"Why not?" asked Peter, impatiently.

After another hesitation, and as if still dazed by the situation, yet unable to quite combat it, Dr. March moved away on the errand. "She will stay," she said, as she came back. "She says she will be glad to, but"—Dr. March's face was flushed, her manner deeply embarrassed—"it is so much to accept—" she murmured. "Miss Justine asked me if we would send a message for her. You pass near the Woman's College. Would you be good enough to see that the president is informed that Miss Justine regrets she cannot meet him this afternoon? If he needs the papers he wished to see, Miss Justine's secretary can give them to him."

The president of the Woman's College! Miss Justine's secretary!

"Didn't you know?" cried Dr. March. Her face cleared suddenly. "I understand! You have been thinking she was the little Miss Justine?" she laughed aloud. "No; oh no! This is little Miss Justine's *aunt*, the one she keeps house for, the new dean of the Woman's College, the great Miss Justine. She is always lovely with the children whenever she sees them; but she has so little time. She is probably the most learned woman, in her subject, on this side of the water . . . international reputation . . . foreign scholarships . . . honorary degrees. . . ."

Dr. March was following us into the outer hall. Tales of flood and field in decorations, honors, Heaven knows what other recognitions, bombarded our ears as we escaped by the descending elevator.

I am not sure that either Peter or I bade Dr. March any farewell. I know we only agreed mechanically when she promised to let us know at once of any change in Tutie's condition. She assured us she was not anxious now, and we thanked her humbly for all, with a kind of dazed submission.

We did not look at each other until the first street corner was reached; then as our furtive glances met—

"Foxed!" exclaimed Peter. He flung up both hands. "I surrender!" he cried. No more until the next street corner, and then—

"Gad!" said Peter.

"I entirely agree with you," I replied.

Yet another corner, at which Peter turned to me, his eyes twinkling.

"I may," he said—"mind you, I don't say I will, but I think the chances are, when she's old enough, I may decide to send Tutie to the Woman's College."

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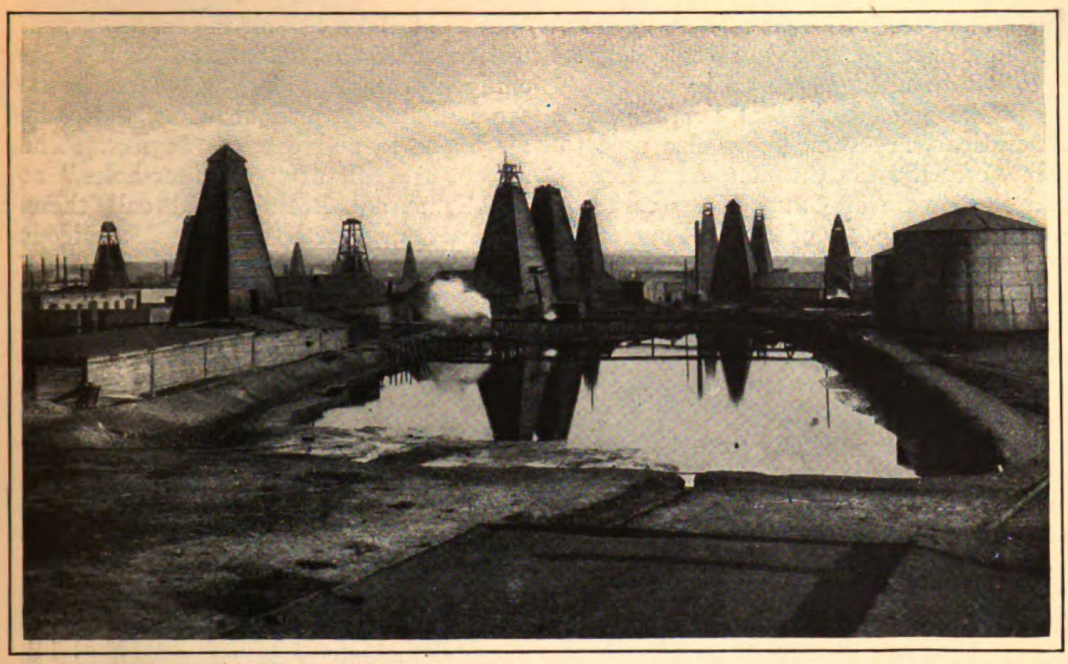

OIL-FIELDS AT BAKU

# The Fire of the Caucasus

*BY HENRY W. NEVINSON*

SOME have called man a laughing animal, some a clothed animal, or a tool-using animal, some even a reasoning animal. To me the distinctive mark of man is fire. Other animals eat and drink, sleep, and rear their young; other animals make houses and nests or bury themselves in trees and holes from the storm and frost. Man alone has found the use of fire, and fire has made him man. Without it, we Londoners would still be furry as the bear and toothed like the gorilla, cowering in the sand-holes of Hampstead, storing blackberries and Kentish cobs, and chewing raw flesh if we had been lucky enough to hit something with a stone. By the aid of fire we move like the wind whither we list, we speak by lightning, we kill each other at ten miles' range, and enjoy the domestic hearth. By the aid of fire we have become as gods to the animal creation. We carry our divinity in our pockets, and continually perform a miracle for the cats and dogs which stretch themselves on the sacred warmth of our rugs.

There must have been one fateful moment in history when a long-armed, melancholy creature discovered flame—discovered that flame could be used and moved and multiplied, and that poor mankind need no longer cower for warmth round the craters of active volcanoes, snatching a fearful joy. Like all the most important events in man's development, the record of that moment has vanished past recall, but immemorial tradition has fixed upon the Caucasus as its scene. That tale of the Titan who so loved and pitied mankind that he stole fire from heaven and brought it down in a reed; of the omnipotent and jealous god—an upstart official—who grudged to shivering man the divinest comfort of heaven; and how the defiant rebel, conscious of ultimate victory, was crucified for ages upon the precipice, alternately



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burnt and freezing—that tale is very old, and here in the Caucasus it happened.

It is to a niche in the eastern extremity of the great chain that, for unknown generations, fire-worshippers also used to come, crossing the Caspian, from Persia and the stream of Oxus. They came to worship the mystery of flame—the eternal fires which flicker above crannies in the limestone rock at Sourakhani, barely twelve miles from the shore. The crannies have lately been fitted with pipes, and their vapors used for gas by the enterprising villagers around. But that does not diminish the mystery or the benefit of flame, and it appears quite as possible as other things in history that in this obscure spring of fire man first found his greatest instrument and dearest consolation, whether it was kindled first by lightning, or by a sunlit crystal, or merely by Prometheus and his fennel reed.

Close by, at Baku, fire now celebrates a modern victory. Coming down the long slope from Tiflis, where the Koura flows to meet the Araxes, you pass through regions gradually more barren, till at last the full beauty of a desert is found, where no man dwells and nothing grows but the dry and crumbling plants of the wilderness. Sometimes a small party of horsemen vanishes along a dusty track into the hills. Often a train of camels, tied head to tail, stalks by with deliberate step and supercilious air, as much as to say, "Your locomotive may be all very well for indecent haste, but for silence and dignity and internal water-cisterns, give us things like us!" So travelling for half a night and a day, you come to the shores of the Caspian, which the poet of Prometheus had dimly heard of as "the lake at the world's edge," where spearmen stand watching like eagles from peaks that overhang the gulf of nothingness. Yet it is a sea, with rocks and narrow beach and a line of yellow sand, much like other seas, except that a horse driven hard by thirst can just manage to drink of it.

And then, suddenly, from the midst of the desert, upon the shore of this lake at the world's edge, you are flung out into a large, unfinished, modern city, something like Johannesburg, except that it is dirtier, smokier, and smells worse. I do not know the new American cities of the West, but Baku has all the main characteristics of a British colonial town, especially in a mining district. There is the same scrap-iron look about it, the same air of haste and careless neglect. The streets are full of "slaughter-holes," as the Transvaal Boers would call them. The pavements stop abruptly. Hideous buildings are piled up at random. Telephone-wires draggle overhead. In wet weather you wade ankle-deep in slush; in dry weather your mouth is full of dust and your clothes white with it. Nothing is certain, nothing finished, nothing made to last. On every vulgar street you may read the words written, "We've no abiding city here."

The spirit of life is much like Johannesburg, too. To make money quickly and go is every one's natural desire. The quickest way to make money is to gamble, and there is no way needs so little work, except landowning in London. So the whole place gambles, day and night. The Stock Exchange is the biggest gamble, but there are innumerable others for rich and poor alike. At any time in the great Russian Club you will find the card-tables full of players—chiefly at écarté or the game called "vint"—and in other rooms the moving finger never ceases to spin, and the croupier rakes in the stakes. Even when wives and daughters or other ladies appear for the midnight supper on Saturdays, no pause is allowed for frivolities of conversation, which are generally so unlucrative. Lotto-cards are brought to each table at two shillings apiece, and above the noise of knives and forks resounds the banker's voice calling out the numbers on the wheel, while the preoccupied and dreary guests fill up the rows of squares with counters, in the bare hope of taking a few pounds back to bed after paying for the family meal—if it was a family meal.

In behavior, Baku rather brags of its reputation as the filthiest city on earth; perhaps without reason, just as some fairly decent men love to be thought debauchees. But next to gambling, which is largely a matter of business, I found the most decent form of amusement was drinking too much and firing revolvers at the ceiling. I could not discover with what object this was done, whether to stimulate Russian gayety, or to alarm

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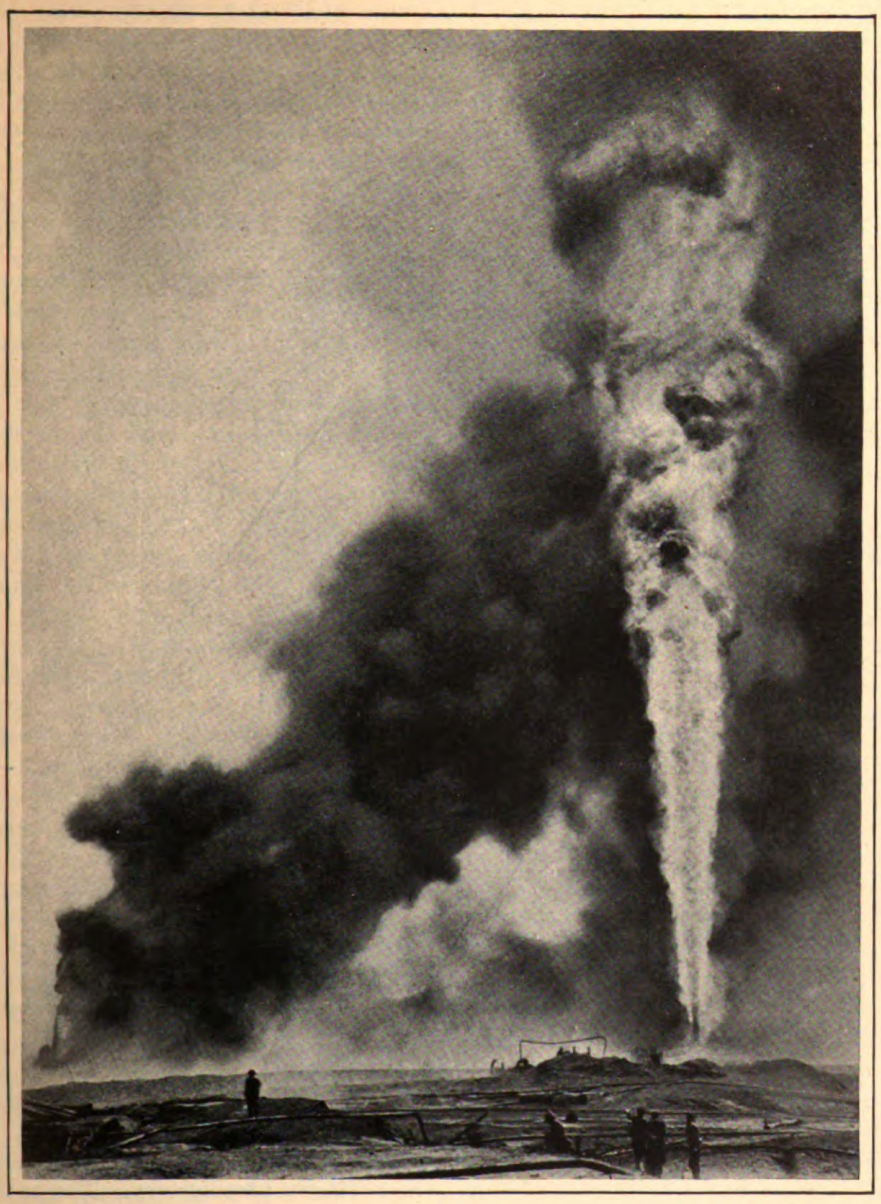

A Baku Oil-well on Fire

the occupiers of the floor above, or to increase the bill. Perhaps the revellers hoped to pluck up courage for their return journey home. For many think themselves lucky if they get back possessed of anything more than shirt and socks. Some of the poor have taken to a kind of gambling for which the gaming-house is the deserted street at night, and unless the reveller can shoot his adversary first, he often has a chilly walk before him.

Similar violence pervades life in general. It is not only the unending feud that divides Tartars and Armenians into hostile armies which devastate the oil-fields from time to time, and are constantly preparing each other's destruction—with batteries of quick-firing guns, as they boast. Besides this central feud, there are numerous fighting groups organized among the workmen and the unemployed. As a rule, they take some political title, such as "Social Democrats" or "Anarchist Communists," in the hope of securing popular favor, and in some cases their

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origin may have been political and their aims may still be revolutionary. But their methods are so simple and so lucrative that perhaps it would be a mistake to attribute the zeal of all their members entirely to enthusiasm for social reform. The manager of an oil-field receives a letter briefly addressing him as "Parasite!" It bears the stamp of a group, and it demands a definite sum of money on pain of death. At an hour mentioned, the agents of the group call, and the manager almost invariably pays, entering the sum in his ledger under the heading of "office expenses." If he refuses to pay, he is quite sure to be shot, stabbed, or disembowelled within a day or two. If he attempts to betray the agents, all his family share his fate.

This pursuit of wealth on a basis of murder is conducted with such business-like accuracy that the manager in due course receives a stamped balance-sheet showing the expenditure of his contribution. The items entered in the cash account are generally the purchase of arms and an assassination, but no vouchers are possible in such cases, and it is generally supposed that champagne and other carnal delights ought to figure in the outlay. I am not sure whether such charges as to the misappropriation of involuntary contributions are true or not, but where money is so easily obtained the temptation must be considerable. In self-protection, most of the richer managers and owners have mustered gangs of hired assassins, each of whom is pledged to murder at least one person named, if anything happens to his employer. Some go further, and publish in the morning papers the names and addresses of those who will be immediately slain if they are murdered themselves, and such advertisements give a new and varied interest to the local "agony column."

As to the government, it cares little for these things, being occupied in hunting down the real "politicals," who are of no danger to the town, but of great danger to the central bureaucracy far away in St. Petersburg, and to all the network of their dependents through the Empire. At almost every hour of the day I saw "politicals" driven off in cabs gleaming with bayonets to a drumhead court martial or urged on foot along the streets among a group of hurried soldiers terrified of rescue. For there were plenty of revolutionists still left in the city, and I observed that at a concert given by the Russian Club before the lotto supper began, the programme ended with Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," simply for the sake of introducing the "Marseillaise," that battle-song of freedom. Surely no censor could object to such music as Schumann's! So the singer had to repeat it over and over again—at least ten times, I think. The rest of the song was not repeated; he began where the "Marsellaise" bursts in. And the words were Heine's words; they deified an Emperor. It did not matter. The tune was the battle-song of freedom, and that was enough.

For the oil-fields themselves, they are the only familiar things in the Caucasus, and I need not dwell upon them. I have heard queer explanations of the oil—"coal in a different form," "rock fused by volcanoes," "the refuse of immense shoals of shellfish." Many managers think the oil is still being formed. At all events there it lies, generally mixed with quantities of water, in the sandy rock and loam, at varying levels of strata from 700 to 1000 feet down, but sometimes coming close to the surface, where it is bailed out by hand or with small horse-pumps. The largest patch under which the oil lies is at Balakhani, a few miles N.N.W. of the town, but there is a smaller field on the seacoast only a mile or two south, and close to the habitable town lies the "Black Town," where the refining is done, along the shore of the northern promontory. The surface of the fields is thickly covered with tall, black "derricks" or sheds, generally built of gypsum planks or sheet-iron as a protection against fire, and under each derrick the machine-pump drops a narrow tube or "bucket," thirty-five feet long, down the casing of the well, into which it just fits. The bucket brings up "crude oil," usually mixed with water, and pours it as a brownish, yellowish liquid into the reservoirs, from which it is carried in pipes to the refineries. The temperature of the oil is only about 75° Fahrenheit. In some wells the water and oil can be forced up by compressed air through different pipes, as the oil naturally lies on the top.

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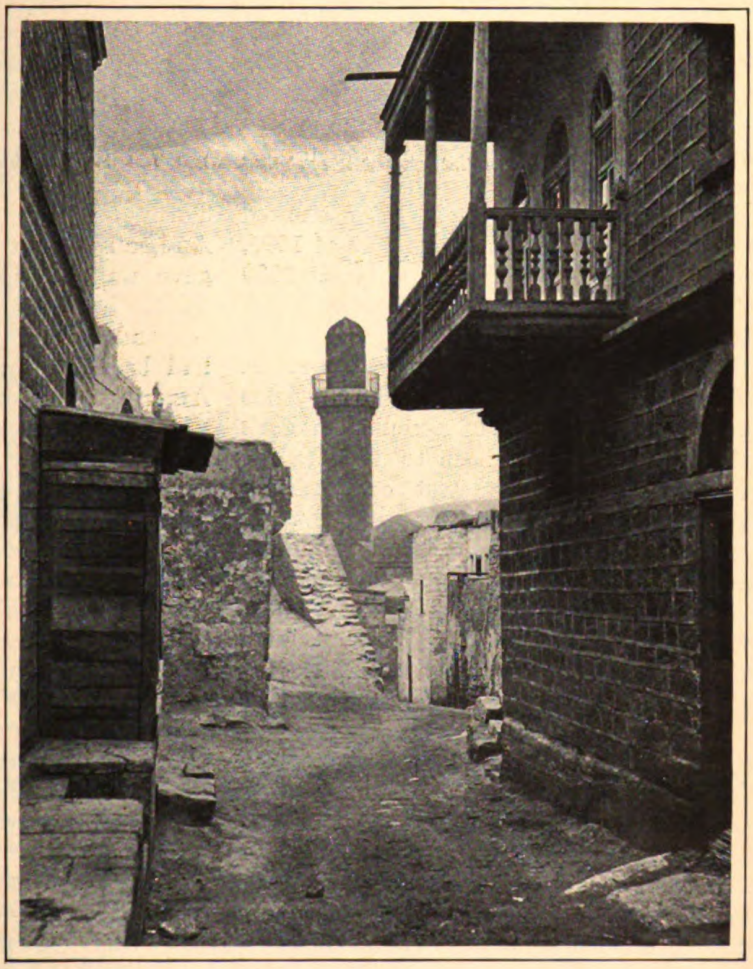
A good well will yield from 108,000 to 288,000 pounds weight of "crude" in twenty-four hours. The record yield of the fields so far has been 24,244,000,000 pounds in a year (1901), the present average yield being something under 18,000,000,000 pounds. A new well is sunk by means of a borer or "bit" with a sharp edge, which is dropped by wrought-iron rods down the lengthening shaft, and raised and dropped till the sand at the bottom is puddled into a liquid that can be pumped out. An extra piece of casing is then lowered down the shaft, and the process begins again—the "bit" being kept at work some two or three feet below the casing. In the wells at Grosny, on the north side of the Caucasus range, I am told, no casing is needed, because the soil is stiff; but in Baku, casing is always used. In the process of boring, the rods often twist like corkscrews, but if they snap or become detached and drop the bit from a height down the shaft, an explosion follows, which is said to drive bit and all clear up the shaft and out into the open air through the top of the derrick. I believe this to be the chief danger, for as a rule the working is fairly safe, and none goes on below the surface. A spout of oil, or "fountain," has not been frequent lately, and is never desired, because it breaks up the machinery, floods the whole works with sand, and carries off so much oil to waste.

The oil is used "crude" for locomotives, but most of it is refined into benzine, petrol, and kerosene, the subsequent refuse, or "mazout," being consumed for common fuel and furnaces. But the oil will burn in almost any form, and the workmen's wives and daughters make a business of wading about, naked below the waist, in the refuse ports, and skimming off the surface oil with rags, which they squeeze into buckets for family warmth, lighting, and cooking. At the end of the record year (1901) crude oil was selling at a penny a pood, or nine pounds for a farthing. But the decreased output and the periods of violence, massacre, and other labor difficulties have now raised the price.



IN THE OLD TOWN

Far more interesting than the oil and its price are the people who pull it up. The managers are Russian, English, Georgian, or Armenian; the work-people chiefly Tartar and partly Armenian,

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with a sprinkling of Russian. It is between Armenian and Tartar that the deadly feud burns, no one quite knows why. Both sides bring an ancestral hatred from their villages, but, indeed, there is something about the unhappy Armenian which rouses the hostility of every race, just as some quite innocent-looking dogs are quite sure to be attacked by every other dog that passes in the street. Hitherto the Armenians on the oil-fields have chiefly been the passive sufferers, as they were when the Turks brained them and cut their throats like cattle in Constantinople. They showed some fight in the great massacres of 1905, but still they suffered most. About 3000 of them are supposed to have been killed, their quarters and derricks destroyed, their women and girls carried away. A friend who was with me in the oil-fields showed me the ruins of a rich manager's house where he had been to a dance the night before the greatest outbreak of 1905. A few days later, when he ventured out to the scene again, he found the house in ruins, the grand piano with its legs in the air, the father and two sons murdered, the wife shot by her own hand, the two young daughters vanished into Tartar harems, never to be seen again.

It is but an instance of what happened everywhere, among rich and poor alike. The Armenians now boast that they have perfected a fighting organization and possess whole batteries of guns. I hope it may be so, for as a race they have been too long accustomed "to take it lying down," and to win their remarkable success by cunning, fraud, litigation, thrift, usury, and the commercial virtues. As the Tartars do not possess these virtues to the same extent, they are only irritated by a resulting prosperity such as their own courage and endurance and sober industry cannot rival. But if the Tartars were aware that the despicable foe who drives them from their lands and villages by money-lending and legal trickery were now almost on a fighting equality, there might be more chance of peace.

The Tartars on their side are also slowly changing their nature. They are no longer the hideous little followers of Tamerlane, who left such an evil name on every European tongue. In Baku I found Tartars who had studied in Paris and Berlin. One had been in London and Oxford for research. The richest Moslem in the world is a Baku Tartar, who was an outdoor porter once, and still cannot write his name. But he is determined that other Tartars shall have a better chance. Two years ago they had no school and no newspapers. Now they have twelve schools and three papers written and printed in Tartar, which is a dialect of Turkish. The millionaire's wife, though she may not appear with him in public unless thickly veiled, is a Tartar lady who was brought up in Paris. And on the occasion of my visit he gave an immense Parisian banquet, at which all the sixty or eighty guests ate and drank quite as much as if they had been European kings or leaders of American culture.

This sudden elevation of the Tartar race—this resolve not to be left behind in the advance of civilization—is one of those unexpected movements that astonish us in Russia and make our future so incalculable. Including the ancient settlers around Kazan upon the middle Volga, their numbers in the Russian Empire are estimated at about 32,000,000. They are all Moslems, and in the last two years many of them, especially on the Caspian, have come under the influence of Pan-Islam and the Green Flag. But more remarkable is their demand for an education worthy of the time, and for consideration in the empire, such as they hear of their fellow Moslems in India enjoying. It may have been in mere compliment, but at all events I noticed that England and not Turkey, still less Russia, was looked to as the real Mohammedan power of the world through that prolonged Tartar banquet which I endured. But it seems a long way from the millionaire's halls with their Moorish architecture, polished floors, and silver plate, under which the dusky waiters groaned—a long way to the Tartars of the oil-fields in their huts and barracks.

A Tartar workman can earn from ten to fifteen shillings a week in wages, and he saves nearly the whole of it, except the very little he spends on food. He never drinks, leaving intoxication entirely to the more highly civilized classes above him. If thirsty, he takes a cup of

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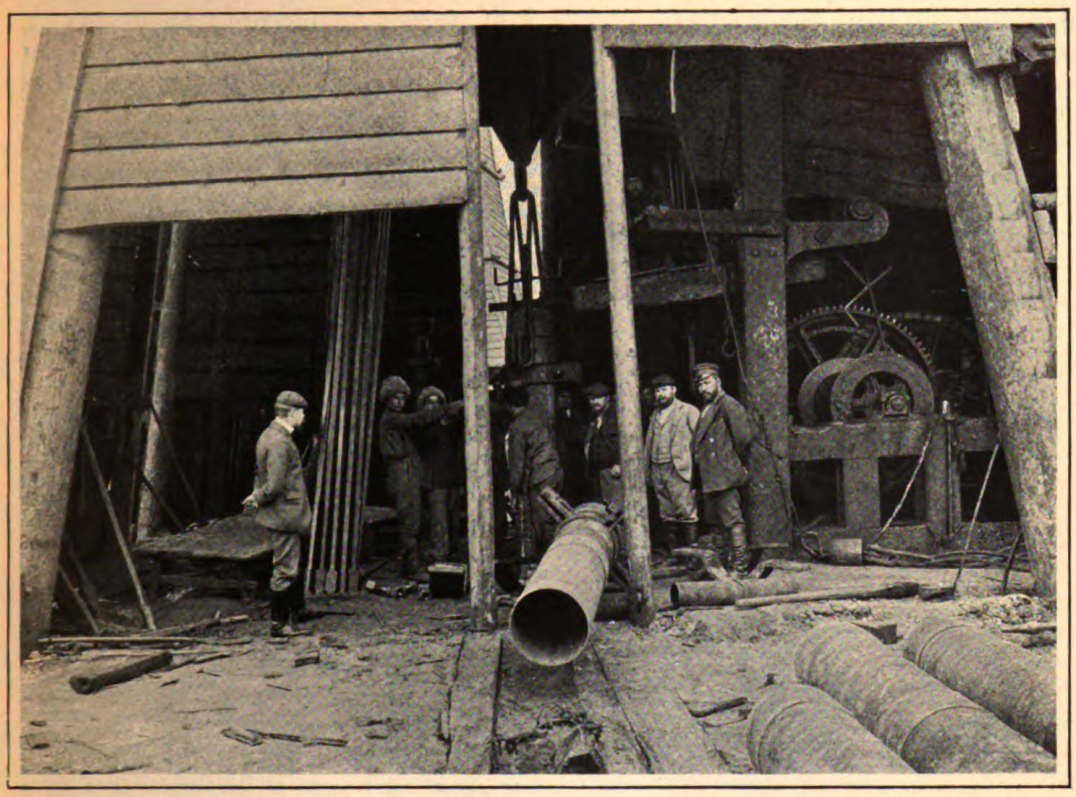

SINKING AN OIL-SHAFT AT BAKU

the petroleum and water which nature yields. His food is mainly bread, with the addition of cucumber in summer, though sometimes I have seen the men bringing their separate little basins of stew to warm on the stoves. Lodgings and warmth are provided free. Sometimes huts are built for five or six men together, but more usually they are lodged in dormitories or "barracks," with fourteen to twenty iron beds arranged in pairs along the walls, and strewn with every kind of rug, mat, patchwork, or carpet that the men can collect. To prevent disturbances the tribes and races are arranged in separate rooms, the Lesghians being grouped together, the Transcaspians, the Tartars of Kazan, and so on. Of course no Christian is ever admitted; but the Persians, though they are recognized as an entirely distinct race and sometimes have separate barracks, appear to find no difficulty in consorting with other Moslems and even sleeping in the same room without midnight murder. It is to the credit of the English companies on the fields that they were the first to introduce the baths so necessary for Moslems, and the libraries that Christians prefer.

Tartar women hardly ever accompany the laborers to the oil-fields, but I have seen a few Lesghians living even in the common barracks with men, easily distinguished from Tartars, because, though they are good Moslems enough, they go unveiled. The workmen who come from villages near Baku borrow a horse when they can and ride full gallop home, returning within the twelve hours. For the shifts of work are now six hours on and twelve off. They used to be twelve hours on and twelve off, but by strikes, arson, assassination, and the destruction of machinery the work-people have persuaded the employers to concede a reduction. The work is carried on continuously, never stopping for Sunday or any other occasion. After two or three years of it, the Tartar goes home for a six months' rest, but he generally returns.

In one barrack-room I found the men crowding round a dignified and white-bearded figure, covered from head to foot

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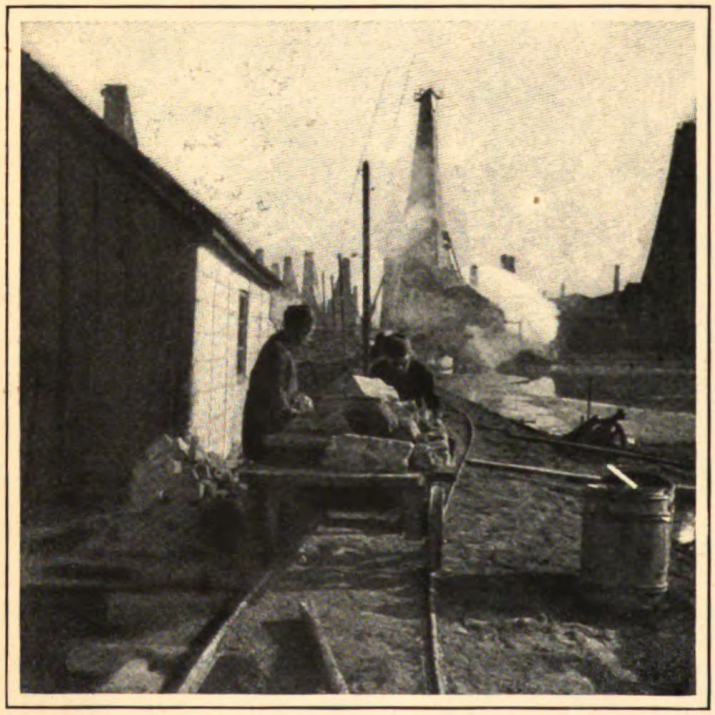
in variegated rags. In his hand was a long pole, and a leathern sack hung over his shoulders. The men were pressing sums of money into his hand—Russian silver and ruble notes,—and after counting each sum carefully over in turn, he hid it away, some in the bag, some in various holes or chinks among his rags.



BAKU HAS AN AIR OF HASTE AND CARELESS NEGLECT

Before the end he must have been so stuffed with coin that if you shook him he would have rained down treasure like a shaken Christmas tree. The manager of the oil-field called him vaguely a Fakir, or Mullah, but he was, in fact, a travelling bank, a primitive money-order, a substitute for checks. The Moslems were sending their six months' savings, tucked away in his clothes, to their families far across the Caspian, perhaps on the frontiers of Bokhara, or beyond. He could not write or read, but he knew the village of each, and the amount of the money entrusted to him to the last farthing. In that land where life goes for little and violence for nothing, he is never robbed, though I was told he sometimes carries as much as £1000. The men invariably regard him with perfect confidence, which is far more than one can do for the Russian imperial post, with its iniquitous system of censorship and espionage.

While the others were engaged in making up their packets of money and seeing them safely invested, one shaven-headed Moslem, who, I suppose, had finished his business, remained engaged in private prayer upon his own bedstead. Having arranged his blanket to point southwest by south to Mecca, he was kneeling upon it and bending his body up and down with the regular movement that denotes intensity of worship. Perhaps private prayer is hardly the right phrase, for his petitions were uttered in a high-pitched singsong, no doubt quite intelligible to his fellows. But it was private in the sense that he was conscious of nothing beyond his devotion, and took no more notice of the common outside world than if it had no existence. It would be interesting to discover why no one thought it strange, though if an Englishman knelt upon his bed at midday, or beside a public counter in a savings-bank, and prayed aloud he would hardly escape the lunatic asylum.

The truth is that in spite of the scrap-iron look of the place, in spite of telephones and stock exchange and gambling supper-parties, Baku still remains an Oriental town. For centuries before speculation recognized the possibilities of oil, it was the port of traffic and exchange between the gates of Europe and Central Asia, and it is so still. Here come the dried plums and peaches, figs, and nuts of many kinds, sunflower seeds that Russians love, innumerable beans, rudely glazed pottery, amulets against the evil eye, bales of cotton, stacks of hides, and lengths of gorgeous carpet.

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And in return Western progress goes into Asia in the form of oil, new lamps, cheap clocks, calico, shoddy, and German machinery. Right in the midst of the town, with oil-fields and refineries and factories and banks and offices spreading out on every side around it, the ancient city of the East stands almost unchanged. Round its battered walls and in inexplicable towers still float dim legends of illustrious girls imprisoned indifferently for faith or frailty, of immemorial contests of the Georgians against invaders appearing oversea from Teheran or Samarcand, of treacherous surrenders and midnight surprises and breaches stormed with daggers bare.

There it stands, the ancient city, and the spirit of the East moves up and down its narrow, twisting lanes, and gossips in the cavernous open shops, and peers from behind the carved wooden lattices of the women's chambers, and three times a day, from the two old minarets, it proclaims the praise of God and of His Prophet. A mingled smell of coffee and garlic pervades the air. In front of a dry-fruit shop you find a sheep tied up with a decorated collar, for sale or sacrifice. He is an Oriental sheep, and over his hind quarters hang thick lappets of fatty tissue, which on the plateaus of Asia would nourish him throughout the starving winter; just as the Madagascan buffalo will feed his melancholy upon his own hump, and as I for weeks in Central Africa lived on little beyond my fat—a most unsatisfying repast.

Down the sleepy lane comes a Tartar woman, shuffling along upon her tormenting slippers. From head to foot she is covered with an impenetrable garment, or is wrapped round and round with lengths of silky stuff like a cocoon. Over the aperture where her face ought to be she wears a plain, thick mask of gauze, black or very dark blue, through which she can breathe and dimly see her way without letting her eyes or any feature be visible from outside. By one of the fictions of delicacy she is invisible herself, and if a visitor were to catch a glimpse of her in her own home, he would be expected to take no more notice than he would of a family ghost or a skeleton in the cupboard. If she ever goes out with her husband shopping, or on a pilgrimage or other journey, she makes herself more carefully invisible than ever, and on entering a restaurant, railway station, or steamer, he at once settles her down upon the boards or platform. He dumps her there like a parcel, and there she remains, almost motionless, for hours together, till he comes back and tells her to move. The sight of her would suggest that the Tartar ideal of women and their rights was distinctly unprogressive.

Yet at the great meetings of Tartars for the elections in the second Duma it was unanimously agreed that their representatives in St. Petersburg should support adult suffrage, giving a vote to all women over twenty as well as to men. About the same time I heard that some of the most intelligent and highly educated women in England had been set upon by mounted policemen and carried off to jail for petitioning the so-called "Mother of Parliaments" to grant the vote to a certain proportion of women. Why go on talking about "Cape Turk" and the recognized distinctions of East and West? The old lines are breaking up, the comfortable definitions hold no longer, and, as the poet says, things are not what they seem.

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# The Choices

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

*BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL*

HERE we have to do with the fourth tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1327 (thus Nicolas begins) you could have found in all England no lovers more ardent in affection or in despair more affluent than Rosamund Eastney and Sir Gregory Darrell. She was Lord Berners' only daughter, a brown beauty, and of extensive repute, thanks to such among her retinue of lovers as were practitioners of the Gay Science and had scattered broadcast innumerable canzons in her honor; and Lord Berners was a man who accepted the world as he found it.

"Dompnedex!" the Earl was wont to say; "in sincerity I am fond of Gregory Darrell, and if he chooses to make love to my daughter that is none of my affair. The eyes and the brain preserve a proverbial warfare, which is the source of all amenity, for without lady-service there would be no songs and tourneys, no measure and no good breeding; and, in a phrase, a man delinquent in it is no more to be valued than an ear of corn without the grain. Nay, I am so profoundly an admirer of Love that I can never willingly behold him slain, of a surfeit, by Matrimony; and besides, the rapscallion could not to advantage exchange purses with Lazarus; and, moreover, Rosamund is to marry the Earl of Sarum a little after All Saints' day."

"Sarum!" people echoed. "Why, the old goat has had two wives already!"

And the Earl would spread out his hands. "One of the wealthiest persons in England," he was used to submit.

Thus it fell out that Sir Gregory came and went at his own discretion as concerned Lord Berners' fief of Ordish, all through those gusty times of warfare between Sire Edward and Queen Ysabeau, until at last the Queen had conquered. Lord Berners, for one, vexed himself not inordinately over the outcome of events, since he protested the King's armament to consist of fools and the Queen's of rascals; and had with entire serenity declined to back either Dick or the devil.

It was in the September of this year, a little before Michaelmas, that they brought Sir Gregory Darrell to be judged by the Queen, for notoriously the knight had been Sire Edward's adherent. "Death!" croaked Adam Orleton, who sat to the right hand, and, "Young de Spencer's death!" amended the Earl of March, with wild laughter; but Ysabeau leaned back in her great chair—a handsome woman, stoutening now from gluttony and from too much wine—and regarded her prisoner with lazy amiability, and devoted the silence to consideration of how scantily the man had changed.

"And what was your errand in Figgis Wood?" she demanded in the ultimate,—"or are you mad, then, Gregory Darrell, that you dare ride past my gates alone?"

He curtly said, "I rode for Ordish."

Followed silence. Queen Ysabeau lolled in her carven chair, considering the comely person who stood before her, fettered, at the point of shameful death. There was a little dog in the room which had come to the Queen, and now licked the palm of her left hand, and the soft lapping of its tongue was the only sound you heard. "So at peril of your life you rode for Ordish, then, messire?"

The tense man had flushed. "You have harried us of the King's party out of England,—and in reason I might not leave England without seeing her."

"My friend," said Ysabeau, as half in

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sorrow, "I would have pardoned anything save that." She rose. Her face was dark and hot. "By God and all His saints! you shall indeed leave England to-morrow and the world as well! but not without a final glimpse of this same Rosamund. Yet listen: I, too, must ride with you to Ordish, as your sister, say!—Gregory, did I not hang last April the husband of your sister? Yes, Ralph de Belomys, a thin man with eager eyes, the Earl of Farrington he was. As his widow will I ride with you to Ordish, upon condition you disclose to none at Ordish, saving only if you will this quite immaculate Rosamund, even a hint of our merry carnival. And to-morrow (you will swear according to the nicest obligations of honor) you must ride back with me to encounter—that which I may devise. For I dare to trust your naked word in this, and, moreover, I shall take with me a sufficiency of retainers to leave you no choice."

Darrell knelt before her. "I can do no homage to Queen Ysabeau; yet the prodigal hands of her who knows that I must die to-morrow and cunningly contrives, for old time's sake, to hearten me with a sight of Rosamund, I cannot but kiss." This much he did. "And I swear in all things to obey her will."

"O comely fool!" the Queen said, not ungently, "I contrive, it may be, but to demonstrate that many tyrants of antiquity were only bunglers. And, besides, I must have other thoughts than that which now occupies my heart; I must this night take holiday, lest I go mad."

So to Ordish in that twilight came the Countess of Farrington, with a retinue of twenty men-at-arms, and her brother Sir Gregory Darrell. Lord Berners received the party with boisterous hospitality.

"And the more for that your sister is a very handsome woman," was Rosamund Eastney's comment. The period appears to have been after supper, and she sat with Gregory Darrell in not the most brilliant corner of the main hall.

The wretched man leaned forward, bit his nether lip, and then with a sudden splurge of speech informed her of the sorry masquerade. "The she-devil designs some horrible and obscure mischief, she plans I know not what."

"Yet I—" said Rosamund. The girl had risen, and she continued with a fine irrelevance. "You have told me you were Pembroke's squire when long ago he sailed for France to fetch this woman into England—"

"—which you never heard!" Lord Berners shouted at this point. "Jasper, a lute!" And then he halloaed, more lately: "Gregory, Madame de Farrington demands that racy song you made against Queen Ysabeau during your last visit."

Thus did the Queen begin her holiday.

It was a handsome couple which came forward, hand quitting hand a shade too tardily, and the blinking eyes yet rapt; but these two were not overpleased at being disturbed, and the man in particular was troubled, as in reason he well might be, by the task assigned him.

"Is it, indeed, your will, my sister," he said, "that I should sing—this song?"

"It is my will," the Countess said.

And the knight flung back his comely head and laughed. "What I have written I shall not disown in any company. It is not, look you, of my own choice that I sing, my sister. Yet if she bade me would I sing this song as willingly before Queen Ysabeau, for, Christ aid me! the song is true."

Then sang Sir Gregory:

*"Dame Ysabeau, la prophécie*
*Que li sage dit ne ment mie,*
*Que la royne sut ceus grever*
*Que tantost lacquais sot aymer—"*

and so on.* It was a lengthy ditty and in its wording not oversqueamish; the Queen's career in England was detailed without any stuttering, and you would have found the catalogue unhandsome; but Sir Gregory sang it with an incisive gusto, though it seemed to him to countersign his death-warrant, and with the vigor that a mangled snake summons for its last hideous stroke, it seemed to Ysabeau regretful of an ancient spring.

But the minstrel added, though Lord Berners did not notice it, a fire-new peroration.

For in conclusion sang Sir Gregory:

*"Ma voix mocque, mon cuer gémit,—*
*Pen pense à ce que la voix dit,*

* Nicolas gives this ballad in full, but, and for obvious reasons, his translator prefers to do otherwise.

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*Car me membre du temps jadis,*
*Et d'ung garson, d'amour surpris,*
*Et d'une fille—et la vois si—*
*Et grandement suis esbahi.*"

And when he had ended, the Countess of Farrington, without speaking, swept her left hand toward her cheek and by pure chance caught between thumb and forefinger the autumn-numbed fly that had annoyed her. She drew the little dagger from her girdle and meditatively cut the buzzing thing in two. Then she flung the fragments from her, and resting the dagger's point upon the arm of her chair, one forefinger upon the summit of the hilt, considerately twirled the brilliant weapon.

"This song does not err upon the side of clemency," she said at last,—"nor by ordinary does Queen Ysabeau."

"That she-wolf!" said Lord Berners, comfortably. "Hoo, Madame Gertrude! since the Prophet Moses wrung healing waters from a rock there has been no such miracle recorded."

"We read, Messire de Berners, that when the she-wolf once acknowledges a master she will follow him as faithfully as any dog. Nay, my brother, I do not question your sincerity, yet you sing with the voice of an unhonored courtier. Suppose Queen Ysabeau had heard your song all through and then had said—for she is not as the run of women—'Messire, I had thought till this there was no thorough man in England saving only Roger Mortimer. I find him tawdry now, and—I remember. Come you, then, and rule the England that you love as you may love no woman, and rule me, messire, for I find even in your cruelty—England! bah, we are no pygmies, you and I!'" the Countess said, with a great voice; "'yonder is squabbling Europe and all the ancient gold of Africa, ready for our taking! and past that lies Asia, too, and its painted houses hung with bells, and cloud-wrapt Tartary, wherein we twain may yet erect our equal thrones, whereon to receive the tributary emperors! For we are no pygmies, you and I.'" She paused and more lately shrugged. "Suppose Queen Ysabeau had said this much, my brother?"

Darrell was more pallid, as the phrase is, than a sheet, and the lute had dropped unheeded, and his hands were clenched. "I would answer, my sister, that as she has found in England but one man, I have found in England but one woman—the rose of all the world." His eyes were turned at this toward Rosamund Eastney. "And yet," the man stammered—"for that I, too, remember—"

"Nay, in God's name! I am answered," the Countess said. She rose, in dignity almost a queen. "We have ridden far to-day, and to-morrow we must travel a deal farther—eh, my brother? I am a trifle overspent, Messire Berners." And her face had now the weary beauty of an idol's.

So the men and women parted. Madame de Farrington kissed her brother in leaving him, as was natural; and under her caress his stalwart person shuddered, but not in repugnance; and the Queen went bedward regretful of an ancient spring and singing cheerily.

Ysabeau would have slept that night within the chamber of Rosamund Eastney had either slept at all; yet the girl, though aware of frequent rustlings near at hand, lay quiet, half-forgetful of the poisonous woman yonder, and her entire being fulfilled with a great blaze of exultation: to-morrow Gregory must die, and then perhaps she might find time for tears; but meanwhile, before her eyes, the man had flung away a kingdom and life itself for love of her, and the least nook of her heart ached to be a shade more worthy of the sacrifice.

After it might have been an hour of this excruciate ecstasy the Countess came to Rosamund's bed. "Ay," she hollowly began, "it is indisputable that his hair is like spun gold and that his eyes resemble sun-drenched waters in June. And that when this Gregory laughs God is more happy. *Ma belle,* I was familiar with the routine of your meditations ere you were born."

Rosamund said, quite simply: "You have known him always. I envy the circumstance, Madame Gertrude,—you alone of all women in the world I envy, since you, his sister, being so much older, must have known him always."

"I know him to the core, my girl," the Countess answered, and afterward sat silent, one bare foot jogging restlessly; "yet am I two years the junior— Did you hear nothing, Rosamund?"

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*Painting by Howard Pyle*

QUEEN YSABEAU IN HER CARVEN CHAIR

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"Nay, Madame Gertrude, I heard nothing."

"Strange!" the Countess said; "let us have lights, since I can no longer endure the overpopulous darkness." She kindled, with twitching fingers, three lamps and looked in vain for more. "It is as yet dark yonder, where the shadows quiver very oddly, as though they would rise from the floor—do they not, my girl?—and protest vain things. Nay, Rosamund, it has been done; in the moment of death men's souls have travelled farther and have been visible; it has been done, I tell you. And he would stand before me, with pleading eyes, and reproach me in a voice too faint to reach my ears—but I would see him—and his groping hands would clutch at my hands as though a dropped veil had touched me, and with the contact I would go mad!"

"Madame Gertrude—!" the girl stammered, in communicated terror.

"Poor innocent dastard!" the woman said, "I am Ysabeau of France." And when Rosamund made as though to rise, in alarm, Queen Ysabeau caught her by the shoulder. "Bear witness when he comes that I never hated him. Yet for my quiet it was necessary that it suffer so cruelly, the scented, pampered body, and no mark be left upon it! Eia! even now he suffers! Nay, I have lied. I hate the man, and in such fashion as you will comprehend only when you are Sarum's wife."

"Madame and Queen!" the girl said, "you will not murder me!"

"I am tempted!" the Queen hissed. "O little slip of girlhood, I am tempted, for it is not reasonable you should possess everything that I have lost. Innocence you have, and youth, and untroubled eyes, and quiet dreams, and the glad beauty of the devil, and Gregory Darrell's love—" Now Ysabeau sat down upon the bed and caught up the girl's face between two fevered hands. "Rosamund, this Darrell perceives within the moment, as I do, that the love he bears for you is but what he remembers of the love he bore a certain maid long dead. Eh, you might have been her sister, Rosamund, for you are very like her. And she, poor wench!—why, I could see her now, I think, were my eyes not blurred, somehow, almost as though Queen Ysabeau might weep! But she was handsomer than you, since your complexion is not overclear, praise God!"

Woman against woman they were. "He has told me of his intercourse with you," the girl said, and this was a lie flatfooted. "Nay, kill me if you will, madame, since you are the stronger, yet, with my dying breath, Gregory has loved but me."

"*Ma belle,*" the Queen answered, and laughed bitterly, "do I not know men? He told you nothing. And to-night he hesitated, and to-morrow, at the lifting of my finger, he will supplicate. Throughout his life has Gregory Darrell loved me, O white, palsied innocence! and he is mine at a whistle. And in that time to come he will desert you, Rosamund—though with a pleasing canzon—and they will give you to the gross Earl of Sarum, as they gave me to the painted man who was of late our King! and in that time to come you will know your body to be your husband's makeshift when he lacks leisure to seek out other recreation! and in that time to come you will long at first for death, and presently your heart will be a flame within you, my Rosamund, an insatiable flame! and you will hate your God because He made you, and hate Satan because in some desperate hour he tricked you, and hate all masculinity because, poor fools, they scurry to obey your whim, and chiefly hate yourself because you are so pitiful! and devastation only will you love in that strange time which is to come. It is adjacent, my Rosamund."

The girl kept silence. She sat erect in the tumbled bed, her hands clasping her knees, and appeared to deliberate what Dame Ysabeau had said. The plentiful brown hair fell about her face, which was white and shrewd. "A part of what you say, madame, I understand. I know that Gregory Darrell loves me, yet I have long ago acknowledged he loves me but as one pets a child, or, let us say, a spaniel which reveres and amuses one. I lack his wit, you comprehend, and so he never speaks to me all that he thinks. Yet a part of it he tells me, and he loves me, and with this I am content. Assuredly, if they give me to Sarum I shall hate Sarum even more than I detest him now. And then, I think, Heaven help me! that I would not

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greatly grieve. Oh, you are all evil!" Rosamund said; "and you thrust thoughts into my mind I may not grapple with!"

"You will comprehend them," the Queen said, "when you know yourself a chattel, bought and paid for."

The Queen laughed. She rose, and either hand strained toward heaven. "You are omnipotent, yet have You let me become that into which I am transmuted," she said, very low.

Anon she began, as though a statue spoke through motionless and pallid lips. "They have long urged me, Rosamund, to a deed which by one stroke would make me mistress of these islands. To-day I looked on Gregory Darrell, and knew that I was wise in love— And I had but to crush a filthy worm to come to him. Eh, and I was tempted—!"

The fearless girl said: "Let us grant that Gregory loves you very greatly, and me just when his leisure serves. You may offer him a cushioned infamy, a colorful and brief delirium, and afterward demolishment of soul and body; I offer him contentment and a level life, made up of tiny happenings, it may be, and lacking both in abysses and in skyey heights. Yet is love a flame wherein must the lover's soul be purified, as an ore by fire, even to its own discredit; and thus, madame, to judge between us I dare summon you."

"Child, child!" the Queen said, tenderly, and with a smile, "you are brave; and in your fashion you are wise; yet you will never comprehend. But once I was in heart and soul and body all that you are to-day; and now I am Queen Ysabeau. Assuredly, it would be hard to yield my single chance of happiness; it would be hard to know that Gregory Darrell must presently dwindle into an ox well pastured, and garner of life no more than any ox; but to say, 'Let this girl become as I, and garner that which I have garnered—!' Did you in truth hear nothing, Rosamund?"

"Nay, madame, nothing save the wind."

"Strange!" said the Queen; "since all the while that I have talked with you I have been seriously annoyed by shrieks and various imprecations! But I, too, grow cowardly, it may be— Nay, I know," she said, and in a resonant voice, "that I am by this mistress of broad England, until my son—my own son, born of my body, and in glad anguish, Rosamund,—know me for what I am. For I have heard— Coward! O beautiful sleek coward!" the Queen said; "I would have died without lamentation, and I was but your plaything!"

"Madame Ysabeau—!" the girl stammered, and ran toward her, for the girl had risen, and she was terrified.

"To bed!" said Ysabeau; "and put out the light lest he come presently. Or perhaps he fears me now too much to come to-night. Yet the night approaches, none the less, when I must lift some arras and find him there, chalk-white, with painted cheeks, and rigid, and smiling very terribly, or look into some mirror and behold there not myself but him— And in the instant I will die. Meantime I rule, until my son attain his manhood. Eh, Rosamund, my only son was once so tiny, and so helpless, and his little crimson mouth groped toward me, helplessly, and save in Bethlehem, I thought, there was never any child more fair— But I must forget all that, for even now he plots. Hey, God orders matters very shrewdly, my Rosamund."

And timidly the girl touched one shoulder. "In part, I understand, Madame and Queen."

"You understand nothing," said Ysabeau; "how should you understand whose breasts are yet so tiny? Nay, put out the light! though I dread the darkness, Rosamund— For they say that hell is poorly lighted—and they say—" Then Queen Ysabeau shrugged. Herself blew out each lamp.

"We know this Gregory Darrell," the Queen said in the darkness, and aloud, "ay, to the marrow we know him, however steadfastly we blink, and we know the present turmoil of his soul; and in common sense what chance have you of victory?"

"None in common sense, madame, and yet you go too fast. For man is a being of mingled nature, we are told by those in holy orders, and his life here but one unending warfare between that which is divine in him and that which is bestial, while impartial Heaven attends as arbiter of the cruel tourney. Always his judgment misleads the man, and his faculties allure him to a truce, however brief, with iniquity. His senses raise a mist about

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his goings, and there is not an endowment of the man but in the end plays traitor to his interest, as of His wisdom God intends; so that when the man is overthrown, God the Eternal Father may, in reason, be neither vexed nor grieved if only he take heart to rise again. And when, betrayed and impotent, the man elects to fight out the allotted battle, defiant of common sense and of the counsellors which God Himself accorded, I think that they hold festival in heaven."

"A very pretty sermon," said the Queen, and with premeditation yawned.

Followed a silence, vexed only by the purposeless September winds; but I believe that neither of these two slept with an inappropriate profundity.

About dawn one of the Queen's attendants roused Sir Gregory Darrell and presently conducted him into the hedged garden of Ordish, where Ysabeau walked in tranquil converse with Lord Berners. The old man was in high good humor.

"My lad," said he, and clapped Sir Gregory upon the shoulder, "you have, I do protest, the very phœnix of sisters. I was never happier." And he went away chuckling.

The Queen said in a toneless voice, "We ride for Blackfriars now."

He responded, "I am content, and ask but leave to speak, and briefly, with Dame Rosamund before I die."

Then the woman came more near to him. "I am not used to beg, but within this hour you die, and I have loved no man in all my life saving only you, Sir Gregory Darrell. Nor have you loved any person as you loved me once in France. Nay, to-day I may speak freely, for with you the doings of that boy and girl are matters overpast. Yet were it otherwise,—eh, weigh the matter carefully! for absolute mistress of England am I now, and entire England would I give you, and such love as that slim, white innocence has never dreamed of would I give you, Gregory Darrell— No, no! ah, Mother of God, not you!" The Queen clapped one hand upon his lips.

"Listen," she quickly said, as a person in the crisis of panic; "I spoke to tempt you. But you saw, and clearly, that it was the sickly whim of a wanton, and you never dreamed of yielding, for you love this Rosamund Eastney, and you know me to be vile. Then have a care of me! The strange woman am I of whom we read that her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. Yea, many strong men have been slain by me, and futurely will many others be slain, it may be, but never you among them, my Gregory, who are more wary, and more merciful, and know that I have need to lay aside at least one comfortable thought against eternity."

"I concede you to have been unwise—" he hoarsely said.

About them fell the dying leaves, of many glorious colors, but the air of this new day seemed raw and chill.

Then Rosamund came through the opening in the hedge. "Nay, choose," she wearily said; "the woman offers life and empery and wealth, and, it may be, even a greater love than I am capable of giving you. I offer a dishonorable death within the moment."

And again, with that peculiar and imperious gesture, the man flung back his head, and he laughed. "I am I! and I will so to live that I may face without shame not only God, but even my own scrutiny." He wheeled upon the Queen and spoke henceforward very leisurely. "I love you; all my life long I have loved you, Ysabeau, and even now I love you: and you, too, dear Rosamund, I love, though with a difference. And every fibre of my being lusts for the power that you would give me, Ysabeau, and for the good which I would do with it in the England I or Roger Mortimer must rule; as every fibre of my being lusts for the man that I would be could I choose death without debate, and for the man which you would make of me, my Rosamund.

"The man! And what is this man, this Gregory Darrell, that his welfare be considered?—an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with the archangels while filthily he digs for groundnuts! This much I know, at bottom, durst I but be honest.

"Yet more clearly do I perceive that this same man, like all his fellows, is a maimed god who walks the world dependent upon many wise and evil counsellors. He must measure, and to a hair's breadth, every content of the world by means of a bloodied sponge, tucked some-

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where in his skull, which is ungeared by the first cup of wine and ruined by the touch of his own finger; and he must appraise all that he judges with no better implements than two bits of colored jelly, with a bungling makeshift so maladroit that the nearest horologer's apprentice could have devised a more accurate; for, in fine, he is under penalty condemned to compute eternity with false weights and to estimate infinity with a yardstick: and he very often does it. For though 'If then I do that which I would not I consent unto the law,' saith even the Apostle; yet the braver Pagan answers him, 'Perceive at last that thou hast in thee something better and more divine than the things which cause the various effects and, as it were, pull thee by the strings.'

"There lies the choice which every man must make,—or rationally, as his reason goes, to accept his own limitations and make the best of his allotted prison-yard; or stupendously to play the fool and swear even to himself, while his own judgment shrieks and proves a flat denial, that he is at will omnipotent. You have chosen long ago, my poor proud Ysabeau; and I choose now, and differently: for poltroon that I am! being now in a cold drench of terror, I steadfastly protest that I am not afraid, and I choose death, madame."

It was toward Rosamund that the Queen looked, and smiled a little pitifully. "Should Queen Ysabeau be angry or vexed or very cruel now, my Rosamund? for at bottom she is glad."

More lately the Queen said: "I give you back your plighted word. I ride homeward to my husks, but you remain. Or rather, the Countess of Farrington departs for the convent of Ambresbury, disconsolate in her widowhood and desirous to have done with worldly affairs. It is most natural she should relinquish to her beloved and only brother all her dower-lands,—or so at least Messire de Berners acknowledges. Here, then, is the grant, my Gregory, that conveys to you those lands of Ralph de Belomys which last year I confiscated. And this tedious Messire de Berners is willing now—nay, desirous—to have you for a son-in-law."

About them fell the dying leaves, of many glorious colors, but the air of this new day seemed raw and chill, what while, very calmly, Dame Ysabeau took Sir Gregory's hand and laid it upon the hand of Rosamund Eastney. "Our paladin is, in the outcome, a mortal man, and therefore I do not altogether envy you. Yet he has his moments, and you are capable. Serve, then, not only his desires, but mine also, dear Rosamund."

There was a silence. The girl spoke as though it were a sacrament. "I will, Madame and Queen."

Thus did the Queen end her holiday.

A little later the Countess of Farrington rode from Ordish with all her train save one; and as she went she sang very softly, and as to herself.

Sang Ysabeau:

"As with her dupes dealt Circe
Life deals with hers, pardie!
Reshaping without mercy,
And shaping swinishly,
To wallow swinishly,
And for eternity,—

"Though, harder than the witch was,
Life, changing ne'er the whole,
Transmutes the body, which was
Proud garment of the soul,
And briefly drugs the soul,
Whose ruin is her goal,—

"And means by this thereafter
A subtler mirth to get,
And mock with bitterer laughter
Her helpless dupes' regret,
Their swinish dull regret
For what they half forget."

And within the hour came Hubert Frayne to Ordish, on a foam-specked horse, as he rode to announce to the King's men the King's barbaric murder overnight, at Berkeley Castle, by Queen Ysabeau's order.

"Ride southward," said Lord Berners, and panted as they buckled on his disused armor; "but harkee, Frayne! if you pass the Countess of Farrington's company, speak no syllable of your news, since it is not convenient that a lady so thoroughly and so intent on holy things should have her meditations disturbed by any such grisly tidings. Hey, son-in-law?"

Sir Gregory Darrell laughed, and very bitterly. "He that is without blemish among you—" he said. Then they armed completely.

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THE LAGOONS BACK OF THE BEACH WHERE JELLYFISH ARE FOUND

# The Spring Awakening of the Sea

*BY HOWARD J. SHANNON*

WHEN the first spring days are magically transforming the woods and fields, how unresponsive by contrast seem the barren sands and the restless waves of the ocean! But this apparent insensibility is only a seeming, for the sea, also, has its great festal season. Yet this strange and beautiful awakening along the shore is seldom observed: the ocean's myriads move almost unseen behind their watery veil in a mysterious world apart; in a world, however, that has its buddings and rebirths, its transformations and migrations, no less eloquent of the season and inspiring to the imagination than are those of the more familiar land.

All winter a journey to the shore has been planned and anticipated, but not until late in April is it actually adventured. Then, upon a morning when the sun shines resplendent and with summer warmth "to startle with crocuses the sullen turf" and to open the white-starred bloodroots in the garden's sheltered corner, I turn my steps toward the road that leads southward over the great sea meadows, past cultivated farm-lands busy with spring labor, and through pleasant woods that already show the season's influence in pink and saffron mists about their branches, or in the vivid green of more advanced foliage. Amid this familiar world of awakening vegetation and animal life, where the faint perfumes of fertile mould and sun-dried grasses mingle, one would be inclined to linger were it not for reminders given by sky spaces among the trees ahead, and by the broad vista that opens as the trunks stand away on either side until the salt marshes come into view,



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with the wide reaches of their faded golden acres. One looks out over level meadows that show hardly a tinge of green, and sees the bright waters of open bayous, and the shimmer of widening creeks that wind and return upon themselves through devious channels flowing to the sea; out to the level

THE FLIGHT OF THE YOUNG MEDUSÆ

In the magnified portion the polyps or hydranths are shown. Where the main stalk gives off its first branch to the left a calycle is situated with a young medusa just struggling free. Above, and to the right, a free individual is swimming away, while veritable clouds of them are fluttering off from the hydroids in the background.

horizon where low-lying sand-hills stretch the shining links of their uneven chain across the misty distance. Ash-colored and dull-ochre are the marsh grasses of last year that still prevail, for the upland fields will spread their green slopes to the sun long before these storm-beaten marshes respond with their deeper, richer emerald.

To discover any response in harmony with the season, it is necessary to explore the waters. I lie upon a foot-bridge that spans the current, and, with face only a few inches from the surface, look down upon the sun-gilded sandy bottom and upon the dull-garnet and olive seaweeds that ceaselessly wave back and forth as the incoming tide sweeps over them with the various creatures it bears along. Here are the fairy forms of shrimp industriously working their swimmerets, and young eels, like gray threads, wriggling past; there a school of killifish are seen deploying to right and left, or pausing on waving fins before they gather in closer ranks to traverse a seaweed-bordered avenue, and finally move in freer formation through the wider waters beyond. These dun-colored wanderers of tidal creeks are now moving on more eager and impatient fin; the bars upon their scaly sides, dull and inconspicuous at other times, are now fitfully flushing to deep and velvety black. The slim, slow-moving stickleback is also threading the seaweeds and peering about for more sheltered waters, whither he may retire with his mate to build the grass-bound home from which their curious young will ultimately emerge. Or, one may explore the deeper creeks nearer the shore and see the larger fishes trooping in from the sea, adorned with the special colors that the season confers upon them, many seeking such temporary nesting-places as the near-by shallows or more inland waters afford.

As the deeper creeks are bridged and the wider estuaries crossed, the sand-hills of our morning's distant view now show more clearly their sparse covering of grasses and stunted shrubs, and one realizes a region, far removed from familiar influences, where not a sign of man's habitation is in evidence. The cheerful presence and companionable songs of inland birds are also unknown to these solitudes; only flocks of plover rise from the mud-flats at my approach and wheel away with thin whistlings and plaintive cries that become fainter and fainter in the distance. The backward-leaning cedars by the roadside, the sculptured hills and wide inundations of shining sand that have swept through the dunes and spread in fan shape over

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THE CALYCLE OF OBELIA UNDER A MAGNIFICATION OF 121 DIAMETERS

Within it the medusæ are seen in various stages of development; a mature individual at the top. An expanded hydranth, one of the fixed members of the community, terminates the stem at the left.

the marsh, all these surroundings show the impress of tremendous forces that but a few weeks ago were majestically sweeping the shore, and are now, as ever, at work, although with more measured and subdued motion. Yet, as I move forward, not a sound disturbs the great stillness of the noonday; not a whisper over all the sunny miles of level shore. Not until the dunes are reached and slow progress is begun through their yielding sand does a low gathering murmur become audible, and deepen increasingly to a voice of subdued thunder, until the last sloping flank of the dunes is turned, revealing the beach and the shining reaches of the open sea.

The excited and expectant mind, filled with rumors of the winter tempests, looks for it knows not what portentous spectacle as the shore comes into view; then, recognizes, almost with a startled surprise, how more expressive than any tumult is this immeasurable repose of the wide-spread glimmering ocean.

Except for the continual musical resonance of falling water, the impressive diapason of the surf, and for the faint ringing cries of gulls that gather at intervals upon the distant outer bar, it is very still and unalive — "the gentleness of heaven is on the sea." Hardly a trace remains of the scarred depressions and tortuous channels that the heavy winter storms scooped out from the pliable sand: the succeeding procession of calm and peaceful days with their rhythmic flow and recession of less tumultuous tides have worn all down to a uniform tranquillity again. The wavelets of the inner lagoon spend themselves with hardly audible expression upon the rippled sand, and the liquid silently flows in devious conformity to the dimpled

THE MEDUSA JUST ESCAPING FROM ITS CALYCLE
The hydranth is here shown in retraction.

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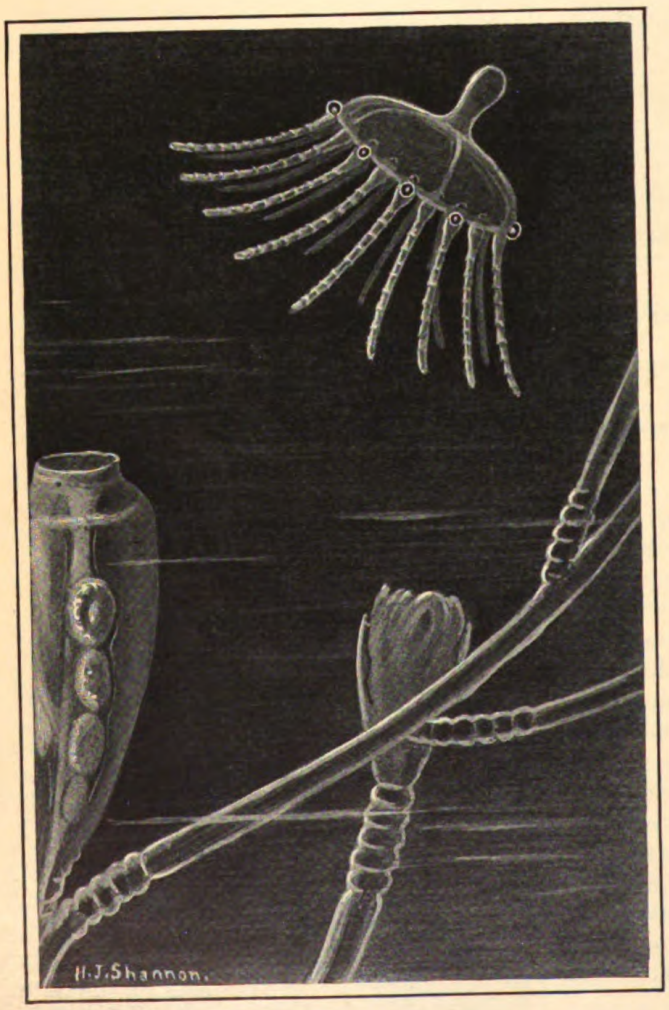
and cupped depressions. Even upon close scrutiny the water seems perfectly clear and void of inhabitants, until I gather some in a clam-shell and see that it is actually alive with inch-long tube-shaped bodies of perfect transparency. So crystal clear is this strange creature's entire body, from one tapering extremity that bears the semblance of eyes, to the other which expands into a sort of fin, that it is able to congregate, as it does to-day, in unnumbered thousands and to move almost unseen. (Only when sharp contractions momentarily impel the creature forward does it glisten into being and become visible.)

As the lapping wavelets splash into spray against the timbers of the breakwater, the long, green blades of sea-lettuce are tossed aside and stream widely about, exposing a more delicate plant-like growth below them. Finely divided fronds of seaweed could not more gracefully wave to and fro or more profusely depend from the mouldering wood; but, as I reach far down into the water, pushing the lettuce aside, the sunlight streams across this submerged garden and glistens on clustered stems with a more silvery translucence than any seaweed owns. These plant-like growths are really hydroids, or fixed animal communities. A circulatory fluid flows through all the branches of the stem and through the small flower-like polyps that procure the food for the community with their wreaths of tentacles. Even under the pocket-lens these tentacles show a beaded appearance, but only with a much higher magnification do these crystalline forms disclose themselves as bands of cells that encrust the entire length of the tentacles. Armed with fine threads potent with stinging acids, these weapons enable the polyps to capture and stupefy such microscopic animals as they feed upon. At certain seasons vase-like cases bud out from the stem and develop within themselves and liberate small creatures that later become jellyfishes—or medusæ, as they are named by science.




THE MEDUSA SWIMMING FREE

Its eyes, as small bright-centred spheres, are supported about the margin of the bell.

I never pick such a living stem without a quickening interest, particularly in this season when the strangest event of its life is maturing. The fernlike stalk, when dropped into a glass of sea water, slowly subsides and settles upon the bottom with gradually lessening undulations; at first, only small white knobs are visible on the branch ends. Soon, however, the small polyps become reassured, and these knobs extrude fine bundles of glistening filaments, which open upwardly and outwardly until they blossom widely into white corollas of living, sentient

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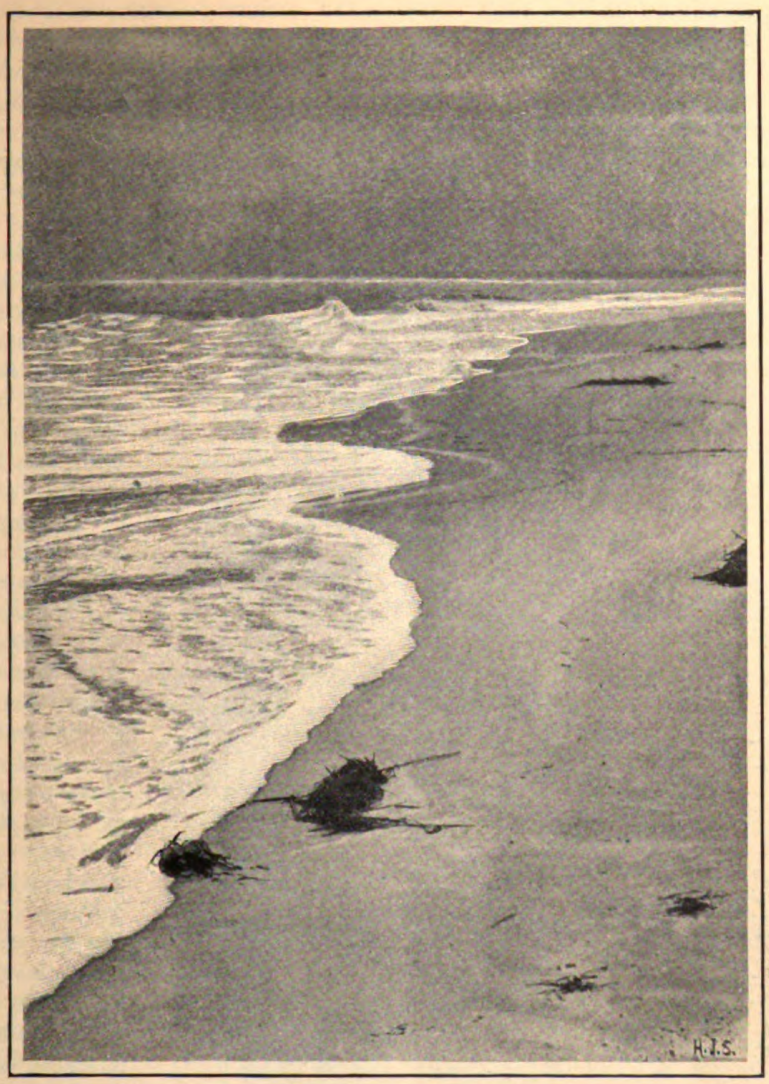

LESS TUMULTUOUS TIDES HAVE WORN ALL DOWN TO A UNIFORM TRANQUILLITY AGAIN

flowers. Examined through a pocket magnifying-glass they disclose more detailed beauties. One sees the protrusion of the central mouth, and at intervals the silvery sheen of the petals' swift retraction within their cupped calyx or protective vessel, and then, again, the tentative and cautious emergence and expansion into expectant bloom.

As I intently watch the stem, a small glistening body, apparently a polyp like the others, is seen to be more vigorously and rapidly opening and closing its tentacles and even impatiently jerking itself to and fro. This peculiar behavior continues and increases until the frail trembling atom is frantically tossing itself, now against the parent stem, and now in the open water, with strong and convulsive effort. A closer examination shows that the little body is not a polyp or hydranth at all, but a round, transparent disk arrayed with a circle of tentacles, and it is the sharp contractions of these which toss the creature so actively about. Some of the tentacles are seen to be still contained within a small crystal conceptacle and this unbroken attachment holds the impatient being prisoner. And now, strange to say, the little creature's forceful efforts have entirely freed it from the vessel's rim; but, instead of its sinking, the medusa's intensive expansions and contractions carry it victori-

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ously upward, and, with flashing compressions of its fringing cilia, the disk flutters steadily onward to the water surface and quietly reposes there. Another medusa is seen to be just struggling free from its confinement, and, after a short downward journey, the fluttering bell rises in its onward flight. All about the hydroid stalk I see the glistening, flickering bodies of these almost impalpable creatures as they struggle; while in the water above them, those that have gained release, a countless company, move steadily along with buoyant and united motion, like a visible cloud of breath in the water—an exhalation of quivering, sentient life that drifts slowly upward and floats away.

THE EARLIEST MEDUSA, THE SARSIA MIRABILIS, IN MATURITY, RISING TO THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN

The crystal conceptacle from which the medusæ emerge only reveals its details of structure under a magnification of one hundred diameters. A central core or axis rises from the base of the vaselike structure to the flaring upper rim and supports the embryo medusæ in various stages of development. At the very bottom rest the least mature forms as rounded translucent nodules with more opaque centres, while higher on the core are set the more developed bodies, with tentacles just appearing as corrugated rims about the disk's edge; and — at the very summit—rest several medusæ which have attained maturity, although the tentacles still show as mere blunt lobulations. Finally, the mysterious inner processes are completed. These immobile rosettes begin to throb and pulsate, until, lifted free from the place of their nativity, they rise to the conceptacle's roof, which has broken open before them, and struggle through to the free waters beyond. As they emerge, the vividly eager movements persist and increase, until, as we have seen, the final release is gained. Although but one-fourth the size of a pin's head, this

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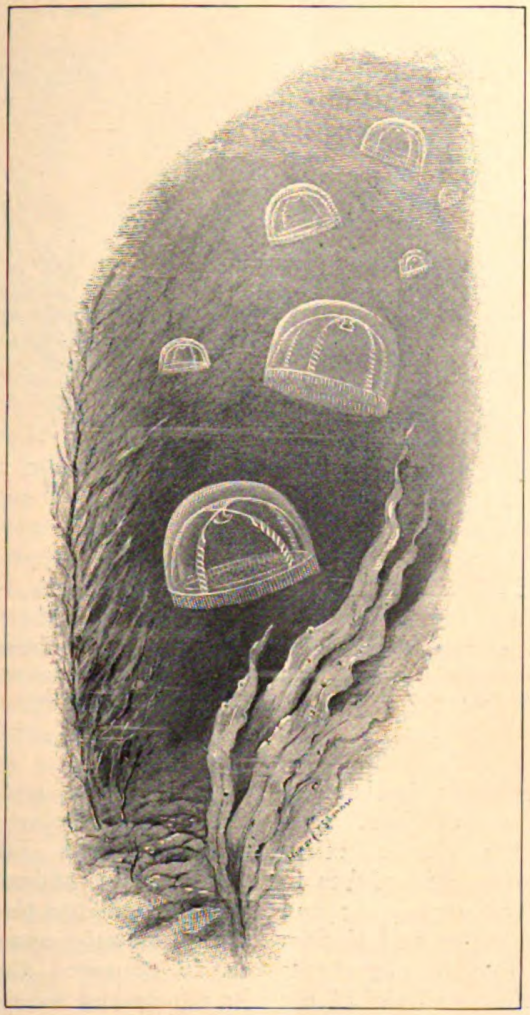
medusa reveals a beautiful structure under the microscope. About a shallow, concave disk, which supports the central digestive body, radiate sixteen transparent tentacles, the organs of locomotion, capable of very rapid movement. Eight translucent spheres are grouped about the margin of the disk, one upon every alternate tentacle, and within each sphere there is contained a small globule of calcareous structure, which shines with a jewel-like brilliancy. These are the creature's sense-organs, or eyes, capable of guiding its movements probably through their sensitiveness to the light. In some medusæ the capacity for hearing or sensing auditory vibrations is also present in guiding organs, while among the Charybdeans the eye is highly developed and shows a retina, vitreous humor, cornea, and lens. The tentacles of some jellyfishes are covered with hairs, which probably answer to rudimentary organs of taste. In our little medusa the tentacles are regularly set with rows and glistering circlets of shuttle-formed bodies, two or three thousand in all, which contain living filaments, microscopically minute, but capable of flashing outward and capturing such infusorial atoms as the creature needs for its nourishment. Hardly has the ice moved out from the rivers and the hoar frost ceased to gather upon wave-swept rocks before these living particles begin to crystallize and congregate upon their parent stems, spread webs of tissue between their radiating arms, conceive an arching dome and dilate with a vital breath that lifts them free, with power to go forth and populate the near and distant seas.*



OPALESCENT BELLS FLOATING AIMLESSLY ALONG

Upon the sand at the water's edge there lies a particle of jellylike substance, inconspicuous and almost invisible; but, at this season, one moves in such a world of wonders, the merest atoms of tissue are seen to be informed with such varied and vivid life, that I lift the particle carefully upon a shell and drop it into a jar of water, to see a strange unfoldment, a beautiful transformation. The central mass expands into a double-chambered bell of pure and transparent vesture, and these gossamer globes begin to contract with regular rhythmic motion, lifting the creature upward, and softly urging it forward by their quickly repeated pulsations, while from below four grad-

* The medusæ of *Obelia* continue to form and escape even as late as midsummer. This hydroid is so common that I have found it draping the supporting posts of bathing-lines at well-known seashore resorts on the Long Island coast. The top views of this medusa pictured in the heading of the article show its radiate structure, the anatomical character peculiar to all jellyfish and many other forms of sea life.

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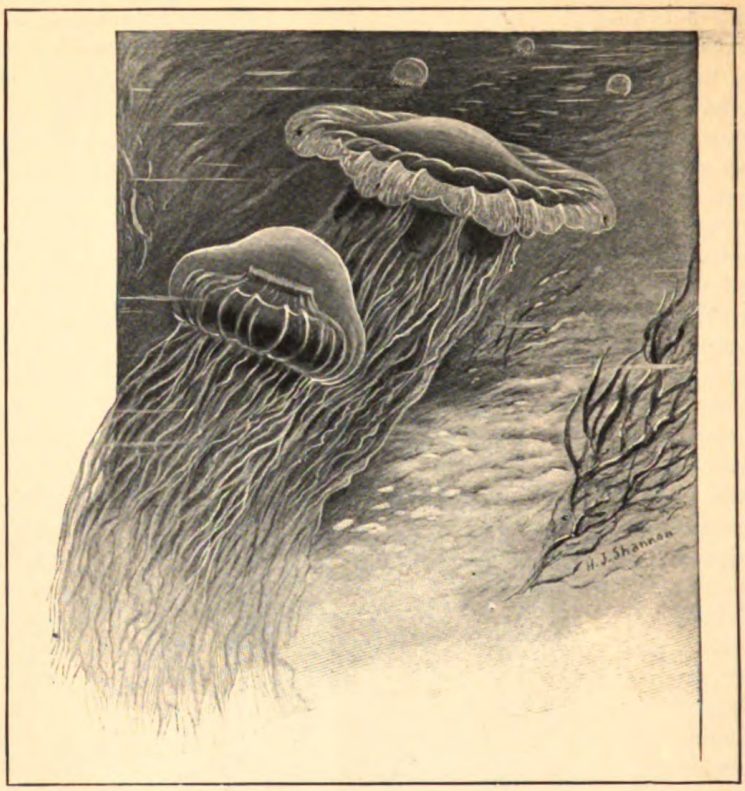

THE YOUNG CYANEA ARCTICA, WHICH IN MATURITY REACHES A DIAMETER OF SEVEN FEET
The bell of the upper individual is expanded, while the lower one is contracted in the downward thrust that propels the creature so vigorously on its way. The eyes are visible as dark specks in the lobes, at the apex of the indentations.

ually lengthening tentacles trail backward with graceful undulations. This beautiful medusa, the *Sarsia mirabilis,* is the earliest of our jellyfishes to appear in spring. By its pleasing and graceful form, by its eager and tireless movements, it seems to visit our shores at this season almost like an Ariel of the deep—voiceless, it is true, but throbbing with its message that the ocean's submerged shores and its dark abysmal chasms are all alike awakening to the Spirit that transforms the upper world. One is at a loss to comprehend these creatures, so different in form from any that we are wont to associate with animal life. For, although without a head, they are yet capable of sensing the light and auditory vibrations; without hands, arms, or antennæ, they are yet responsive to tactile impressions; and although of such fragile and gossamer texture, are yet the vehicle of vivid and intensive life. The movements of the body and the contained impulses that prompt them seem one and indivisible: the desires of its being seem themselves to urge it forward. Like a thought it seems momentarily embodied, or an emotion precipitated into the visible, as it impulsively mounts upward in eager quest; or, in apparent disappointment, relaxes its efforts and subsides with all its drifting appendages astream; only, after a moment, to palpitate again with refreshed intention and slowly pulse on its softly insistent way.

This spring-time messenger from the sea originates from a rose-colored hydroid not over an inch high, the *Coryne mirabilis.* This belongs to the tubularian hydroids which develop their medusæ openly upon the stem, and not like the *Obelia,* which forms them within a protective case or calycle. Some of the Tubularians develop medusæ which gain no free existence; they wither upon the hydroid after setting free their eggs. These eggs, like those which other medusæ, either free or fixed, pro-

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duce, will develop, after becoming fastened to a rock or timber, into just such a hydroid stalk as the jellyfish originally grew from; and this, in its turn, will form other similar medusæ, and so complete the strange story of the "alternate generations."

The shallow lagoon's quiet surface is broken by wavelets that dance and glance along with the freshening breeze, while a repetition of their forms, in golden light and in shadow, ripples in accompaniment over the corrugated sandy bottom. The eye becomes confused by this interplay of light and shadow, until, more keenly intent, it perceives the almost impalpable bodies that are making their way through the liquid. Half-globular, opalescent bells, larger than Sarsia, but even less corporeal than they, are descried among the ripples, either floating aimlessly along, just below the surface, or slightly accelerating their progress by soft contractions. Even so, this medusa, the *Halopsis cruciata,* would be almost invisible were it not for the milky opacity of four variously channelled canals that conform to the concave surface of the inner bell, and for the fine fringe of tentacles that depends from the lower margin. Faintly violaceous tints also color the body tissues and help to give substance to this gossamer being that seems fitted to rest upon the surface of some placid inland lake, rather than to ride the ponderous surges of the open sea. Now another larger body approaches and relies not at all upon the current for its progress, but upon the generous upward reach of its chambered, lobed wings and upon their vigorous downward compressions. Measured and even stately are the creature's pulsations while it moves along as if already conscious of the dignity which will attend its progress in maturity; for this is the young of the *Cyanea arctica,* which in full development reaches a diameter of seven feet, the largest of all our jellyfishes. The vigor that informs the body now is remarkable. Continual expansions and contractions are thrilling through the bell and impelling the creature onward, while the multitudinous down-sweeping tentacles gather in tubular masses underneath the disk, or stream far behind in trailing convolutions, and the quilted draperies that veil the central mouth are, also, either extending their tissues to sweep the sand with their crenulated skirts, or sensitively withdrawing them far up beneath the throbbing, pulsing dome. During the disk's expansion all its chambered interior is visible, with the ramifying canals that spread a lace-like design over the scalloped lobes, while during its contraction all these forms disappear through the swift down-sweeping compression that propels the creature so vigorously forward.

These and other medusæ are now drifting in from the sea with the deepening, quickening current, while from beyond the dunes I hear the surf's heavier and more prolonged thunder, the excited squawkings of gulls, and a bell's intermittent tolling upon some outer harbor station — a quick alarmed clangor—giving warning of the strengthening tide.

Upon crossing over to the beach one looks out over the racing, foam-crested surges, and only a triangular fin cleaving the water inshore, or a rolling porpoise that plunges and rises to plunge again at regular intervals, gives any hint of the multitudes that throng the waters just beneath the surface. In imagination one may walk out over the sand where the anemones gather—where the great scarlet deep-water anemones, almost as large and as brilliant as poinsettias, decorate the ocean bottom, or over rocks that our northern coral polyps cover with a milky bloom, until the vanguard of the northward-moving fishes is encountered, migrating in finny multitude toward our continental shores as the birds are flying from the southern lands. Or one tries to conceive of the profounder deeps, and is confronted by a region of mystery. For, although great gains have been made in our knowledge of life in the abyss, vast fields are yet unexplored. Whether the grotesque, reptilian inhabitants of these appalling depths are now sullenly responding to the season in dim remembrance of their ancestral past in the upper sunlit world of surface waters, whether those living phosphorescent fires now diffuse a more brilliant radiance as they move through the midnight gloom, no science has yet been able to discover.



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# Flying Crow

*BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE*

HE was a full-blooded Assiniboin Indian, his tribe being the lesser of the two tribes composing the Sioux or Dakotan division—perhaps the fiercest, cruelest, nearest to devils in human form, of all American aborigines, preying on white man and red man alike, and sparing not even allied tribes of the great Siouan linguistic stock. For some offence, the nature of which Indian superstition had persistently veiled from the white man's eyes, Flying Crow had been ostracized by his clan; or, more likely, he had fled to escape a sentence of death, the execution of which, under the peculiar circumstances, would have been an ineffaceable blot on the family escutcheon.

This had happened a quarter of a century before. When the Assiniboins had moved farther west, before the encroaching wave of civilization, Flying Crow had remained behind — and was submerged. He allowed the village of Buckhorn to come up almost to his cabin door; he put on the white man's stuffy clothes and laid away his graceful native garb. He replaced his comfortable moccasins with stiff shoes—after removing their heels; he quite needlessly covered his glossy black hair, which of itself was invulnerable to sun and rain, with a felt hat. And when frontier humor inevitably dubbed him *Jim* Crow, he gravely accepted the new cognomen.

His cabin was sequestered as skilfully as a partridge's nest in the heart of a little grove just outside the town. It contained one room, with an earthen floor. The furnishings were a few skins of birds and beasts, clusters of dried herbs, including tobacco, a birch-bark receptacle containing his native costume—carefully stowed away in one corner—traps, fishing-tackle, and a gun. No table, chairs, or bed. He slept on a single buffalo-skin. In fair weather he cooked out-of-doors, over an open fire; in foul weather, inside, letting the smoke escape as best it could, and complacently squatting to his meals in an atmosphere which would have suffocated a white man, or made him weep his eyes out at the least.

But Flying Crow was no recluse. His figure was a familiar one on the streets—bulky, but with muscle, not fat; straight as an arrow, in spite of his sixty-five years; and with an odd gait, when his feet were hampered with shoes, between a shuffle and a dog-trot, one foot falling in front of the other, with toes slightly inturned. Not a graceful gait, but one that devoured the miles with a voracity which few white men could match.

He called at the post-office every day, just like any other citizen; would patiently work his way up to the delivery-window in the slow-moving line, and then ask, "Anything Flying Crow?" Of course there was no one to write to this piece of unlettered human flotsam, adrift without chart or compass on the sea of an alien civilization; and when the clerk answered, as he always did, "Nothing to-day, Jim," the old warrior would gravely bow and pass out with irreproachable dignity, his head in the air, his black eyes looking straight ahead over his hawklike nose, his wide, mobile mouth —the mouth of a natural orator—set in a straight line.

One day some wags fixed up a bogus letter for him. But they got small satisfaction out of the joke as they waited in grinning expectancy about the office. Without betraying his intense surprise by so much as the accelerated motion of an eyelid, Flying Crow gravely picked up the letter, leisurely scanned the superscription, after the manner of a white man—though he knew not one character from another—and then tucked it in his pocket. Far from suspecting a joke, he hastened back to his cabin with considerable inward perturbation. For a letter was an uncanny thing, able to tell one

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white man what another white man wanted him to know. For instance, if you started with, say, eight quarts of firewater and a letter, from a white man's saloon, destined to a white man's ranch, and drank one quart on the way, the letter, even though tucked in the bottom of your deepest pocket, would see you and tell on you. This he knew by experience. So, evidently, the spirits had something to do with letters.

He pinned his to the unplastered wall of his cabin, and spent the balance of the day squatted on the opposite side of the room, smoking and studying the strange thing which had come to him, and watching closely to see whether or not it would move. On the evening of the second day he opened it, with considerable hesitation. On the third day he called in Zach Henderson, his nearest neighbor. Zach was no scholar himself, but he could read a little on a pinch, given plenty of time.

"This hyere letter says, Jim," announced Zach, finally, "that if you'll call at Barrymore's saloon in Reedville, you'll git a quart of whiskey. But in my opinion you *won't*. In my opinion this hyere letter, which ain't signed or nothin', is a *joke*."

Flying Crow smoked stolidly on, without a word. Possibly he resented Henderson's slight valuation of this the first letter of his life. Perhaps he was impressed with the fact that the letter talked about whiskey—a subject which, to his sorrow, he had never known a letter to lie about. And, finally, there is no doubt that he was exceedingly loath to neglect the remotest chance of acquiring a quart of this liquor for nothing. So, with that childlike credulity which blends so strangely in the Indian with the profoundest craft, he rose before daylight the next morning and left the cabin. At half past seven he entered the saloon in Reedville, twenty-two miles from Buckhorn, and laid the letter on the bar.

Barrymore read it through, spatted a group of flies with his damp towel, took a reflective pull or two at his cigar, and then glanced at the impassive face of the Indian, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

"Walk over, Jim?" he finally inquired.

"Yes."

"Let's see your shoes."

Flying Crow promptly hoisted a very dusty foot.

"When'd you start?"

"Before the first meadow-lark whistled."

Barrymore turned and wrapped up a quart of his cheapest whiskey. This was the kind of a joke that he would not be a partner to. With a profound bow, lit up, however, by a perceptible twinkle of his jetty eyes, and supplemented by an unctuous "*Thank!*" Flying Crow departed.

He was home again by one o'clock. About sunset he swallowed the last of the poison, hurled the bottle with a whoop against the wall, and then sank in a heap on the floor, where he lay all night.

He would accept food and old clothes just as unblushingly as he had accepted this whiskey. Indeed, he was an inveterate beggar. But not after the manner of the white specimen. Instead of slinking around to a back door, giving a scarcely audible rap, and mumbling a servile petition for something to eat, he would stalk up to the front door, administer a single thunderous knock that would tax the hinges, and, when the startled housekeeper appeared, emit the word "*Bread!*" in a loud voice. Many a timid woman, who habitually turned away tramps, would succumb to this method of attack.

But it was not a studied method with Flying Crow. He was acting as naturally as the babe who extends its hands for your watch. If his request was granted he sonorously pronounced the single word "*Thank!*" which he seemed to regard as equivalent to a coin. If refused, he replied with equal sonority, "*No* thank!" and turned haughtily away, but without ill humor.

Because he begged, a good many people took it for granted that Flying Crow had no pride. But he did have pride, a vast pride, with which it was dangerous to tamper. It was of the Indian variety, however, and did not forbid begging—which, in his political economy, was one of the legitimate means of acquisition. What his pride forbade was *work*—that is, the submitting of himself to another man's dictation. Hence people called him lazy. But he would hunt and trap

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all winter — sleeping on the frozen ground, fasting two or three days at a stretch, and tramping forty or fifty miles between sunrise and sunset; in short, suffering hardships which would speedily have laid a white man in his grave—this he would do to earn about as much money as thirty days of regular employment would have brought him. Then he would worse than throw it away, in a few weeks at the most, over the bar and the poker-table!

No wonder people lost patience with him. But could the poor unfortunate have seen through a white man's eyes he would not have been an Indian; and could his race have seen through white men's eyes it would not have melted away under the newcomers' régime as the mist melts under the sun. Truly, Flying Crow's civilization was but the thinnest veneer—a mere aping of the white man's external life, which he, transported to the wilderness again, would have forgotten in a day. But there was this to be said in his favor: in spite of his fierce ancestry, he was as mild-mannered a citizen as there was in Buckhorn; and in spite of his two glaring vices, which he practised, periodically, with a fury of intemperance unknown to the Caucasian, it was seldom that he was noisy, and seldomer still that he quarrelled with any one, even over the card-table.

Every one knew the sordid details of Flying Crow's life. But few or none were those who ever caught a glimpse of his higher nature, or, indeed, suspected its existence. Yet the evidence, at the end, goes to show that he had a nobility of soul which dwarfed that of any white man in Buckhorn. Those who laughed at his title of Big Chief might profitably have paused to reflect on the vigor of body, firmness of character, and strength of intellect necessary to raise an Indian to the headship of that wild, passionate, liberty-loving crew who acknowledged no hereditary rights, and must be governed by personal prowess alone.

The white man was busy from morning till night, counting his dimes, laying away his dollars. But Flying Crow spent hours alone, with only the companionship of his pipe, pondering over the mysteries of that Nature which he loved so well—of the coming and the going of the birds, the annual donning and doffing of the trees' leafy vesture, the succession of night and day. He heard the voice of the Great Spirit in the soughing wind, the dashing rain, the sudden clap of thunder. To him winter was a myriad-fanged wolf from out the frozen north, and lucky was he who escaped the ravening beast. The sun was a ball of fire, which some day would accidentally fall and consume the earth. Why not?

In the post-office had hung a poster advertising a Western railroad. It depicted a scene in the Rocky Mountains, with a fir-tree, tepee, camp-fire, and two Indians —a naked young brave and his comely squaw—in the foreground; in the centre lay a sunlit valley, dotted with grazing buffalo; high over the valley, yet below the elevated camp, an eagle soared; beyond towered a wall of snow-capped mountains. Before this poster, if no one were about, the red man would stand for fifteen minutes at a time, as immovable as a shaft of granite; until finally the postmaster, touched by a worship which he could scarcely comprehend, told him to take the treasure home.

The fascination of the picture for Flying Crow proved an abiding one, winter and summer, by day and by night. Especially when food was exhausted and he was hungry—which happened oftener than his fellow townsmen imagined—would he sit with unblinking eyes and watch the haunch of antelope roasting over the fire. Sometimes he would even go closer and sniff it. Did it recall some scene of his childhood? Or did it go still farther back and wake some ancestral memory of the days before the disturbing white man had come, before Flying Crow's people had left the mountains and become dwellers of the plains? Did his wild blood, untamable as a stag's, leap in his veins at this memorial of a glorious past?

Once he lay sick of a fever for a week, without food or drink. No one came to investigate, for so erratic were his habits that his absence from the streets for days or weeks at a time never caused alarm. During this forlorn and hopeless period he would lie for hours with his hot, bright eyes fixed on the poster; and occasionally a smile would flit over the face which countless generations of war, ra-

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pine, hunger and thirst, heat and cold, torture and untimely death, in his racial history, had lined so deeply—a smile which softened his stern features as a passing sunbeam softens the flinty face of a boulder. And when finally the flame of life flickered low, and the end apparently approached, he tottered across the room, wrapped his beloved picture in a silver-fox skin, and lay down with it in his arms—a sign that it was to be buried with him.

He was discovered a few hours later, by mere chance, and nursed back to life again. The doctor knew that the disease was typhoid fever; but, so damaging is a bad reputation, the majority of Buckhorners jocosely attributed their copper-skinned brother's "close call" to a tremendous spree.

Flying Crow supposed that the grove in which he lived was his by right of occupancy; but the legal title was held by Wiley Dayton, Mayor of Buckhorn, a philanthropist in a quiet way, and one of the few Westerners who believed that occasionally other than a dead Indian might be a good Indian. One day he gave Flying Crow a shoat and half a dozen chickens, and accompanied them with an earnest lecture on the pleasure and profit of raising such useful animals. Dayton's friends scouted his quixotic experiment, and predicted an immediate carnival of pork and fowl at the cabin, for it was the Crow's custom to dispose of any eatables or drinkables which fell into his hands in the shortest possible time, trusting the replenishment of his larder to Providence.

But as if to set these sceptical prophets at naught, Flying Crow at once busied himself with housing his valuable acquisitions, sparing scarcely time for his daily trip to the post-office. His ideas were strictly original. He built the pig a lean-to against his cabin; and the poultry-yard, made of poles stuck in the ground, like a stockade, opened into his back door, to give the fowls, when they should begin to lay — as Dayton had promised they would—easy access to the bark nests along the inside wall of the domicile. These arduous tasks done, the incipient farmer spent the greater part of his days on a soap-box in the centre of the enclosure, where, oblivious of the fiery sun, he gravely smoked and observed his "stock."

Did these animals recognize in this untutored child of the wilderness a kinship which the white man disdained to own? Verily it seemed so, for within a week the pig, grunting contentedly, would root between its master's legs or pillow its head upon his feet. The rooster would fly upon his knee, loudly clap its wings, and emit a lusty *cock-a-doodle-doo;* and the hens would lie quietly in their dust-baths while the bronzed hands stroked their feathers.

It was the Crow's practice, in the beginning, to drive the pig and chickens into the cabin at night for security. But Dayton persuaded him, after several interviews, that this precaution was unnecessary; adding, with a humor which slipped harmlessly from the brave, that such close confinement might be detrimental to the health of the animals. How little the mayor dreamed of the fatal consequences with which this wholesome piece of advice was to be fraught!

Flying Crow slept as lightly as a weasel. In fact, in this respect he was the same man who, in his younger days, lay down to sleep in the forest with the deer and other wild folk, not knowing whether he would rise in the morning or remain there stark and cold, with his scalp dangling from an enemy's belt. The least wind in the night, the gnawing of a mouse, the patter of bird or squirrel on the roof, yea, the scratching of a fallen autumn leaf, would rouse him —not as a white man rouses, blunderingly, drowsily, with a start, but motionlessly, noiselessly, with lids stealthily lifting until assured that no lynx-eyed foe was waiting his awakening as a signal to strike or spring.

Yet, light as was his sleep, a marauder came one night and went, unheard, and in the morning the pig was gone. The bereft owner betrayed no emotion as he gazed into the empty sty. He simply lit his pipe, that unfailing solace, and smoked and smoked and smoked. The cock flew to his knee and crowed—unheeded. The hens crooned at his elbow, as if in sympathy, without once diverting his black eyes from their fixity of deep reflection. And that day he did not go down-town.

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But that night, in the light of the moon, he took up the trail of the thief, which lay beneath his practised eye as plain as any path, and followed it to the edge of the grove; thence across a field of clover, a field of oats, a weedy pasture, and other fields and pastures, in a great half-circle, to the farther side of town. He finally paused some rods from the shanty of a ne'er-do-well named Blueskin Diggory.

Diggory himself was a man of considerable nocturnal activity, as Flying Crow well knew. So, with the infinite, tireless caution of the wild animal stalking its prey, the Indian stood in the shadow of some sumac-bushes for nearly half an hour. Then, with catlike tread, and a progress so slow as to have been almost imperceptible even to watching eyes, he approached the open door of the ramshackle shed attached to the house, and peered within. The first thing his eyes met was the white form of his pig, all scraped and dressed, and hung up by the hind legs.

He slipped away as noiselessly as he had come, without attempting to recover his property. But when he appeared at the post-office the next day he was even graver and more dignified than usual. Blueskin Diggory, who chanced to be standing near the door, chewed vigorously on his quid to hide his perturbation, and had his knife ready in case of a sudden assault. But Flying Crow did not give him a glance, although he had noted him well.

A week passed, during which the red man, even to the careless eyes of his fellow citizens, was under some unusual spell—fighting the demon of his appetite for liquor, it was popularly believed. Then, one night, his chickens disappeared—without a sound, the skilful and experienced thief supposed. But could his eyes have penetrated the dusky interior of the cabin, the door of which gaped wide, as always in the summer-time, he would have been vouchsafed a sight that would have given his nerves a decidedly bad turn—the huge, motionless form of Flying Crow, standing in the centre of the room.

A white man would have pounced upon the thief. But the way of the white man is not the way of the Indian. Flying Crow lay down again and went instantly to sleep. The next day he made his usual trip down-town. He met his friend Dayton on the street, and saluted him with his customary respectful gravity. But he dropped no hint of his losses. As he passed Renway's saloon, through whose swinging, green-baize doors he had passed so often, to the detriment of body and soul, he refused an invitation to take a drink—to the amazement of the whittling and expectorating loafers tilted against the front of the building.

That night, instead of retiring at dark, as was his habit, he sat for hours in the now deserted chicken-yard, and burned out pipe after pipe, until even his seasoned tongue began to blister. He was weighing Blueskin Diggory in the balances of Fate. Statutes, courts, and constables—all the intricate machinery of white man's justice—were unknown, at least uncomprehended, by him. Of society and the State, and the individual's duty thereto, he had no understanding; and that they could be interested or concerned in the issue between him and Diggory did not cross his mind. They had not kept Diggory from Flying Crow's property. Why should they keep Flying Crow from Diggory's body? Thus he might have reasoned had he reasoned at all. But the case was too simple, to him, to require reasoning. The squirrel which ventures to suck the hawk's eggs must not complain when the hawk's talons pierce his heart.

He sat on his soap-box until the moon had become a great red disk low on the horizon, emitting only a weird, sinister light which seemed to portend deeds of blood. Then he entered his cabin and threw off the habiliments of civilization. From the birch-bark receptacle in the corner he took out his moccasins, his fringed shirt and trousers, his fillet of eagle's feathers, and his war-paint. Solemnly, as one performing a religious rite—little less than such, indeed, it was to him—he put on these long-disused garments and painted his face. Then making a tiny fire in the centre of the floor, he took his tomahawk in his right hand and his scalping-knife in his left, and began the dance.

At first he merely walked around the fire, slowly and sedately. Then, increas-

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ing his pace until it became a trot, he began a series of low, guttural, rhythmic grunts. As his blood grew hotter, he circled faster and faster, until at last he leaped in the air and brandished his weapons; and his rude chant, now pitched in a higher key and flowing fast, was interspersed with yelps and howls, which eventually attained such a volume that Zach Henderson, a quarter of a mile away, murmured drowsily to his wife, who had also been awakened, "Jim must have on a beautiful jag to-night."

When the dance was concluded the warrior—for such he had now become—carefully covered the embers of the fire and slipped out into the night. He was gone less than an hour; but when he returned his tomahawk was dyed with blood, and Diggory was a tumbled heap in his carmined bed, the ghastly simulacrum of a man. The avenger threw himself upon his buffalo-skin, and, like a tired child, was quickly asleep.

He made no attempt to flee from justice—to use a phrase which had little or no meaning for him, for it was justice which *he*, in his opinion, had administered; and he appeared on the streets the next day as usual. The crime was not discovered until the second day, as Diggory had lived alone; and then the tell-tale wound of the scalping-knife unerringly indicated the criminal. When the sheriff, with a posse at his heels—expecting a desperate resistance—approached the cabin, it was impossible to say whether the murderer was surprised or not. He simply arose at the summons, and without entering his cabin again or even closing the door, quietly allowed himself to be led off to jail.

The trial was a brief one, for Flying Crow pleaded guilty, in spite of the remonstrance of counsel appointed by the court to defend him.

"Flying Crow killed him like a man," the old chief had said to the attorney. "Why should he now lie like a woman?"

"To keep your neck out of the noose," retorted the young lawyer.

The red man was silent, like one who has said his say. But after a moment he added, with the imperturbability of a sage: "Flying Crow has lived many moons, and is now old. If it is the Great Spirit's will that he should come home, it is not too soon."

As may be imagined, when the judge pronounced the sentence of death, amid a breathless silence in the suffocating court-room, not a lineament of the veteran's face changed. Indeed, he was the most unconcerned person present; and one might have mistaken him for a spectator who, ignorant of the English language, had no conception of the solemnity of the occasion.

During the fortnight between his sentence and the date set for his execution, Flying Crow proved himself a model prisoner. The sheriff, reflecting the sympathy which was felt at large for the condemned man, allowed him to smoke and otherwise tempered the rigors of prison life.

"Anything you want from your cabin, Jim?" he asked one day.

"Picture and birch box," answered the other, with the brevity of his race.

When they were brought he extended his hand in token of gratitude. The box was pushed under his cot and the picture hung on the wall. Thereafter, no matter when McBride approached the cell, Flying Crow might be seen sitting with his back to the corridor and his eyes fixed on the spired fir, tepee, and smiling valley beyond. He never turned to see who passed behind him, for curiosity, in his creed, was a contemptible weakness; and he never went to the window again after some boys outside had hooted at him.

"You know where it is, that?" he asked one day, nodding toward the picture, after the sheriff had spent an hour in the cell.

"Why, yes, Jim. It says on the bottom that it's a scene in the Rockies."

The Indian shook his head, unbelievingly, and his face lit with one of his rare, fleeting smiles.

"No—Happy Hunting-Grounds. Never too hot, never too cold, there. Always sunshine. Plenty antelope, plenty buffalo, plenty prairie-chickens—water—everything. *No thieves!*"

Said McBride to his wife, at supper, that night: "He's only an Injun, Nelly, I know; he don't wash reg'lar; he has always drunk and gambled like a fiend. Yit, dang me! he always makes me think

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of one of them kings I used to read about when I was a little feller. I couldn't be impolite to him if I wanted to; and I'd give any man a cool hundred dollars in gold, poor as I am, to take that dirty job off of my hands on the 10th."

McBride wrestled with his conscience for several days, however, before succumbing. Then, one night, after having smoked and talked with his prisoner for an unusual length of time, he rose and said, "Well, good night, Jim," with the least tremor in his voice—for it was a desperate thing to betray the sworn trust of the people. He stepped outside the cell, and made a pretence of locking the door, but left it so that it would slowly swing open as soon as his back was turned.

He did not close his eyes that night. Even the solicitous expressions of his wife, who was disturbed from time to time by his restless tossing, were hot coals on his head; for his was a shameful secret with which her truthful ears could not be defiled. At times he fancied he heard stealthy footfalls along the corridor overhead, toward the window he had left invitingly open, only about ten feet from the ground. But he could not make sure.

He escaped from his torturous bed at the first streak of dawn; but to allay all suspicion, it was not until half past six, with the Indian's breakfast-tray in his hands, that he approached the cell, his heart thumping. The door was wide open, as he had expected; and inside, in his accustomed place, sat Flying Crow!

"Why, blast me, Jim, did I leave that door unlocked last night?" blustered McBride. "Most prisoners would have improved the opportunity to skin out."

"Not Flying Crow," answered the brave, proudly. "He does not run away and leave his friend to die in his place."

The sheriff did not find it in his heart to explain that while the Indian code might condemn a delinquent custodian to expiate the crime of an escaped prisoner, the white man's code was not so severe.

About eight o'clock the haggard sheriff, looking more like victim than executioner, had stepped to the prisoner's cell for almost the last time.

"Jim, this—this is the day," said he, huskily.

It was a superfluous announcement, he saw at once, for Flying Crow was evidently ready for his long journey. When he had got up that morning at sunrise and cut the fifteenth notch in the rail of his cot, he knew that it was to be his last day on earth—although the unwonted noises outside would have also told him as much. Therefore he had donned, not the alien clothes of civilization, but those in which it was fitting that a warrior should die: the garments of forest, plain, and upper air—the skin of the buck, the fur of the beaver, the feathers of the eagle. If he had looked like a king to McBride in his cheap, ill-fitting cotton clothes, he looked thrice a king now; and the honest sheriff choked out, with tears in his eyes, "Jim, I'd almost as soon be in your boots as mine to-day."

When the hour had arrived they walked out side by side, without the rattle of degrading shackles—the white man with reluctant, uncertain steps; the red man with the stately tread of an emperor, his magnificent chest fearlessly lifted, and his proudly poised head, with its encircling fillet of eagle's feathers, rising half a foot above any other man's.

The crowd fell back respectfully, for he whom death has marked, no matter how contemptible he may have been in life, is invested with a dread sanctity by his average fellow man. In this instance the victim, in spite of his notorious vices, had never been contemptible; had never, so far as known, wronged any man until the night he slew Blueskin Diggory, under a provocation which, to an Indian, taught from childhood to deal out retribution with his own strong hand or else to suffer in ignominious silence, was simply irresistible.

The pair paused for a moment in the privacy of the little enclosure.

"Good-by, Jim!" said McBride, with a bone-dry throat.

"Good-by, friend," answered Flying Crow, with the smile of a father for the weakness of a beloved child.

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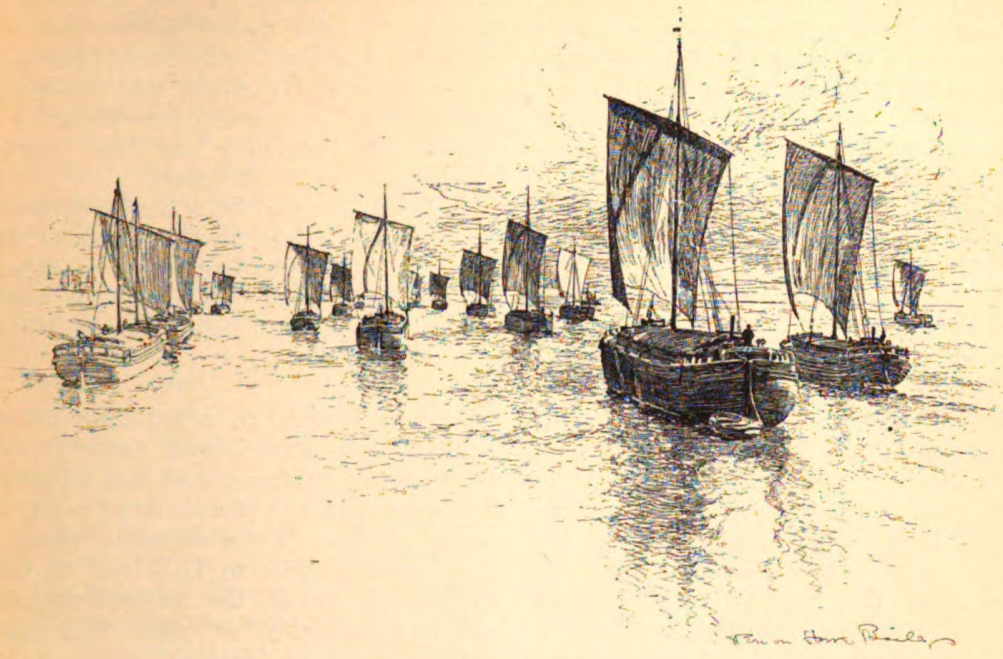

SQUARE-RIGGED "KEELS," WHOSE REMOTE ANCESTORS WERE PHOENICIAN GALLEYS

# At the Minerva

*BY THOMAS A. JANVIER*

IT was while we were bumping along over a head-sea one roughish night, the six of us around the cabin table —the Captain, the Chief, the first and second officers, and ourselves — talking about the port to which our kindly but erratic ship belonged that I made my mind up where our stopping-place would be when we went down to Hull.

The Captain was for sending us to one of the several quite commonplace, though no doubt excellent, hotels commended by Baedeker; but when the Second Officer told me that at the unknown-to-Baedeker little Minerva, perched directly by the waterside on Humber bank, the smoke-room was "painted to look like a ship's cabin," and that smoking in it I would find a company of well-salted coastwise old captains with whom I could have the fill of me of relishing seafaring talk, it was as clear as daylight where our Hull moorings would be made.

Having facts so delighting to work upon, my fancies—it is a trick they play me sometimes — rather ran away with me. To suit our convenience, our ship landed us at London—I am persuaded that that obliging vessel would have gone inland and set us off on the Peak of Derbyshire had we asked it of her—and as the weeks slipped past, pending our start northward, my imagination had full play. And so, by the time that I actually came to Hull and the Minerva I had got along to believing that my smoke-room was as faithful a reproduction of an old-time ship's cabin as could be made in a house ashore.

Small and darkish it would be, with outbulging timbered sides and a timbered low ceiling; a little forward of its middle would be the mizzenmast; along the stern would be a line of deep-set square little windows, having beneath them a cushioned locker; like enough



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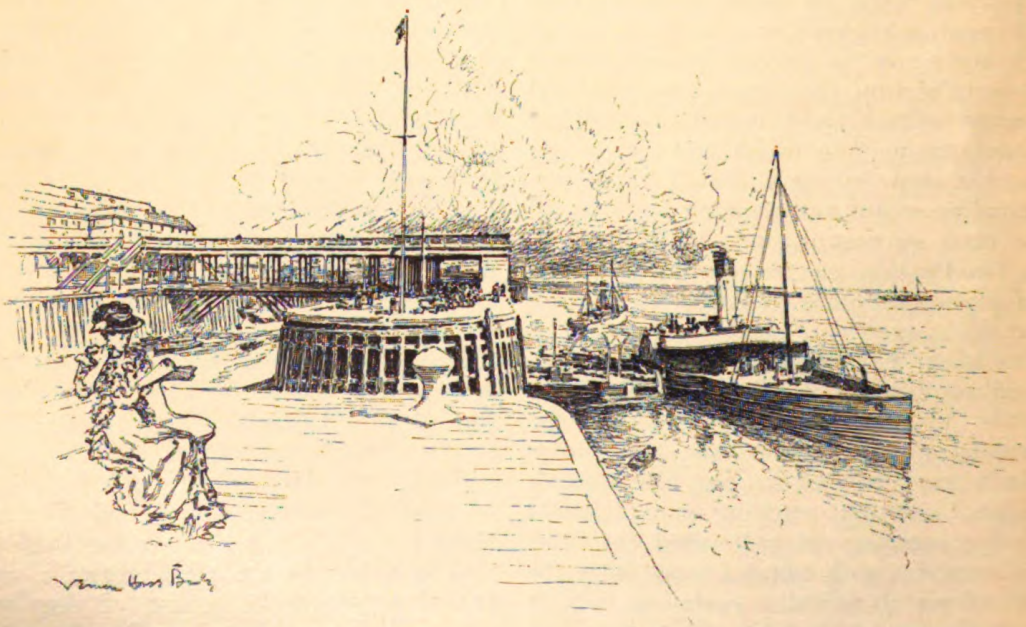
there would be a swinging table to hold the beer-pots; and, by way of decoration, a rack encircling the mizzen set with cutlasses and boarding-pistols—and even, to port and starboard, a brace of nine-pound guns. Certainly, had the making of the room been mine, that is the way that I should have made it; and I should have added a pair or two of sea boots in a corner, and dangled some weathered oil-skins from pegs along the walls.

The coastwise old captains, whom I was to meet and to yarn with, equally were idealized. Short and heavy and thick-set they would be; with round faces, sun-tanned and salt-reddened, fringed with shaggy whiskers white or gray; and they would have a proper sea roll in their walk, and in their deep voices a sea-rumble like the undertone of an on-coming gale. Over our beer and our pipes away they would go—it is easy work to set an old sailorman a-talking—with their stories of all the great storms which have swept the British Channel and the German Ocean during the past half-century: of struggling to windward off lee shores with sails splitting and spars snapping; of rounding headlands with the keel rasping the outlying sand-spits; of clawing away, with only a hand's breadth of sea-room, from egg-shell work with the teeth of Cornwall; and now and again, by way of climax, of a losing fight with a northeaster off the East Anglian "graveyard"—ending in "a crash and a wreck and a watery grave" for everybody (excepting, of course, the narrator) in the wave-smother on Yarmouth Sands!

And then—so my fancy arranged matters—we all would have fresh pots of beer and fill our pipes again, and another of my old captains would stow his quid conversationally and begin the rumbling of another yarn.

Because I thus, in a too Abyssinian fashion, had listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy and had pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope, I had a chill of disappointment when—being come at last to Hull and to the Minerva—I found the smoke-room of reality appreciably at odds with the smoke-room of my ideal.

"Cabin" was lettered on the door of it, right enough; but this alluring super-scription did not adequately cover all of the underlying facts. Actually, the so-called cabin was a biggish and high-ceiled room, quite destitute of aggressive timbering, and well lighted by two large windows: which had commanded the Humber



VICTORIA PIER, HULL

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broadly—until the building of a row of sheds along the waterside had narrowed the river outlook to a squinting view. No sea boots littered the corners of this tidily kept apartment, nor sou'westers its picture-hung walls. The beer-tables, not suspended from the ceiling, stood squarely on their own respectable legs. Not a cutlass nor a boarding-pistol—still less a nine-pounder—was there about the place. It was my fault that I had raised too high my expectations; but it was my misfortune that they had so rattling a fall!

However, long habit has accustomed me to missing with equanimity my appointments with my own oversanguine forecasts; and as "a man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected"—to revert again to Rasselas—I take my slips with Fortune with an easy mind. After all, the Second Officer had told me that the Minerva's smoke-room was "painted" like a ship's cabin, not that it was one; and, within limitations, he had told me true. On the rear wall, facing the door and immediately in evidence when the room was entered, was pictured in a highly realistic fashion a line of little four-paned square stern-windows recessed in massive timbering; and painted as though seen through the windows (a fine touch, this!) was a broad stream, presumably the Humber, so crowded with all the vessels that possibly could be made to swim there—from full-rigged ships down to cockboats—that only the artificial barriers interposed by the painted window-frames kept them from getting into the same smashed huddle that the ships of the Comte de Grasse got into under the pounding of Sir George Howe. Some of the craft—so quaint were they in rig and in build—looked to be almost of Howe's time; but the very tall funnel of a bark-rigged paddle-wheel steamer fixed the date of the painting at somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty years ago. The artist had gone at his work wholeheartedly, splashing in his color (time kindly has softened it) as unskimpingly as he had crowded in his ships; and the picture—for all that the drawing was queer and the perspective queerer—had in it a real dash and go.

Still more to my comforting, there was what had the look of being the mizzen-mast of my fancy in actual fact: stepped a little too far aft, to be sure, and not begirt by arms-racks, and in reality (since I must tell the truth about it) a big iron pipe that served as a chimney to the old-fashioned tiled stove. But it looked its part effectively; and helped, as did the lockerlike cushioned bench beneath the painted stern-windows, to give the air of a proper cabin to the room. So did some of the pictures: "A Bird's-eye View of the Port, Docks, and Garrison of Kingston-upon-Hull," that was "commemorative of the Visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert," in the year 1854; a big photograph of fourteen stiffly ranged merchant-marine officers, the chunky seven of the front row having the important air of captains, and the slim seven of the rear row the self-effacing look of mates in captains' company; and, best of the lot, a browned oil-painting showing a brace of old-time built-for-business cutters smashing around a flag-decked stake-boat in a spanking breeze.

And so, when my first shock of cooling surprise was over—and after I honestly had confessed to myself that only my own run-away fancies were to blame for it—I perceived that this queerly ordered room was a room to delight in. It did not square, to be sure, with my ornate expectations; but it did have so whimsical a personality, and a flavor so agreeably nautical, that I could not but have been charmed with it in the beginning—as I was in the end—had I got into it by accident, and in the mood to regard it with an open mind.

When I came aboard, keen to begin the salt-water talk that I felt so sure of, only one coastwise old captain was on deck; and even he, disconcertingly, had less the look of a captain than of an aged junior engineer. As between a Captain and a Chief—save for the lace on their caps and jackets—it is not always easy to tell whether a man belongs on the bridge or in the engine-room; but the juniors, somehow, have a below-deck cut to their uniforms, and a below-deck way of wearing them, that to eyes observant—when taken in connection with their hand-motions and their always-guarded walk—pretty plainly fixes their rate and

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grade. My man's slouchily cut and slouchily worn uniform seemed to make an engineer of him; but as he turned from the window and came toward me—with a civil word or two of greeting—he did not walk as though the floor were slippery with oil-drippings, nor did he catch at the table beside him as though to steady himself against the chance of a sudden lurch from an extra-heavy sea. And when we got into easy talk together—about the pictured fleet seen through the pictured windows—he made himself still more of a puzzle to me by displaying, even for an engineer, an abnormally exhaustive ignorance of rigs and builds.

Presently, as we talked on, the bitter truth—to do him justice, he made no secret of it—came out flatly: he was not an old captain, nor any sort of real sailorman whatever—he was the Minerva's landlord; and then we got along to the still more bitter truth—I may as well be frank about this second and deeper disappointment, and so have done with it—that long ago the Minerva ceased to be frequented by shipmen, and the coastwise old captains of its cabin-painted smoke-room are but a mellow memory of its fading past!

Then, and later, in my talks with my landlord—who was capital company, and everything that he should have been except the one thing that I wanted him to be—I gathered that his affectation of seafaring garb was due to his fancifully romantic longing (I doubt if he himself at all realized the fancifulness or the romance of it) to maintain, in that queer way, the semblance of a link with the Minerva's traditional company of master marines: and I confess that my heart warmed to him because of his poetic whim.

His predecessor in landlording, it appeared, had been a real old captain—long the master of a North Sea whaler—who, coming to his ancient days, had berthed himself snugly as an innkeeper. It was of that ex-whaler's sea-love that the sea-painting of the smoke-room was begotten; and in his time—when the Minerva really was the chief resort of all Hull skippers who sailed the narrow seas—there had been no lack of talk good to listen to in the "cabin": with the old captain-landlord leading it, and other old captains a-plenty ready to cap his and each others' stories, and all of them working away at their pipes till the room was smoke-smudgy, and all of them pulling comfortably at their pots of beer.

But those good days all were over and ended, my landlord told me sadly. The old whaling-captain, who so well had commanded the Minerva, long had been dead and buried; and his seamates who used to gather around him all were dead and buried too. In these rotten times, he continued gloomily, there were no real sailors at all. Men went to sea in tea-kettles instead of ships, and seamanship no longer was learned at sea on the decks of three-masters but in floating boiler-shops and ashore in schools. Except for the name of the thing, he declared explosively, a skipper might as well be a d—n blooming locomotive engineer! For the captains of to-day—"gold-laced all over, like so many monkeys," as he put it with an inconsequent bitterness—the smoke-room of the Minerva had no attractions. Neither hair nor hide of them—and he was glad of it!—ever was to be seen there. And he ended, his voice breaking a little, by telling me that I should have come twenty years earlier—and with all my heart I wish that I had!

But, desert though it was of living captains, I did find in the sea-flavored smoke-room of my Minerva an agreeable company of captains' ghosts. As I took my beer and pipe alone there of an evening—the frequenters of the house seemed to prefer, according to their degree, the tap-room or the bar-parlor—I would in a way reconstitute those shaggy-bearded phantoms of a former time: and so, in my fancy, I did listen—while the autumn wind over Humber water soughed with a pleasingly appropriate dreariness, and now and again the striking of a ship's bell sounded through Humber mists faintly—to their rumblingly told stories of winning or of losing fights with tempests, of fog-enshrouded menacing dangers, of hollow death-cries heard above the thunderous surgings of great waters, of all the heart-wringing and soul-daunting perils and mysteries of the Ocean Sea!

To be quite honest about it, though, I did at first resent rather hotly—for all

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THE MINERVA HAS FULL VIEW OF THE GREAT WATERWAY

my gloomily cheerful sessions with captains' ghosts—the fate that had choused me out of my tryst with the living captains by bringing me to the Minerva a round score of years after the whole company of them had gone sailing away forever down the sunset reaches to a far last anchorage on sunset shores. But, presently, my resentment softened—Jove can be kindly in his handling of the golden balances—as I found how much that gently was delighting our little inn had to give us even when shorn of what I had reckoned as its most enticing charm.

Merely to look out from our sitting-room window was a pretty pleasure that we never tired of. The Minerva stands at the eastern end of a broad esplanade bordering the three-miles-wide Humber—which stream, properly, is not a river, but a great estuary that brings the sea far in upon the land. From our window, by day, we had full view of that great waterway, always a-bustle with a throng of big and little craft; and of the still livelier bustle on and about the Victoria Pier — directly beneath our outlook—where a landing is made by the trig long steamboats of the railway ferry to New Holland, on the Lincolnshire shore.

They are so easily excited about nothing, the English, that every outgoing boat created a tempest of pelting passengers; and they are so temperately slow when real work is doing that all the pelting passengers had ample time in which to get aboard and to be comfortably seated—and even to come ashore again to collect bits of luggage forgotten in their scrambling flurry—before so much as a single line was cast off. By night this view at times flared up into a scrap from fairy-land: as electric lamps turned the long ferry-boats into extravagantly huge fireflies, and the scurrying swarm of over-

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wrought passengers on the brightly lit pier became so many midgets circling around a candle—only, seemingly, with rather less definiteness of plan. In long curves of brilliance, doubled by reflected curves of little dancing blazes on the broken waters, the boats rounded in to the pier sparklingly; and in like curves rounded out again—all of a cometlike glitter, and leaving a cometlike trail of sparkle-points gleaming on the water behind them—and went churning off across the Humber into the softly rising mist. Quickly, as the haze enveloped them, their brightness dulled to a rich glow and then to an elusive glimmer; and at last gently vanished—while yet the pulsing beat of their paddle-wheels sounded purringly in our ears.

The comings and goings of the steamboats were infrequent, and in the long lulls betweenwhiles our night view out over the wide waters became calmly beautiful and had in it a note of dreaminess and romance. Through the mist, dimly, we could catch glimpses of passing fisher-boats homeward bound or sea-going: indistinct splotches of darkness—with sometimes a gleam of white on their sails from the land lights—on the deeper darkness of the water; and with a pin-point of green or of red showing from their starboard or port lanterns, as they turned to windward, that slowly brightened a little and then slowly dulled and vanished as they made long legs of it from shore to shore.

Better than the commonplace fore-and-aft rigged fisher craft were the square-rigged "keels"—wearing a single great square sail set on a yard, but boomless—whose remote ancestors were Phœnician galleys, and whose immediate ancestors were the viking craft which not so very anciently were used to come up the Humber to harry and to destroy. Partly, I suppose, because of the associations with which my fancy surrounds them, they seem to me to be the most romantic ships afloat on any waters in all the world: outclassing in romance, though not in graceful beauty, the Mediterranean feluccas, their near relatives. Even by daylight, the sight of a little fleet of them streaming down the Humber (although I knew that they were only prosaic lighters) would set me all a-thrilling with memories of Norse legends; and when they passed at night—and they seemed to have a fancy for nocturnal rambling—away my fancy would go with them on the wings of their own romance. Nor was much in the way of fancy needed—when broken clouds and a young moon were there to give a helping hand to it—to idealize those ghostly little ships which seemed to have escaped from a saga: as they came onward gently and smoothly, looming out for a moment in the faint moon-track and then hiding again in the cloud-shadow; moving stealthily, with never a sound coming from them—all as though they were the ghosts of their own ancestors creeping up Humber water softly to seize again and to sack again the town!

If the Minerva had given us only our view from our window we should have been on more than good terms with our landfall. To lovers of ships and of boats, and of the ever-changing play of cloud and of light on wide waters, and of the glamour of mystery which comes over a great river in the night-time, our Minerva window alone was worth an Atlantic voyage.

But it had a practical side, this very worthy little inn, that matched in quality with its side poetical: being, in its own distinctly original fashion, comfortable to a degree. Indeed, I fancy that its landlord—who yet had imagination, as his attempted impersonation of a coastwise old captain proved—never even dreamed that poesy was among his merchantable assets. Excepting in the matter of his slightly theatrical smoke-room, and leaving out—'twould be ungenerous to dwell upon it—his trifling failure in low-comedy acting on that deserted stage, all of his efforts were directed toward assuring the bodily welfare of the wayfarers who crossed his threshold; and his success, within the limits of his practical intentions, was marked.

Clean the place was everywhere; the service—carried on by a brisk Boots and, in our part of the establishment, by a brisker high-haired chambermaid—was admirable; and the cooking, while of a simplicity, had an artistic note in it which we found wholly pleasing—and not a little surprising: until we had

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opened direct relations with the cook and from her own lips had heard about her housekeeping for the East-Indian Colonel and about other glories of her culinary past. Indeed, our only lacking quantity—and this a mere vanity—was style. Of style, to be quite frank about the matter, the Minerva had none at all. Interiorly, it was shabby; exteriorly, it was severe. But in any philosopher's scales these trivial blots upon its 'scutcheon were as feather-weights when poised against the substantial comfort that went hand in hand with its shabbiness, and the warm inside cordiality which tempered the severity of its cold outer walls.

The building is a long main structure, with a longish wing set on crookedly; and dates, I fancy—so nipped and curt is the look of it—from about the middle of the eighteenth century. Long and longish are terms used relatively. It is but a little place: yet its askewness is so marked, its floors are so dropped about at cross-purposes with each other, and it is so pervaded by rambling passages, that in a small way it is a labyrinth. When I went to my bath of a morning I was disposed to safeguard my return — so curiously involved and hidden was the way to it—by unwinding a clue of thread behind me: as though I were King Henry, and the high-haired chambermaid (whom I usually had to dodge on these expeditions) Queen Eleanor, and the bath-room—tucked away in the very middle of the maze—Fair Rosamond.

Getting to the bath-room really was a good deal of an adventure. Down a crooked stair I went from my bedroom, along a winding passage, through a doorway and up another twisty stair, and then —in a little black pocket of a place where latch - finding was mere guesswork—through another doorway into a large room: at one end of which was a neatly spread bed, and at the other end—imposingly raised on a dais, as though speeches were to be made from it—the bath-tub that was the objective point of my voyage! Only Diogenes seemed likely to have planned that so queerly tubbed and bedded apartment; but when I asked, with an unwise playfulness, if ever he had been a guest at the Minerva—explaining that he was a Greek gentleman, and that the name of the inn would have made it seem homelike to him—my question was not well received. Foreigners were not in the habit of coming to the Minerva, I was told a little shortly, nor were they wanted there; and then, more suavely, the suggestion was made that my friend most likely had stopped at the station hotel.

But the amazing essence of this matter was finding a real bath-tub—the oddity of its emplacement and accessories were negligible details—in a little English inn! That curious finding was in keeping with the methods of the Minerva all the way through. It made no pretensions, our Minerva; but everything that we reasonably could ask of it—and some things, such as the usufruct of the cat, that we asked of it unreasonably—it promptly gave us, but usually in some odd fashion that involved us in an agreeably spicy surprise.

Aside from their lack of cohesiveness, and from what seemed to be—until we got our bearings settled—even a disposition to move about a little, our rooms were wholly satisfying. As is the custom in many English inns, the sitting-rooms were not numbered but named—"London," "Baltic," "Kingston," and so on, as though they were suburban villas. All of them were set out with old-fashioned mahogany furniture. That in our "London"—excepting an irrelevant little upright piano, with sconces protruding from its small and disordered stomach—was of an agreeable dinginess which put us at once on terms of friendly informality with it, even as the worn old springs of it put us very much at our ease. With the fire well blazing—and all the more after we had acquired the cat for decorative use on the hearth-rug—it really was one of the cheeriest and coziest little shabby rooms that ever I have been cast in.

The bedrooms, far from being cozy and cheery—although they were entirely comfortable—were so dignified as to be almost severe. The central feature of mine was a great curtained mahogany four-poster: a very stately ancient structure, so high-standing on its long mahogany legs that (for short-legged humans) its necessary adjunct was a set of old-time bed-steps—wherewith to reach the bed-level from the lower regions of the floor.

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NIGHT ON THE HUMBER

My own legs being longish, I was able to negotiate the ascent without using the bed-steps: but I remember one night drowsily setting myself to picturing the procession of countless white-robed figures which had mounted them—as the white-robed angels mounted the ladder heavenward in Jacob's vision—in all the long sweep of years, unnumbered and forgotten, since bedstead and bed-steps together had come newly from some now century or two dead joiner's hand! And then I got quite wide awake, and all a-shivery, as the grisly thought struck home sharply that I myself was lying—in the lonely vastness of that old great bed, and the curtains softly rustling—precisely where each one of all that dead vanished host in turn had lain! It was a dismal perception. After I had come to it I really did not like my great stately bed at all.

Along with the view from our window, our cat equitably might have been charged to us as an extra; but we got it, as we got the view, without any addition whatever to our otherwise most carefully itemized but always very moderate bills. If ever I take to innkeeping, I certainly shall charge for the use of cats not less than half a crown apiece a day; and I fix that figure because it is what I am willing to pay for the use of a nice cat myself.

Our little friend was attached to the Minerva in some confidential capacity that I never quite got to the roots of. Squib—such was the gentle creature's mildly explosive name—conceivably practised the profession that he was born to; but his mousing—if he did mouse—was the least conspicuous of his employments. All of his time—until I asked for, and was permitted to have, a share of it—seemed to be passed at ease in the bar-parlor: where a comfortably cushioned chair was reserved for him, and where his only duties seemed to be to cheer with his affection the dignified Lady Manager in her moments of loneliness, and to display to the select frequenters of that little bibulous sanctuary his many engaging parts. It is my belief, however, that his

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confidential duty—a very responsible and a very delicate one—was to indicate by his manner toward visitors any chance mistakes made in admitting mere tap-room tipplers into that privileged privacy. In holding this belief I may be in error; but I am well persuaded that I myself did not become *persona grata* in the bar-parlor until Squib—by responding to my ear-tickling and jowl-rubbing advances by arching his black back and purring forth to me his trustful friendliness—had certified to my being versed in the finer customs of cat polite society: and therefore necessarily qualified to associate with the higher, the bar-parlor, classes of my own human kind.

Without much expecting that anything would come of it, I said that I should be very glad to have Squib sent up with our breakfast: explaining that petting a cat, and especially a black cat, gave a bright start to the darkest morning; and pointing out that the mornings just then—toward the end of November—were the darkest and dismalest of all the English year. I have my doubts as to the complete understanding of my explanation; but the essential fact was clear that—as no doubt they expressed it—the gentleman wanted to play with the cat; and his infantile folly, of course, was nobody's business but his own. And so my order for a cat for breakfast was treated precisely as would have been treated my order for buttered toast or eggs and bacon—excepting only that my cat came up-stairs in the maid servant's arms, and went down again on his own little black legs, instead of coming and going on a tray. Thereafter, when we came down to breakfast, we found Squib engagingly stretched out on the hearth-rug before the fire in our sitting-room: a truly heart-warming little black object; and all the more heart-warming because of his glad eagerness to purr out to us his little morning song of love.

Cherishing a very tender memory of his sweet companionship, I bought for him—before leaving London last autumn to go down again to Hull—a collar with a silver name-plate and a silver bell, suitable to a cat of his superior condition, and on the name-plate I had "Squib" engraved. And then, when we were come to the Minerva, and I asked to have Squib brought to me that I might encollar him, I was met by the crushing announcement that Squib had run away!

Presently, when I had pulled myself together—any true cat-lover will understand what the shock was to me—I asked the maid if there were any cat at all about the place. "Oh, yes, sir," she answered. "There are two. There is a wee one, and there is a big and ugly one;" and added, disparagingly: "He has no tail!" "A Manx cat?" I suggested; and asked if he had notably long hind legs and a rabbitlike walk. "That is the very picture of him, sir," she replied. "Would he be a Manx cat, sir? Are they all that way?"

It was depressing to find so intelligent a young person so ignorant. In a Board School way she knew a good deal about the Isle of Man; but she had no knowledge whatever of the interesting race of cats which has given to that island enduringly its noblest right to fame. Nor did she manifest any desire for enlightenment. She listened politely to what I told her, but perfunctorily; and the moment that my discourse was ended—without commenting upon it—on she went with her own line of thought.

"The wee one has a bonny face, sir!" she said feelingly. "A very bonny face, sir! And it is a little"—her voice fell, and took a tone of commiserating affection—"just a little deformed! It is getting much better, though," she added more cheerfully, "now that it is being fed so well. It is not at all like the sad mite of a thing it was when it came here: and asked to be taken care of—just like a Christian, sir—with its little mews. And it is *so* affectionate, sir! When it comes to me of a morning it stands on its hind legs and puts up its paws to me. It *is* a bonny wee one, sir; it is indeed!"

The next morning, when she came to clear our breakfast-table, the bonny wee one was in her arms—and promptly was transferred to mine. In a moment it had cuddled trustingly into the nook that my arm made for it against my woolly breakfast-jacket; and in another moment—as I gave it the sort of strokings which are the countersigns into the lines of cat friendship—it broke into a singularly sweet purr, and began to "make bread"



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by digging its soft little paws alternately into my soft coat-sleeve. It was a small cat—black and white, and with great golden eyes—in that most tender stage of development when its kittenhood was just merging into cathood: a very gentle little creature, its little heart all filled with eagerly responsive love. I could not perceive any deformity about it. Probably the maid had meant that it was somewhat stunted in its growth—as the result of hardships endured before a good fortune made it trot along upon its four little white-pawed black legs into the happy haven that the Minerva had given it. When I stroked its small black nose—whimsically marked with a white line that gave it an alertly sniffing expression—it purred ecstatically. Not everybody has found out that the right sort of stroking on a cat's nose is the most appreciated of cat pettings. So keenly did the bonny wee one relish my caress that I am persuaded its little nose never before had known that subtle joy.

When I asked if it had a name, the maid was apologetically hesitant. "Well, not exactly, sir. At least, not yet, sir," she answered; and added: "You see, sir, it hasn't been long here."

"Very well," I said. "Then it must be called 'Squib'—and here is a collar for it, marked with its name." And I gave her the box that I had brought down from town.

When the box was opened, a little wonderingly, it was pleasant to see what pleasure my present gave. In a moment the collar intended for the old Squib was buckled around the new Squib's neck—and the maid said delightedly: "Now, Squibbums, you have a proper collar with your name on it, and a proper bell too—and a proud good cat my little cat should be!" And then, turning to me, she added: "You see, sir, I call it my cat because it comes most to me and seems to love me most. It has a pink ribbon—for Sundays, you know, sir—but I never thought of my little cat having a collar with its own name on a silver plate, and a silver bell besides! We both of us thank you, sir—don't we, Squibbums?—right from our hearts!"

While the clearing of the breakfast-table went on, Squib was left with me for my pleasure—and took her own pleasure in her own way: curling snugly into her soft nest and doing some more bread-making while she purred loudly; then, as she grew drowsy, ceasing her bread-making and purring gently and intermittently as she dozed, but half waking now and then to make sleepy little dabs with her tongue at some part of her small person that she dreamily fancied had not been washed sufficiently; and at last stopping her purring and her washing altogether, and with a long soft sigh of contentment falling into happy kitten sleep. It grieved me that she had to be wakened: but presently, after taking down the tray, the maid came back again and begged: "Please, sir, may I take her? Everybody wants to see her collar, sir. There's quite a to-do about it downstairs!" And there certainly was—as I gathered from the little whirl of exclamatory approval that came up to me (I confess that I listened at the stair-head) while Squib was making her triumphal progress below!

During the whole of our stay at the Minerva this dear little black-and-white person was a constant solace and refreshment to us; and I am happily certain that she felt our love for her and gave us her own love in return. Through our last evening together—an evening heavily saddened by the thought that on the morrow we must part from her to put an ocean between us—she was more than ever demonstratively affectionate: as though she also had a prescient sense of our approaching separation, and of the immensity of it, in the depths of her curiously perceptive little cat soul. When the morrow came, she followed us out into the street—it was the only time that she came even so far as the door with us—and sat on the pavement looking at us half-pleadingly, half-remonstratingly, as we seated ourselves in our cab.

There, as we turned to drive away, we had our last sight of her: sitting most primly erect, her black tail drawn close around her little white paws with an ostentatious exactitude—as though even in her grief she would not forget her good manners—gazing after us wonderingly, with a strange look of reproaching sadness in her loving golden eyes!

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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER IX

MARKHAM'S first feeling, as he advanced into the room and looking round him saw that Diana was alone, was one of acute physical pleasure. The old room with its mingling of color, at once dim and rich; the sunlit garden through the casement windows; the scent of the logs burning on the hearth, and of the hyacinths and narcissus with which the warm air was perfumed; the signs everywhere of a woman's life and charm; all these first impressions leaped upon him, aiding the remembered spell which had recalled him —hot-foot and eager—from London, to this place, on the very first opportunity.

And if her surroundings were poetic, how much more so was the girl-figure itself!—the slender form, the dark head, and that shrinking joy which spoke in her gesture, in the movement she made towards him across the room. She checked it at once, but not before a certain wildness in it had let loose upon him a rush of delight.

"Sir James explained?" he said, as he took her hand.

"Yes. I had no notion you would be here,—this week-end."

"Nor had I—till last night. Then an appointment broke down — and— *me voici!*"

"You stay over to-morrow?"

"Of course! But it is absurd that the Feltons should be five miles away!"

She stammered,

"It is a charming ride."

"But too long! One does not want to lose time."

She was now sitting; and he beside her. Mechanically she had taken up some embroidery,—to shield her eyes. He examined the reds and blues of the pattern, the white fingers, the bending cheek. Suddenly, like Sir James Chide or Hugh Roughsedge, he was struck with a sense of change. The Dian look which matched her name, the proud gayety and frankness of it were somehow muffled and softened. And altogether her aspect was a little frail and weary. The perception brought with it an appeal to the protective strength of the man. What were her cares? Trifling, womanish things! He would make her confess them; and then conjure them away!

"You have your cousin with you?"

"Yes."

"She will make you a long visit?"

"Another week or two, I think."

"You are a believer in family traditions?—But of course you are!"

"Why 'of course'?" Her color had sparkled again, but the laugh was not spontaneous.

"I see that you are in love with even your furthest kinsmen,—you must be,—being an Imperialist! Now I am frankly bored by my kinsmen—near and far."

"All the same—you ask their help!"

"Oh yes, in war; pure self-interest on both sides."

"You have been preaching this in the House of Commons?"

The teasing had answered. No more veiling of the eyes!

"No—I have made no speeches. Next week, in the Vote of Censure debate, I shall get my chance."

"To talk Little Englandism? Alack!"

The tone was soft,—it ended in a sigh.

"Does it really trouble you?"

She was looking down at her work. Her fingers drew the silk out and in,—a little at random. She shook her head slightly, without reply.

"I believe it does," he said gently, still smiling. "Well, when I make my speech, I shall remember that."

She looked up suddenly. Their eyes met full. On her just-parted lips the words

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she had meant to say remained unspoken. Then a murmur of voices from the garden reached them, as though some one approached. Markham rose.

"Shall we go into the garden? I ought to speak to Robins. How is he getting on?"

Robins was the new head gardener, appointed on Markham's recommendation.

"Excellently." Diana had also risen. "I will get my hat."

He opened the door for her. Hang those people outside! But for them she would have been already in his arms.

Left to himself he walked to and fro, restless and smiling. No more self-repression,—no more politic delay! The great moment of life — grasped — captured at last! He in his turn understood the Faust cry—"Linger awhile!—thou art so fair!" Only let him pierce to the heart of it—realize it, covetously, to the full! All the ordinary worldly motives were placated and at rest; due sacrifice had been done to them; they teased no more. Upgathered and rolled away, like storm-winds from the sea, they had left a shining and a festal wave for love to venture on. Let him only yield himself—feel the full swell of the divine force!

He moved to the window and looked out.

*Birch!*—What on earth brought that creature to Beechcote? His astonishment was great, and perhaps in the depths of his mind there emerged the half-amused perception of a feminine softness and tolerance which masculine judgment must correct. She did not know how precious she was; and that it must not be made too easy for the common world to approach her. All that was picturesque and important, of course, in the lower classes—labor men, Socialists, and the like. But not vulgar half-baked fellows, who meant nothing politically, and must yet be treated like gentlemen.

Ah! there were the Roughsedges,—the Captain not gone yet?—Sir James—and Mrs. Colwood:—nice little creature, that companion,—they would find some use for her in the future. And on the lower terrace, Alicia Drake, and—that girl? He laughed, amusing himself with the thought of Alicia's plight. Alicia, the arrogant, the fastidious! The odd thing was that she seemed to be absorbed in the conversation that was going on. He saw her pause at the end of the terrace, look round her, and deliberately lead the way down a long grass path, away from the rest of the party. Was the cousin good company, after all?

Diana returned. A broad black hat, and sables which had been her father's last gift to her, provided the slight change in surroundings which pleases the eye and sense of a lover. And as a man brought up in wealth, and himself potentially rich, he found it secretly agreeable that costly things became her. There should be no lack of them in the future.

They stepped out upon the terrace. At sight of them the Roughsedges approached; while Mr. Fred Birch lagged behind to inspect the sun-dial. After a few words' conversation, Markham turned resolutely away.

"Miss Mallory wants to show me a new gardener."

The old doctor smiled at his wife. Hugh Roughsedge watched the departing figures. Excellently matched, he must needs admit, in aspect and in height. Was it about to happen?—or had it already happened? He braced himself, soldierlike, to the inevitable.

"You know Mr. Birch," said Diana to her companion, as they descended to the lower terrace and passed not very far from that gentleman.

"I just know him," said Markham, carelessly, and bestowed a nod in the direction of the solicitor.

"Had he not something to do with your election?" said Diana, astonished.

"My election?" cried Markham. Then he laughed. "I suppose he has been drawing the long bow as usual. Am I impertinent?—or may I ask how you came to know him?"

He looked at her smiling. Diana colored.

"My cousin Fanny made acquaintance with him—in the train."

"I see. Here are our two cousins—coming to meet us. Will you introduce me?"

For Fanny and Miss Drake were now returning slowly along the gravel path which led to the kitchen-garden. The eyes of both girls were fixed on the pair advancing towards them. Alicia was no longer impassive or haughty. Like her

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

HE STOOD A MOMENT BESIDE HER GAZING WESTWARD

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companion, she appeared to have been engaged in an intimate and absorbing conversation. Diana could not help looking at her in a vague surprise as she paused in front of them. But she addressed herself to her cousin.

"Fanny, I want to introduce Mr. Markham to you."

Fanny Merton held out her hand, staring a little oddly at the gentleman presented to her. Alicia meanwhile was looking at Diana, while she spoke—with emphasis—to Markham.

"Could you order my horse, Oliver? I think we ought to be going back?"

"Would you mind asking Sir James?" Markham pointed to the upper terrace. "I have something to see to in the garden."

Diana said hurriedly that Mrs. Colwood would send the order to the stables, and that she herself would not be long. Alicia took no notice of this remark. She still looked at Oliver.

"You'll come back with us, won't you?"

Markham flushed. "I have only just arrived," he said, rather sharply. "Please don't wait for me. Shall we go on?" he said, turning to Diana.

They walked on. As Diana paused at the iron gate which closed the long walk, she looked round her involuntarily, and saw that Alicia and Fanny were now standing on the lower terrace, gazing after them. It struck her as strange and rude, and she felt the slight shock she had felt several times already, both in her intercourse with Fanny and in her acquaintance with Miss Drake,—as of one unceremoniously jostled or repulsed.

Markham meanwhile was full of annoyance. That Alicia should still treat him in that domestic, possessive way—and in Diana's presence—was really intolerable. It must be stopped.

He paused on the other side of the gate.

"After all—I am not in a mood to see Robins to-day. Look!—the light is going. Will you show me the path on to the hill? You spoke to me once of a path you were fond of."

She tried to laugh.

"You take Robins for granted?"

"I am quite indifferent to his virtues—even his vices! This chance—is too precious. I have so much to say to you."

She led the way in silence. The hand which held up her dress from the mire trembled a little unseen. But her sense of the impending crisis had given her more rather than less dignity. She bore her dark head finely, with that unconscious long-descended instinct of the woman, waiting to be sued.

They found a path beyond the garden, winding up through a leafless wood. Markham talked of indifferent things, and she answered him with spirit, feeling it all, so far, a queer piece of acting. Then they emerged on the side of the hill beside a little basin in the chalk, where a gnarled thorn or two, an overhanging beech, and a bed of withered heather made a kind of intimate, furnished place, which appealed to the passer-by.

"Here is the sunset," said Markham, looking round him. "Are you afraid to sit a little?"

He took a light overcoat he had been carrying over his arm and spread it on the heather. She protested that it was winter, and coats were for wearing. He took no notice, and she tamely submitted. He placed her regally, with an old thorn for support and canopy; and then he stood a moment beside her gazing westward.

They looked over undulations of the chalk, bare stubble-fields and climbing woods, bathed in the pale gold of a February sunset. The light was pure and wan,—the resting earth shone through it gently yet austerely; only the great woods darkly massed on the horizon gave an accent of mysterious power to a scene in which Nature otherwise showed herself the tamed and homely servant of men. Below were the trees of Beechcote, the gray walls, and the windows touched with a last festal gleam.

Suddenly Markham dropped down beside her.

"I see it all with new eyes," he said, passionately. "I have lived in this country from my childhood; and I never saw it before! Diana!—"

He raised her hand, which only faintly resisted; he looked into her eyes. She had grown very pale—enchantingly pale. There was in her the dim sense of a great fulfilment—the fulfilment of Nature's promise to her; implicit in her woman's lot from the beginning.

"Diana!"—the low voice searched her

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heart—"you know—what I have come to say? I meant to have waited a little longer—I was afraid!—but I couldn't wait—it was beyond my strength. Diana!—come to me, darling!—be my wife!"

He kissed the hand he held. His eyes beseeched; and into hers, widely fixed upon him, had sprung tears—the tears of life's supremest joy. Her lip trembled.

"I'm not worthy!" she said, in a whisper—"I'm not worthy!"

"Foolish Diana!—Darling, foolish Diana! Give me my answer!"

And now he held both hands, and his confident smile dazzled her.

"I—" Her voice broke. She tried again, still in a whisper. "I will be everything to you—that a woman can."

At that he put his arm round her, and she let him take that first kiss, in which she gave him her youth, her life,—all that she had and was. Then she withdrew herself, and he saw her brow contract, and her mouth.

"I know!" he said tenderly—"I know! Dear, I think he would have been glad. He and I made friends from the first."

She plucked at the heather beside her, trying for composure. "He would have been so glad of a son—so glad—"

And then, by contrast with her own happiness, the piteous memory of her father overcame her; and she cried a little, hiding her eyes against Markham's shoulder.

"There!" she said at last, withdrawing herself and brushing the tears away—"that's all—that's done with—except in one's heart. Did—did Lady Lucy know?"

She looked at him timidly. Her aspect had never been more lovely. Tears did not disfigure her, and as compared with his first remembrance of her, there was now a touching significance, an incomparable softness in all she said and did, which gave him a bewildering sense of treasures to come, of joys for the gathering.

Suddenly—involuntarily—there flashed through his mind the recollection of his first love-passage with Alicia,—how she had stung him on, teased, and excited him. He crushed it at once, angrily.

As to Lady Lucy, he smilingly declared that she had no doubt guessed something was in the wind.

"I have been 'gey ill to live with' since we got up to town. And when the stupid meeting I had promised to speak at was put off, my mother thought I had gone off my head—from my behavior. 'What are you going to the Feltons' for? You never care a bit about them.' So at last I brought her the map and made her look at it—'Felton Park to Brinton, 3 miles—Haylesford, 4 miles—Beechcote, 2 miles and ½—Beechcote Manor, half a mile—total, ten miles.' 'Oliver!'—she got so red!—'you are going to propose to Miss Mallory!' 'Well, mother!—and what have you got to say?' So then she smiled—and kissed me—and sent you messages—which I'll give you when there's time. My mother is a rather formidable person—no one who knew her would ever dream of taking her consent to anything for granted; but this time"—his laugh was merry—"I didn't even think of asking it!"

"I shall love her—dearly," murmured Diana.

"Yes, because you won't be afraid of her. Her standards are hardly made for this wicked world. But you'll hold her,—you'll manage her. If you said No to me, she would have felt cheated of a daughter."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Fotheringham won't like it," said Diana, ruefully, letting herself be gathered again into his arms.

"My sister? I don't know what to say about Isabel, dearest,—unless I parody an old saying. She and I have never agreed—except in opinion. We have been on the same side,—and in hot opposition,—since our childhood. No—I dare say she will be thorny! Why did you fight me so well, little rebel?"

He looked down into her dark eyes, revelling in their sweetness, and in the bliss of her surrendered beauty. If this was not his first proposal, it was his first true passion,—of that he was certain.

She released herself—rosy—and still thinking of Mrs. Fotheringham. "Oliver!"—she laid her hand shyly on his—"neither she nor you will want me to stifle what I think—to deny what I do really believe? I dare say a woman's politics aren't worth much—" she laughed and sighed.

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"I say!—don't take that line with Isabel!"

"Well, mine probably aren't worth much—but they are mine—and papa taught them me—and I can't give them up."

"What 'll you do, darling?—canvass against me?"—he kissed her hand again.

"No—but I *can't* agree with you!"

"Of course you can't. Which of us, I wonder, will shake the other? How do you know that I'm not in a blue fright for my principles?"

"You'll explain to me?—you'll not despise me?" she said softly, bending towards him; "I'll always, always try and understand."

Who could resist an attitude so feminine, yet so loyal,—at once to old and new? Markham felt himself already attacked by the poison of Toryism, and Diana, with a happy start, envisaged horizons that her father never knew, and questions where she had everything to learn.

Hand in hand, trembling still under the thrill of the moment which had fused their lives, they fell into happy discursive talk,—of the Tallyn visit—of her thoughts and his,—of what Lady Lucy and Mr. Ferrier had said or would say. In the midst of it, the fall of temperature which came with the sunset touched them, and Markham sprang up with the peremptoriness of a new relationship, insisting that he must take her home out of the chilly dusk. As they stood lingering in the hollow, unwilling to leave the gnarled thorns, the heather-carpet, and the glow of western light,—symbols to them henceforth that they too, in turn, amid the endless generations, had drunk the mystic cup, and shared the sacred feast,—Diana perceived some movement far below, on the open space in front of Beechcote. A little peering through the twilight showed them two horses with their riders leaving the Beechcote door.

"Oh! your cousin—and Sir James!" cried Diana in distress, "and I haven't said good-by—"

"You will see them soon again. And I shall carry them the news to-night."

"Will you? Shall I allow it?"

Markham laughed; he caught her hand again, slipped it possessively within his left arm, and held it there as they went slowly down the path. Diana could not think with any zest of Alicia and her reception of the news. A succession of trifles had shown her quite clearly that Alicia was not her friend; why, she did not know. She remembered many small advances on her own part.

But at the mention of Sir James Chide her face lit up.

"He has been so kind to me!" she said, looking up into Markham's face,—"so very kind!"

Her eyes showed a touch of passion—the passion that some natures can throw into gratitude, whether for little or much. Markham smiled.

"He fell in love with you! Yes—he is a dear old boy. One can well imagine that he has had a romance!"

"Has he?"

"It is always said that he was in love with a woman whom he defended on a charge of murder."

Diana exclaimed.

"He had met her when they were both very young, and lost his heart to her. Then she married, and he lost sight of her. He accepted a brief in this murder case, ten years later, not knowing her identity, and they met for the first time when he went to see her with her solicitor in prison."

Diana breathlessly asked for the rest of the story.

"He defended her magnificently. It was a shocking case. The sentence was commuted, but she died almost immediately. They say Sir James has never got over it."

Diana pondered, her eyes dim.

"How one would like to do something for him!—to give him pleasure!"

Markham caressed her hand.

"So you shall, darling. He shall be one of our best friends. But he mustn't make Ferrier jealous."

Diana smiled happily. She looked forward to all the new ties of kindred or friendship that Markham was to bring her; modestly indeed, yet in the temper of one who feels herself spiritually rich, and capable of giving.

"I shall love all your friends," she said, with a bright look. "I'm glad you have so many!"

"Does that mean that you've felt

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rather lonely sometimes? Poor darling!" he said, tenderly, "it must have been solitary often at Portofino."

"Oh no,—I had papa." Then her truthfulness overcame her. "I don't mean to say I didn't often want friends of my own age—girl friends especially."

"You can't have them now!" he said passionately, as they paused at a wicket gate under a yew-tree. "I want you all —all—to myself." And in the shadow of the yew he put his arms round her again and their hearts beat together.

But our nature moves within its own inexorable limits. In Diana, Markham's touch, Markham's embrace, awakened that strange mingled happiness, that happiness reared and based on tragedy, which the pure and sensitive feel in the crowning moments of life. Love is tortured by its own intensity; and the thought of death strikes through the experience which means the life of the race. As her lips felt Markham's kiss, she knew, as generations of women have known before her, that life could give her no more; and she also knew that it was transiency and parting that made it so intolerably sweet.

"Till death do us part," she said to herself, and in the intensity of her submission to the common lot, she saw down the years the end of what had now begun, —herself lying quiet and blessed, in the last sleep, her dead hand in Markham's.

"Why must we go home?" he said, discontentedly, as he released her. "One turn more!—up the avenue! There is light enough yet!"

She yielded weakly, pacifying her social conscience by the half-penitent remark that Mrs. Colwood would have said good-by to her guests, and that—she —she supposed they would soon have to know.

"Well, as I want you to marry me in six weeks," said Markham, joyously, "I suppose they will."

"Six weeks!" She gasped. "Oh, how unreasonable!"

"Dearest!—A fortnight would do for frocks. And whom have we to consult but ourselves? I know you have no near relations. As for cousins, it doesn't take long to write them a few notes, and ask them to the wedding."

Diana sighed.

"My only cousins are the Mertons. They are all in Barbadoes but Fanny."

Her tone changed a little. In her thoughts she added hurriedly, "I sha'n't have any bridesmaids!"

Markham discreetly made no reply. Personally, he hoped that Miss Merton's engagements might take her safely back to Barbadoes before the wedding-day. But if not, he and his would no doubt know how to deal with her,—civilly and firmly,—as people must learn to deal with their distasteful relations.

Meanwhile on Diana's mind there had descended a sudden cloud of thought, dimming the ecstasy of her joy. The February day was dying in a yellowish dusk, full of beauty. They were walking along a narrow avenue of tall limes, which skirted the Beechcote lands, and took them past the house. Above their heads the trees met in a brown and purple tracery of boughs, and on their right, through the boughs, they saw a pale full moon, throning it in a silver sky. The mild air, the movements of the birds, the scents from the earth and bushes, spoke of spring; and suddenly Diana perceived the gate leading to the wood where that very morning the subtle message of the changing year had come upon her, rending and probing. A longing to tell Markham all her vague troubles rose in her, held back by a natural shrinking. But the longing prevailed, quickened by the loyal sense that she must quickly tell him all she knew about herself and her history, since there was nobody else to tell him.

"Oliver!" she began, hurriedly, "I ought to tell you—I don't think you know. My name wasn't Mallory to begin with—my father took that name."

Markham gave a little start.

"Dear,—how surprising!—and how interesting! Tell me all you can—from the year One."

He smiled upon her with a sparkling look that asked for all her history. But secretly he had been conscious of a shock. Lately he had made a few inquiries about the Welsh Mallorys. And the answers had been agreeable; though the old central stock of the name, to which he presumed Diana belonged, was said to be extinct. No doubt,—so he

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had reflected—it had come to an end in her father.

"Mallory was the name of my father's mother. He took it for various reasons—I never quite understood—and I know a good deal of property came to him. But his original name—my name—was Sparling."

"Sparling!" A pause. "And have you any Sparling relations?"

"No. They all died out—I think—but I know so little!—when I was small. However, I have a box of Sparling papers,—which I have never examined. Perhaps—some day—we might look at them together."

Her voice shook a little.

"You have never looked at them?"

"Never."

"But why, dearest?"

"It always seemed to make papa so unhappy—anything to do with his old name. Oliver!"—she turned upon him suddenly, and for the first time she clung to him, hiding her face against his shoulder—"Oliver!—I don't know what made him unhappy—I don't know why he changed his name. Sometimes I think—there may have been some terrible thing between him—and my mother."

He put his arm round her, close and tenderly.

"What makes you think that?" Then he whispered to her, "Tell your lover—your husband,—tell him everything."

She shrank in delicious tremor from the great word; and it was a few moments before she could collect her thoughts. Then she said, still resting against him in the dark, and in a low, rapid voice, as though she followed the visions of an inner sense:

"She died when I was only four. I just remember—it is almost my first recollection of anything—seeing her carried up-stairs—" She broke off. "And, oh! it's so strange!—"

"Strange? She was ill?"

"Yes, but—what I seem to remember never explains itself—and I did not dare to ask papa. She hadn't been with us—for a long time. Papa and I had been alone. Then one day I saw them carrying her up-stairs—my father and two nurses—I ran out before my nurse could catch me—and saw her—she was in her hat and cloak. I didn't know her, and when she called me I ran away. Then afterwards they took me in to see her in bed—two or three times—and I remember once"—Diana began to sob herself—"seeing her cry. She lay sobbing—and my father beside her; he held her hand—and I saw him hide his eyes upon it. They never noticed me; I don't know that they saw me. Then they told me she was dead—I saw her lying on the bed—and my nurse gave me some flowers to put beside her—some violets. They were the only flowers. I can see her still, lying there—with her hands closed over them."

She released herself from Markham, and with her hand in his she drew him slowly along the path, while she went on speaking, with an effort indeed, yet with a marvellous sense of deliverance,—after the silence of years. She described the entire seclusion of their life at Portofino.

"Papa never spoke to me of mamma, and I never remember a picture of her. After his death I saw a closed locket on his breast for the first time. I would not have opened it for the world—I just kissed it—" Her voice broke again; but after a moment she quietly resumed. "He changed his name—I think—when I was about nine years old. I remember that somehow it seemed to give him comfort—he was more cheerful with me afterwards—"

"And you have no idea what led him to go abroad?"

She shook her head. Markham's changed and rapid tone had betrayed some agitation in the mind behind; but Diana did not notice it. In her story she had come to what in truth had been the determining and formative influence on her own life,—her father's melancholy, and the mystery in which it had been enwrapped; and even the perceptions of love were for the moment blinded, as the old tyrannous grief overshadowed her.

"His life," she said slowly, "seemed for years—one long struggle to bear—what was really—unbearable. Then when I was about nineteen there was a change. He no longer shunned people quite in the same way, and he took me to Egypt and India. We came across old friends of his, whom I of course had never seen



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before; and I used to wonder at the way in which they treated him—with a kind of reverence,—as though they would not have touched him roughly for the world. Then directly after we got home to the Riviera, his illness began."

She dwelt on the long days of dumbness, and her constant sense that he wished—in vain—to communicate something to her.

"He wanted something—and I could not give it him—could not even tell what it was. It was misery! One day he managed to write, 'If you are in trouble, go to Riley and Bonner — ask them.' They were his solicitors, whom he had depended on from his boyhood. But since his death I have never wanted anything from them, but a little help in business. They have been very good; but—I could not go and question them. If there was anything to know,—papa had not been able to tell me—I did not want anybody else—to—"

Her voice dropped. Only half an hour since the flowering of life! What a change in both! She was pacing along slowly, her head thrown back; the oval of her face white among her furs, under the ghostly touch of the moonlight; a suggestion of something austere,—finely remote—in her attitude and movement. His eyes were on the ground, his shoulders bent; she could not see his face.

"We must try and unravel it—together," he said at last, with an effort. "Can you tell me your mother's name?"

"It was an old Staffordshire family. But she and papa met in America, and they married there. Her father died not long afterwards, I think. And I have never heard of any relations but the one sister, Mrs. Merton. Her name was Wentworth. Oh!—" It was an involuntary cry of physical pain.

"Diana!—did I hurt your hand?—my darling!"

The sudden tightness of his grip had crushed her fingers. She smiled at him as he kissed them in hasty remorse.

"And her Christian name?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Juliet."

There was a pause. They had turned back, and were walking towards the house. The air had grown much colder; frosty stars were twinkling, and a chilly wind was blowing light clouds across the moon. The two figures moved slowly in and out of the bands of light and shadow which crossed the avenue.

Diana stopped suddenly.

"If there were something terrible to know!" she said trembling, "something which would make you ashamed of me!—"

Her tall slenderness bent towards him,—she held out her hands piteously. Markham's manhood asserted itself. He encircled her again with his strong arm, and she hid her face against him. The contact of her soft body, her fresh cheek, intoxicated him afresh. In the strength of his desire for her it was as though he were fighting off black vultures of the night, forces of horror that threatened them both. He would not believe, what yet he already knew to be true. The thought of his mother clamored at the door of his mind, and he would not open to it. In a reckless defiance of what had overtaken him, he poured out tender and passionate speech which gradually stilled the girl's tumult of memory and foreboding, and brought back the heaven of their first moment on the hillside. Her own reserve broke down, and from her murmured words, her sweetness, her infinite gratitude, Markham might divine still more fully the richness of that harvest which such a nature promised to a lover.

"I won't tell any one—but Muriel—till you have seen Lady Lucy," said Diana, as they approached the house, and found Markham's horse waiting at the door.

He acquiesced, and it was arranged that he should go up to town the following day, Sunday,—see Lady Lucy—and return on the Monday.

Then he rode away, waving his hand through the darkness.

Markham's horse carried him swiftly through country roads, where the moon made magic, and peace reigned. But the mind of the rider groped in confusion and despair, seeing no way out.

Only one definite purpose gathered strength—to throw himself on the counsel of Sir James Chide. Chide had known—from the beginning!

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## CHAPTER X

MARKHAM reached Felton Hall about six o'clock. The house—a large Georgian erection, belonging to pleasant, easy-going people with many friends—was full of guests, and the thought of the large party which he must face at dinner and in the evening had been an additional weight in his burden during the long ride home.

No means of escaping it, or the gossip with regard to himself, which must, he knew, be raging among the guests!

That gossip had not troubled him when he had set forth in the early afternoon. Quite the contrary. It had amused him as he rode to Beechcote, full of confident hope, to think of announcing his engagement. What reason would there be for delay or concealment? He looked forward to the congratulations of old friends; the more the better.

The antithesis between "then" and "now" struck him sharply as he dismounted. But for that last quarter of an hour with Diana how jubilantly would he have entered the house! Ten minutes with Lady Felton,—a dear, chattering woman!—and all would have been known. He pictured instinctively the joyous flutter in the house,—the merry dinner—perhaps the toasts.

As it was, he slipped quietly into the house, hoping that his return might pass unnoticed. He was thankful to find no one about,—the hall and drawing-room deserted. The women had gone up to rest before dinner; the men had not long before come back muddy from hunting, and were changing clothes.

Where was Sir James Chide?

He looked into the smoking-room. A solitary figure was sitting by the fire. Sir James had a new novel beside him, but he was not reading; and his cigar lay half smoked on the ash-tray beside him.

He was gazing into the blaze, his head on his hand, and his quick start and turn as the door of the smoking-room opened showed him to be not merely thoughtful but expectant.

He sprang up.

"Is that you, Oliver?"

He came forward eagerly. He had known Markham from a child, had watched his career, and formed a very shrewd opinion of his character. But how this supreme moment would turn—if indeed the supreme moment had arrived—Sir James had no idea.

Markham closed the door behind him, and in the lamplight the two men looked at each other. Markham's brow was furrowed, his cheeks pale. His eyes, restless and bright, interrogated his old friend. At the first glance, Sir James understood. He thrust his hands into his pockets.

"You know?" he said, under his breath.

Markham nodded.

"And you—have known it all along?"

"From the first moment—almost—that I set eyes on that poor child. Does *she* know? Have you broken it to her?"

The questions hurried on each other's heels. Markham shook his head, and Sir James, turning away, made a sound that was almost a groan.

"You have proposed to her?"

"Yes."

"And she has accepted?"

"Yes." Markham walked to the mantelpiece and hung over the fire.

Sir James watched him for a moment, twisting his mouth. Then he walked up to his companion and laid a hand on his arm.

"Stick it out, Oliver," he said, breathing quick. "Stick it out! You'll have to fight,—but she's worth it."

Markham's hand groped for his. Sir James pressed it, and walked away again, his eyes on the carpet. When he came back, he said shortly,

"You know your mother will resist it to the last?"

By this Markham had collected his forces, and as he turned to the lamplight, Sir James saw a countenance that reassured him.

"I have no hope of persuading her. It will have to be faced."

"No, I fear there is no hope. She sees all such things in a false light. Forgive me—we must both speak plainly. She will shudder at the bare idea of Juliet Sparling's daughter as your wife; she will think it means a serious injury to your career,—in reality it does nothing of the sort,—and she will regard it as her duty to assert herself."

"You and Ferrier must do all you can for me," said Markham, slowly.

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"We shall do everything we can, but I do not flatter myself it will be of the smallest use. And supposing we make no impression—what then?"

Markham paused a moment; then looked up.

"You know the terms of my father's will? I am absolutely dependent on my mother. The allowance she makes me at present is quite inadequate for a man in Parliament, and she could stop it to-morrow."

"You might have to give up Parliament?"

"I should very likely have to give up Parliament."

Sir James ruminated, and took up his half-smoked cigar for counsel.

"I can't imagine, Oliver, that your mother would push her opposition to quite that point. But in any case you have forgotten Miss Mallory's own fortune."

"It has never entered into my thoughts!" cried Markham, with an emphasis which Sir James knew to be honest. "But in any case I cannot live upon my wife. If I could not find something to do, I should certainly give up politics."

His tone had become a little dry and bitter, his aspect gray.

Sir James surveyed him a moment—pondering.

"You will find plenty of ways out, Oliver,—plenty! The sympathy of all the world will be with you. You have won a beautiful and noble creature. She has been brought up under a more than Greek fate. You will rescue her from it. You will show her how to face it—and how to conquer it."

A tremor swept across Markham's handsome mouth. But the perplexity and depression in the face remained.

Sir James had a slight consciousness of rebuff. But it disappeared in his own emotion. He resumed:

"She ought to be told the story—perhaps with some omissions—at once. Her mother"—he spoke with a slow precision, forcing out the words—"was not a bad woman. If you like, I will break it to Miss Mallory. I am probably more intimately acquainted with the story than any one else now living."

Something in the tone, in the solemnity of the blue eyes, in the carriage of the gray head, touched Markham to the quick. He laid a hand on his old friend's shoulder, — affectionately — in mute thanks.

"Diana mentioned her father's solicitors—"

"I know," interrupted Sir James,—"Riley and Bonner—excellent fellows—both of them still living. They probably have all the records. And I shouldn't wonder. if they have a letter—from Mallory. He *must* have made provision—for the occasion that has now arisen."

"A letter?—for Diana?"

Sir James nodded. "His behavior to her was a piece of moral cowardice, I suppose. I saw a good deal of him during the trial, of course. He was a sensitive, shy fellow, wrapped up in his archæology, and very ignorant of the world—when it all happened. It tore him up by the roots. His life withered in a day."

Markham flushed.

"He had no right to bring her up in this complete ignorance! He could not have done anything more cruel!—more fatal! No one knows what the effect may be upon her."

And with a sudden rush of passion through the blood, he seemed to hold her once more in his arms, he felt the warmth of her cheek on his; all her fresh and fragrant youth was present to him, the love in her voice and in her proud eyes. He turned away, threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Sir James looked down upon him. Instead of sympathy, there was a positive lightening in the elder man's face,—a gleam of satisfaction.

"Cheer up, old fellow!" he said, in a low voice. "You'll bring her through. You stand by her, and you'll reap your reward. By Gad! there are many men who would envy you the chance."

Markham made no reply. Was it his silence that evoked in the mind of Sir James the figure which already held the mind of his companion?—the figure of Lady Lucy? He paced up and down, with the image before him,—the spare form, resolutely erect, the delicate resolution of the face, the prim perfection of the dress, judged by the Quakerish standard of its owner. Lady Lucy almost al-

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ways wore gloves—white or gray. In Sir James's mind the remembrance of them took a symbolic importance. What use in expecting the wearer of them to handle the blood and mire of Juliet Sparling's story with breadth and pity?

"Look here!" he said, coming to a sudden stop. "Let us decide at once on what is to be done. You said nothing to Miss Mallory?"

"Nothing. But she is already in some trouble and misgiving about the past. She is in the mood to inquire; she has been, I think, for some time. And naturally she wishes to hide nothing from me."

"She will write to Riley and Bonner," said Sir James, quietly. "She will probably write to-night. They may take steps to acquaint her with her history,—or they may not. It depends. Meanwhile, who else is likely to know anything about the engagement?"

"Diana was to tell Mrs. Colwood—her companion; no one else."

"Nice little woman!—all right there! But"—Sir James gave a slight start—"what about the cousin?"

"Miss Merton? Oh! no. There is clearly no sympathy between her and Diana. How could there be?"

"Yes—but, my dear fellow!—that girl knows—must know—everything there is to know! And she dislikes Diana; she is jealous of her; that I saw quite plainly this afternoon. And, moreover, she is probably quite well informed about you and your intentions. She gossiped half through lunch with that ill-bred fellow Birch. I heard your name once or twice. Oh!—and by the way!"—Sir James turned sharply on his heel—"what was she confabulating about with Miss Drake all that time in the garden? Did they know each other before?"

Markham replied in the negative. But he too was disagreeably arrested by the recollection of the two girls walking together, and of the intimacy and animation of their talk. And he could recall what Sir James had not seen,—the strangeness of Alicia's manner, and the peremptoriness with which she had endeavored to carry him home with her. Had she—after hearing the story—tried to interrupt or postpone the crucial scene with Diana? That seemed to him the probable explanation, and the idea roused in him a hot and impotent anger. What business was it of hers?

"H'm!" said Sir James. "You may be sure that Miss Drake is now in the secret. She was very discreet on the way home. But she will take sides; and not, I think, with us. She seems to have a good deal of influence with your mother."

Markham reluctantly admitted it.

"My sister, too, will be hostile. Don't let's forget that."

Sir James shrugged his shoulders, with the smile of one who is determined to keep his spirits up.

"Well, my dear Markham, you have your battle cut out for you! Don't delay it. Where is Lady Lucy?"

"In town."

"Can't you devise some excuse that will take you back to her early to-morrow morning?"

Markham thought it over. Easy enough, if only the engagement were announced! But both agreed that silence was imperative. Whatever chance there might be with Lady Lucy would be entirely destroyed were the matter made public before her son had consulted her.

"Everybody here is on the tiptoe of expectation," said Sir James. "But that you know; you must face it somehow. Invent a letter from Ferrier—some party *contretemps*—anything! I'll help you through. And if you see your mother in the morning, I will turn up in the afternoon."

The two men paused. They were standing together,—in conference; but each was conscious of a background of hurrying thoughts, that had so far been hardly expressed at all.

Markham suddenly broke out:

"Sir James!—I know you thought there were excuses—almost justification—for what that poor creature did. I was a boy of fifteen at the time you made your famous speech, and I only know it by report. You spoke, of course, as an advocate,—but I have heard it said—that you expressed your own personal belief. Wherever the case is discussed there are still—as you know—two opinions—one more merciful than the other. If the line you took was not merely professional, if you personally believed your

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own case, can you give me some of the arguments—you were probably unable to state them all in court—that convinced you? Let me have something wherewith to meet my mother. She won't look at this altogether from the worldly point of view. She will have a standard of her own. Merely to belittle the thing, as long past and forgotten, won't help me. But if I *could* awaken her pity!—if you could give me the wherewithal—"

Sir James turned away. He walked to the window and stood there a minute, his face invisible. When he returned, his pallor betrayed what his steady and dignified composure would otherwise have concealed.

"I can tell you what Mrs. Sparling told me—in prison,—with the accents of a dying woman,—what I believed then,—what I believe now. Moreover, I have some comparatively recent confirmation of this belief. But this is too public!"—he looked round the library—"we might be disturbed. Come to my room to-night. I shall go up early, on the plea of letters. I always carry with me—certain documents. For her child's sake,—I will show them to you."

At the last words, the voice of the speaker, rich in every tender and tragic note, no less than in those of irony or invective, wavered for the first time. He stooped abruptly, took up the book he had been reading, and left the room.

Markham too went up-stairs. As he passed along the main corridor to his room, lost in perplexity and foreboding, he heard the sound of a woman's dress, and looking up, saw Alicia Drake coming towards him.

She started at sight of him, and under the bright electric light of the passage he saw her redden.

"Well, Oliver!—you stayed a good while."

"Not so very long. I have been home nearly an hour. I hope the horses went well!"

"Excellently. Do you know where Sir James is?"

It seemed to him the question was significantly asked. He gave it a cold answer.

"Not at this moment. He was in the smoking-room a little while ago."

He passed her abruptly. Alicia Drake pursued her way to the hall. She was carrying some letters to the post-box near the front door. When she arrived there, she dropped two of them in at once, and held the other a moment in her hand, looking at it. It was addressed to "Mrs. Fotheringham, Manningham House, Leeds."

Meanwhile Diana herself was wrestling with her own fate.

When Markham rode away from her, and she had watched his tall figure disappear into the dusk, she turned back towards the house, and saw it and the world round it with new eyes. The moon shone on the old front, mellowing it to a brownish ivory; the shadows of the trees lay clear on the whitened grass; and in the luminous air, colors of sunrise and of moonrise blended, tints of pearl, of gold, and purple. A consecrating beauty lay on all visible things, and spoke to the girl's tender and passionate heart. In the shadow of the trees she stood a moment, her hands clasped on her breast, recalling Markham's words of love and comfort, resting on him, reaching out through him to the Power behind the world, which spoke surely through this loveliness of the night, this joy in the soul!

And yet, her mood, her outlook—like Markham's—was no longer what it had been on the hillside. No ugly light of revelation had broken upon her, as upon him. But the conversation in the lime-walk had sobered the first young exaltation of love; it had somehow divided them from the happy lovers of every day; it had also divided them—she hardly knew how or why—from that moment on the hill when Oliver had spoken of immediate announcement and immediate marriage. Nothing was to be said—except to Muriel—till Lady Lucy knew. She was glad. It made her bliss, in this intervening moment, more fully her own. She thought with yearning of Oliver's interview with his mother. A filial though a trembling love sprang up in her. And the sense of having come to shelter and to haven seemed to give her strength for what she had never yet dared to face. The past was now to be probed, interrogated. She was firmly resolved to write to Riley and Bonner, to examine any papers there might be; not because she

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was afraid that anything might come between her and Oliver; rather because now, with his love to support her, she could bear whatever there might be to hear.

She stepped into the house. Some one was strumming in the drawing-room,—with intervals between the strummings—as though the player stopped to listen for something or some one. Diana shrank into herself. She ran up-stairs noiselessly to her sitting-room, and opened the door as quietly as possible.

"Muriel!"

The voice was almost a whisper. Mrs. Colwood did not hear it. She was bending over the fire, with her back to the door, and a reading-lamp beside her. To her amazement, Diana heard a sob, a sound of stifled grief, which struck a sudden chill through her own excitement. She paused a moment, and repeated her friend's name. Mrs. Colwood started. She hastily rose, turning her face from Diana.

"Is that you? I thought you were still out."

Diana crossed the floor and put her arm round the little, gentle woman, whose breath was still shaken by the quiet sobs she was trying desperately to repress.

"Muriel dear!—what is it?"

Mrs. Colwood found her voice and her composure.

"Nothing! I was foolish—it doesn't matter."

Diana was sure she understood. She was suddenly ashamed to bring her own happiness into this desolate and widowed presence, and the kisses with which, mutely, she tried to comfort her friend were almost a plea to be forgiven.

But Muriel drew herself away. She looked searchingly, with recovered self-command, into Diana's face.

"Has Mr. Markham gone?"

"Yes," said Diana, looking at her.

Then the smile within broke out, flooding eyes and lips. Under the influence of it Mrs. Colwood's small, tear-stained face passed through a quick, instinctive change. She too smiled as though she could not help it; then she bent forward and kissed Diana.

"Is it all right?"

The peculiar eagerness in the tone struck Diana. She returned the kiss a little wistfully.

"Were you so anxious about me? Wasn't it—rather plain?"

Mrs. Colwood laughed.

"Sit down there and tell me all about it."

She pushed Diana into a chair and sat down at her feet. Diana with some difficulty, her hand over her eyes, told all that could be told of a moment the heart of which no true lover betrays. Muriel Colwood listened with her face against the girl's dress, sometimes pressing her lips to the hand beside her.

"Is he going to see Lady Lucy to-morrow?" she asked, when Diana paused.

"Yes. He goes up by the first train."

Both were silent a while. Diana, in the midst of all the natural flutter of blood and pulse, was conscious of a strong yearning to tell her friend more,—to say: "And he has brought me comfort and courage—as well as love! I shall dare now to look into the past—to take up my father's burden. If it hurts—Oliver will help me."

But she had been brought up in a school of reticence; and her loyalty to her father and mother sealed her lips. That anxiety, that burden, nobody must share with her but Oliver,—and perhaps his mother; his mother, so soon to be hers.

Muriel Colwood, watching her face, could hardly restrain herself. But the moment for which her whole being was waiting in a tension scarcely to be borne had not yet come. She chastened and rebuked her own dread.

They talked a little of the future. Diana, in a blessed fatigue, threw herself back in her chair and chattered softly, listening now and then for the sounds of the piano in the room below, and evidently relieved whenever, after a silence, fresh fragments from some comic opera of the day, much belied in the playing, penetrated to the upper floor. Meanwhile neither of them spoke of Fanny Merton. Diana, with a laugh, repeated Markham's proposal for a six weeks' engagement. That was absurd! But, after all, it could not be very long. She hoped Oliver would be content to keep Beechcote. They could, of course, always spend a good deal of time with Lady Lucy.

And in mentioning that name she showed not the smallest misgiving, not a trace of uneasiness, while every time it

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was uttered it pricked the shrinking sense of her companion. Mrs. Colwood had not watched and listened during her Tallyn visit for nothing.

At last a clock struck down-stairs, and a door opened. Diana sprang up.

"Time to dress! And I've left Fanny alone all this while."

She hurried towards the door; then turned back.

"Please!—I'm not going to tell Fanny just yet. Neither Fanny nor any one—till Lady Lucy knows. What happened after we went away? Was Fanny amused?"

"Very much, I should say."

"She made friends with Miss Drake?"

"They were inseparable, till Miss Drake departed."

Diana laughed.

"How odd! That I should never have prophesied. And Mr. Birch? I needn't have him to lunch again, need I?"

"Miss Merton invited him to tea—on Saturday."

Diana reddened.

"Must I—!" she said, impetuously; then stopped herself, and opened the door.

Outside, Fanny Merton was just mounting the stairs, a candle in her hand. She stopped in astonishment at the sight of Diana.

"Diana! where have you been all this time?"

"Only talking to Muriel. We heard you playing; so we thought you weren't dull," said Diana, rather penitently.

"I was only playing till you came in," was the sharp reply. "When did Mr. Markham go?"

Diana by this time was crossing the landing to the door of her room, with Fanny behind her.

"Oh, quite an hour ago. Hadn't we better dress? Dinner will be ready directly."

Fanny took no notice. She entered her cousin's room, in Diana's wake.

"Well?" she said, interrogatively. She leant her back against the wardrobe and folded her arms.

Diana turned. She met Fanny's black eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I'll give you my news at dinner," said Diana, flushing against her will. "And I want to know how you liked Miss Drake."

Fanny's eyes shot fire.

"That's all very fine! That means, of course, that you're not going to tell me anything!"

"Fanny!" cried Diana, helplessly. She was held spellbound by the passion, the menace in the girl's look. But the touch of shrinking in her attitude roused a brutal violence in Fanny.

"Yes, it does!" she said, fiercely. "I understand!—don't I! I am not good enough for you, and you'll make me feel it. You're going to make a smart marriage, and you won't care whether you ever set eyes on any of us again. Oh! I know you've given us money,—or you say you will. If I knew which side my bread was buttered, I suppose I should hold my tongue. But when you treat me like the dirt under your feet—when you tell everything to that woman Mrs. Colwood, who's no relation, and nothing in the world to you,—and leave me kicking my heels all alone, because I'm not the kind you want, and you wish to goodness I'd never come—when you show as plain as you can that I'm a common creature—not fit to pick up your gloves! —I tell you I just won't stand it. No one would—who knew what I know!"

The last words were flung in Diana's teeth with all the force that wounded pride and envious wrath could give them. Diana tottered a little. Her hand clung to the dressing-table behind her.

"What do you know?" she said. "Tell me at once—what you mean."

Fanny contemptuously shook her head. She walked to the door, and before Diana could stop her she had rushed across to her own room and locked herself in.

There she walked up and down panting. She hardly understood her own rage, and she was quite conscious that, for her own interests, she had acted during the whole afternoon like a fool. First, stung by the pique excited in her by the talk of the luncheon-table, she had let herself be exploited and explored by Alicia Drake. She had not meant to tell her secret, but somehow she had told it, simply to give herself importance with this smart lady, and to feel her power over Diana. Then, it was no sooner told than she was quickly conscious that she had given away an advantage, which from a tactical point of view she had infinitely better have kept, and that the command of the situation

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS SHE CAUGHT AT MRS. COLWOOD'S HAND

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might have passed from her to this girl whom Diana had supplanted. Furious with herself, she had tried to swear Miss Drake to silence, only to be politely but rather scornfully put aside.

Then the party had broken up. Mr. Birch had been offended by the absence of the hostess, and had vouchsafed but a careless good-by to Miss Merton. The Roughsedges went off without asking her to visit them; and as for the Captain, he was an odious young man. Since their departure Mrs. Colwood had neglected her, and now Diana's secret return, her long talk with Mrs. Colwood, had filled the girl's cup of bitterness. She had secured that day a thousand pounds for her family and herself; and at the end of it, she merely felt that the day had been an abject and intolerable failure! Did the fact that she so felt it, bear strange witness to the truth, that at the bottom of her anger and her cruelty there was a masked and distorted something which was not wholly vile, which was, in fact, the nature's tribute to something nobler than itself? That Diana shivered at and repulsed her, was the hot iron that burnt and seared. And that she richly deserved it—and knew it—made its smart not a whit the less.

Fanny did not appear at dinner. Mrs. Colwood and Diana dined alone,—Diana very white and silent. After dinner, Diana began slowly to climb the shallow old staircase. Mrs. Colwood followed her.

"Where are you going?" she said, trying to hold her back.

Diana looked at her. In the girl's eyes there was a sudden and tragic indignation.

"Do you all know?" she said, under her breath—"all—all of you?" And again she began to mount, with a resolute step.

Mrs. Colwood dared not follow her any farther. Diana went quickly up and along the gallery; she knocked at Fanny's door. After a moment Mrs. Colwood heard it opened, and a parley of voices,—Fanny's short and sullen, Diana's very low. Then the door closed, and Mrs. Colwood knew that the cousins were together.

How the next twenty minutes passed, Mrs. Colwood could never remember. At the end of them she heard steps slowly coming down the stairs, and a cry—her own name—not in Diana's voice. She ran out into the hall.

At the top of the stairs stood Fanny Merton, not daring to move farther. Her eyes were starting out of her head, her face flushed and distorted.

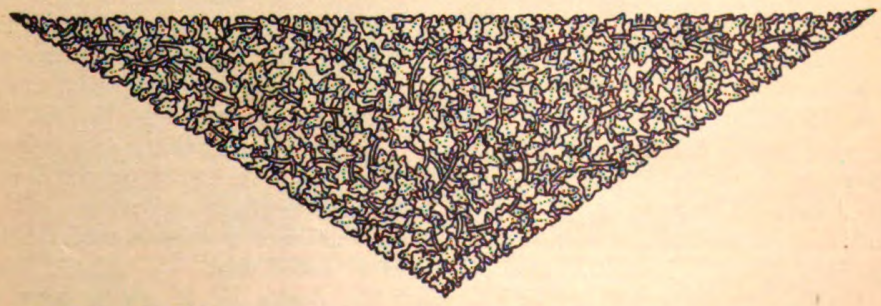
"You go to her!" She stooped, panting, over the banisters, addressing Mrs. Colwood. "She won't let me touch her."

Diana descended, groping. At the foot of the stairs she caught at Mrs. Colwood's hand, went swaying across the hall and into the drawing-room. There she closed the door and looked into Mrs. Colwood's eyes. Muriel saw a face in which bloom and first youth were forever dead,—though in its delicate features horror was still beautiful. She threw her arms round the girl, weeping. But Diana put her aside. She walked to a chair and sat down. "My mother—" she said, looking up.

Her voice dropped. She moistened her dry lips and began once more, "My mother—"

But the brain could maintain its flickering strength no longer. There was a low cry of "Oliver!" that stabbed the heart; then suddenly her limbs were loosened, and she sank back, unconscious, out of her friend's grasp and ken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





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# Like Young Lochinvar

*BY MARGARET CAMERON*

IT began the night of the Winslows' dinner, the last large dinner before they should all return to town. The evening was warm for October, but the women had elected to sit indoors, while the men had betaken themselves and their cigars to the veranda.

Within, the talk was intimate and of personal flavor; without, it swept a wider field; and Patricia Wayne, from her refuge beside the open drawing-room window, heard both and heeded neither. She was thinking, tremulously, of the look in Scott Deering's eyes as they left the dining-room, when she had nodded a consent to his whispered entreaty that presently, going home, she would walk with him to the Belknaps', where both were guests. He had expected to remain in the country until the house-party should break up, two or three days later, but business had recalled him to town, and he would be leaving early the following morning. She tried to quiet herself by the repeated assurance that his desire to see her alone before he went away could not have, so soon, the significance of which her fluttering intuitions warned her, but the memory of his face as he made his request routed all her reasonable arguments and left her quivering and acutely sensitive.

Meanwhile, the men, whose chat remained abstract and impersonal, had drifted into a discussion of the West in general and the far West in particular.

"Oh, it's a great country they've got out there, of course, but they're so confoundedly bumptious about it!" humorously complained a man who had spent the preceding winter in California. "They resent the slightest hint of criticism, or even of suggestion, no matter how gently and humbly it's offered!"

"That's because you're from what they call 'the effete East,' and are naturally narrow-minded in consequence," Deering laughingly informed him. The girl at the window stiffened slightly and listened.

The first speaker, whose name was Jerrold, promptly denied the imputation, and proceeded whimsically to detail the familiar grievances of the Easterner in California, beginning with feeling allusions to dust, fleas, fog, and imperfectly warmed houses, and plaintively submitting, at the end, that it is not wholly pleasant to feel oneself an object of commiseration merely because one cannot unreservedly share the average Californian's superlative satisfaction with his climate, soil, scenery, and social conditions. To which Deering, whose voice still held inflections of amusement, replied that this condition was perhaps due to the fact that the Californian's vision had of necessity been adjusted to big things, and that his humorous perceptions, while keen and comprehensive, had not yet been focussed upon himself. He elaborated somewhat upon this theme, suggesting that the West was like the adolescent the world over, and added: "But when he acquires that humorous perception of himself—as he will in time, because your genuine Westerner is essentially humorous—when he acquires that, he'll be no longer young, and a lot of his attraction will have vanished."

"Patty," called one of the women at this juncture, "why are you flocking by yourself in that fashion? Come into the circle."

Miss Wayne arose promptly and took her hot cheeks and flashing eyes into the full glow of the lamps, defying the half-curious, half-laughing glances of her friends, to whom the speedy announcement of her engagement to Deering was a foregone conclusion, and whose anticipation of it was none the less eager for being tactfully veiled.

"What have you been meditating over there?" asked one.

"She looks as if she'd been seeing

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens* Half tone plate engraved by G. M Lewis

SHE WAS THINKING, TREMULOUSLY, OF THE LOOK IN HIS EYES

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visions and dreaming dreams," supplied another.

"I have." Patricia laughed shortly. "I've had a vision of mysel' as ithers see me."

"Apparently you found it inspiring," suggested Mrs. Winslow, glancing at her excited face.

"I found it—enlightening," she admitted, and changed the subject.

Thereafter she was the animated centre of a laughing group, and when the men came in, Deering found not only that he could not get near her, but that he could not even win a glance from her. If he caught the ball she lightly tossed, she let it drop when he threw it back; if he addressed her directly, she answered carelessly over her shoulder as she turned to some one else. At first bewildered, he presently saw in this elusiveness the reflex of his own knowledge of what he meant to say during that promised walk home, and then he contented himself with watching her, not too openly, a grave little smile resting upon his lips, and in his eyes a deepening glow.

However, when Belknap brought the car to the door, and she said, "I choose to sit in front with Dick, going home," he overstepped the barriers with which she had surrounded herself and went straight to her side. "Have you forgotten that you promised to walk home with me?" he asked, in her ear.

"No. I've changed my mind." Her tone was perfectly level. "Are you ready, Kate?" But Mrs. Belknap was deep in the last chat she should have with Mrs. Winslow until they met in town, and the others, with tacit accord, slipped away, leaving Deering alone with Patricia in the wide hall.

"What is it?" he asked, looking down at her rigid, averted face.

"Nothing." She would have passed him, but he detained her, whispering:

"You promised."

"I repeat, I have changed my mind." The rising tide of anger choked her and she caught her breath sharply.

"How have I offended you?" He saw her lip curl. "I *have* offended you, then! Tell me. I'm going away in the morning, and this is my last chance. Tell me, won't you? You're angry about something! What have I done?"

"Doubtless you'll say that my humorous perceptions are at fault." She paused, her eyes ablaze with indignation, to note the effect of that shot, but he looked only blank and baffled. "I suppose it's impossible that the inestimable privilege of three months' visit in the East could have tempered and refined it to an appreciation of all your subtleties, but at least I have finally—if tardily—grasped some of them. You see—I happened to overhear what you were saying out there on the veranda to-night, and—and I live in California! It's my home!"

"Well, but— Yes, of course, but—I don't understand!"

"I am of the West, Western!" she cried, under her breath. "I was born in the West, reared in the West, educated in the West—and I love it! I *love* it!"

"Why—certainly! So do I!" he stammered. "But—what under heaven—!"

"*Oh!* I tell you I heard what you said! I was there by the window, and I listened! You said we were bumptious—complacent—egotistical—" Her voice was low, but the rushing words stumbled on each other's heels.

"O-oh! Jerrold said something like that, but he didn't mean half—"

"You didn't deny it! You agreed with him! He only criticised us, but you—you laughed at us! You took a horrid, lofty, patronizing attitude! You said we were big—and crude—and that we lacked temper—and refinement!" Her ireful exaggeration of his discriminative tone was very funny, and in spite of himself he laughed, even while warmly protesting:

"No, I didn't! I assure you I didn't! You misunderstood! I said that the average Westerner hadn't yet focussed his humor introspectively. I said that our enthusiastic self-confidence was sometimes a little absurd to people who—"

"Our self-confidence! *Our* self-confidence!"

"Well—I'm a Westerner, too, you know," he smilingly reminded her.

"*You*—from the *West?* Why, you were born and reared in *Indiana!*" This, as she delivered it, was a scathing arraignment, and again his laughter broke forth, although he did his best to choke it back, perceiving that it infuriated her further.

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"So I was! That's what I say!"

"And you Eastern people sit up on your prim little pedestals and patronizingly weigh us on your prim little scales, and condescend to find us—*amusing!* Crude, of course, but—amusing!"

"But, my dear girl, *I'm* not an Eastern—"

"And so you laugh—even now you're laughing at me because I stand for the West!"

"No, no, I'm not! I know you stand for the West, and I love you for it! This is all a misunderstanding!" His tone was very tender, and he had finally achieved a sort of gravity, although a twinkle still lurked in his eye. "Please keep your promise! Walk home with me, and let me tell you how impossible it is that I should ever laugh—at you!" He held out a pleading hand to her.

"I suggest that you find some one whose humorous perceptions are more subtly adjusted," said she. "Mine are being sharpened, but I doubt that they are yet equal to the occasion you offer."

With that she left him, white-faced now and serious enough, looking incredulously after her as she paused at the drawing-room door to say, "Are you never coming, Kate? We're all waiting," and went on out to the car.

"You're coming with us, Deering?" called Belknap, a moment later.

"No—no, I think I'll walk, if you don't mind. Or—no, on second thoughts, I *will* go with you!" He climbed doggedly into the tonneau behind her, determined to make her see—to make her understand—before they parted.

All the short way home Kate Belknap babbled genially of people they both knew, and he evinced a courteous interest in the plans of one and the achievements of another. He said he had not heard that Geraldine Baird was engaged, or about to be engaged, to Joe Hollis, and was inclined to doubt the report, because—aside from the fact that she was absurdly young to marry—Geraldine had been a great friend of his ever since her kindergarten days, and she would certainly inform him of so important an event as her engagement. No, to be sure, he had not seen the Bairds lately, and it was unlikely that Geraldine would write to him about it, since she had always hated writing. He really must look them up as soon as he returned to town. Yes, he knew young Hollis and liked him thoroughly. In fact, it was at his suggestion that the boy had recently been given an excellent position, practically assuring for him a successful future. Thus, and farther, he carried his end of the conversational log, all the time acutely conscious that in front Patricia was giving Dick Belknap a glowing account of the joys of camping out in the redwoods, where days are warm and nights are cool, and all the long summer one need never guard against rain.

Arrived at the house, he paused to help the women from the car, but Miss Wayne sprang out on the opposite side, and so deftly did she avoid and evade him that she had said good night and was halfway up-stairs with one of the other women before he could reach her. He overtook them on the landing.

"Won't you give me five minutes more?" he asked, lightly, guarding, for her sake, against her companion's perceptions. "I—you know, I must go very early in the morning, and there's one thing more that I want to tell you."

"You've told me quite enough for one night, Mr. Deering," she parried, in the same tone. "All my youthful intelligence can be expected to grasp."

"But—I'm afraid—in fact, I'm very sure you're going to misunderstand it all because of this one thing that I didn't tell you—that I hadn't got to when we—were interrupted."

"Oh, I assure you I understand it all quite well." She laughed. "Believe me, having learned the value of $y$ and $z$, it's quite possible to arrive at the significance of $x$, even though one be from the untutored West."

"But if you've made a mistake in finding $y$ and $z$—"

"Oh, but I haven't! You made that very clear indeed—and I was always good at algebra. Besides, it's too late to talk about it any more." Her hardly perceptible hesitation gave the words the subtlest of emphasis. "Good-by."

"As you wish, of course; but—it's possible that I may have to go abroad within two or three weeks. I shall see you in town—soon?"

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"Ah, *quien sabe?* That's a Western expression, Mr. Deering. I really can't promise. I have another visit to make, and—I shall be going home presently."

"Home?" he echoed, blankly.

"Yes; back to the West, you know,—where I belong. Good-by." She nodded lightly as she turned away, and it was all so airily done that the woman with her mistook it for comedy, devised to veil a little longer the tender understanding between them, and astutely refused to be hoodwinked.

Unwilling to believe that she would let so small a matter make so wide a breach, Deering wrote to Miss Wayne, again protesting his innocence of the charge she had brought against him; but if she received his letter, it remained unanswered. When, after a few days, she returned to town, he called at her cousin's house, but found the ladies not at home; whereupon he relinquished hope and made no further attempt to see her or to explain. He gave increasing business responsibilities as an excuse for refusing all invitations, and found tobacco no antidote for bitterness of spirit. Neither was he soothed by rumors that Jerrold was paying her marked and apparently welcome attention — Jerrold, critic of the West, of all men!

In the mean time it became evident that some member of his firm must go to England with a captious, elderly, but important client, and the choice, as Deering had anticipated, fell upon him. Savagely eager for counter-irritants, he welcomed an otherwise disagreeable task, and flung himself into preparations for departure.

On his last day in New York—he had arranged to take the five-o'clock train for Boston, whence he would sail with his client, a Lowell man, the following morning—he was about going to Jersey City to attend a final directors' meeting, with just time to make the boat, when an office-boy brought him his mail. Deering shuffled it hastily, and a small, oblong envelope caught his eye, addressed in a hand that he instantly placed as Patricia Wayne's.

"Come on, Deering; we can't afford to lose that boat. We're one late as it is," urged the man who was waiting for him.

"All right. Just a minute. This may require an answer." He tore the letter from its envelope, and read:

"DEAR MR. DEERING,—I have just this instant heard that you are going away very soon—perhaps for a long time—and I'm scrawling this in the greatest haste to tell you that I know how horrid I've been and that I want to atone. It's not too late, is it?

"If you're not vindictive—and I'm sure you're not—you'll spare me half an hour before you go—to hear my little confession."

"Deering, that boat won't wait! Read your mail on the way!"

"All right. Just a second!" With pounding pulse he read on:

"—I'll break any engagement to see you, if you'll let me know when you'll come."

"Look at that!" The other man thrust an open watch between his eyes and the page before him.

"All right!" jubilantly. "You go along. I'll catch you."

"You won't make it!"

"Yes, I will. I'll run. I've got to answer this. Go on." Already he had seized a sheet of paper and was rapidly writing, out of a brimming heart:

"DEAR,—I am not vindictive, but if I were, nothing should keep me from you to-day! I will be at your house at eight o'clock. I am expected to leave at five, but I will take the midnight train instead. I must go then, or miss my steamer, with consequences not to be estimated, but in the mean time I shall see you!

"My confession must take precedence over yours, however, and Love be merciful to me, a sinner!

Yours always,

SCOTT DEERING."

"Here!" he called to the office-boy. "Deliver this at once. Understand? *At once!* Very important. No answer. I'm going at midnight instead of at five. Change my ticket and engage my berth. But deliver that note first, and lose no time about it!" He flung the last words

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over his shoulder as he strode through the doorway, his arm in the grasp of his impatient associate, who had waited, fuming.

Earnest business discussion held his attention from that moment until after the close of the directors' meeting; but not for one instant did he lose the buoyant sense of hope revived in him by the little note tucked away beside its insignificant but precious predecessors, in token whereof his arguments that afternoon possessed a compelling force and brilliancy that prevailed against strong opposition.

On the ferry-boat, returning to New York, he seized the first moment to slip away from the group of men still threshing out their problems, that he might read lingeringly through to the end the letter that, even in its opening phrases, had changed for him the very warp and texture of life.

"DEAR MR. DEERING,—I have just this instant heard that you are going away very soon—perhaps for a long time—and I'm scrawling this in the greatest haste—"

Here he smiled tenderly, for in this more deliberate reading her perturbation was evident in the slightly loose formation of the letters, usually firmly closed and shapely, and in a less definite handling of loops and finals than was her wont.

"—to tell you that I know how horrid I've been and that I want to atone. It's not too late, is it?"

This time his heart leaped unrebuked. Oh, brave, outspoken Western girl!

"If you're not vindictive—and I'm sure you're not—you'll spare me half an hour—to hear my little confession. I'll break any engagement to see you, if you'll let me know when you'll come."

He glanced at his watch. Quarter past four; three hours and forty-five minutes to wait, and then—!

"—Only don't fail me, for I have a wonderful secret to tell you, and I can't bear to have you go so far away without hearing it. I want you to know that I've not forgotten—"

Here he came to the bottom of the page and paused to reread the last sentences. Even in his exalted state something about them chilled him slightly.

"—I have a wonderful secret to tell you, and I can't bear to have you go so far away without hearing it. I want you to know that I've not forgotten"—he turned the page—"how good you've been, even if happiness has made me self-centred and absorbed. It's a happiness that wouldn't have been possible for years but for you, and I want you to know that I am

Gratefully yours,
GERALDINE BAIRD."

He stared stupidly at the signature, unable to grasp at once its full significance. *Geraldine Baird!* A few lines were added below the date.

"P.S.—Mother says won't you come to dinner, any night that suits your convenience? Do come! And remember, it's still a secret. G. B."

All his castle of dreams faded like a mirage, and left him staring into the void, parched with a thirst that was not to be allayed, and stretching forth eager hands to grasp a shadow.

Dully he turned the note over, wondering that two people as unlike as Geraldine Baird and Patricia Wayne could possess a handwriting so similar. He had admired Miss Wayne's chirography, clear, firm, even, and yet full of odd little twists that gave it an individuality as unusual and attractive as her own. Even at that moment he would almost have sworn that she had written the sheet in his hand. He had not seen a line from Geraldine's pen since she had left boarding-school, and he did not understand why she should address him in this strain, anyway. Then he remembered vaguely the half-heeded conversation with Kate Belknap that night in the automobile, and realized that the girl had merely phrased with the extravagance of youth her gratitude for his

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assistance to her lover and her regret that she had delayed so long in sharing this strange, new happiness with so old a friend.

But Patricia remained cold. She had not written to him; she had not cleared away the mists between them, pointing a path to her side; she was not now awaiting him—and then, in one blinding flash, he read his letter to her as she would read it—as she had read it, by that time. Word for word and line for line he saw it, as if it lay written before him, and he sprang up to pace the deck while he studied it from her point of view.

First, he had addressed her as "Dear." "Miss Wayne" had seemed too distant and "Patricia" too intimate a finish, all things considered, so he had let it stand alone — just "Dear." He wondered whether, by any lucky chance, she had glanced from that first amazing word to his name at the end and had scorned to read what lay between. Next, he had tactfully assured her, apropos of nothing, so far as she knew, that he was not vindictive — a particularly happy choice of words in the circumstances!— and that even if he were, nothing should keep him from her that day—a statement which might be variously interpreted. Then had come the naïve announcement that he would favor her with his unsolicited presence at eight o'clock, and he had finished with the magnanimous suggestion that his confession should precede hers. The assumption that she must have a confession to make would naturally please her. He had gracefully added that he was eternally hers, not to be shaken off or lost, and thereunto he had subscribed his name. And this masterpiece he had sent by messenger, some three hours before, with imperative instructions to hasten its delivery.

As he walked to the office, after studying the situation in its various aspects, he decided that the least—and the most —he could do would be to seek, in a personal interview, an opportunity to humble himself by explanation and apology. Wherever the merits of the earlier case might lie, he felt that they were not conspicuously with him in the present instance, and that the fact that his wounds still bled from the previous encounter in no wise exempted him from the obligations imposed upon him by this blunder.

Next, he contemplated the luminous details of the exposition before him. He had received a letter—from a lady—addressed in a hand that he had immediately assumed to be Miss Wayne's, unchecked by the fact that his acquaintance with her writing had been limited to the frequent perusal of two very brief notes with which she had sometime honored him. Believing the communication to be from her, he had not read it through to the end, because, forsooth, he was in a great hurry. On the contrary, despite a definite knowledge that he had incurred Miss Wayne's deep and abiding displeasure, he had found nothing in the contrite tone of the first two pages of the lady's note to suggest that Miss Wayne was not its author, and he had therefore written and despatched a reply without even glancing at the signature. Moreover, the confidential character of the note itself precluded the possibility of introducing it as corroborative evidence.

Rather a dubious offering, this, to lay at the feet of a goddess already wroth. However, it was the simple truth, and he owed it to himself, as well as to her, to explain his egregious letter, even though in so doing he but changed the quality without lessening the degree of his offence.

On his desk he found another billet, whether from Patricia or Geraldine he could not tell, until investigation revealed his own letter, accompanied by a few politely chilling lines, in which Miss Wayne begged, in the third person, to return the enclosure, and regretted that an error in the address had led her into reading words evidently intended for other eyes.

Over this he knit his brows for a few minutes. That she would assume his note to have been written to another woman and inadvertently substituted for one really intended for herself was a possibility that had not before occurred to him, and he considered briefly the advisability of permitting her to continue in that belief. Again deciding, however, that courtesy and honor lay with truth,

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"THERE CAN BE NO EXPLANATION—NO EXCUSE"



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he sent a reply, also in the third person, stating that Mr. Deering would give himself the pleasure of calling upon Miss Wayne immediately, and requesting that she would not deny him an opportunity to explain and apologize for a mistake which he deeply regretted and the nature of which she had misconstrued.

Following closely in person upon the heels of this communication, he was informed that Miss Wayne was out. Mrs. King, her cousin, was also out. It was impossible to say when the ladies would return; they were not expected to dine at home. His obvious disappointment elicited the further information that they were at Mrs. Belknap's—a disclosure which the smiling maid had no reason to regret. He had entirely forgotten that it was the day of Kate Belknap's tea; Patricia would naturally be receiving and probably dining there.

That he had refused Mrs. Belknap's invitation to dinner troubled him no more than the unsuitability, at that hour, of his business dress; he drove about in a cab until half an hour before the time set for the dinner, when the afternoon's guests would have departed, and then presented himself in the Belknaps' drawing-room.

"Why, Scott Deering!" cried his hostess, the first to espy him. At the words, Patricia turned a startled face toward the door. "Where on earth—! I thought you'd gone!"

"I am gone—officially," he affirmed, acknowledging the little flurry of astonished greeting from the other guests, all of whom he knew. "At least, my trunk's gone, and I ought to be. But something happened to postpone my departure until midnight"—his glance touched Miss Wayne and detected a faint accession of color in her cheek—"and I thought perhaps you'd overlook my unkempt appearance and let me run in betweenwhiles to say good-by."

"You shall stay to dinner," said Kate Belknap.

"No—no, indeed! Impossible!"

"Why?"

"I'm not dressed—I'm not expected—I'd upset you terribly—"

"Never mind the irregularities. Dick can improvise something for you, if you care about clothes—and we're all friends. Everybody would understand."

"You're a dear, Kate, but it can't be done! I have only half an hour, and I must make the most of it. Please don't tempt me."

Mrs. Belknap, who could be trusted to see far below the surface, smiled wisely as he went straight from her to Patricia, with so definite a purpose in his eye that Jerrold, to whom she had been talking, turned promptly away.

"I've just come from your house," Deering began, simply. "They told me you were here."

"Ah?"

"I received your note, and sent up a request that you would let me explain that letter of mine."

"It hasn't occurred to you, Mr. Deering, that the letter explained itself?"

"It did not explain itself."

"Then—pardon me—I have no desire to penetrate farther into a matter that cannot possibly concern me in any way."

"It concerns you in every way. The letter was written to you."

"To me! That letter was written to *me*?" She flushed hotly.

"That's what I wish to explain."

"That is impossible! There can be no explanation—no excuse—for your addressing me in—in such a manner!"

"It was a mistake—a stupid blunder—"

"There, at least, we are entirely agreed."

"Hello, Scott!" said Belknap, entering at that moment. "What luck! I thought you'd gone!"

While Deering again accounted for his unexpected presence, Miss Wayne, bowing icily, turned away. An instant later Jerrold alertly responded to her summoning smile, observing which, Deering was swept by a hot wave of resentment, and bitterly assured himself that the fool had been answered according to his folly. Thereafter he turned his eyes steadfastly away from her, but she knew that his face was white.

He was making his way back to Mrs. Belknap to say good-by, stopping, perforce, to speak to one or two people, when he heard one of the men say:

"Ask Scott, there. He's the sort of man things happen to."

"Oh, Mr. Deering," came prompt appeal from a woman whose short stories

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they all read, "do come to my rescue! My publishers have given me a month in which to write a humorous story for their magazine, and I haven't the ghost of an idea to begin on! What is the most awkward situation you ever knew a man to be in? Socially, I mean, of course."

"Since your sex has a genius for putting mine in a false position," he retorted, "you should be able to evolve a much better situation than any I can tell you."

"Very deft—but nothing is so funny as the things that really happen. Do give me a start!"

For a moment he looked fixedly before him, his face set. Then, tentatively:

"It needn't be autobiography, I suppose?"

"Not necessarily; but it must be something that you, personally, know to have happened."

"Oh, this happened," said he, quietly. "It happened to a man I know rather well. I can vouch for it. It's not much of a story in itself—that is, it doesn't go far; but—well, it might as well profit somebody, and perhaps you can make something of it."

"You mean, there's no dramatic solution?" the woman suggested. "Oh, never mind that! If you get him into the tangle, I'll undertake to get him out."

"He got himself in," said Deering. He paused a moment, and an expectant hush fell upon the little company. Then he began, addressing the woman who had asked him for a story, as if they two were alone:

"It's about a case of mistaken identity—in handwriting."

Mrs. Belknap, looking quickly around the room to see that everybody was comfortably disposed, chanced to see Miss Wayne's face in that instant; all the others were intently watching Deering, who proceeded to outline the story of his mistake. He told it simply, tersely, impersonally, making the situation quite clear while suppressing the names, the character of Geraldine's confidential revelation, and the vital element of the man's love; and throughout the brief, bald recital he never once glanced toward Patricia Wayne. At first angry, concealing her eyes beneath haughtily drooping lids, she presently stole a peep at his face. Finding that he noticed her not at all, she regarded him more and more openly as the tale unfolded, and Kate Belknap, from her place near the door, contemplatively watched them both.

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed the woman who wrote, when he finally paused. "Why, it's a story ready made! All it needs is that he should be desperately in love with the woman who didn't write the letter."

"Yes—yes, of course," said Deering. "That would intensify the situation, wouldn't it? Well—I suppose you can add that complication. Now I must go."

"Oh, no, no!" cried two or three voices. "Tell us what happened then."

"Then? Why, nothing. That's all there is to it."

"But don't you know how it ended?" asked one of the girls.

"So far as I am concerned, that is the end," said Deering. For the first time since he had begun the story he looked across the room, straight into Patricia's wide eyes, but his glance, like his tone, was absolutely cold, and when he withdrew it—as he did almost instantly—she paled slowly. "That's all I know. You must look to Miss Grant for the rest." He indicated the story-writer.

"But I don't see why she wouldn't let him explain," persisted the girl who had spoken before.

"Probably because she was in love with him," tranquilly suggested Mrs. Belknap.

Patricia shot an apprehensive glance at her, but Deering laughed a little harshly.

"Oh no, she wasn't!" he exclaimed. "You're mistaken about that! She wasn't in the least in love with him."

Kate Belknap smiled, but held her peace, for she knew, better than most people, the time to keep silence and the time to speak.

"Do you think she was in love with him, Miss Grant?" continued the girl.

"Well, she shall be when I write the story," was the reply. "I'll make her the traditional, primitive woman—"

"And make him every woman's ideal man," suddenly said Miss Wayne.

"What's he like—the ideal man?" asked Jerrold, smiling at her.

"Lochinvar."

"Oh no! No! No!" came in quick protest from some of the women.

"Oh yes, yes!" persisted Patricia.

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*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

SHE STARED AT HIM, PALE AND WIDE-EYED

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"Deep down in her heart every woman loves Lochinvar."

"Because he came out of the West?" laughed Jerrold.

"Yes; and because—don't you remember?—

"Save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone."

"And still he got there," mused Belknap. "Yes, women do like that sort of thing."

"He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none."

Deering still stood at the door, and as she spoke the last line, Patricia, in her turn, looked across the room, directly into his eyes. Before his sternly questioning gaze, however, her own fell, and it was Kate Belknap who softly finished:

"So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

"That's all very well," said Jerrold, "but almost any fellow would be daring and dauntless if he knew there was a bride waiting for him at the other end."

"I don't remember," said Deering, "that the lady waited. It's my recollection that he took her."

"Well, he couldn't have done that if she hadn't been willing." Jerrold was a little impatient. "And, anyhow, in the present year of our Lord, a man doesn't load a woman on to his horse and gallop off with her, however much in love he may be."

"No," gravely acquiesced Mrs. Belknap; "of course not."

The entrance of the last man expected to dinner broke the circle, which immediately resolved itself into smaller units. Two men moved quickly toward the small adjoining room into which Patricia slipped, but it was Deering who confronted her there.

"*Do* you love me?" he demanded, more sternly than tenderly.

Backed up against the farther wall, at bay, her hands clenched, she stared at him, pale and wide-eyed.

"Answer me! You've played with me long enough! Do you love me?" She began to sob, tearlessly, beating her clenched hands together and staring still into his eyes, blazing from a granite face. "Oh, you know—you know! You know!"

He took one step nearer, but still questioned her. "Then why? *Why?*"

"Because—when your letter came, I—I thought it was written to—some one else—and—it killed me! Then I thought perhaps it had been written to—me,—and—that was worse! Don't you see? Don't you see? It took so—much—for granted!"

"But before that? Before?"

"Before, I—oh, how cruel you are!"

"Before?"

"I—I knew I was—horrid—that night—I knew—all the time. That made me—more furious—"

He made an impatient gesture. "Never mind that now!"

"I wanted—wanted to—write—to tell you—but I knew—I was afraid—oh, don't you see?"

"You were afraid—of love? Of me?"

"I couldn't—yield—anything"—she hid her shamed eyes—"for fear—you should think I—I yielded—"

"All? And you were not willing to yield—all—to me?" He had taken possession of her hands now, and his voice had deepened and softened and was greatly tender. "You weren't willing?"

"Not like that!" she flashed. "Not that way! Not so easily! I wanted—to—be won!"

"And have I won you, dear? Have I won you now?"

"I hate to interrupt a *tête-à-tête*," floated in a tranquil voice to them, followed, after a discreet interval, by Mrs. Belknap in person, elaborately unobservant, "but dinner has been announced. Now, Scott, there's no sense in your running away. I've already had an extra cover laid for you. Of course it will mix things up more or less, but nobody will care if we have you."

For answer he looked at Patricia.

"Do stay," said she, after a moment.

Then they both looked guiltily at Mrs. Belknap, but that gifted matron had already turned away and was serenely reentering the drawing-room without a backward glance.

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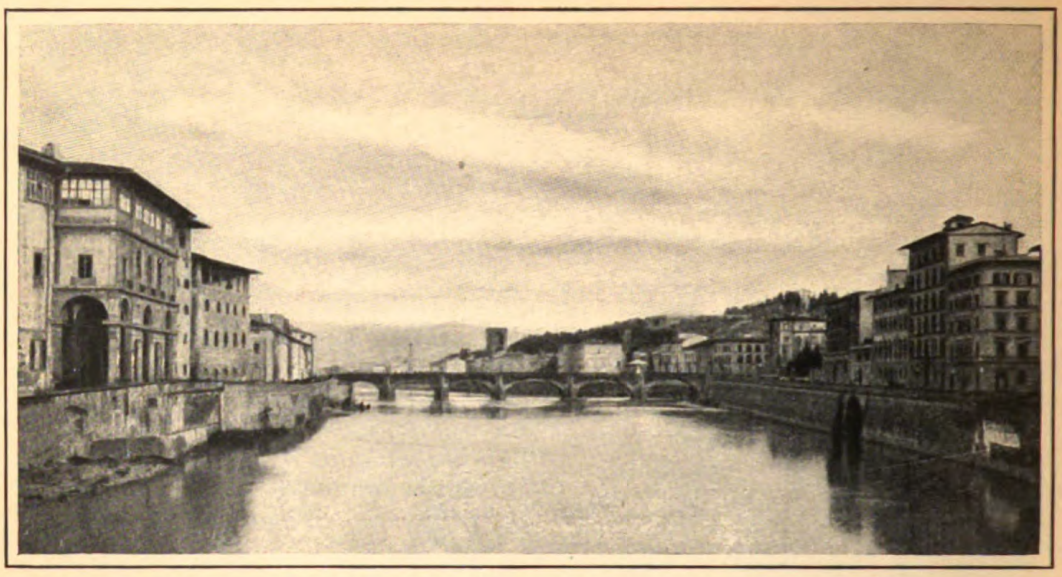

VIEW OF FLORENCE, LOOKING UP THE ARNO

# Further Glimpses of Diplomatic Life

*BY MADAME DE BUNSEN, née* WADDINGTON

"FLORENCE, MONDAY, *May 4, 1868.*

"IN the afternoon we drove to the *Corso di Gala,* where we had great luck in seeing everything. We first came across the Prince and Princess of Piedmont,* stuck fast in the crowd, in their grand glass coach. Madame Marguerite looked just a little pale and anxious, I thought, for there seemed no possibility of their getting through the fearful crowd that thronged the carriage on all sides. A little farther on we saw the King and the Queen of Portugal in the same predicament, Vittorio looking decidedly *'nervös';* indeed, we heard that he cut the *'fila'* soon afterwards, turned into a side street, and drove off. Later on we met the Duchess of Genoa, who recognized us this time, and smiled and bowed. Then on the Lung' Arno our own Prince,† who bowed most graciously. After coming to the end of the fila, we turned back again, and met the great gala carriage with the Prince and Princess a second time. We bowed, of course, and Madame Marguerite returned the salute, mechanically like any other. Then a look of remembrance seemed to flash across her face, and she bent eagerly forward quite against the window, nodding and smiling to B.* That smile and look of recognition were worth all the heat and fatigue of the corso! She looked very lovely in an ethereal white bonnet, with a blush rose at the top and another by way of fastening. I must not forget the Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia, who also bowed and recognized us, so that our list of royalties was complete. It was quite late when we got home, and we had just time to eat something and to dress for the fireworks. The Corsini Palace was magnificent. The grand staircase and great upper hall, which usually look so bare and solitary, were completely transformed, brilliantly lighted, carpeted, covered with flowers; they were splendid. At the foot of the stairs two powdered footmen in gorgeous livery held two enormous wax torches, higher than themselves. The way to the reception-rooms was marked out in the hall by a row of large candelabra, and armies of servants, some in livery, some in black, but all powdered, were there to show the way. A large tent had been constructed on the terrace for the royal party, and in the drawing-room adjoin-

* Afterwards King Umberto and Queen Margherita.

† Afterwards Emperor Frederick III. of Germany.

* My little girl, Beatrice von Bunsen.

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ing this we waited. We ladies had been told to come in high gowns, but without bonnets. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont were the first to arrive. I happened to be in a very good place, just behind the row of stiff, uncomfortable, gilt chairs which seem to be always prepared for royalty, and I could really feast my eyes with looking at Madame Marguerite. She is not much changed; taller, of course, but it is the same sweet face, the lovely hair and eyes, and every movement, every change of expression, is charming. She was perfectly self-possessed as she came in, bowing right and left, and then pausing a little before she took possession of one of the stiff chairs. She was beautifully dressed in white gaze de Chambéry striped with green, the body high and cut square in front, and a whole parure, locket, pendant, earrings, and brooch of the most superb emeralds set in diamonds. Madame d'Usedom* soon bustled up to the Princess. Madame Marguerite rose and gave her her hand, whereupon the Countess *bobbed* with a vengeance, very nearly coming into collision with the Princess's graceful head. She asked H. R. H. to her grand reception at Capponi next Wednesday, and Madame Marguerite promised to come if she was not quite knocked up. Prince Umberto was bringing up people to present to his bride and evidently exerting himself to be amiable. Soon the Duchess of Genoa arrived, and mother and daughter sat side by side. The King arrived with the Queen of Portugal, who looked languid and graceful as usual, and soon after the royalties moved off into their tent, the Duchess of Genoa pushing her daughter forward, and forcing her with gentlé violence to precede her. Our Prince was late. The fireworks were nothing very particular, the prettiest part of the sight being the Arno itself, with all the windows of the houses along its banks lighted up and quantities of boats with lamps. Every now and then Bengal fire gave a strange color to the scene and to the masses of human heads on the Lung' Arno below. When it was all over, the royalties departed, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont last, Madame Marguerite going very slowly through the rooms, pausing every two or three steps to look round and bow.

QUEEN MARIA PIA, QUEEN MOTHER OF PORTUGAL

"Yesterday there was a dinner at seven at Capponi—a small party, only the legation to meet the Prince and suite. The only *outside* lady asked was the Duchess Sforza, whom H. R. H. knew in Rome. Vittorio had taken our Prince out driving, so he had sent a message to say he was afraid he should be late —and late he was! I don't envy the

* Wife of the Prussian Minister to the Court of Italy.

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poor cook's feelings! The dinner was not very bright at first, for we were all exhausted—from hunger, I think—excepting the Prince, whose powers of bearing heat and fatigue appear unrivalled. As de Renzis explained to me, *'La première chose le matin il se met un bon bifteck dans l'estomac, et après cela il peut faire tout ce qu'on veut.'* This, of course, strikes Italians, who generally breakfast on a cup of black coffee at the nearest restaurant. The Prince had taken in the Countess and sat between her and the Sforza, always insisting on the two ladies being helped before him. I fell to Usedom's share, and sat opposite, but there was a great bouquet on the table which prevented my seeing anything but the Prince's orders, to my intense disgust. He had on two, one Prussian *'pour le mérite'* and the Italian gold medal, both very rare and won by himself on the field of battle. After the champagne, Usedom brightened up and became paternal and amusing. He has a hard life of it at present, for he scarcely likes to let the Prince out of his sight. Count Otto was keeping his end of the table in roars of laughter, which, I believe, was not quite according to etiquette; but even General von Stosch, the chief aide-de-camp, who was very near the Prince, after trying hard to keep his stiffness and dignity, succumbed like the rest. After dinner the Countess called to me, 'Madame de Bunsen, the Prince is admiring your lace' (I had on the Malines over green faille, with a pale rose in my hair). I approached, of course, and H. R. H. asked if he might touch it. He took up a bit to examine it, but I do not think he knows much about it. While we were talking, coffee was served, and as usual a little tray with only one cup on it was brought expressly to H. R. H. This he offered to me, not choosing to help himself before a lady. Now I have heard that at courts you should never refuse anything that comes in your way. Still, help myself out of that particular tray I felt to be impossible (it would have upset all the arrangements), so I curtsied and thanked, and said I did not care for coffee, which was a fib, for I regretted not having any. After that an obnoxious aide-de-camp came up and put an end to the conversation, which had been really most pleasant. All the gentlemen went to smoke on the terrace in the exquisite moonlight. You must remember what the Capponi terrace is at this time of year! Madame d'Usedom put on a cloak and went out too, but as neither the Duchess Sforza nor Miss Malcolm nor Hildegarde followed her example, I did not like to leave them, and so we had a long dull evening. Hardly any of the gentlemen came near us, and the Prince only came back to say good-by at about midnight.

"To-day we are to be presented to the Princess of Piedmont at half past three, and there is the court ball in the evening. To-morrow there is the tournament and the grand reception at Capponi in the evening."

"FLORENCE, *May 7, '68.*

"I have let three days pass without writing, and hardly know how I am to continue my journal, there is so much to say and I am so done up from fatigue. Our presentation to the Princess of Piedmont did not take place, after all. She had a bad cold, and had to keep in bed in order to be present at the court ball.

"In the evening I dressed quietly for the court ball. C.* dined with the Cronprinz, and came back quite touched with his kindness—that is, however, our habitual state of mind; but on this occasion he had given him a beautiful large colored photograph of himself, with the signature Frederick Wilhelm and the date Florence, 1868. It is a perfect likeness, so that you may imagine that it is a real treasure and remembrance of some of the most interesting days in our lives. The court ball was fearfully hot, and we had to wait quite unusually long before the royalties appeared. It was the first time I saw the Crown Prince in uniform, in which he looked splendid. He danced with Madame Marguerite and the Duchess of Genoa. The Queen of Portugal and the Grand Duchess Marie would not dance. It is charming to see our Prince with Madame Marguerite; he is so chivalrous in his manner to her, and she looks so bright and evidently enjoys his conversation. After a time she got up from her place and came over to talk with the diplomatic ladies;

* My husband, Carl von Bunsen, at that time Conseiller de Légation at Florence.

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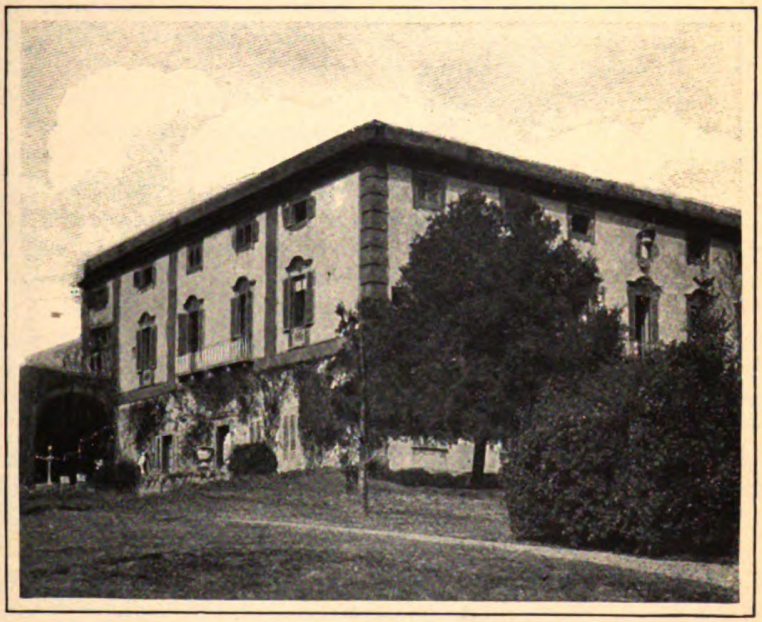
she recognized me and I *bobbed;* then she came and talked to me over the chairs. *'Comment va Bibiche? Je l'ai reconnue l'autre jour en corso,'* etc., etc., to the astonishment of my neighbors. I asked how she was. *'Oh! ce n'est rien; trop de "strappazze," voilà tout.'* Presently the Duchess of Genoa came round, and she also talked to me over the chairs. Then our Prince appeared, and had himself presented to some beautiful Roman ladies, who had come expressly for the ball, and were the success of the evening. One of them is a German by birth. I only got a bow — a charming little bow, it is true — but I have been spoiled and like to have more! One interesting episode of the ball was the Crown Prince presenting Unruhe, and another Prussian lieutenant who was in the war, to the King. He looked so grand and stately, presenting them as if they had been his children, and they went through the ordeal very well, conscious of that powerful support, and obeying him, their Prince and general, just as they would have done on the field of battle."



VILLA CAPPONI (NOW LA PIETRA), SHOWING THE TERRACE TO THE LEFT

"*May 8.*

"I had the pleasure of driving up to Capponi behind two royal carriages, whose red liveries I could see in the light of the lamps. Capponi was all illuminated and looked very pretty. C., Count O. D., and Count Eulenburg were at the entrance waiting to receive the royalties, and to let the Crown Prince know of their arrival, that he might come and meet them, as he was doing the honors. The rooms were filling fast, and presently Count Eulenburg came in hot haste to call the Prince, as the Prince and Princess of Piedmont were there. Madame Marguerite was looking much better, and passed, bowing gracefully as is her wont, into a sort of inner sanctuary reserved for the *'hohe Herrschaften.'* It was really Madame d'Usedom's bedroom, with all the furniture changed and everything beautifully arranged for the occasion. Soon the Duchess of Genoa came out of this room and began to converse with all the persons she knew, beginning with me, as I was standing near the door; she certainly talks very pleasantly. The crowd, however, soon became so great that she retired again into the inner room. Our Prince then led out Madame Marguerite, but though way was made for them to pass, the rooms were too full to move about in, and the Countess established the Princess on a sofa in the corner of the big drawing-room, and set me down by her. We talked very pleasantly, Madame Marguerite inquiring as usual for Bibiche: *'J'espère que vous me l'amènerez, au moins!'* I told her B. had almost cried the day I was dressing for the presentation to her (which did not take place) because she could not go too. *'Eh bien, elle ne m'a pas oubliée, c'est bien!'* Then she showed me a diamond necklace and locket she had on. *'C'est joli, n'est-ce pas? c'est la garde nationale du royaume qui me l'a donné aujour-*



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*d'hui.'* It was so funny to hear her talk in her old natural, rather abrupt way. '*Je suis bien grandie depuis que vous ne m'avez vue, n'est-ce pas?*' I thought that was quite charming, coming from her in her present position! As you may imagine, I would have sat and talked on there willingly enough, but I saw all eyes fixed upon us, and told the Princess that I must not absorb her entirely. '*Qu'est-ce que je dois faire? je n'ai jamais été à une soirée, moi; comment fait on?*' I had certainly been to plenty of soirées, but I was not much more 'au courant' of what a Princess was expected to do than she was! Her ladies were flirting in the next room. The Countess d'Usedom, as I afterwards heard, had lost a splendid pearl and diamond earring, and was engaged in looking for it, and energetically lamenting its loss. It was found later. Count d'Usedom had disappeared completely from our regions. Our Prince was taking care of himself, holding his own manfully in the midst of the crowd, and talking to all. Prince Umberto was doing likewise. I was left entirely to my own discretion and acted up to my lights on the occasion. At last we determined that I should bring up Mrs. Cadogan, who evidently wished to have that honor, having placed herself exactly opposite, and eying the Princess '*avec un sourire de béatitude.*' As she had been presented at the ball the night before, she was quite *en règle*. I went to tell her the Princess wished to speak to her, and installed her on the sofa. I then began to look for other people to bring up, and found it no easy task. Most of the Florentines, I knew, had not yet been presented, and I could not take *that* responsibility on myself. Then many who had been presented were stupidly nervous and shy, and would not hear of going near poor Madame Marguerite unless expressly sent for by her; so I had a good deal of going backwards and forwards and curtseying to the Princess, who bent forwar' eagerly and graciously to hear what I had to propose. At last Mlle. A. arrived and sat herself down by Madame Marguerite; so, as she was no longer alone, I went into the next room. There the Duchess of Genoa instantly called to me: '*Madame de Bunsen, ma fille est-elle toujours là?*' I tried in answering to combine the Altesses Royales of both the Duchess and Madame Marguerite, and got into some confusion, I am afraid. Presently she went to take leave of her daughter, and the Duchess having gone, matters became simplified. Madame d'Usedom again took charge of Madame Marguerite, leading her in to supper, presenting people to her right and left, and apparently amusing her well. Our Prince had his supper, too, and in all respects the soirée went off brilliantly, the buffet was magnificent, and the whole thing seemed to be considered a great success. There was just about half an hour of rather too much crowd and a little confusion. In the midst of it all I had a kind squeeze from the Crown Prince's hand, which I felt to be an encouragement under the circumstances. He departed very late, people pressing to be presented to him till the very last moment, when he really looked tired, which for him is a wonder. C. sat by Jasmund, one of the Prince's officers, at dinner, and had a very interesting conversation, so that all had gone off well."

"Yesterday there was only the Cascine ball in the evening, and Count Otto advised C. to go to the Hôtel della Pace towards six, when he would certainly be asked to dinner, and so take his leave quietly of all the suite. The Crown Prince himself was to dine quite alone with the King, only de Renzis waiting outside to accompany him back. C. did not quite like the idea of asking for a dinner, but it turned out to be quite the right thing to do. He was instantly invited to stay, and whilst they were still at table the Prince came in quietly by a side door. The Prince sat down at the opposite end of the long table and began talking. Soon he called out, in the voice which, despite all politeness, has the ring of command in it, 'Herr von Bunsen.' C. left his dessert and came and sat by him, while he spoke about several rather delicate negotiations C. had undertaken for him, in all of which he has been lucky. Then *à propos* of something in the conversation, the Prince told him several anecdotes of his campaign in Bohemia, imitating the people and their way of speaking in a most amusing manner. Then they all went

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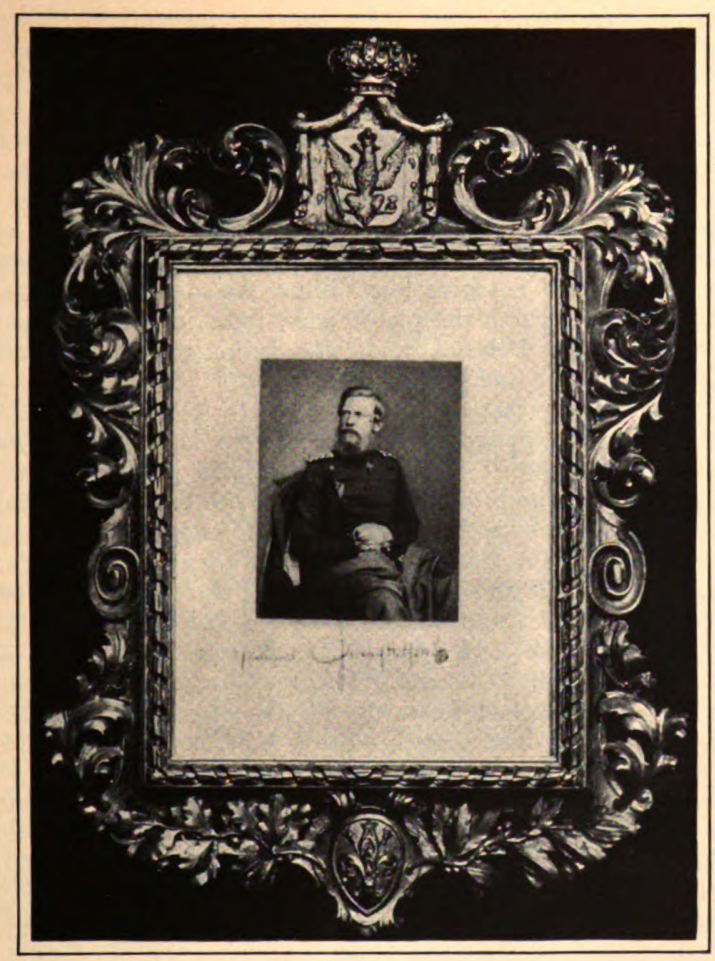

A ROYAL GIFT
"Signed portrait of the Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia, given by himself to my husband at Florence in 1868."

to smoke, and the Prince said he wished for the photographs of all the members of the legation for an album he has—I am to send mine too. When he dismissed them he gave them all his royal hand for the first time.

"The ball at the Cascine was really beautiful. There was a '*bal populaire*,' with music, on the Piazzone, the trees were all illuminated with colored lamps that looked like big transparent fruits, and the whole place was like fairy-land. Inside, the arrangements were very good; the corps diplomatique had a place apart behind the royal party, from which we could see all that went on. The heat was great, but it was quite pretty and pleasant. Our Prince as usual went about and spoke to quantities of people. I got only a bow, which was sad, as it was my last time of seeing him! When the royalties went to supper we came away, and got home about half past one. The servants asked permission to go and see the Cascine, as all Florence was up and there still. It was not worth while for C. to go to bed, as he had to be at the station in full uniform at four to see the Crown Prince off. So I kept him company, and we passed our time talking until he had to go off in the gray dawn, looking so odd in uniform at that time of day. I would have given a great deal to go with him, but it was impossible, of course, as none but men would be there.

"He came back much edified, saying it was all so well done, no haste or hurry. The Princes Umberto, Amedeo, and Carignan were all there. Our Prince had begged them not to come at that early hour, but the answer was, '*Mon-*

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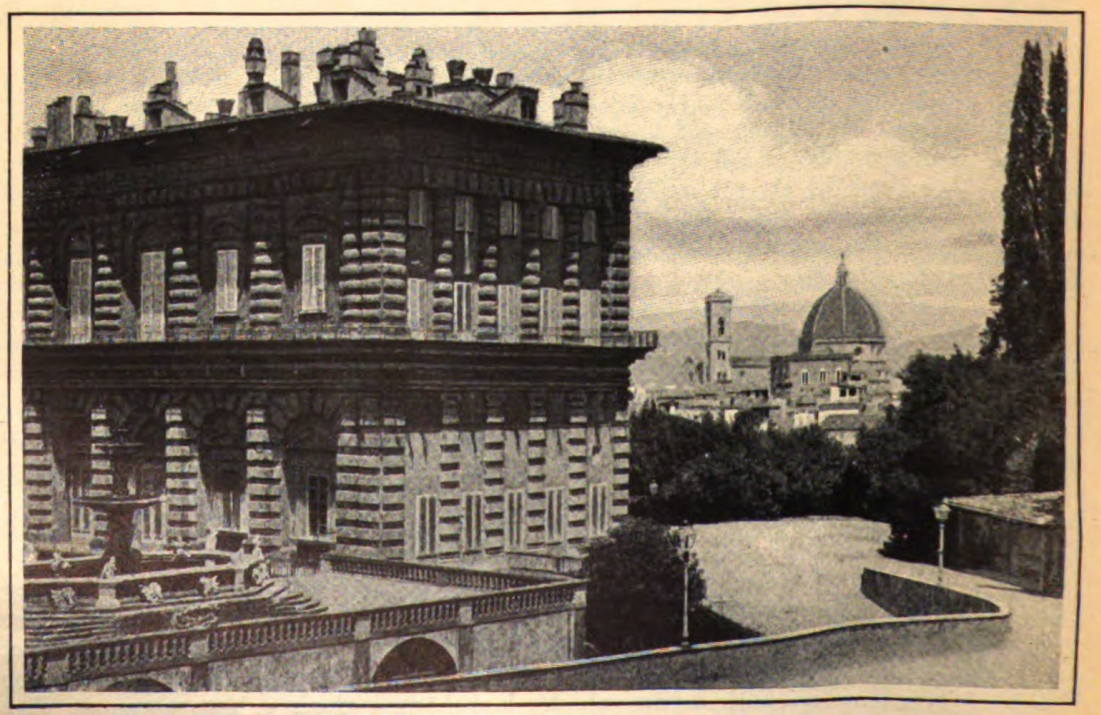
*seigneur, nous connaissons notre devoir!'* He did not forget the Prussians, however; a circle was formed and the Prince went round, beginning with C., to whom he said, *'Grüssen Sie zu hause.'* He spoke a few words and shook hands with each one, even with the Kauzlist Heckert, but only with *his own* people! He talked with Schweizer, the Baden minister, and was very gracious, but did not give him his hand. Then he went on to the platform, took leave of the Princes, and entered his special train, talking and laughing with them till the last moment. Usedom and Count Otto go with him as far as Genoa, I believe.

"And so he has gone, and the black and white flag no longer waves from his windows at the Hôtel della Pace, and, what with the sleepless night and the sudden cessation of the interest and excitement of his presence, one feels quite queer and at a loose end. I honestly confess I had not much looked forward to his coming, as I had no idea what his visit would be like, and my experience, limited certainly, of princes till now, had not given me any particular longing for their *'nähere Bekanntschaft'* (nearer acquaintance). Now his stay here will always be a most pleasant and interesting remembrance. The delight of seeing a man nobly filling the high station in which God has placed him, never thinking of himself, always the same, good-tempered, polite, considerate, and kind to everybody. His suite cannot say enough in his praise. All through the war, in the most anxious moments, his cheerfulness and nerve never failed him. As to the impression he has made here, there is but one cry: *'Comme vous êtes heureux d'avoir un tel Prince!'*"*

"*May 9.*

"There is still a ball at the Casino this evening, but we are not going. I must write one of these days to the Marquise Montereno, Madame Marguerite's *dame d'honneur,* to ask for an audience, as the Princess specially told me to come and see her and bring B. Apropos of this, I must tell you an anecdote of B. Anina, her former nurse, came to see her the other day, and B. informed her that Mlle. A. had promised to take her to see Madame Marguerite. *'E che li dira alla Principessa?'* ('What will you say

* It is pathetic to think of what his short and tragical reign of ninety days as Emperor Frederick III. of Germany really came to twenty years afterwards—in 1888.



PALAZZO PITTI, WITH A VIEW OF FLORENCE

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to the Princess?'), asked Anina. '*Come tu sei sciocca,*' responded the child. '*Aspettero di sentire quello che mi dira la Principessa, e poi li risponderò.*' ('How silly you are! I will wait and hear what the Princess says to me, and then I will answer her.') I think that is rather good. After this interview, I suppose, we shall be quite quiet until we have to begin to pack for our summer move. Just at present everything feels very dull and flat after the great excitement of the past week. In one way we feel thankful to be able to stay at home and eat our meals in peace, but we have not yet settled down to our ordinary occupations, and feel tired and restless.

"*May 14.*

"Yesterday I took B. to see the Princess, as Madame de Montereno had written to appoint an audience at one o'clock. I felt just a little nervous, but all went off as easily as possible. All the '*valetaille*' in red liveries at the Pitti are extremely civil, and we made our way quite easily to the Princess's apartment, which is an awful way up. There is first a great antechamber for flunkies, and then another where the Prince's ordinance officers, etc., were, all smoking. This looked alarming, but a chamberlain came forward and said he was afraid Madame de Montereno was not there yet, but would I come into the antechamber. This was a handsome room, the tables all covered with letters, despatches, and writing materials. There were magnificent bouquets stuck about and some good furniture. B. and I waited there for some time, the chamberlain making conversation occasionally. An ordinance officer came in to write a letter, and then another lady arrived, who told me she was to have *her* audience at a quarter past one! Finally the chamberlain, who had peeped several times into the next room, opened the door and signified that I was to go in. Inside stood Madame Marguerite, who advanced to meet us, embraced me, and began kissing B.; there was very little etiquette. She made me sit beside her on the sofa, and took B. on her lap, quite regardless of her beautiful dress, which was hardly fastened, she said, she had been in such a hurry, and excused herself for keeping us waiting. She had been out since eight in the morning visiting schools, hospitals, etc. '*Le Prince m'attendait déjà pour le déjeuner quand je suis rentrée, puis j'ai encore en à faire, maintenant j'ai des visites jusqu'à trois heures; j'ai à peine vu mon mari un instant.*' She stopped and smiled. '*Cela me semble encore si drôle de dire mon mari!*' Then she talked to B., who sat and gazed at her. '*C'est pour moi que tu as ces marguerites à ton chapeau, Bibiche?*' She then took out a little chain and locket and fastened them round Beatrice's neck. '*Je voulais y mettre mon portrait, mais je n'ai vraiment pas en le temps. Je te l'enverrai!*' Parting with Mlle. A. was, she said, the only grief she had at present. '*Au reste je suis si heureuse et contente!*' Then she embraced me again, and the interview was over. The chamberlain must have been very near the door, for no sooner did I put my hand on the lock than he opened it, and having made my final curtsey, I departed. Prince Umberto had joined his officers, and they were all smoking together in the antechamber. Of course I had to stop and curtsey to the Prince, who made me a very civil bow. General Cugia, too, was very friendly. B. was much impressed by the whole proceeding. '*Oh! maman, comme la Princesse est jolie! Beatrice ne l'avait pas bien vue en voiture!*'"

"*May 15.*

"Yesterday evening at eleven the Prince and Princess of Piedmont left Florence to go to the fêtes at Genoa."

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# Venus in the Fields

*BY GEORG SCHOCK*

IT was absolutely dark. Even the windows could not be seen, for there was no light outside to come through; they were heard when the rain tapped or the wind rattled them. The uproar of the striving wind and charging rain rose and fell and rose, and there was something frightful about so much noise in that ponderous darkness. The sky, it seemed, had trouble.

Trouble was within also,—perceptible, here where the eye was impotent, in small, significant sounds. Two people were breathing in the room. One respiration was low and had a plaintive catch, as if grief had followed beyond the present world. The other gasped: each lift of that weary breast was an achievement: it labored on, in the musty dark, like a machine that is running down.

The sleeper began to moan, with a voice that gave the unpleasing sound a dovelike sweetness, and moved in her bed in some imagined misery of a dream. The other suspended the work of breathing to listen, until the moan became a cry; then she said:

"Rachel! *Rachel!*"

"O-o-oh!" sighed the sweet voice, which suddenly turned shrill. "Mother, are you there?"

"Yes; here am I."

"How is it with you?"

"Just as usual. Had you a dream?"

"A dreadful dream. I dreamed that you were—gone."

"That is not yet the truth. Sleep again."

The covers made a hushing sound as Rachel turned her whole body with a desperate toss. "Mother, when I think of it I think I cannot sleep. I want to stay by you night and day, and lose no minute of the time. And if what you say must be, how shall I ever sleep again?"

The reply came out of the black, broken by hard breaths, but deliberate and dignified: "My daughter, when my time comes, then shall I leave you. Not later, not sooner. I want you not to turn away from this, but to look at it well, while I am yet here. Then will it be lighter for you."

"Nothing can make it lighter. I cannot work through it. If there were just something I could do! Mother, can you not think of something I could do for you?"

"*Ja.*"

"What? I will."

"Do not say that yet,"—the mother rebuked the ardor of youth, too ready to promise. "What I want is no little thing. I intended to speak of it, but the time had not come. Now, however, I think the time is here, night though it be, and I should put it off no longer. Daughter, when a mother knows that soon she must leave her only child, she learns what care is. What she then desires is to see that child in good hands."

"Indeed, I will do just what you tell me."

"You are inexperienced, you were never yet alone, you will have property to take care of. If I do not know how you live, or if you are content or not, how can I think of what lies before me and be at peace?"

"Only say what I shall do."

"Yes, well. Rachel, for a young woman there is but one thing. That is what the Lord intended her for when He made her a woman, before He pushed her into the world. She is to be the woman to some man. Therefore I want to be secure of this for you."

"Who—?"

"I want you to be married to Dan Breidegam."

Rachel made a little, pitiful sound.

"Do not do that; let us have no whining. I give you my reasons. Are you ready to listen?"

"I am ready."

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"You are a good girl. Attend, then, to what I say. It is now two years that Dan Breidegam comes after you, and when you say no he will not hear it. He does not look for your property; he has more than you. Neither has he such a crazy notion for you as some men get; no, he wants you as a man should. Heretofore, though I thought you made a mistake, I said nothing, for I believed that he would recover from it and you would see some other man; but these things have not happened. He still comes after you. No one else comes. I do not inquire whether you think of any other; I do not insult you, to imagine that my daughter could be so wrong-headed as to think of one who does not think of her. So I conclude that the best thing for you is to marry Dan Breidegam, who will take good care of you."

Rachel said nothing.

"He is a handsome man. Do you dislike him?"

"No, I like him. But—I think there is something strange about him,—his eyes are such a queer shape, like a cat's; and that long, yellow mustache, it makes me think of the bearded wheat."

"These are very foolish considerations," said the mother, in her balanced and judicial Dutch. "If you have something weighty against him, tell it, and I will thank you. If not, behave reasonably. This is the time for you to speak."

"I cannot think how it would be if I were once married to him. I cannot be acquainted with him. Here he has been coming for two years, in spite of all I could say. He is a strange fellow." Rachel had to speak very loud, against a sudden outcry of the wind.

"I do not blame you to feel a little timid; that becomes a girl. Marriage is a wonderful change. But if you disobey me, that I cannot excuse. I tell you all will be right; he will be a good husband; with him you will be well off. Also, I will ask you this: Is it not a great thing that a good man should think so much of you? Are you not grateful to him?"

"Mother, you are right. I should be grateful. I am grateful." The sweet voice warmed.

"Then should you not do what I tell you?"

The question, from the invisible questioner, was as calm as if it asked the conclusion of a syllogism. Rachel could no more stop that logic than she could stop the rain.

"May I not take time to think it over?"

But for the fighting breath the room was still within. All the pathos of sickness, at once appealing and revolting, was in that most pitiful sound.

"*Mei Kind,* I can promise that time to you, but how much time can you promise to me?"

What Rachel felt was a thing she knew not, which pled for its future due, which menaced also. She no longer heard the storm.

"Rachel, my dear daughter, if you have good reason to refuse me, say so. I will not even ask you what it is. If not, I want to hear you say, 'I promise to marry Dan Breidegam, that my mother may die in peace.'"

That resistant outcry of her heart—what was it against the calm voice from the darkness, which labored so? She defied it.

"Dear mother, I promise that, if he will take me, I will marry Dan Breidegam."

"That I may die in peace."

"That—if you must leave me—you may—go—in peace."

The visitor stopped at the gate, and looked about him with the air of a satisfied connoisseur. He could find no fault at all: at the perfection of those premises any property-owner must have smiled. The one horse-chestnut, now dropping its harlequin-faced blossoms, was whitewashed six feet up, the wall was whitewashed, the grape-arbor might have been marble. The house itself, though it was old, was white as milk, with green shutters, and a green seat on each side of the green door. That door was reached by an unwavering path, flanked by two round flower-beds, in which pansies and geraniums already bloomed, and later flowers, balsam and phlox and portulaca, had put up their little heads. There was not a dead leaf, a weed, or a spot of dust. It was all neat and sweet and quiet, full of delicate early-summer odors, shining with cool yellow light from the west.

A clump of live-forever, flourishing on

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*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs* Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

RACHEL SHRANK BEFORE HIM

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the wall between the stones, caught the visitor's eye, and he limped over and looked doubtfully at it. "I wonder why that has not been pulled out?" he thought. "I really believe she scrubs it!" He fingered the fleshy, silver-green leaves, and thrust his hand among the stems, which parted: the clump was made up of two plants grown together. "Well, I declare!" he said. His face lighted, with an expression of wonderful pleasure and tenderness, and he drew the stems gently into place, and sat on a green bench and waited.

That tenderness, never seen except by one person, became him. Without it he was intimidating. He was fair and strong, and his lameness did not cripple him,—it was, indeed, an attribute of the more formidable gods. His mouth was hidden by his long mustache; his slightly oblique eyes, between a heavy brow and cheek-bones, were neutral as the sea on a gray day. He looked massive: but it was doubtful where his weight would be thrown. No one in the neighborhood, not even the minister, could predict the decisions of Dan Breidegam.

He sat still as a stone, listening to the evening sounds—the waterlike song of a robin on the ridge-pole, the step of a woman in an open-windowed upper room. He did not knock nor call, for he was not the man to hasten the goods that time was bringing. Time brought them soon. The door opened, and Rachel came and sat opposite him.

"Hear that robin," she said. "So he sings every night."

"I have something better to think about,—*mei Amschel.*"

"What now?" she asked, half irritably.

"You thought I should not see the *Lebenskraut.*"

"What *Lebenskraut?* What about it?"

There was anxiety in her voice, if he had noticed; but he only sat and looked at her with his smiling, oblique eyes. Then he said: "The Lord made but one of your kind. You are the prettiest thing I ever saw."

She was not: and that he could so gaze and think it proved how love controls the retina. She was a dark, thin girl, who appeared smaller than she was. Her charms were two: a mouth broad in the middle and curved at the corners, and a pair of oval and very white eyelids. As to all the rest she was plain, and, it seemed, ill-tempered.

"Can you not answer me?" she said.

"You talk cross so that I shall not think too much of it: you know very well how it pleases me. When I looked over your place, so neat and well-kept, I wondered why you left that weed to grow in your white wall; and then I thought how the girl who is in love and doubtful will stick two pieces of the *Lebenskraut,* without roots, into a fence or somewhere, and if they grow she knows the man loves her also. Yours told the truth for sure, but you needed no rootless weed to say so. I myself told you often."

At first she listened to him with apprehension, then her white eyelids hid her eyes, and she said nothing; but he was contented. "Ten days more," he said, after a silence. "Next week, Wednesday—"

"Do you not think would be better to put it off till fall?"

"We do not put it off a day. Next week, Wednesday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, we are married, and then we go right to my house, because you want to have it so, and then—"

He went on with such a certainty of happiness that it was pitiful: he tempted the gods. The yellow clouds were all gone from the sky when he concluded his happy monologue. "So I rest not until you live in the nicest farmhouse in Berks County. And you shall not pinch while I do it; you shall dress as well as any woman in the church. Is there not something now that I could buy you?"

"No, thank you. I have things."

"I know you have—pretty things; but I should like so to get for you. Well, now, will you take a walk, or shall I fetch a horse and buggy?"

She allowed her head to droop until it rested against the door-frame. "I think I stay here to-night," she said, plaintively.

"Your head aches,—not?" he exclaimed. "And I talk, and make it worse. I leave you to rest. Shall I send my sister over?"

"Leave me, just, and I go to bed," she sighed. "In the morning I am well again. I did a little too much, I think,—getting ready."

"Getting ready!" he repeated, solemn-



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ly. "Soon I need not leave you when you feel tired or sick. Soon I have you for mine all the time. It will be wonderful!"

He gazed down at her leaning against the door-frame like a vine, lowered his Slav-like face and kissed her once. "Good night," she said, in her sweet, remote voice. Then he went away reluctantly, and limped up the road.

She remained in that piteous attitude, only moving her eyes to see if he had really gone, until it occurred to her that he might watch, and return if she were too piteous. While she closed the house she saw from an upper window, down in the dusk, his faithful figure turned anxiously back, and she made haste to shut that window. Then, when the house appeared steeped in sleep, she went and sat in her dark parlor and waited, as Dan had waited. Before long there was a knock at the side door.

"Have you no light?" said a man's voice.

"No. We sit outside."

"Do not be afraid; I passed him on the road. Make a little light for a minute only, so that I can see you. And give me your hand, or I strike something in the dark."

"If I must make a light, you can wait there. You do not need my hand."

"You would not leave me out here, all alone? Give me your hand to lead me in,—please, Rachel."

She laughed, but the laugh was cut short as if she were ashamed of it. The candle flame, hollowing the darkness, turned her chin and throat to a warm yellow and made her eyes glitter.

"Not much of a light," she said.

"Enough for us."

He had watched as though the candle were to illumine a pagan shrine and show the very goddess. Rachel, like a woman, shrank from the revelation, but he demanded it. Now they stood and gazed, earnestly; there seemed to be something vital to each in the aspect of the other, as indeed there was. She was the first to flinch; she slowly blushed, and lowered her beautiful eyelids, with an uneasy sigh; she drooped before him.

"Come here," he said.

She came. At first she was reluctant, but he made her soften: she did not resent his ardor: she looked and looked at him; she reached up and touched his lean cheek and his black hair, soft as plumage. "You are a beautiful man," she said, aloud, but to herself.

"Did he kiss you to-night?"

"Once."

"*Ach!*"

He held her jealously, half ready to thrust her away.

"When he does, I close my eyes and try to think it is you."

At this he gave a short laugh. "Can you think it is I? Well, never mind. How did you get rid of him?"

"I deceived him. I made him think that I had headache and would go to bed," she answered, sadly.

He shot at her a look that was almost amused—a look directed at the feminine conscience. "I was in the city, and I brought you something," he said, and she asked, "What?" like a child.

The gift was a flask of perfume, pleasantly round to hold, the liquid golden, the odor seductive. It delighted her.

"I asked the name," he said. "Opopanax. They told me that it came from a shrub with a small, yellow flower. In the South it grows."

"In the South—" she repeated, vaguely, looking far away. Then she seemed to rush back to him. "Thanks, Judah, thanks! He asks me what I want. And then I want nothing."

"Poor fellow!"

"And to-night he saw the *Lebenskraut,* and he mistook it!"

"Tell me about that."

"I will; but come out now."

He made her lead him into the gray darkness, and they sat together under the grape-arbor, which barred the dusk with white, and the stars looked at them between the young vine leaves. It was a bright night. They could see each other's faces, which were cool to their touch, for the spring air was damp.

"Now, how about the *Lebenskraut?*"

For a little while she did not answer. Then she said, as if she were musing, "Judah, how did you come to feel this for me?"

"That morning in church, as I have already told you. Never did I seem to see you right before. Then that Sunday it so came about that I was late, and

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did not sit in our own pew, which is in front of yours, but in the back of the church, behind you; and I looked at you. I knew already that you were promised to Dan Breidegam; but I came here that same night. It is only six weeks ago, Rachel."

She remained thoughtfully still, until he asked again, "The *Lebenskraut*—?"

"I planted two pieces in the wall, for you and me, and when Dan saw them he thought they were for him and me. He was so pleased. I pitied him."

"When did you plant them?"

"In March, when they first appeared above the ground."

"But that was before I came here."

"It was. Am I not shameless to admit it? When the rootless pieces grew, I had hope."

Her speech was soft as a lullaby, consonant with the softness of the night. His voice cut across it into the surrounding stillness, like the voice of passionate reality across a dream.

"Rachel, why, for God's sake, did you make that promise to your mother?"

She turned to him gently. "Judah, what had I to look to? Nothing but to marry Dan Breidegam or to live alone. Long before that I had thoughts of you which shamed me at myself. Almost was I ready to marry him in order to show to myself that I did not think too much of you. And if you could have heard my poor mother! She suffered so, she was so patient, and this looked like such a good thing to her. No daughter could have done otherwise."

"How long before she died did you give the promise?"

"One week."

"Then she knew that all was settled between you and Dan."

"He put the ring on me before her."

In the next silent minutes Judah, his face ridging and setting with anxiety, lined up his arguments as if they were soldiers. "Rachel," he began, "are you happy?"

"Judah, by my soul, while you are by me I think not of what is to come. I feel you here, and it is enough."

"You forget that you are promised to him? And if he finds out—?"

Suddenly Rachel put her hands to her face; she shed no tears, but she wailed. "*Ach,* Judah! When you are here, so long can I forget, but other times I think of it day and night, day and night. In ten days more it comes upon me! And if he finds out, I care not for what he can do to me, though he is a savage man; but as I feel for you, so he feels for me, and not less; well I know it. Yet I lie to him to get him away; I deceive him about the hateful *Lebenskraut;* I have to be afraid that he hears about your harmless visits—"

"You vow before God to be his wife, and in your heart you are the wife to me. How is that, Rachel?"

She looked up to him. "But I promised my mother—"

"And you would promise him. And that promise you would break."

"Yet will I keep the first. When I gave it she was dying. Now she is not here to take her own part. And if one begins to argue, he can argue himself free of anything. I stick to this, Judah Graeff," Rachel answered, sternly.

Judah watched her tormented face with eyes that for the moment were not a lover's, they were so full of pity. "Rachel, do you do right to take all from Dan that he gives, and give him nothing, and deceive him too? If he knew how you feel, would he not be the first to put an end to this? If your mother knew, would she not bid you to tell him the truth instead of this long-lasting lie? I speak now for Dan and for your mother, who are away; not for you and me."

Rachel's whole spirit leaped into her eyes and burned there. "Judah," she said, "what do you tell me to do?"

At this he took both her hands. "Rachel," he asked, "*liebsht mich?*"

"*Ja.*"

"Then tell Dan that. He is an honest man."

It was only afternoon, but Dan could not wait until evening to see Rachel. He had lain awake the night before to wonder how she was, and now he deserted his work, and dressed himself with care, and evaded his sister, and went limping eagerly down the road. Though he was past his first youth he looked boyish. He was a lonely man: and he had never thought of any other woman.

He hurried around the house and came

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suddenly upon her, where she sat doing nothing under the grape-arbor. She looked burdened, and gasped when he spoke, for she had not heard him come, and all day she had seemed to hear that voice reproaching and contemning her. Yet she must smile and welcome him, and she did. "Excuse," she panted. "You scared me a little."

It was his misfortune to choose the spot where Judah had sat the night before. "I am indeed glad to see that you are better," he said. "Last night I woke often and felt anxious about you. So did I wake, night after night, when you had said no to me, and think, 'Sometime Rachel will take another man.'"

She did not respond, and he was disappointed. To hide it he spoke of the first thing that occurred to him.

"I heard such a strange untruth a week or two ago. I heard that Judah Graeff comes often to see you."

Then she did answer, with a startled sharpness of voice and eyes: "Yes—well?"

"Yes, I thought nothing of it."

She had meant to tell him gently; but when he sat there in Judah's place his very trust enraged her. She leaped at the subject. "You ought to think of it!"

"What do you say, Rachel?"

"Because it is true that he comes here."

"So?"

For a moment he watched her as she sat twisting her fingers. "Rachel, you are not well," he said.

"I am well. I must make you to understand me. Dan, I have done my best, but it is too strong. Judah it is who has my heart, and you my promise only. Let me go!"

"Go where?"

He looked at her so that she could not answer. Her love for Judah suddenly seemed impotent.

"So he is coming here, when he knows that you are promised to me, *mei Schätzelë*, to worry you and make you doubtful; and he has succeeded so well that you think that you would break your word for him."

"I said to her—that I would marry you—if you would take me."

"So? Then you want *me* to say I will not?"

Now that he understood, she had one hopeful heart-beat.

It was brief. She felt his unrevealing face near hers; then, to her despair, he was laughing.

"*Amschel*, you are tired. You do not see things clearly. That fellow is a rascal. I take care that he comes not here again. But be sure that it needs more than he to get you quit of me. Are you not mine?"

Not knowing that she spoke—held by his narrow eyes,—she exclaimed, as though the words were pressed out of her: "Heaven! What for a man are you?"

Then all the creases of contemptuous laughter left his face. "I am your man," he said.

She could do nothing. She had been prepared for any difficulty in telling him, but then the worst was to have been over: he would plead, and rage, and go. Now she had told him, and he was sitting there, amicably talking! His words,—a wren's whir,—the rattle of a wagon which came into hearing far down the road, grew louder, and receded,—all seemed unreal together. Only one speech of his arrested her. He said: "What is that strange perfume which you have on your handkerchief? Opopanax? That have I never heard of. I like it not."

He was very tender, for this outbreak seemed to him like the cry of a tired child: he wanted to soothe her. While he was there he would not waste time on thoughts apart from her, but he looked black as he went up the road. Judah's house was half-way between Rachel's and his own: he was accustomed to take a short cut across Judah's land. He did so now, and met Judah, driving the cultivator through a corn-field.

They stopped at the same time, and the experienced old horse immediately dropped his head in saintly contemplation; for a moment they were rather statuelike, alone together in that wide, sunny field, among the short, green ribbons of the corn. Each man saw in the other's face the consciousness of what was between them; each waited for the other to begin; and Dan's silence and his prosperous appearance goaded Judah, who was earth-stained and sweating.

"You wear fine clothes on the Monday," he said, lightly.

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*Drawn by Stanley M Arthurs* Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"GET OFF MY LAND!" SAID JUDAH

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When at last Dan spoke he appeared to be starting out of serious meditation to attend to a petty instance. "Can you not get a girl of your own?"

Judah winced: but as he stared back, he suddenly felt sympathy; he seemed to see from above the pity of overlapping claims. "I have done you a great wrong," he said.

"You have tried to do me wrong. Go not near her again."

Judah could not believe that he understood the implication. He exclaimed, "Did she tell you?"

"She told me you sneaked around."

"Did she tell you how I feel, and how she feels?"

"I saw that you had worried her."

"Do you say that you will not release her?"

"For no living man. Last of all for you, Judah Graeff. You will never get my woman. Is it not strange that you are after her only since her mother dies and she inherits?"

Judah stood patiently still. "Indeed, you have reason to say anything to me," he said; "though I think that you should feel that another might want her also. For myself I have no word to answer; but have you the heart to force her through her promise? Can you punish her so?"

Dan laughed. His long mustache spread and his lip rolled up a very little as he did it.

"Get off my land," said Judah, ceremoniously.

"*Du Lump!*"

"Get off my land. Set not your foot on it again."

They stared at each other, neither lowering his eyes. Then Dan walked leisurely away across Judah's fields, and Judah watched him go.

Behind the meek-looking little house, out of the way of passers and near the buckwheat-field, was a small shed, the subject of the most impressive cautions to all the children of the neighborhood. The door was always open, and the occupants went out and in on wings which seemed too frail to carry such fat, velvety bodies. They flew in a businesslike way; their eyes bulged: they were very self-respecting, and permitted no familiarities except from Judah, the provider of sugar-water when times were hard. Like other solid citizens, they grumbled a good deal: their house was never quiet. When the sun was hot on the buckwheat, the sleepy noon would not have been complete without that self-appreciative hum. In the dark it was ominous. They talked to themselves all night.

It was a starless evening, the sky covered with inverted hills of cloud, and there was not a light on the farm. Around the bee-house, which looked like a big shadow, the air vibrated with the unwearied hum. Judah was walking toward it, curiously armed with a red tablecloth and a three-legged kitchen chair.

Nine days had passed: slow for Dan, pitilessly quick for Rachel. At first Judah wanted to snatch at them and hold them with his hands. Later, he would have sped them. He knew now what to do.

He went to the path through the fields which Dan had continued to take on his way to and from Rachel. It was faintly marked, for no other stranger used it. Where a couple of trees increased the darkness he set across the path the three-legged chair, which could scarcely stand on the uneven ground.

Then he went to the bee-house, a few yards away. It was fairly resonant, and so dark that he could just see the hives in rows on the shelves. A bee, coming home late, tumbled against him and went away with an ill-tempered buzz. Moving with beautiful accuracy, he selected a hive, wrapped it in his cloth, and carried it to its destination. There he set it on the chair and deftly drew off the cover. Only a few bees emerged, and they merely scolded and went in again. The hum from this one hive was lost in the noise from the bee-house.

After looking about, he lay down behind the nearest fence, where the elder-bushes hid him.

It was horrible how clearly he could see Rachel's face, like a coal almost burnt out; how he could hear her sweet voice, as he had heard it last. "Only if to-morrow he should come not for me, could I feel myself free. But nothing could keep him away! Oh, Judah! We must live so long!"

He lay a long time in the velvet dark,

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while the dew gathered and the featureless sky grew dry of light. He heard an occasional stir in the grass, the sawlike cry of a tree-toad, the snarl of a wandering cat. The smell of the earth was in his nostrils, the dew wetted his hands, and the brambles scratched them. He listened, without scruples. He sought a common happiness, and had consigned his issue,—perhaps to the goddess who walked in Cyprus and the country about Carthage and turned men's brains.

He thought: "I warned him off my land, and he walks over the path daily, to spite me just. If he takes another way to-night, or if he turns aside a little only, then have I no more to say. But if this happens, *it is meant.* The night itself assists me to keep him from this wedding."

Dan's lame step approached. He was walking fast. Through the sympathetic night the other claimant, lying still, felt how content he was.

He came straight along the path; he could see nothing.

He struck the tottering chair. Over it went, and as he plunged forward his lame leg went into the hive. With a sound like the plucking of catgut, up rose Judah's mercenaries around Judah's enemy. They enveloped him, making way before his blows and swaying around him like a shaken veil. They stuck to his neck and face and crawled under his clothes, and perforated him with their poisoned stings. They hung on as he plunged and ran and fell and scrambled. Some of them were blown from his lips by his shout: "Judah! You dog!"

The clock struck; and Rachel thought, "In twelve hours must I begin to be Dan Breidegam's wife."

She had worked hard. The house was in perfect order: in the spring-house and the cellar the food for the wedding-dinner waited. Now all was finished, all the festive preparations which mocked her, and the assisting relatives were gone. They would come back to-morrow, but she had made them leave her alone to-night.

From the window where she sat and watched the friendly sky and the quiet progress of the night she could not see Judah's house; but a long way off, on Dan's farm, a light was burning.

She was living again, poignantly, her last hour with Judah and hoarding every memory.

"Heretofore you would not have me in your house. Always must I talk with you outside. To sit in this room makes it seem as if we were man and wife."

"Do you tell me that you wrote to invite the people and said not who was the man? Because you still had hope! Rachel, do not yet give up hope. You invited me not. But it may be that I come also to your wedding."

The flask of opopanax, the perfume of the round gold flower which once perhaps was laid on Venus's altars, was in her hands. She herself was "Love's fond votaress." Her soul and body were homogeneous in her passion for Judah. Had she beheld him deformed, criminal, or unresponsive, she would have loved him still. He was the coefficient of all her world.

"That such things as this can be!" she thought.

Holding the flask close in her hand, she lit a candle and went down to the parlor, where the ceremony was to take place. All was in order—clean, the chairs ready for the guests, the table with the Bible on it, ready for the minister. She thought: "Here shall I put my Judah away from me! Afterwards how shall I live?"

She could have shrieked. "Suppose that now I stand at this table and am married to Judah!" she said to herself, hastily. Upon this fancy she enlarged, she embellished it, and, futile as it was, it quieted her.

She walked across the parlor several times, making errands; she looked into the kitchen; she went up-stairs again. Each room received her with a primeval stillness. Outside the windows lay the night. In the last room, which was close, with a little dust on the dry water-pitcher and a dead spider on a sill, some of her mother's dresses hung. She had tried to put them away, but she could not. Now she stood before them and looked, as if they argued with her, at those folds where she had often hid her face and wept.

"If something could happen to keep Dan away to-morrow!" she thought.

She removed the sheet which lightly

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covered the bed. There lay her wedding-garments. The dress seemed ready to float, the ruffles undulated, the silk girdle was silvery. Around this attire her fancies had gathered since she was a little girl: it was the vesture of her dreams.

"So white!" she whispered.

She bent over it a long time before she spoke again. "How can I wear these? The white is for a happy bride."

After a while she went back to her room, and sat there until the dawn broke and it was her wedding morning.

"Rachel, it is very near eleven. Will you not come?"

"When Dan is here, Aunt Polly."

Poor Aunt Polly withdrew from before the bolted door and returned to the parlor, looking very anxious. The guests had arrived. They were nearly all elderly people, close relatives of Rachel or of Dan. There were not many of them, and they made few gestures, but they quite filled the hot, sunny room with their large presence, their Sunday clothes, and their full Dutch voices. The minister was there, dominating from his arm-chair and receiving the respect of his parishioners. When Aunt Polly came back alone he remarked, "This bride is unusually shy, and it seems the groom is afraid to make his appearance."

She stationed herself at the window as if it were a watch-tower, and her black silk figure cut off the light. Behind her the guests laboriously conversed. They were all glad of the diversion when she turned and asked, in a loud, astonished voice, "What in the world brings Judah Graeff here?"

He was received in silence, with long stares, but he entered as though he were expected, saluted the elders, and sat down. He was haggard—different enough from those old prosperous men who had lived through their troubles. He did not talk, and before long conversations were going on all around him.

Aunt Polly toiled up-stairs again, came back alone, and resumed her post at the window. When a carriage was heard on the road, heads were turned and sentences interrupted. Then every one started at her scream—"Look at Dan Breidegam!"

He limped up the walk and in, helped by his pale sister. He was a shocking sight. One oblique eye, purpled and puffy, appeared between the bandages wound around his head and face. His long, fair mustache trailed over the white from a distorted lip. His neck, hands, and ankles bulged with wrappings, and his left arm was in a sling. Yet he held himself finely.

"I met with an accident," was all he would say; and when they asked his sister, she fairly moaned: "I know not. Indeed, I know no more than you."

Then steps came down the stairs. The guests moved apart, so that Dan stood alone in the middle of the room. He watched the door painfully, gazing straight past Judah, who looked desperate.

The door opened; a strong perfume floated in; then Rachel came.

She was dressed as she had been for her mother's funeral, in wool and crape so black that they rejected the light. From her black hat hung a long crape veil, through which her eyes showed, and her red lips. All around her, like a spectral atmosphere, wavered the perfume of opopanax. She was drenched with it.

She stood in a sunbeam and confronted Dan, and they looked each at the anamorphosis of the other. Then she spoke, as if she were conjuring a spirit. "What has happened?"

"I met with an accident."

"What for an accident?"

"I have nothing to say about it."

Judah added himself to them, forming a triangle, and the agony in his face made him no less portentous than they. "I tell you, Rachel. Last night this man walked into the beehive which I set in hopes that I could disable him and so keep him from your wedding. But it did no good."

There were angry movements and exclamations all over the room, but none of the three noticed them. Judah watched Rachel, as if she were actually receding. Dan ignored him. "Rachel," said he, "though I were dead, yet should I have come. Are you ready?"

She put back her veil, with a sickening waft of opopanax. "Listen to me," she said. "Then shall I be ready indeed. Look, Dan Breidegam, at my black dress and my black veil. They are my mourning clothes. Smell this perfume which I poured over them. It was Judah's pres-

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ent, and you like it not. I wear these clothes because I am a mourner at our wedding. I make myself to reek with this perfume so that you may not kiss me. I marry you, Dan Breidegam, as I promised; but you shall know how I feel *now*, before it is done."

Some of the women were weeping, and the minister exclaimed and pushed his way forward. Dan's voice stopped him. It sounded as if he lamented her death.

"Rachel, it needed not this."

She made her demand with her eyes.

"Rachel, I thought that I would take good care of you. I thought that he sought you unworthily. I understood not that you despised me. As always, you have done well. You make me to understand. Now I go. I set you free. I even say, *I will not take you.* Good-by, Rachel."

For the moment she forgot even Judah. In the long look that they exchanged was something hymeneal.

"Good-by," she said.

Then she moved to Judah, who met her. Dan limped out alone. He passed the *Lebenskraut*, flourishing in the sunshine, and went as fast as he could down the road.

# An Old Song

*BY BRIAN HOOKER*

WHEN all the winds are mellow in the glad spring-time
And bank and fell and fallow blossom-laden,
When every breath's a song and every laugh like rhyme,
Sing hey, the day for youth to meet a maiden!
Then out amid the morning,
Let wisdom waste her warning,
We'll laugh, Dear Heart, and sing, Dear Heart, through all the golden day!
Red lips are such a treasure
As only love can measure
When all the world is merry in the month of May!

When all the dark is hollow and the wind blows cold
And down the west the tawny sun is sinking,
When every word is wise, and every heart grows old,
Sing ho, the night's a noble time for drinking!
Then drown the wizard sorrow!
To-night from death we borrow,
We'll laugh, good friends, and quaff, good friends, until the dawn of day!
Let song and wine remind us
Of loves we left behind us
When all the world was merry in the month of May!

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# His Son

*BY ROY ROLFE GILSON*

HE had gone West as a lank New England boy, and had delved long and prosperously in that strip of sandy soil where Michigan grows fruits by day and ships them by night, across the lake, to Chicago. Driving his load of fragrant cases to the boat on a summer's evening, he could tell to a hair's breadth how narrowly, in those early days, he had escaped buying land where his berries would be sold upon the morrow. It was a proud story, proving conclusively that but for the merest blind chance in the world he would have been an Illinois millionaire instead of a well-to-do Wolverine farmer.

"You can't always tell," he would add. "Get up, Nellie! Why, dog-gone it! if you'd a-seen the measly place Chicago was when *I* first struck it!—and look at it now! Shucks! What's the use o' talking?"

It did seem a pity that Young Tom Calkins should have missed the glint of gold in that mud-hole of destiny; but when we had left the dock, redolent with raspberries, thousands of cases of them piled high on every side, and made our way home again across the marshes and up the shore road, under the stars, with the sound of waves breaking upon the distant sands, and with the wind rustling, now and then, softly in the young peach-orchards, it was a fair question in my mind whether Old Tom Calkins was not the richer, after all, for that error of his youthful judgment. His farm lay high above the lake, his rows of vines and peach-trees running across the furrowed land from the dusty highway to the very edge of a precipice, sixty feet above the sea whose voice we heard in the windless intervals; and on the other side vines and peach-trees again sloped slowly down in more sheltered acres to the silent waters of an inland stream. With the poetry of his vocation and its environment, however, Old Tom Calkins was not concerned. No mere poet could have cleared these lands of their scrub-oak and sassafras and wild-grape vines and made them blossom like the rose. The tanned hide of this bearded pioneer was far more sensitive to the hot sun, in which at sixty he still earned bread by the sweat of his brow, than his soul was to the ancient dignity and honor of the pastoral life, or the mere loveliness of these honeyed acres in which he toiled. If there was any beauty to him in his trim vineyards and ploughed and weedless orchards, it was the beauty of their productiveness, and even that, though undeniable, as the year's end proved, was insufficient to keep him from a ceaseless grumbling at his hard, back-breaking lot. Spring after spring he drove in to town and reported the peach buds killed by frost; yet season after season the luscious freestones swelled and yellowed and sweetened upon the boughs, and night after night he deposited his scented baskets upon the dock, and drove home, yawning, in the starlight, thinking of the mud-hole that became a mine of gold.

In one thing, and one thing only, was Old Tom Calkins proud of his achievement: Heaven, with the assistance of Mrs. Calkins, had blessed him with a son. There were, to be sure, three sons and a daughter who called him Paw, but John, the youngest, was his heart's delight. John, as he said, had all the gumption of the family, while Bill and Ed would never be anything but farmers like himself; and Mary, like her Maw, was a good hand at butter, but a poor one at pedro and all other elegant diversions of small-town life. John alone had a future worth talking of. From his earliest youth, as the father noted with satisfaction, remembering his own young, restless pioneer days, John had an eye on the horizon. True, he was "harder to raise," and caused his mother more sleepless



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nights than the three other children together; but, as Old Tom said — or rather "as the feller said," whom Old Tom quoted with unceasing zest—boys will be boys.

It seemed plain from the first that John would never be a farmer. He liked the town. There was something in the noise and bustle, and the lights at night, and the better clothes to be worn down there where the girls were, that kept him dreaming all day over the berry-picking and the crate-packing, and eager for the night and that cooling fountain in the corner drug-store where certain young angels in filmy muslin might occasionally be found hovering till the boat departed, when all seemly citizens strolled home to bed.

JOHN DISCOVERED THE CITY

Early in life John discovered the city which had once been the mud-hole his father spurned—and his fate was sealed. From that wonderful morning when he awoke with the sound of whistles and rushing water in his ears, and a strange, pungent, but deliciously stimulating smell in his nostrils—from that leap from his bunk, when he stuck his head out of the stateroom window to find a great, murky, shrieking, rumbling world of boats and bridges and enormous soot-black buildings all about him, tugs disporting themselves in the river like young monsters of the deep, snorting and bellowing and ploughing up the foul and oily waters with their snouts—or, at least, from that moment, that ecstatic moment, when he went down the gangplank with his father, and through the dock, between commission merchants' trucks and piles of unloaded cases of country-sweets, the scent of strawberries mingled oddly with the smell of the cobblestones and the sunless gloom, Johnny Calkins, with his mouth open, began in his soul to be the man his old father might have been, and went back to the farm next day, with his mouth shut, pledged, and by all that is holy in a boy's hope, to retrieve that error of his father's youth.

He would stand on the bluff above the lake, gazing far out across its waves to the dim horizon where he knew, hidden by distance and mists and by clouds of its own making, the delectable city lay smoking and thundering and smelling to heaven — but such a smell!—such a fine, rich, satisfying, nostril-filling odor of human endeavor, compared to which those faint, those evanescent perfumes behind him, of vines and leaves and ploughed earth and winds filtered through peach blossoms, were as —nothing whatever.

"Johnny's kind o' got a notion that he'd like to try the city awhile," Old Calkins said to his wife one night, as they settled themselves, yawning heavily, upon their pillows. "Shouldn't wonder if I could get him a place in Sampson and Baker's. Seems bound to go. Well, I dun'no' as I blame him. No tellin' but what *we* might be a-sleepin' on a bed o' roses, Maw, instead o' this humpy old —hey?—if I'd a-just had sense enough to—shucks! What's the use o' talking?

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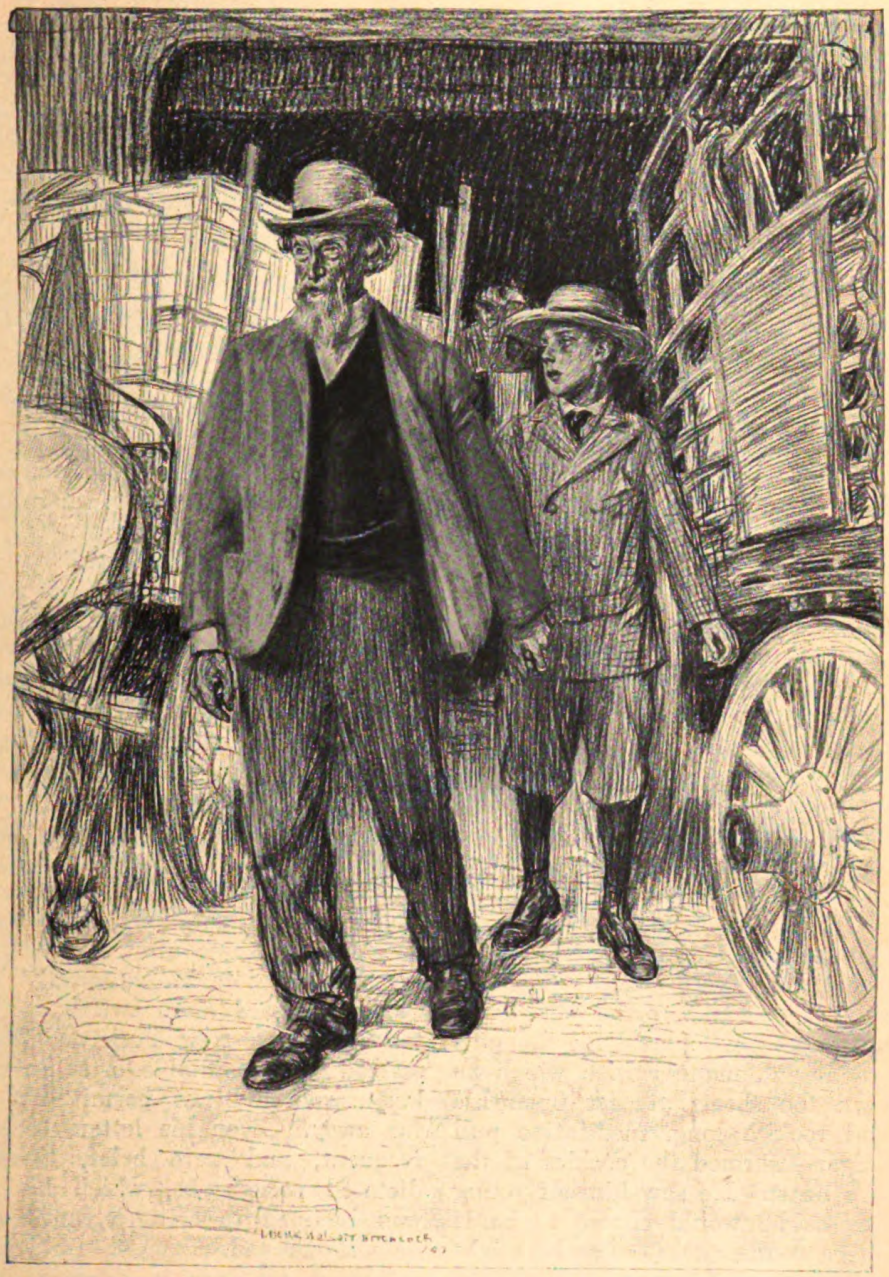
This business o' predictin' how things 'll turn out ain't so—ho, ho, *hum,* I'm tired. But I'll bet one thing: I'll bet if that lucrative position in the old-established Chicago commission house of Sampson and Baker. Good luck, Johnny."



THROUGH THE DOCK, BETWEEN COMMISSION MERCHANTS' TRUCKS

little cuss ever gets to Chicago—ho, ho, *hum*—he'll make things whistle."

That was Johnny's idea precisely, and the announcement was made soon after in the *Daily and Weekly Advertiser* that "Mr. John R. Calkins has accepted a

Old Tom Calkins drove into town and bought twenty-five copies of that night's *Advertiser* to mail to friends and relatives in various corners of the continent, and the next week Johnny, looking very spruce in his new store-suit, high stand-

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up choker, and purple necktie, gravely shook hands with a group of envious friends on the fragrant dock, and awoke next morning in the fumes and glooms of the Chicago River.

"My son in the city," old man Calkins used to say, and pause a moment to let these words sink in,—or, "My son in Chicago," or, "John, that's my youngest boy—he's with Sampson and Baker," taking it for granted that the firm was sufficient indication of the locality it adorned. Son John came home for a week's vacation once a year, to the great delight of the old folks at the farm, and furnished his father with sufficient "inside information" on the history, methods, and future of "high finance" to keep the old man talking his neighbors deaf and dumb for the coming twelvemonth: "John says," or, "Why, thunder! what 're you talking about? Don't you know that over in Chicago—"

Every morning of that week which John spent at home he drove to town for the Chicago paper, and it was the old man's joy to watch furtively from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as his son shifted his cigar, and taking up the news sheets with scarce a glance at their major head-lines, turned them inside out as with a practised hand, and fixed his attention gravely upon the stock quotations. Son's muffled exclamations then, of surprise and astonishment—his "Ha!" "By George!" "Now what do you think o' that? Q. and R.'s down to a hundred and four and three-fourths!"—his significant nod, or smile, or shake of the head, and more particularly the thoughtful, even absent, manner with which he laid down the sheets at last upon his knee and took a long, meditative pull at his cigar—warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. He saw himself young again, or as he would choose to be if he *could* be young again, or as he might have been if— "Shucks! What's the use o' talking? G'long, Nellie!"

This, it is true, was John's seven-to-fourteen dollars a week period, but at least he was "over there where the stocks *were*," as his father reminded a certain sour-voiced, envious neighbor who was inclined to argument and impertinence, and if propinquity has anything to do with love, as some people think, Old Tom was perhaps justified in applying the principle to the other passion.

"Tell you what it is," he used to say, "if a feller's around where there's girls, why, he's pretty darned likely to an-*nex* one or two of 'em. Eh? Well—same way with stocks and bonds, b' thunder! You've got to be on the *ground* to get anything in this world. Yes, sir. Stocks or strawberries—don't make no difference: it's the same thing. Now, there's my son: John, you know. What did he go and leave Sampson and Baker's for? Hey? What did he go and leave the place he'd been in for five years, and where they'd treated him A No. 1, too, and go over to Perkins—*you* know, J. G. Perkins, the big Board of Trade broker—one of the biggest in the West. What for? Why, to get in on the ground floor!—to get in touch with things that Sampson and Baker never could a-put him next to in this wide world! That's why. Oh, John's got a head on him, *I* tell ye."

And when another five years rolled by and the news came home that John Calkins had gone to New York!—doubtless on that selfsame ground-floor principle—the old man's cup of joy was full. There was bitter in it, the knowledge that his son was a longer journey now from Michigan and the old farm, but the sweet of pride was overpowering.

"Well, Maw, we're gettin' old, but I guess it's about time, and, anyhow, the young ones can get along without us now. Thank God, there ain't no deaf, dumb, or blind, or idiots, in *our* family."

Years passed more swiftly. The distance between New York and Michigan seemed insurmountable, or at least John's business would not permit him to be far away. Even his letters became infrequent, and were brief, typewritten, dictated paragraphs, which his mother was inclined to criticise, until the old man intervened.

"Why, gol darn it, don't ye s'pose a New-Yorker's got somethin' else on his mind b'sides writin' long-hand love-letters to a lot o' hayseeds? Well, what *are* we, if we ain't hayseeds? Thunder!—why, if I'd a-had gumption enough to buy that land in Chicago, *I'd* be a-typewritin' every blamed— Shucks! What's the use talking?"

Every summer vacation John wrote

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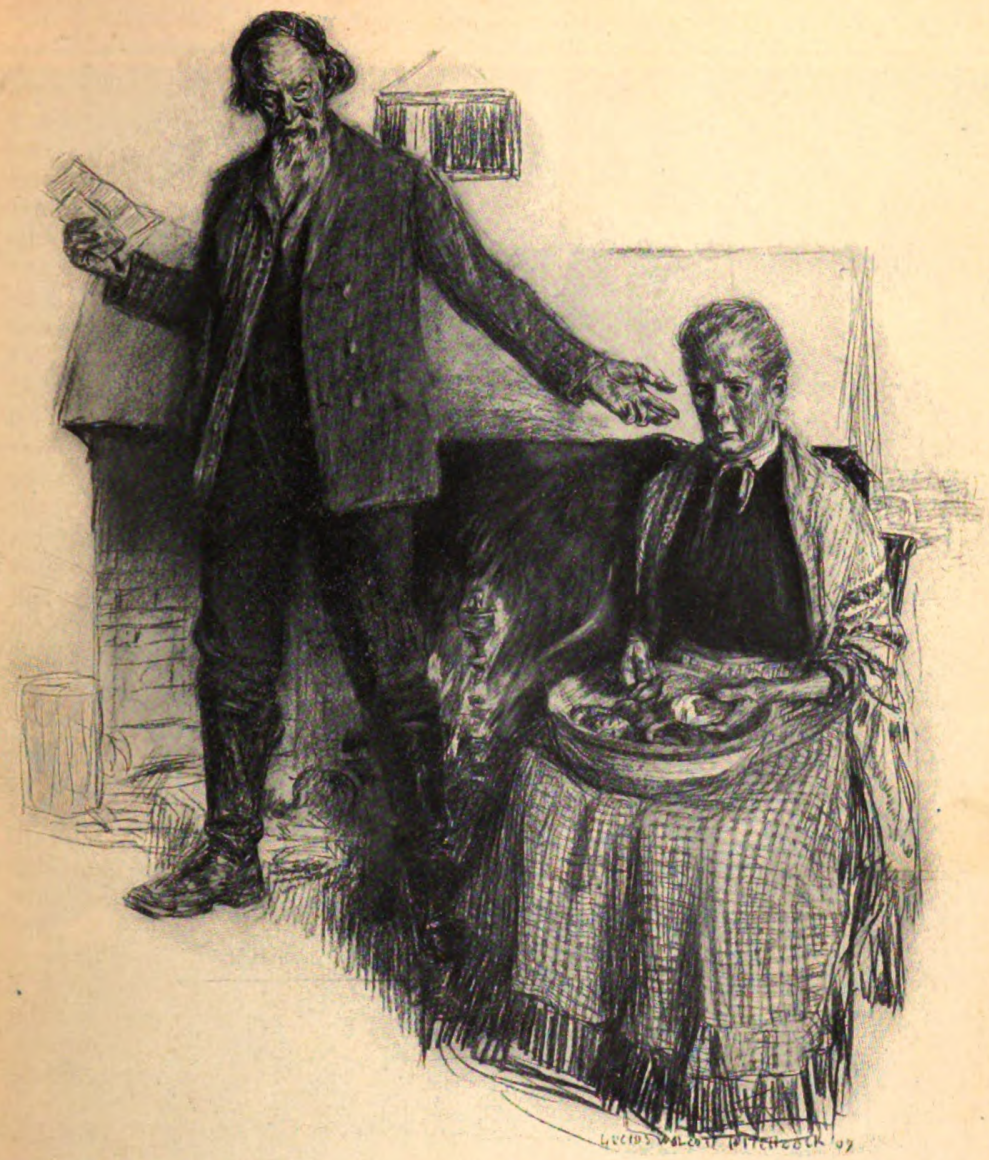

*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock* Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"WHY, IF I'D A-HAD GUMPTION ENOUGH TO BUY THAT LAND"

that he would surely spend the next at home; but that business this year would only permit a little run up to the Adirondacks, or down to the shore, where he could keep in touch with things—a phrase at which the old man's eyes glistened.

"Jest what I've always said," he would chuckle. "You've got to be *on the ground,* I tell ye. Yes, sir. And ye can't fool John."

One autumn John's mother wrote him that Paw seemed poorly, and as winter set in the old man kept the house; later, his bed. By spring he had grown so feeble, it seemed impossible that he could last till summer, when John had promised her he would surely come. Yet the sick old man would not hear of sending for his absent son.

"What *for?*" he would inquire, with all the fierceness he could muster with his wasted strength. "What you want to bother John for? Hey? Shucks! What's the use o'—"

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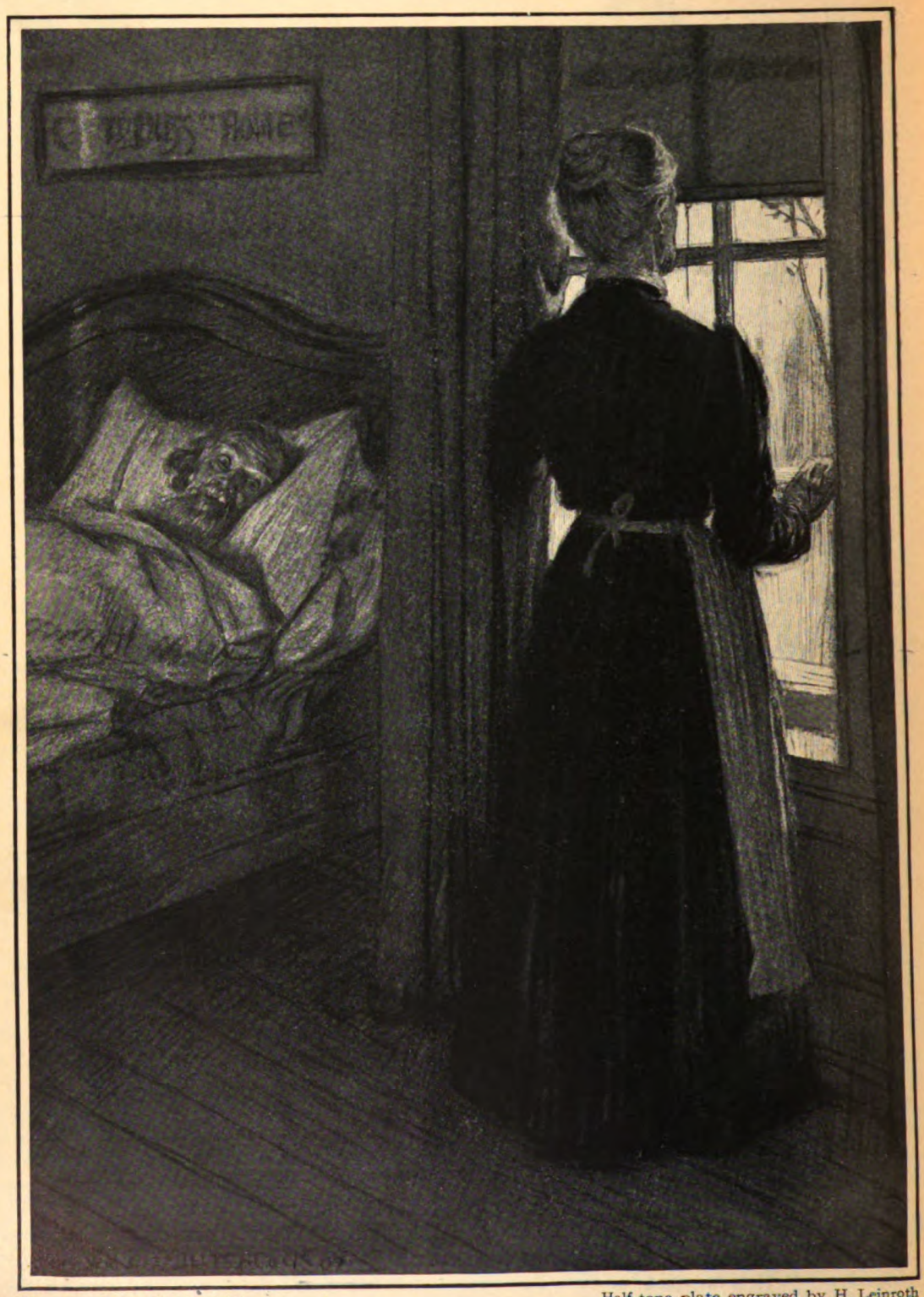

*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock* Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"YES, PAW, HE HAS ON A PRINCE ALBERT AND A PLUG-HAT"

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But he talked of John, and it was plain that as the weeks passed by, and his life ebbed slowly, imperceptibly away, he grew uneasy; so without his knowledge they telegraphed for the youngest son.

John came. The father's life-flame burned up higher, brighter than for weeks before. It shone in his sunken eyes, which followed John about the room, noting every sign and symbol of his prosperity, that precious jewel in the old man's crown.

On a Sunday morning the young man dressed himself for church. In the city it was not his habit to attend religious services, but home again it was the surest way of meeting old friends, and the only opportunity he might have, as he confessed unblushingly, to display himself in his full splendor. He had risen late, and the first church-bells in the distant town had already rung when he hurried from the house. The buggy was waiting. There had been no time to present himself dressed before his father; but the old man, whose alert ears had detected the sound of his son's departure, struggled from his pillow and with a supreme effort raised himself in bed. One naked foot was on the floor when they discovered him.

"*Paw!* What are you thinking of?"

"You lemme be." His voice quavered and his thin frame shook with his determination. "You lemme alone. I'm goin' to get up. I tell ye I'm a-goin' to get up and see my son."

"But he's gone to church, Paw."

"Don't I know it? I'm a-goin' to get up an' *see* him go. Lemme be, can't you? You lemme alone. Catch m' death? S'pose I do! Can't you let a feller en*joy* dyin' Oh, *shucks!* What's the use talkin'?"

They had got him back under the covers, tucked in again, and with a hot-water bottle to the foot which had touched the floor. He lay panting, too weak for words, but with his eyes like coals. Suddenly he remembered, and raising his arm, pointed with one trembling forefinger to the chamber window. His wife understood, and peering indulgently through the curtains, she fixed her eyes upon the empty road.

"H-how's he look?"

"He has a plug-hat on, Paw, and a long coat."

"L-long coat? Oh—oh, y-you mean—Prince Albert?"

"Yes, Paw. A Prince Albert."

"Well," was the retort, "why don't shay sho, 'en?"

"Yes, Paw," she replied, soothingly, "he has on a Prince Albert, and a plug-hat, and he's a-carryin' a cane."

The old man smiled, nodded, and closed his eyes. Presently, wearied unto death, he fell asleep—content.

# A Question

*BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON*

THE New-year comes with her radiant face,
Clad in white, like a waiting bride—
But she brings no word through the empty space,
No message has reached me since you died.

Was Death Life's ending, or did you go
To a realm so vast, and a task so high,
That you have forgotten this world below,
Where Life is a Dream, and the Dreamers die?

Shall I know, some day, when a cold, still hand
Leads me, in my turn, from this transient sphere,
And guides me on to that Unseen Land,
*Why* you were taken, and I left here?

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"AURORA," BY WILL H. LOW

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

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# A Painting by Will H. Low

*Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by William T. Evans, Esq.*

MR. LOW'S work shows its author to be the possessor of a romantic temperament. Through it all run the roses and rapture of Rossetti rather than the reality and reason of Velasquez. His themes are never mere color schemes of the actualities of the world about us, but are pages translated from the book of Romance. His message is the appeal of art through beauty which is the obverse side of the shield of truth. He sets forth the fragrant charm of sunlit glades, of summer gardens speckled with light and shade, where wander graceful youths and dreamy maids through idyllic days. Though remote from reality, his classic themes still bear a relation to life, for he maintains a balance between the external facts and his own individual imaginative vision. His is not the lifeless, formalized classicism of the past, but, keeping in touch with nature, however high his flights into ideal spheres, he preserves the true quality of Hellenism, that sanity and reserve upon which our canons of taste are largely based.

Reference has been made to Mr. Low as a romantic painter; to avoid misapprehension let it be said that he is romantic in that his themes do not deal with real life. As used in the early nineteenth century, the term Romanticism meant a revolt against classicism; it represented a search after the unknown, with active opposition to the established order of things. But it should be remembered that at that time classicism had degenerated into artificiality and affectation, while true Hellenism represents nature rationally idealized. With marked feeling for beauty of decorative design, Mr. Low's pictorial art is always a thing of arrangement, well thought out, and never an unconsidered accident. It has literary quality, recalling at times the charm of Keats. While setting forth a mazy world of silvery enchantment, haunted by the vague desires of our youth, it shows a fusion of the historical sense with a sense of beauty and truth.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



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# Controlling Conditions of Commerce

*BY PROFESSORS H. E. GREGORY AND A. G. KELLER*

Yale University

IT is probable, especially in these latter days of great material advance, that the influence of natural environment upon man's activities has failed of due appreciation; men and societies are so involved in a complex of personal and group relations that the ultimate action and reaction between the human animal and his natural environment do not press home in any insistent or convincing manner. Man is so used to "triumphing over Nature," through subtle activities in the brain which do not strike him as adaptations, that he views with impatience the suggestion that he cannot do what and all he will. Is it necessary to provide against cold? He straightway steals the coat of his fellow animal and escapes death, avoids migration, and evades the need of growing a coat for himself. He can thus anticipate or artificially effect an adjustment to environment. He can do more: he is able actually to mould his environment, and to forestall the need of adjustment altogether. In a disease-smitten locality he exterminates the germs which would render acquired immunity necessary, and lives on tranquilly in the same place. These are exploits far beyond the reach of any creature save man; and yet, whatever man's special intellectual endowments, he is, in ultimate analysis, an animal, with an animal's subordination to the forces of physical nature. Even his arts and dexterities—the measures of his characteristic style of adaptation—are strictly limited in their effectiveness. The coast-lines and rivers of the earth cannot be redistributed by the taking of thought, nor may the ice-fields be rearranged, nor the amount of rainfall or sunshine be redetermined. Cotton cannot be grown on the spurs of the Rocky Mountains nor iron mined in the coral rocks of Bermuda. These broader controls of natural environment seem so self-evident as scarcely to repay allusion; but they are apt constantly to be minimized in comparison with man's own power over situations. The public mind is taken up with projects and enterprises embodying the public will; it is impatient of objections on the ground of unfavorable natural conditions.

So, among other things, in commercial enterprise. There is an optimistic conviction abroad that commerce is independent of such factors as climate, coast-line, and distance; that refrigerator-ships, ocean greyhounds, and governmental appropriations and subsidies have rendered it possible to ignore isothermals, to manipulate the line of meeting of land and sea, and to direct the course of trade into chosen regions, or through this or that selected channel. There is, however, but little to justify such confidence, except as relates to minor enterprises. The mouth of the Rhone has always been the most desirable gateway to southern France; yet the skill of engineers has been foiled and the wealth of emperors squandered in the ineffectual effort to throw St. Louis and Aigues-Mortes into competition with Marseilles. Adria was so conspicuous in ancient times as to have given its name to the sea it dominated; it is now a country town fourteen miles inland. Some Americans, again, wish forthwith to make Manila an *entrepôt* which shall afford Hongkong and Singapore an object-lesson in American methods. But the determining factors in the creation of an *entrepôt* are geographical and meteorological, and cannot be altered by the taking of thought. Singapore superseded Batavia some time ago despite the most strenuous efforts to restrain trade to a prearranged course. But Singapore happened to be at the centre of things, right in the focus where

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trade routes from the China Sea and those from the Indian Ocean converged. Only one station could be there, and all efforts to dislodge it from its supremacy have been disputes with the elements themselves. A glance at the map will reveal the fact that Manila holds no such position. Again, one has met with arguments to the effect that Alaska and northern Canada can be developed and colonized as Montana and Washington were, by the enterprise of the same great race; that cities rivalling Minneapolis and Seattle are to grow up along the Yukon and the shores of Hudson Bay, and that lines of ships are to be established between Port Nelson and Liverpool; but it is clear upon reflection that the utmost efforts of man could not render the two problems alike in terms. Minneapolis is in latitude 45°, Fort Yukon is on the arctic circle, and the larger part of Hudson Bay is beyond the limit of trees. To effect a similarity of vital conditions and economic possibilities it would be needful to acquire far more extensive powers over the sun than had Joshua of old. A good many projects of this nature could be refuted by five minutes of intelligent map study; and many more by a presentation of facts and conditions to which no one, on candid reflection, could take exception, and most of which, taken by themselves, would be accepted offhand as a matter of course.

But we turn to our list of some of the chief direct influences of natural environment upon trade: one of the most important of these is the natural distribution of the materials of commerce, for trade must go where commodities are, and commodities are produced where sun and soil and rain conspire together in the right proportions. It is necessary to consider also in how far this natural distribution may be modified, for, within limits, trade regions may be shifted. Mineral wealth has been distributed once for all; ores cannot be transplanted or grown even under protection. Tin is mined in the East Indies and in Cornwall, and no tariff, however excessive in its discriminations or involved in its schedules, has been able to change that fact. The Etta mines were developed and mills were erected at enormous expense, but the Black Hills do not produce tin, and the geologic conditions which control the deposition of ore are not affected. Men must mine metals where they occur. The influence, upon trade and local history, of the presence or absence of flint, pipe-clay, salt, asphalt, precious stones, precious and useful metals, has certainly been, at least for a period, a determining one. Flint deposits produced tribal wealth and caused tribal extinction; pipe-clay travelled across our States before Columbus was born. The vital effect of gold discoveries upon Australia, California, the Transvaal, Alaska, is well known; the tardiness of the appearance of gold and diamonds in Brazil was a blessing in disguise, as may be seen by contrasting that country with Peru, for thus Brazil was afforded time for a more orderly development of society, economic resources, and trade.

The history of American mining-towns presents many examples of the determining effect of mineral deposits. Butte, Montana, is a city of 62,000 inhabitants supported by copper underlying about one square mile of land surface. The metal forms the sole *raison d'être* of this considerable settlement, for in other respects the region is unproductive and unattractive; without the mines the locality would support with difficulty a population of one hundred souls. The mineral deposits of Nevada occur beneath strips of land a few hundred feet in width and in the midst of a hopeless desert, but they have formed plausible pretext for adding a State to the Union and two Senators to Congress. The decline of the lodes has now reduced Virginia City to a population of 2500, as against 11,000 in 1880, when it was one of the busiest cities in America, in the midst of a superlatively "booming" State. In 1900 Nevada was credited with a population of 42,335—a figure somewhat under that for 1870; thus this State, with an area twice that of New England, has less population than Waterbury, Connecticut. Through the existence of mineral products in close proximity, Pittsburg has become the emporium for coal, petroleum, and iron. Its case differs, however, from the above, for its development was far less artificial, and its destiny could never be that of

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the regions already mentioned. Three navigable rivers converge at this point; valleys sunk in a plateau provide natural routes for approaching railways. Natural and unnatural access, it may be added, are contrasted at Pittsburg by the fact that one railroad has recently been forced to expend $35,000,000 to effect an entrance to the city by overcoming a minor geographic obstacle.

Similarly the flora of the earth remains localized in good part, determining by its distribution regions of supply and of demand, and so the trend of tradeways and the courses of exchange. A good many plants have been widely acclimatized, yet they have their favorite habitat where they thrive best, and whence they are supplied to other regions; such is maize. On the other hand, some vegetable species resist change and acclimatization; even with the aid of modern science Manila hemp has not been successfully grown outside of the Philippines. Cloves and nutmegs were once the natural monopoly of the Moluccas, and the trade of nations was attracted to Ternate and Amboina. Mahogany and teak are tropical; the date-palm belongs to the dry soil of the desert-edge. Many other plants may shift, but only to an identical habitat. The great febrifuge, quinine, demanding the drenching rain of clouds carried across the Amazon valley and spilled upon the eastern slopes of the Andes, throve but little in Jamaica, and did not find a new home till the enterprise of the British had ferreted out in their wide empire the exact environmental conditions under which it could become a commercial possibility. The tea-plant requires something more than legislation to produce a crop in South Carolina. Tobacco of quality has always clung to lower latitudes, and the much-heralded imitation of environmental conditions in Connecticut has been unsatisfactory. Lovers of their country have long yearned to welcome the silkworm to a profitable existence in a new home. Nothing restrains any such projects from happy consummation except that they are so often physically impracticable and thus commercially impossible.

What has been said of flora applies in general to fauna; animal products, like vegetable products, are in good part localized. By duplicating the conditions of their native region, varieties of fauna may be introduced into new areas. Some animals seem to adapt themselves to a generality of conditions; dogs and pigs, sheep and goats, are widely disseminated, and with small reference to man's conscious activities in their distribution. The turkey, America's one important contribution to domesticated fauna, is widely known. Other animals demand more care: the merino sheep, imported from Spain, could not preserve the quality of its fleece in many parts of the United States; the ostrich cannot be called an unqualified success even in Texas; the camel did not meet hopes in the American Desert,—the cowboy, the cactus, and the alkali water made his lot particularly unhappy. Many animals will endure no change of moment in their environment; and if the individual will, often the variety of species will not, for changed conditions of existence are very likely so to derange the reproductive system of apparently healthy animals as to render breeding in the new station impossible or impracticable. The fur trade clings to the arctic zone, that of ivory to the tropics; the cod haunts the Newfoundland waters, and sponges and corals cannot be gathered off the Long Island shore.

Thus it is seen that plants and animals are to a large degree localized, and are susceptible of a wider distribution only as man is able to duplicate their normal environment. This allows a definite mapping out of the regions of supply of many important commercial articles, and a consequent determination of the course of trade. Commercial ways have also been directed and deflected by other important natural influences,—for example, the winds. These are more important in our own day than we sometimes realize; over twenty-five per cent. of all seagoing traffic—practically all of certain kinds—is still carried by sailing-vessels, and the shipyards at Bath are yet far from obsolete. When the Portuguese captains first sailed down the west coast of Africa, they encountered a belt of light winds and calms (the "doldrums"), made slow time even for their cumbrous craft, and masters and crew were worn out by protracted hardships and disease.

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A few decades later we find Cabral, directed by Da Gama, sailing far to the westward before turning south—so far, indeed, as almost accidentally to discover the coast of Brazil. His voyage was made longer in distance, but shorter in time, and for centuries the sailing-craft of the nations have thus planned their courses to catch the trade-winds. Even before the American Revolution it was known that sailing-time from New York to Liverpool was some two weeks shorter than the return voyages, that it was "down-hill to England"; Franklin's map of 1770, which set forth the reasons for this situation, was the beginning of rational seamanship in the North Atlantic. The Gulf Stream and the Westerlies now determine the transatlantic routes. Again, Boreas has decreed that the sailing route from England to New Zealand shall be by way of the Cape of Good Hope, but that the returning vessels are to round Cape Horn. The Chinese have for centuries sailed to the Malay Archipelago with the northern monsoon, traded and even planted quickly growing crops, and returned home when the periodic shift has taken place. At Singapore the monsoon-borne traffic encountered that from India and the west at a common terminal. Thus the beneficent atmospheric currents have influenced the course of trade; and it needs no description to recall the exigencies of traffic in the tempest-ridden seas.

The distribution of land and water bodies, the size of continents, the nature of the shore-line, and the details of topography are controlled by geological forces beyond the reach—indeed, beyond the knowledge—of man. They are none the less factors which in large part have determined his external communications. A glance at a relief-map of the world shows a remarkable ridge extending almost continuously from Cape Horn through the Americas, eastern Eurasia, and Africa to Cape Town. This highland borders the Pacific; the plains of the world slope toward the Atlantic, and lines of easy access are from that direction. The relation of lands drained to ocean area is in the case of the Atlantic one to two; for the Pacific the proportion is only one to eight. From the Pacific the continents are remote, their interiors inaccessible, the tributary country limited; while the Atlantic is a narrow ocean, with bordering lands wide in extent and easy of access. These facts have played no small parts in human history.

Owing to climatic and mountain barriers Tibet has remained secluded, and Chile expands northward, not eastward. A water barrier has preserved Australia as a Mesozoic continent. The whole history of Africa, cultural as well as commercial, has been the direct result of its peculiar geographical and geological structure. Wide oceans and deserts face the directions of possible connection with the outer world; a relatively unbroken coast-line, rivers which fall in cataracts over the edge of the high interior plateau, and the most forbidding of jungles impede access. A deadly climate renders settlement of foreigners for the most part impossible, or temporary and scanty. Thus, cut off from that communication with the rest of the world which means comparison, exchange, and accumulation of civilization, the continent has remained through ages "dark." Contrast it with America, whose opportunities for intercourse with the Old World came so much later; or compare the history of the narrow seam of approachable northern coast and the Nile valley with the recordless and negative life of the continent's heart. What favorable conditions for navigation have meant for trade is perhaps more evident in its early stages; take, for example, the Phœnicians of old. In their case nature seems indeed to have been in a complacent and encouraging mood. They were led to commercial expansion across an island-dotted sea, where, at first, distances were so small as to tempt their primitive craft ever farther westward. And when, with the growth of a more venturesome spirit, shipping and nautical skill had become better developed, the distances gradually widened, each successive advance schooling them for the next, until they had passed the Pillars of Hercules, founded Gades, and dared the perils of Biscay. Along this course harbors suitable for their small craft were plentiful, while the conditions of a mediterranean were in the highest degree favorable for these pioneer-mariners and their successors. Profiting by a kindly environment, trade early

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developed in the Malay Archipelago and in Polynesia. The American mediterranean offered similar opportunities, and the pre-discovery commerce of the Caribbean islanders was a thing all but unique in the Americas. In each case natural conditions were ever suggesting the development of shipping and exchange and rewarding it. These conditions are in time outgrown and a further adjustment takes place; mediterraneans no longer bound the world's commerce, and the ocean which, according to Homer, kept men apart, in our day forms the grand highway of communication. Now that ships have gotten a "longer wind," way-stations and halts like St. Thomas in the West Indies are being superseded; the same fate seems likely ultimately to overtake Cape Town, Honolulu, and other such stations. The harbors which nursed up the shipping of New England have given place to bodies of water that can scarcely be called enclosed. Ships no longer regularly clear for Europe from the harbors of Long Island Sound; and despite all efforts, including advantageous railroad schedules, Boston and Philadelphia have been unable to rival New York as outlets upon the high seas. Now, more than ever, favorable tides, currents, and shore-line are essential for the maintenance of great ports.

The contention is, in the face of the instances which have been adduced, and which could easily be augmented, that trade is bound, is preordained, to certain courses and stations; that it is not a haphazard, easily manipulated affair, but the working out of the forces of nature. Consequently, if an intelligent view of trade is aimed at, it is not enough to memorize the fact that the ways of trade converge at Singapore, or that Aden, Hongkong, Cape Town, and so on, are British; or that the Cape was Portuguese until about 1650, Dutch (except during periods of war) until 1814, and British since that date. Trade routes from the west converge at Singapore because there are but two practicable entrances into the archipelago from the west, and that by way of the Straits of Malacca is much more convenient than the one which passes through the Straits of Sunda. And the commerce of the north and east meets that of the west most conveniently at the same point. The stations mentioned above and nearly all the genuine *entrepôts* of the world are British because the latter are the chief agents of the world's commerce, which, for reasons explained, selects its own way-stations and terminals. The Cape has regularly belonged to the dominant naval and sea power; and the change of ownership corresponds roughly with the inevitable recognition of such dominance.

It is not meant to say, of course, that man has no agency in these matters. He can often thwart the natural working out of things, and then get other people to help him endure the results; or stand from under and leave the whole matter to posterity. By a correct comprehension of natural conditions he can, to all appearances, raise himself superior to them —manufacture jewels in the laboratory and bring up children in an incubator; he can construct artificial harbors, blow up sunken reefs, and pierce an isthmus; he can erect lighthouses and chart shoals; he can, by insurance, reduce risks to a constant quantity of loss. It is through such noteworthy successes, however, which shut out perspective, that he becomes exalted in mind, and, if not in recurrent contact with elemental nature, feels himself emancipated from her limits and conditions.

One might analyze at length the course of internal trade, with its riverways, its mountains, and desert barriers, and so on; in the present case, however, attention is drawn rather to trade on the grand scale in the world-market. An important factor in this cosmopolitan exchange remains yet to note; and that factor is man himself. The dissemination of the materials of commerce is naught if the distribution and character of producer, consumer, and purveyor are neglected. That these functionaries are products of their environment, in the long run, is generally believed; hence by way of her man-intermediaries trade again impinges, though indirectly, upon natural conditions. Your Australian will not produce silk for the world-market, nor will he buy razors for shaving purposes. He will hunt the kangaroo yet a little while and then die off conveniently, so that the white man can pursue his course undisturbed. The "exports" of

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New Guinea, we are told, are chiefly "articles of ethnological interest."

Dealing as we are in broad contrasts, it is possible to simplify this man-factor into the civilized and the savage or barbarous. The bulk of the former will doubtless continue to occupy the temperate regions for some time to come; and, as every one knows, the only place where the "native" stands a chance is where it is too hot or unhealthy for civilized man to prosper. Now the more wide-reaching of the environmental influences recounted above, chiefly climate and its attendants, have combined to divide the earth into what might be called "complementary trade-areas." The most distinct of these are the areas of diverse and interchangeable products represented roughly by the temperate and torrid zones; the East and the West, as it once was, when the tropical products of the Indies came to Europe over Damascus, Beirut, and Cairo. The influences which diversify the products of these two great regions have also diversified the men; the yam and the negro go together, the coco-palm and the Polynesian, the durian and the Malay.

Without attempting to describe this simpler type of man except as he touches the subject in hand, he is marked, first of all, by a disinclination to labor. He is generally no kind of a producer, having no foresight, living from day to day, and depending upon the bounty of tropical nature to satisfy his few wants. Economic stimuli encounter a pachydermatous resistance; or at most call forth a quite disproportionate exertion. Trinkets and baubles did something until they became too common; spirits did more. Some tropical planters actually prefer bibulous laborers, for they are absent only once in a while; they drink up their wages and return for more, while the sober native saves enough in a few weeks to last him a year. It can be seen that the ordinary way of stimulating supply, by higher inducements offered in consequence of an increased demand, is here inoperative. The native, if he understood the situation, would very likely state in words what he does say by his actions: "Demand till you burst; it will be a far day when you get me to come under your asinine system." The poet has conceived the situation clearly, as respects the Hindu:

> Now it is not good for the Christian's health
> to hustle the Aryan brown,
> For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles
> and he weareth the Christian down;
> And the end of the fight is a tombstone
> white with the name of the late deceased,
> And the epitaph drear, "A fool lies here
> who tried to hustle the East."

But the white man cannot, as a rule, produce by his own efforts in the tropical environment; hence trade is blocked. However, it must not be understood that other stimuli will not work where economic titillations are not sensed. A good drubbing used to do pretty well; and as a system slavery solved the question from the standpoint of trade. Demand here prodded the owner, the owner brought pressure to bear upon the overseer, and the latter took a stout stick and sallied forth to "demand" more output. But compulsion of this nature proved unpalatable to that part of the world which could make the other part stop it, and since that time a good many methods have been ineffectually put into practice to reach the soul of the benighted one who could not see the advantage of the vehement life. The consequence of all this is that commerce fails of its possibilities in the shape of regions of supply, and is always struggling to secure them. Herein lies an effect upon commerce of the ethnic environment; and herewith is justified the "unethical" commercial estimate of slavery, free labor, "compulsory labor," the coolie system, etc. The commercial exploitation of the tropics has met in the tropical peoples a passive resistance and a dull inertia—qualities referable to environmental influences totally diverse from those under which the modern commercial system was itself developed.

Nor, as we have partly seen, do our "natives" demand much from the stream of trade to which their contribution is so slight. They can use an occasional shirt or umbrella, a tile hat or a pair of cuffs for the ankles; brass wire and other metallic products can still be sold in moderate quantities. But there is no real volume to their traffic, and their

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methods are, from a European's standpoint, incurably eccentric. There are parts of Africa where you cannot sell fine-grained powder, for the natives like such things big, and are far too shrewd to buy the kind that will not, in causing the maximum of smoke and conflagration, also make the loudest report. A bag of shot or bullets, once opened and partially emptied, cannot be sold for however small a fraction of the price of a full bag. Trade is a passion with many Africans; but it is a pleasure too sweet not to be long drawn out. The German traders ask for ivory or an ox; and after deliberation a little tusk or a sickly beast is produced, and the owner settles down to his enjoyment. Each piece of goods must be dickered over for the maximum period; the seller must play his several rôles of heartsick disappointment, virtuous irritation, and generous self-sacrifice. Here is no demand-region to tempt large commercial operations. Hence the "development" of the tropical resources has been pretty largely outside of the legitimate, modern type of trade, as between civilized peoples; it has been too often ruthless exploitation and robbery. This is the type which the environment has brought forth.

While this process has been going on, and before a region has come beneath the so-called "protection of the market," under which neither party to a transaction is supposed to be able systematically to overreach the other, profits have been naturally very large. The "frontier trade" has been a type by itself, unsurpassed in lucrativeness, dishonesty, and villainy. The unsophisticated nature of the human environment has been constantly reckoned on as a source of profit. Trade of a respectable character speedily muddied its stream under such conditions. Dellenbaugh tells of fur-trading which realized over $6000 worth of furs upon sixty gallons of raw alcohol, mixed with water in the proportion of four to one, and dispensed at a buffalo robe per pint. Personal reminiscence recalls an Indian agent whose one term of office translated him from a poverty-stricken political "heeler" to a wealthy and honored boss with heelers of his own.

The influence of human environment on the course of trade is curiously illustrated by a portion of our own commercial history. Our commerce before the Revolutionary war was of course largely with England; it was naturally so even if the English had not tampered with it, for racial, linguistic, and religious homogeneity smoothed the path of exchange between us. And when the separation was seen to be inevitable, there was raised in Britain a despairing cry to the effect that the colonial trade was gone—would be transferred to France, the faithful and highly disinterested ally. But, the war over, though America professed great gratitude to France, Yankee ships came straggling back to Liverpool and Bristol, as fast as the productive occupations had recovered sufficiently to fill them. The old way formed still the line of least resistance.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to set forth the point of this essay, that in viewing man's proceedings here on earth, and particularly his activities in the exchange of commodities, we are not wont to accredit in fair measure the natural conditions involved. We do not seek to belittle other factors, but to emphasize this one. How different would have been the whole history of the world had there been no Isthmus of Suez, no river Nile! It is not a fortuitous thing that the centre of gravity of the world's commerce has been moving westward and northward until it rests within an Occidental island-group, and even now threatens to overleap the ocean. It is not accidental that Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, Venice, Portugal, Holland, and England, as the hour of their commercial destiny approached, turned their eyes toward the East; nor was it a movement of another kind that caused the right-about-face of Spain. The background of all these movements was the human struggle for existence and then for a higher standard of living, the seeking of satisfactions where nature placed them. Seen in perspective man thus seems little better than a creature of environment; and while he is more than that, it is wholesome for him to keep ever before his mind—for the clarification of his intellect, the reenforcement of his judgment, and the betterment of his character,—his essential limitations.

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# The Night

*BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY*

OLD Isabella woke with a start and, perched on an elbow, stared round the room. She could remember nothing; she swung in the scale between death and life. At first she thought it was forty years back and her wedding morning, and she looked to the chair at the foot of the bed, quite expecting to see the frail skeleton of a wedding-frock. And then she thought that it was the dawn of that day when she had parted from Dennis.

At the foot of the bed there hung not a wedding-frock, but a large woman; fast asleep, her head and her big arm twisted round to rest on the top rail of the chair. Isabella recognized her and remembered—everything. The details of the room were at once explained—the unwonted luxury of a fire, medicine-bottles on the shelf. She recognized her neighbor, Mary Smith, who acted as village nurse in any emergency. Sitting skinnily up in the bed, she began to ponder and to stir. Her brain was clear to-night and highly educated; sickness had refined her. She thought of Dennis. He was only just across the common, living in the little, surly white house she hated—and with reason. She wondered if he had called to ask after her, or if he would when he heard she had been ill. She thought that he ought and wished that he wouldn't. The very sound of his voice ruffled the calm which had possessed her ever since that extraordinary day when they had at last given speech to inveterate divergence and so parted. And yet to-night, suddenly waking up, returning, in the way of the convalescent, from that stage in the journey which is the toll-gate between life and death, she scouted calm. She was wild in her blood. And the night outside was a rioter — and coaxing; she could hear the lawless chuckle of the west wind.

Her bed, in this mean country cottage, was set beneath the window. All her life she had loved that—to lie beneath a window. In summer-time you could wake early and thrust a warm hand out and pick a rose—and then kill it, petal by petal, and scatter it in the bed! Such fragrant murder strengthened you for the sane toil of day. She was full of fancies; these were the parts of her which had made Dennis desperate. He had thought to mate with a woman—and found himself saddled with a fairy.

Only once had he been tolerant—and tender—with Imagination. It was the day before their marriage, and it was June. They had climbed to the top of the Downs, to the tinkle of sheep-bells. She could smell and taste that day—a sick old woman in the bed to-night—remembering. It had been a real, a mutual occasion, and her record of such with Dennis was poor enough. She remembered how she had stretched out full in the sun on the sweet, close-cropped grass—it had all been bells and rustle and munching that day. And Life had been almost too strong and beautiful, too dizzy a draught. Her hat had been tilted over her eyes; bright eyes, ripe lips, happy body. She had laughed out loud—at nothing whatsoever. And Dennis, with a strange, lovely flame in his face, had suddenly burst impulsively out, "Oh, you dear wild thing!" as he folded her in his arms—that were Love's hurdle. And he had laughed too; they laughed together—it was their marriage vow. He had been hers and she his and both but one—in that meteor moment.

She loved him—for that moment. It was the only one she cared to remember; the rest of him was all set to agonized jolts and jars. Had it been her fault, or had it been his? She asked herself here, sick and old in the bed. Or was it merely the Decision, to be made plain some day, of a wise Power, far beyond men?

The west wind, how mad it was to-



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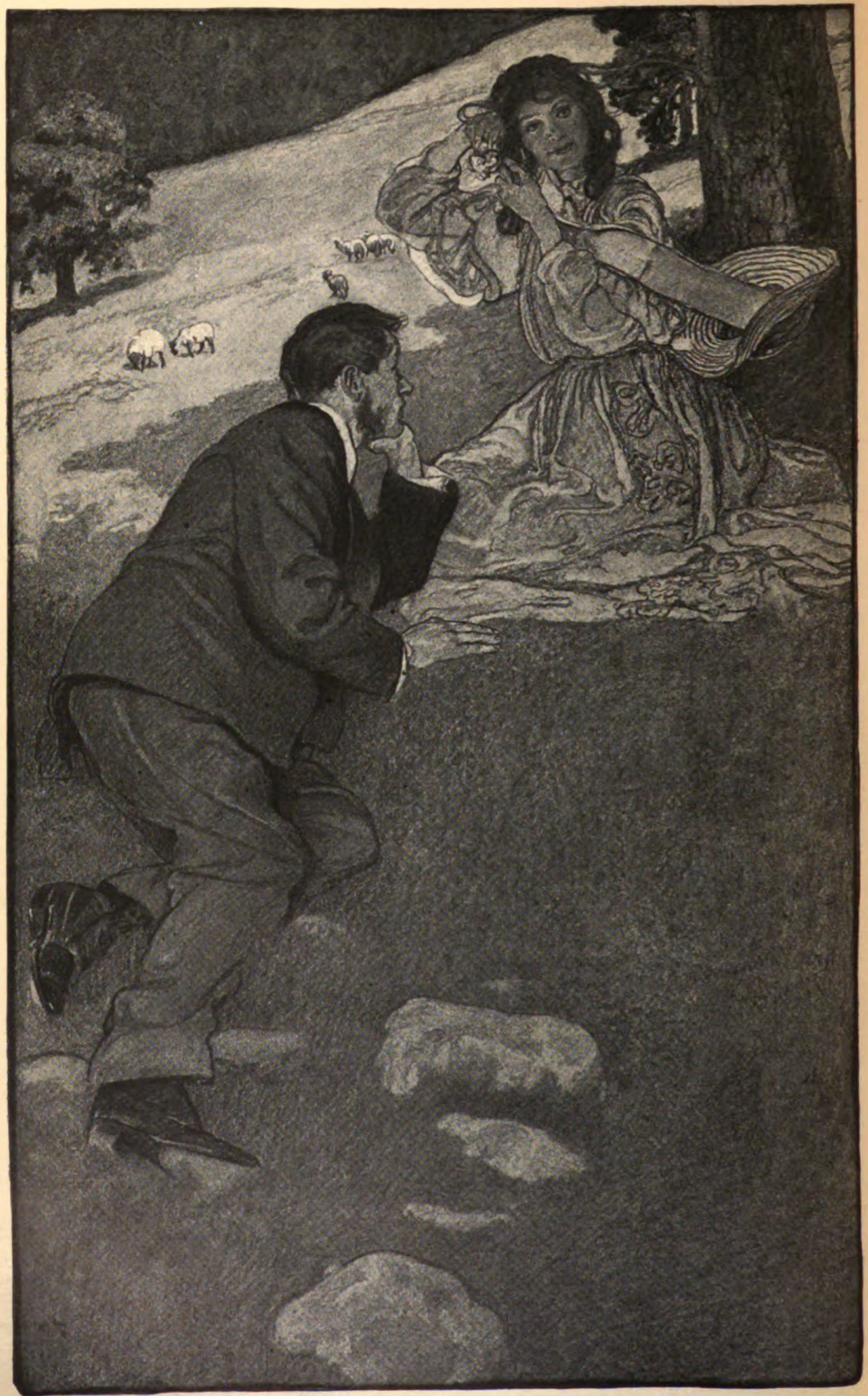

*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

LIFE HAD BEEN ALMOST TOO STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL

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night! She pulled aside her limp dimity curtain and peered out, and whispered laughingly, "Oh, you dear wild thing!" She looked sparkling, secretive, triumphant—all in a wink. Her years dropped off her and she was—Love's Truant.

It was a January night, yet warm, and the west wind kept on coaxing, "Come along; be quick." And Dennis was living, with his fine, ardent eyes. They had been true eyes, mutual eyes, that day on the Downs—the eyes of a bridegroom. It was the only time she had ever truly seen the soul of Dennis.

She crept out of bed on silent feet, on feet that were silvery in a splash of the moon as it lay on the floor. She dressed with delicious stealth. She bundled herself up in unshapely garments and looked just what she was—a comic old countrywoman. Yet inside there burned white the tender, the unquenchable coquette. And what is a coquette? Merely a woman illimitably true, yet with a large capacity for loving. She may prove to a man treasure or thorn, as he chooses.

With her hand on the latch of the door, this little old Isabella surveyed her large, prolific neighbor, sleeping Mary Smith, the village nurse. She had been spared a great deal of suffering—Mary Smith. Yet she had never been dealt a moment of revelation—on a hilltop, in June, to the sound of sheep. A memory like that flung a gleam across Death itself.

She went out of the house; a sick old woman that the slightest shock would kill—she had heard the doctor say that. She went with a fluttering throat and a glistening eye. No shock should cease the beating of her heart yet: hearts do not cease until there is nothing left to beat for.

She was out in the open. She drank the west wind and pressed moonbeams to her bosom.

The common stretched in front; it was dark and rich; it had the depth of a pony's unclipped coat. She must cross the common to reach Dennis, but she was not afraid of her journey nor of her greeting. Dennis to-night would be Dennis of the hilltop. He would understand. If he had always understood, how blissful they would have been together! She knew what a rich store she held for a man—given he had a granary.

The pools on the common were gilded by moonlight, were ruffled by the west wind. What a lover it was, this rumpling, warm west wind! With every breath of it she could hear Dennis saying, in a magic, thrilling way, "Oh, you dear wild thing!" It was the one thing he had ever said to her in all their lives.

It was a long way to his house this night.

More than once she tripped, and more than once the magic, not only of the night, but of this occasion, was withdrawn. And more than once she wished that she had been a sensible old woman and stayed safe in her bed. That had been her mistake all through—a lack of sense. Dennis had told her so. All her troubles, all their united misery, had been caused through her lack of sense—so said Dennis. Right down in her heart she knew he was wrong; he was always wrong—with her.

She was at his gate at last; pattering, tottering, catching her breath, and looking up at the sharp white lines of this little house that she hated. There were no lights anywhere, except in the upstairs back room. It had gone blind—the house.

She clung to the gate, possessed by sharp and awful feelings—of death and of the unknown. She had come across the common in such a radiant young spirit—to meet love-light in a man's eyes. Yet, save the moon, there was no light. You could not call a little bilious gleam in an upper window—light. Dennis! Was he also ill, and would the slightest shock kill him? Were their two old hearts alien, yet with a kin malady? She stood holding to the gate and thinking—in the silver-point, sharp way which had come to her as a gift, to-night. She remembered the life she had lived in this house. Twenty-five years of wedlock—with a total stranger. She had come to it as a bride; she had left it as a subtly broken woman. That had been the bitterness; she could have borne it better had there been any real reason for leaving him—a reason which the world, at least, would have called real: the truth of any tragedy lies hidden from the world. Had there been a rival to Love, on either

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side—something to break your heart with a single sledge-hammer blow and then be done! Had he got drunk and beaten her, or had he been a lazy out-of-work, as other husbands in the village were! But they had been mutually impeccable. They had just lived together and grown to wearily hate each other—and all the time Isabella knew that her soul and spirit had been in pawn. It was only when she wrested the ticket from Dennis and got herself out that life began. That was the way she put it—the only way; clinging here to the gate, with a sudden gift of sight.

How they had rasped and fretted each other, and how it had hurt—so long as she cared; so long as one single memory of that free moment on the hill remained!

And then she recalled the stone-dead time when she no longer cared at all, and when everything that Dennis did and said and was enraged her.

And she remembered her sudden, spouting decision—to go away from him. What a rill it had been! And as each had a queer passion for the particular patch of earth on which they had been born, they continued to live—alien—in one parish.

He had let her go—to her own house across the common. Each had a tiny property, sufficient for rustics; they were capitalists of their class, and that made things easy. And for fifteen years past she had tasted the chaste joy of perfect freedom. Dennis had been polite and passive. He had magnanimously said that if ever she liked to come back and do her duty and behave sensibly, as other wives behaved, here was he and there was home. That was Dennis all over; to believe himself aggrieved, to know himself for a fine fellow, never to admit for one moment that he could possibly be in the wrong.

And so they had parted—in peace. The very absence of violence or rancor about their final moments had been an assault to her unbridled spirit.

She remembered, she remembered! There had been gossip and grinning in the village; women had blamed her, and men had despised Dennis. That was all. Under the pastoral crust of villages lie deep craters—hobnails dance over them.

Now and again through the years they had met by common accident—in church or in the village street. And Dennis had walked—from the church porch to the gate, a procession of tombstones—with her. On week-days, with an air of honoring her, he had sometimes carried her market-basket. And that was all. To nod and say, "Well, Dennis?" to be met with a stiff, generous, "How are you, Isabella?" —was that healing for a woman's bursting heart?

Summoning decision, Isabella went up the garden path to-night. She got tangled in a bramble at his very door—Dennis!

It would have been sensible to stay in one's own warm house on the other side of the common. She fell—with a cry.

Dennis was sitting alone, sitting with that air of righteous, surly patience which was his manner. He too was weak and old and lonely. As he stooped over the bit of bedroom fire stirring some invalid brew for himself, feelings of self-pity were uncommonly strong. It was a marvel they did not liquefy and salt his gruel.

The disorder all round him was grotesque, was pathetic. He was the type of man who exacts constant service from woman, under the cloak of protecting her from a flinty-hearted world.

He dropped his head—a massive gray head—and the brew on the fire burned. He wanted a woman about the place. Fate might at least have granted him a daughter—in return for cheating him of a wife. But this thought he dismissed cynically. Were not women always the devil, be they daughters or sweethearts or wives?

Sweethearts! He began to think of Isabella—on the Downs. This entrancing old memory plucked at the sleeve of them both to-night.

When he kissed her, as she lay laughing, there had fallen a shaft of perfect glory from the sky. Had he followed that light, they might have been happy. But Isabella's flighty ways from the very first had killed—love? No; they had killed—comfort. He maintained that comfort, after marriage, was more important than love before it.

When a man came home hungry, was it food enough to find a pretty woman

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smiling—at you and at a rose? Was it enough to hear her sing with the lark and laugh with the brook? Ask any sensible husband that question. She was not fit to be a working-man's wife—Isabella! He could see the glorious light in her eyes on the hill, in June; that had been heavenly food.

He heard a muffled bleating at his house door. It was the cry of a bird, broken-winged; or of a crippled dog, or of a whimpering baby left behind. He hobbled down-stairs, coughing as he went, and holding hard to the stair rail. He was certainly ill, and had been all the winter. More than once he stopped, to wipe his clammy face and palms. He opened the door and looked out through a thicket of green—winter jasmine solid over his porch and showing golden stars.

Isabella! He could see her through baffling moonshine, restless wind, and the delicate branches of naked trees. Isabella—returned!

He lifted her—his woman. How light she was—a mere bundle of spray wood: or was he suddenly strong—of chivalry? He set her in the armchair by the hollow hearth; he chafed her hands. Why, he could not have told—it was the first time he had ever thought of doing such a silly thing—but he kissed her wrinkled old lids until she lifted them. He was ashamed of himself and irritated with her—for this weakness—directly their eyes met. He hoped she had not known.

She was looking round the unkempt room, a room all sallow and pinched, with irritation. She was annoyed, not so much because the place was untidy, but because it betrayed the distasteful faults so peculiar to Dennis. She looked annoyed, and then she laughed. Isabella! This was so like her—never long in one mood. Dennis heard it come scampering through her pale old lips—the rippling sound he knew. She was a woman always to laugh—laughter the plaster for every wound. Now, to a man of his steady sort, merriment was no remedy for some things. He demanded gravity, respect, decorum, sobriety.

"Dennis, I've come home, out of my sick-bed. And it's—cold."

She shivered; there was a quick leaden look over her lightness; something like a blue flame ran round her downcast lip.

"Dear,"—he spoke with proud, pained humility, tenderness cut from him with the knife,—"if you'll come up-stairs, there is a fire in the back bedroom."

"The back bedroom?"

"I haven't used the front, of late years," he said, instantly stiff.

This melted her; it pointed his solitude. She wanted to fling herself, laughing, crying, on his breast; and she would have done it, only it was—Dennis. You could never be sure of what Dennis would wish. They had carried banners—of dislocation—across the field of life; hers quivered in her hand still.

He helped her out of the chair and up the stairs. A smell of burning filled the back room when they entered, and she ran forward, suddenly strong, to the fire. She lifted the pot and clapped the lid on it, and made a merry, wry grimace, and laughed indulgently. Then she slipped off her shawl and bonnet and moved about, with a manner of fanciful housewifery. She straightened and tidied without a word; with a few fairy touches—how did these women do it!—she covered up chaos and diffused some vague fragrance of a home. And doing it, all the time, like a child with a doll's house, or like some capricious witch stooping to the mortal.

Dennis sat watching, too happy to speak; too understanding—all at once—to try and help. Yet, through the midst of his new tenderness, there gnawed the tooth of petulance. Why had she not always been like this—Isabella—active, deft, silent? Why had she always interwoven play with work and left household jobs unfinished? That sort of thing had very naturally maddened a man. He had not meant to be unkind; it had not been *his* wish to part and make talk in the village.

And yet! Only to have her in his house again; to see her move, to hear her chirping quaint comments on his masculine miseries; her comments and her little happy laugh. He sat watching. To him from that moment the two ends of their lives were joined. Isabella was his bride and his wife in one frail gay old woman. And the puckered long length that stretched between them he tore clean away.

He sat happy. He was a lover—fed on liquid glances and the chosen lip.

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"It's a pity we never had little ones," he said at last.

With this he, all unconscious, picked up the threads of communion. It was almost the last thing he had said to her that day when she left him to live in her own house. He had forgotten, but Isabella remembered. Could any woman ever forget a thing like that! As she had walked across the common that day, to her own chaste house and freedom, she had speculated pensively on those feelings, withheld, of being a mother.

"Just as well we didn't, Dennis; some yours, some mine—and all at loggerheads," she said, with a laughing, fluttering lip.

She left an ornament crooked and cornerwise on the table; she dropped the duster to the floor. That was Isabella all over—to drift, to change, to suddenly forsake. But Dennis wasn't angry—only tender, and faintly proud. She came and squatted down on her heels in front of the fire before him, in reach of his hand. This was her old way—the bride's way. And it used to make him impatient, after the first pretty twice or so. He insisted that a grown woman, and that woman a wife, should sit on a chair; not choose the floor—as if she were a child or a cat.

To-night he cherished this young, grotesque attitude, and he looked down fondly at the little old woman—his—with the silver-mist veil of bleached hair and the bright, bright eyes. And he saw that nothing—certainly no man—could have tamed and shaped this wilful Isabella. During the long lean years of their life together he had been working at a most unprofitable job.

He put his arms out; sinewy old arms, in a ragged coat. Never a woman to wash and mend for him! Isabella poked a frail finger into a hole at his elbow and sobbed. Her sin—of desertion—seemed immeasurable: it is so we see our sins, when we stand—at the last! And yet, keeping her clear, caustic wits until the very end, she knew that, given the years over again, she could not alter her course. Parting had been inevitable between her and Dennis. They were fighters; save for a stray moment here and there, she had heard the jingle of accoutrements all through. Only once, in hopeful courting-time, had they completely broken through the bonds of the body. Never once had they reached the sacramental standard of marriage—which is that souls should fit and flow together.

He drew her to him, and so they crouched. Isabella could see his eyes. She saw, she heard, she felt—nothing else whatsoever. They were on the hilltop together again at last, and wasn't it—June?

Her heart was beating, beating—to its end. As for Dennis, his breath protested, and the sound of it made a queer raven croaking—in the room? On the hill.

"It made a lot of talk—our living apart," he said, thickly.

And she wasn't angry with him—for spoiling. He had an inevitable trick of assaulting silences — Dennis! But what matter?

Isabella was tired; she was exquisitely weak and airy; she was slipping her old body. Her heart kept sounding perpetual bugle-notes—or was each but the tinkle of a bell? It was joy enough to feel one's lonely old head lying here, close, in the dear crook of Dennis's neck.

"I've been laid up with bronchitis since Christmas; the doctor don't make much of me," he said.

"I didn't know, dear."

As she spoke, she put up a bit of finger and laid it all along his lip—to coax his mouth to hers. He remembered this gesture. Captivating, ridiculous old woman—his! She hadn't let fall one girlish caprice. She had laid up all this sweetness in lavender—Isabella! And these very tricks of hers, that once had made him feel a fool, to-night proclaimed him monarch.

"And you've been laid up too?" he asked.

It was foolish of him not to keep quite quiet; he missed so much.

"I heard the doctor tell Mary Smith that the least shock might kill me," she said, simply, and crouched up closer and hoarded her happiness—while it was.

They may have slept a little, nodding with their brand-new joy; or it may be that ethereal happiness takes up time and gags it for the great occasion: it seemed but a few more moments before Dennis, talking again—what a tongue he had!—said,

"It's getting light, Isabella."

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*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

IT WAS JOY ENOUGH TO FEEL ONE'S LONELY OLD HEAD LYING HERE

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She looked up from his breast and stared full in the heavy-lidded eyes of the haggard day. She was at once on her feet.

"Dennis! We must draw the curtains and look out. Dennis! In the front room, years ago, we had our bed close to the window, and I woke early, and—"

"Held flowers to my nose, and—"

"And made you cross, and—"

"And made me cruel, and—"

He broke off, catching her round and crumpling her.

"Oh, my dear little darling old wife!" he said—and the flame was on his face once more.

Only twice in all his life had this been so. Just as at the beginning he had said, "Oh, you dear wild thing!" so now—beginning?—he broke bonds again, "Oh, my dear little darling old wife!" And these two moments made their married history.

He had the delicate perception at last to say—not one more word.

Isabella, drawing him with her, went to the lattice and pulled the curtain back. In distance, through the shuddering January day, they could see the Downs. Dark, savage hills!

"They are playing—at winter," said Isabella, with a cascade of bright young laughter.

She could see sunshine and delicious, stealing, sprawling shadows. She could hear nothing but bells and bleating. This was the bridal song of her leaping heart. June lived—in her bosom.

"I come straight across the common to find her as soon as ever I woke," said Mary Smith, apologetically, to the doctor, as they stood together in the cold room.

"It seems queer that they should live apart and die together, don't it, sir?—but wedlock's a tight string. They won't fall out no more."

She stared, hard at first, and then through a wet blink, at the wise, majestic rapture of dead faces.

# To Arcady

*BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING*

ACROSS the hills of Arcady
Into the Land of Song—
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long!

It will not lead through solitudes
Of wind-blown woods or sea;
Dear, no! the city's weariest moods
May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
Lit by some distant star.
No! Arcady is where you stand,
And Song is where you are!

So walk but hand in hand with me—
No road can lead us wrong;
These are the hills of Arcady—
Here is the Land of Song!

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# Editor's Easy Chair

THE grass in the parks, and on the patches of mostly bald, bare earth which the city has left to mark the course of the Subway under upper Broadway, is still as green, while we write, as it will be when others shall read, in the waning days of winter, the Easy Chair for March. But what a difference in the significance of the two verdures! This expresses the pensive memories, the vain regrets, of the summer past; that will prophesy the joys of the spring which is coming. Now rude companies of sparrows jar and squabble over the sward from which no diviner danderine could coax another spear; then the blackbirds will be swelling and strutting among the tender blades, and the robins will be bracing themselves in a trial of strength with the earthworms that lengthen in their elastic but reluctant rise from their lurking in the sod, before they are engulfed in the fathomless stomachs of their rivals.

But the honey is not altogether with the springtime that shall be, and the jam is not wholly wanting to these December days now waning to the shortest of the winter solstice. With the high promise of the vernal season certain illusions will renew themselves, only to be blasted in the withering air of experience. Prime among these are horticultural and floricultural visions which allure the summer cottager and the fond commuter, and paint the horizon round with fruits and flowers that ripen and open under no real heaven; while in winter-gardening there is only good faith between man, or even woman, and his or her cousins of the vegetable kingdom: we should prefer to say republic. For your indoors delight you have first, and, if you are wise, you have last, the simple and faithful adequacy of the Chinese lily bulb, which looks so like an onion that it might easily be bought if not eaten for one. This, when you have acquired it from one of those almond-eyed Celestials, who have the exclusive trade in it, asks no more of you for its efflorescence than a shallow bowl filled with pebbles. The pebbles are not so easy to get in an asphalted city, and are best pilfered from some gravel pile where the men are building a skyscraper, and have got so far up on it that they cannot see you putting the pebbles in your overcoat pocket. When you have got your spoil safely in your saucer, you cover the pebbles with plain water, and the bulb, which you place on them, does the rest: it sprouts, it sends up a narrow green scabbard, it unsheaths from this a slender blade or two, and then from their tips it breaks out in a few white starry flowers, so delicately yet efficiently fragrant that when you smell it you seem to be drinking tea in a wistaria bower, with a saffron lady whose feet are three inches long, and who is scraping thin shavings of music from a one-stringed lute, while the moon lacquers the landscape everywhere with its soft beams.

Compare this cheap and fine delight with the extravagant self-deceptions into which spring and the nurserymen's catalogues shall tempt you, unless the Easy Chair arrives in time to save you! On this dangerous ground we wish to say nothing but by implication, else we might a tale unfold which would blight the hopes while it foiled the schemes of half the ensuing season. We do not say that the deceitfulness of seedsmen is purposed, but certainly their prospectuses are so languaged and illustrated that they arouse hopes in the reader for which there is mostly no earthly fruition. Their diction cannot be called artful; it is even bare to baldness; but ever and anon it breaks in a picture so persuading and convincing that he, and more especially she, must be more than mortal to resist the kindling expectation of some climbing and drooping vine overflowering a house front, faint and tranced in the luxuriant bloom, or some exuberantly blooming



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bush on some velvety lawn bordered and bulked with masses of shrubbery, breaking here and there into ferny heaps of rock, and silvered at its foot with the illimitable sweep of a summer sea.

No doubt, we say, the nurserymen are guiltless of deceit in the effect of these designs. The subjects must exist somewhere in nature, for they are half-tone reproductions of photographs, and we all know, from our own likenesses, that the camera cannot lie. The subjects therefore are not imagined; it is only their environment that is imagined; and the reader of the catalogue is merely not able to realize their environment. It is no fault of the nurserymen that his rude acreage, his narrow plot, his inartistic façade, will not lend itself to the full effect of the nurserymen's vegetation. Yet it must be owned in his behalf that when his purchases from them reach him in early spring, the "stock" does not respond in appearance to the enchanting aspect it wore in the nurseryman's glowing page. It wants somehow that touch of vivid and vivifying fancy which it felt there, and with its burlapped roots and straw-bound tops it looks a doubtful forecast of the exuberant leaf and blossom which the purchaser remembers. A closer acquaintance with it may or may not help it to keep the promise of the catalogue. If it does not, the nurseryman will own the error or the defect you allege, very cheerfully. He will say, yes, stock in that condition or of that quality should not have been allowed to leave his nursery, and he will make it good another year. Being a part of Nature, as of art, and waxing and waning with the seasons in their serene patience, he does not realize what a year is to you who trusted that very summer to see his half-tone pictures reproduced on your property; and he does not really mind sending you something you did not want; he is like Nature in that too, whose indifference is often more manifest than her abundance. We have known a cottager to order willows of a crimson color, and a low, tangling massy habit, which he had visioned hedging his lawn, and instead of these to get harsh upright green Canada willows, which refused to live anywhere on his grounds.

It was the best thing about them, their declining to be a party to a fraud, which was, after all, perhaps a pious one. The nurseryman had sent them because he had none of the others; and Nature herself sometimes practises a kind deception rather than let the fond gardener go without anything. We knew of a case, no longer ago than last summer, in which the gardener bought a seedman's last dozen of eggplants, which he duly set out in his plot, and which flourished with uncommon promise up to the blossoming moment, all looking alike and unmistakably eggplants. But at this point they differentiated themselves: five continued eggplants, and seven turned aside and became petunias. They became, indeed, very beautiful petunias, delicious in fragrance, rare in form, and most delicate and novel in color; but, after all, they were not eggplants. The seedsman of whom they were all bought, being appositely reproached, justly remarked that the gardener who supplied them must have got them mixed. Sometimes this sort of mixture begins further back, with the very seeds themselves. We knew of another case of like character but more intense disappointment. A summer cottager had sent forward his seeds, and had his garden made by certain seafaring natives, months before he arrived to hoe his vegetables, as his wont was, with his own hands. Then, one morning, he discovered that his melon-vines, whose vigor and agility he had admired from the first, had set some instances of their luscious fruit. He called the critic of all his enterprises to rejoice with him, which she did; but after more narrowly viewing the melons she asked, "What makes them so *long?*" "Why," he said, "they are the long *kind.* You know I sent some banana-melon seeds with the rest, and these are the young banana-melons." They both rested content in this belief for a fortnight longer, and then the truth insisted upon itself: those infant banana-melons were no melons, but cucumbers. They were a fine variety of cucumbers, and they yielded in wonderful abundance, and the family gave them by basketfuls about the neighborhood, and ate them every day, not only sliced in oil and vinegar, but also stewed in cream; and does the reader know how good a stewed cucumber is?

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It is far better than a stewed melon; and yet these grateful cucumbers remained somehow always a disappointment. No one was to blame, not even the seedsman who sold their seeds for the seeds of melons; and, by the way, what a charming place a seed-store is! The right time to frequent it is now, when you will find its long counters lined with hopeful and trusting customers, among whom you must take your turn while the neat-handed salesmen hurry through with the earlier comers to wait upon you. Meantime you cannot enough admire the charming order of the place: the alluringly labelled drawers mounting from floor to ceiling; the attractive bins of beans and peas and other larger legumes; the bulbs and tubers of all sorts heaped along the counters; the bewitching variety of garden tools, the tins of fertilizers and insecticides; with the rich, comforting, inspiring odor pervading the air from the fruition of the summers past and the promise of the summers to come. Then, the salesmen, how encouraging, how consoling they are! You put yourself in their hands as you would in a banker's or a doctor's; you confide in them as in so many brothers. Once a young lady, deeply interested in bulbs, say lily-of-the-valley bulbs, asked the price of a dozen, and the seedsman's salesman said sixty cents. "But I thought your catalogue said fifty," she objected. The salesman referred to the catalogue. "Why, so it does!" he exclaimed in generous surprise. "And here I have been selling them all the season for sixty cents!"

But mostly, how sure they are, these ultimately true souls, how prompt! Would that we could be half as sure, as prompt, in anything as they are in everything! Yet not everything. There are noble and candid doubts with which they tincture some of their beliefs, and do but give you the greater faith in their impeccability, their infallibility. One of the facts they have no doubts of is the fact that if you plant radishes with melons, the striped bugs which swarm upon the melons as soon as the plants get above ground will instantly desert them, and eat the radishes. Experiment proved this to be not quite the fact, without affecting the general tenability of the postulate. The truth practically is that radishes, when planted with melons, have the property of multiplying striped bugs a thousandfold, without at all disabling their appetite for the tender melon-plants: these the bugs fall upon by myriads, devouring them down to the ground and below the ground.

The only way to render melons immune from striped bugs, according to our sage experience, is to get some of those wire domes, such as were once used in country hotels and station restaurants to keep the flies off glass plates of cake and pie, and put them over the infant plants, carefully packing the earth round the edges of the domes, so that no surreptitious bug shall subterraneously penetrate to the interior. When the succulent foliage of the plants shall have filled the domes to bursting, the dispirited bugs will have disappeared, and then you lift the domes away, and let the melons flourish in the free air till the frost gets them early in September.

Nurserymen are not so wicked as they are erratic. They are infected by their occupation; it is notorious that the businesses of men corrupt their bosoms, and some more than others. For instance, dealing in horses is peculiarly depraving; wherever the *genus homo* comes into commercial relations with the *genus equus*, *homo* falls, and with a more resounding moral cropper than ever huntsman or huntswoman came. Real-estate brokerage is also corrupting; next to the horse the house is a means of evil; and perhaps after the horse and the house comes the tree. It is not that the tree attacks the principles of man; it attaints him rather through their common vagarious mother, Nature, who is of all things uncertain and infirm of purpose. The nurseryman, who leans upon her, and is fondled on her knees and draws his life directly from her deep breast, imbibes her variableness of mood, and will sometimes say the thing which is not, without meaning malice or even playful mischief. He will say, for example, if you want a mulberry tree of him in April, that the mulberry starts early and cannot then be transplanted. Being pursued by letter and telegram for a mulberry tree from which you, well stricken in years, impatiently desire to eat the fruit that very summer,

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he will send you a well grown mulberry, four inches in diameter of the trunk, which if transplanted in early May, in all but full leaf, will flower and fruit so abundantly that all the dooryard robins shall drop obesely from its boughs gorged with their ravin; and you will yourself get some dozens of berries which you pick up, ant-eaten, from the grass.

It is her winning irresponsibility which Nature imparts to the nurserymen, her spoiled children. As she herself will offer you a cucumber when you ask for a banana-melon, so he, if you order a thing he has not, will send you another; or he will lure you along till past the season for planting anything, when he will fearlessly own that he does not "stock" it, but will try the next year to get it for you from another nurseryman. You are perhaps particularly impassioned of upright pink honeysuckles, in such a case; or you have ordered wild American azaleas, such as you have seen flowering much above your head, in the swamps, and on the hills; and you get bushes of such a lowly cast that after five years they are still grovelling on the ground, and trying to hide themselves in the grass.

It is not perfectly just to say that the nurseryman will emulate Nature in giving you what he happens to have instead of what you happen to want, but it is quite true that he will give you what you want or do not want, at the time he likes, in season and out of season, but mostly out. You are living, say, in a city three hundred miles from your "place" in the country, which you ardently desire to stock with trees planted by your own hand, and you combine with the nurseryman in winter-long correspondence, clinched with final specials and telegrams, for the delivery of the "stock" on a certain day of mid-April: a golden day when you find the robins shouting, and the bluebirds tenderly quavering through the air, and the violets blue in the grass, to greet you on your arrival by steamer and train and trolley. But the "stock" is not there to join in the welcome, though you have agreed to have it sent by wagon, to guard against all errors of fast freight or express. The hours of the forenoon melt away, and the "stock" does not come, and you begin to bite your nails and grind your teeth in your impatience, and you decide with the landscape-gardener, who has come to direct your planting, that you had better telephone, and find out what the matter is. But it appears on experiment that the nurseryman has no telephone. You decide then to telegraph. But there is no telegraph office within ten miles of him. The afternoon begins to follow the forenoon. At nightfall you end a period of vain rage and intolerable anguish by taking the trolley and the train and the steamer back to your city home, three hundred miles away. The next day the "stock" comes in a pouring rain over fifteen miles of miry road. Explanations that do not explain ensue, and to this hour you do not know why the "stock" was not sent when promised. You can only conjecture that the delay was a part of the irresponsible and irregular course of Nature, by which it is sometimes May in March, and sometimes early April in late June.

The wonder is that beings of the nurseryman's make, spoiled children of our great stepmother, should ever bring anything duly about. But their fond parent seems to abet them in some of their efforts at reparation, and to bring hopeless causes to prosperous results. In the imaginary instance we have been studying much of the "stock" has gloriously fulfilled the original expectation. Slim poplars tower to the skies, some branchy maples spread and droop so widely over the grass that with the help of an expanded umbrella the glad owner may already sit in their shade. Other trees, of those planted by alien hands infirmly directed from a distance, are not of such present fulfilment; but they have many years before them in which to work out the promise of their nonage.

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# Editor's Study

GEORGE ELIOT somewhere says that the satisfaction of personal grief by frequentation of the graves of those we have lost betrays a lack of imagination. We might at first be inclined to reply that it is not a matter of the imagination, but of the affections; that the more poignant the sorrow, the more it fixes upon particular things which revive familiar associations. The pathetically vivid reminiscence is a resurrection of an embodied presence, where there seemed such absence, so far serving the office of imagination. But sepulture and everything pertaining to it emphasizes absence, setting a seal upon it, leaving no way open to the imagination.

At least this is the case arising from the attitude of our extreme modern sensibility toward the funereal. There was a time when the article of death was read differently; it did not convey the idea of such absolute separation of the soul from earthly associations or even from its earthly tenement. The attentions of surviving friends were supposed to be really serviceable; above all, certain rites concerned with either the careful preservation of the body, as in Egypt, or, as in Hellenic times, its swift cremation. The passing soul was conceived to be a wanderer, as in sleep, only now in a deeper sleep—a wanderer who might linger or possibly return, who indeed could not quite get away but by the pious help of those he had left behind, and was not even then safe from necromancy.

Along with this ancient conception there was some room for the imagination. The character of Hermes, in his oldest guise as *psychopompos,* or leader of these properly absolved wandering souls, was one of the creations of this imagination. Another was the Court of Judgment. The visits of Ishtar and of mortal heroes like Odysseus and Æneas to the dusky subterranean asylum of the Shades, and the seizure of Persephone, furnished weirdly imaginative themes for the old poets. The way was thus prepared for Dante.

But in the very earliest times there were no such imaginative creations. Mythology was of later date. If we could go back to the period when man created a language and before that language passed into its secondary meanings, we should confront the first realism, which was one with the first naturalism. Humanity was nearer to Nature, in the sense of being next to it, of being interfused with it, than it has been at any later stage of development. Thought was immediately next the thing, and the word binding them together involved the least possible interference of a notional concept. Imagination was, as nearly as, in man, it is possible for it to be, direct realization—direct and inevitable as any operation in Nature. It was realization on its lowest level, but at the same time the most complete. Sequences thus close, of thought, word, and thing, without reflective interval, had the fatefulness of hypnotic suggestion.

In this immediate embodiment, or realization, the imagination was creative, within its narrow limitations. There was no free intelligence outside of such imaginative realization, which involved only natural selection. Knowledge was possible only in genetic lines, was confined to that which was native or akin.

Of course it is impossible to conceive of man as possessed of articulate speech and at the same time without some measure of conscious ratiocination, far above that in any other species of animal; but progress in this direction was slow, and we may be permitted to regard it in its earliest stage, the twilight of the mind. The consideration of human imagination in this period is interesting, and enables us better to comprehend it at its opposite extreme in the realism of to-day.

In this earliest period, the feeling of reality was a near sense of life—so near

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that, as we have said, it brought all of man's relations to his kind and to the world he knew within the bonds of kinship. We know, in our time, to what degree and extent Nature holds us in her web through elemental instincts, and how much of our life, in its joys and sorrows and labors, depends upon the associations growing out of this natural bondage; but it is not easy for us to understand the ancient sacrament of kinship which was the ground of the worship of ancestors.

In this estate of humanity we could not say that death was apotheosis—that would imply a discrimination between humanity and divinity which did not exist—but it was regarded not as a diminution but an accession of power. It afforded the culminating moment of such tension as was then possible to the imagination. The last sleep was next to a mystery very different from that imagined by us, which dwells afar, beyond an impenetrable barrier. There was no leap for that ancient imagination to take, and it had no saltatory habit; the mystery resided in a near presence, as near as the friendly darkness of night, which was now reinforced with new helpfulness for the living.

Naturally there was concern as to where the sleeper was laid—the place of contact with so comfortable a mystery, a shrine, therefore, for visitation, with no vain intent. The dead did not pass, but by a step; they made a populous divinely human neighborhood. Every living thing which sprang from Earth's treasury of darkness—tree, plant, or flower—was associated with them, as if owing germinance to their potence, far more intimately than the crocuses coming up in the spring were in De Quincey's mind with the thought of his little dead sister.

There was no lack of imagination in this regard for the dead, which had such reality, with no funereal gloss, a backward and downward look, affiliating more with darkness than with light. It had its compensations, and we see from what we know of it that it was love and not fear that made the first gods. But it was a wingless imagination, limited by a rigidly provincial sense of neighborhood, yet with something of the sureness of instinct, as well as of its blindness, in its close procedure.

When we pass beyond this primitive stage we still find the imagination concerning the dead closely following the course of the human evolution. When the tribal isolation is broken up and the romance of human wandering commences, then the dead become wanderers; the builders of cities give the vagrant souls a fixed abode in the underworld, with such discriminations and judgments as are indicated in the penal codes of civilized communities, and a monarchy on earth suggests a King and Queen of Hades. The old idea of immense treasure was still associated with the dusky underworld, whence our term "plutocracy." The Plutonian realm was even more distinguished for its vast population than for its resources. But the strange feature which arrests our attention in the poetic representations, from Homer to Dante, is the weakness and insignificance of this population, which had waned from the divine stature accorded them by the primitive imagination to the mere shadows of their earthly selves, becoming a throng of bloodless, melancholy ghosts.

Herein we see reflected the great change which had taken place in the human imagination itself, after its divorce from primitive naturalism. Its integrity had been broken. The despotically real earth-thought had given place to the complex, wavering, and uncertain world-thought, prismatically brilliant but unreal. The symbol interrupted the close sequence of the thought and the thing, and the living word which had been the bond of the sequence passed into its secondary meaning or shadowy concept. What wonder that death should be supposed to work the same change that had come over the spirit of life—the transformation of realities into phantoms? In either case, the change was not sudden, but the effect of slow development through centuries.

With the loosening of the naturalistic bond—so tenacious at all times and in all circumstances—man entered upon his proper psychical destiny, with the free imaginative vision and faculty which made art, philosophy, literature, and the higher life possible, but he reached these heights only after long bondage to a symbolism only a step removed from the immediate despotism of natural instincts,

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and to a rigid social conventionalism. The romantic awakening, the disintegration and emancipation, is first historically apparent in migratory peoples, lovers of the sea, like the Phœnician, who gave the world letters, and the Ionic Greek, who gave it art. The world-sense of the Heroic Age, not at all reflective, but æsthetic, and thrilling with free and joyous life, furnishes a natural explanation of the prevailing fancy as to the desolate estate of those in whom the pulse of this life had been stilled. Thus Homer expresses it, when he makes the shade of Achilles say to Odysseus that he would rather be a slave in the upper light and air than King of the Underworld.

Evidently, in the Hellenic view at least, the present world had blurred, if it had not wholly displaced, the old backward regard. Men had come to have reliance upon their own illuminated intelligence, independently of ancestral reinforcement by way of darkness.

The significant note of the primitive realism was the sense of a kinship potent in life and still more potent in death. We see a survival of this in the Hebrew race before the Dispersion, a people shrinking inland from the dreaded sea, repudiating the myth, the symbol, the idol, the image of anything, and whose language was cut down to its roots. For a man to die was to be "gathered to his fathers." Paradise was Abraham's bosom. In the story of Joseph and his brethren we have the simplest and strongest embodiment of the sentiment of kinship.

What we have called the provincial imagination, because of its confinement to an immediately near realization, within limits fixed by elemental instinct and passion, in the Hellenic type of development, escaped these narrow bonds, projecting mythological impersonation and legend and, later, the objective embodiment of æsthetic sensibility in poetry and in all forms of representative art. But in all this detachment from Nature we note the lingering domination of the older motives, loosened from the ancient tyranny and softly touched with beauty. In mythology, the earth mother, Demeter, held her legendary place, and her sacred mysteries were still inviolate. The sombre presences of the underworld—the Eumenides, Pluto, Persephone, Hermes, and the rest—continued to exercise their majestic functions. The prominence given to the Promethean myth by Æschylus and, by all the Greek dramatists in tragedy, to human destiny as working in the dark lines of natural relationships, shows, in the brightest era of Greek art, the survival of feelings nearly allied to the primitive naturalism. Nevertheless, the cult of Athene, who of all divine personages was most completely dissociated from the occult influences of Nature, gained ground, and was the inspiration of new humanities.

How inveterate those occult influences were down to the thirteenth century of the Christian era is indicated by the strong hold which, in that second twilight of the mind, the black art of magic gained upon the human imagination, reviving necromantic enchantments and maintaining the ancient conception of an inferno, in which, however, another dynasty had supplanted the Plutonian. The prevalent belief in astrology rested upon the implication that man's life was but a part of the web of a universal destiny, and was determined by the stars under which he happened to be born. The divergence—a noticeable one—from the old naturalism was in the substitution of celestial influences, associated with luminaries, for those which were terrestrial and which worked in the darkness. Nearly allied to this belief in magic and much more closely allied to the provincialism of the primitive imagination was the medieval faith in reliquary miracles, with this notable distinction, that their effectiveness was due to sainthood. At the very earliest stage of Christian belief, Heaven, never before accessible to men, save by special translation, as in the cases of Moses and Elijah, was "opened to all believers." This remote separation of the saints from those everlastingly doomed, or temporarily subjected to purgatorial flames, is in marked contrast to the earlier location of Paradise, into which Dives, in torment, could look and have speech with Lazarus. Still earlier there was not this separation; all went to one place. To the primitive imagination the idea of the near neighborhood of departed kindred seems to have precluded that of any distinct abode of the dead.

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In medieval pilgrimages to shrines and holy places, in the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and in knightly quests for the Holy Grail, there was an enthusiasm not only in itself romantic, but one that, as in ancient visits to the Delphic Oracle, helped to develop a cosmopolitan or world sense which would finally dissipate the essentially provincial regard for any shrine or oracle. The medieval world-sense of politics, as distinguished from the modern national sense, in its very cosmopolitanism, and in the favoring atmosphere which it created for the development of art and the humanities, helped to make the Renaissance inevitable and effective.

The first realism was, on its purely naturalistic plane and within its insulated channels, intensely vital, as sure and relentlessly direct as instinct, as Nature herself. The imagination shaping its course had the values of its integrity —its defects were in its limitations, precluding the possibilities of art and of the higher humanity. Our departures from this primeval integrity have made human history — the record of human strength and weakness. Fallibility, not, as in instinctive procedure, mere limitation of faculty and vision, but positive vacillation and failure, has attended every step as the indispensable condition of advance. The objective realization of beauty in art stands out more firmly than anything else in the retrospect; but the realization of truth, in politics, literature, philosophy, and dogma, brings into view a long procession of masquerading phantoms—some of them fixed in ghastly permanence, while others appear and vanish, showing as much worth in their falling as in their emergence. One set of symbols is forever displaced by another, and there is a distinct value in the expedition of succession.

To loiter with the old symbol, to cherish the lifeless token, like lingering at the grave of one who is not there but has arisen, is to put mere actualities in the place of realities. The actuality was one with the reality in the primitive naturalism; to us it is, or should be, a trivial accident. To cherish the pen which belonged to a great writer or with which an important document was signed, the sword of an eminent warrior, or the ship which he led to a decisive victory, the room in which a poet was born or happened to die, or any other relic, betrays a lack of the historic sense as well as of imagination.

The symbol which has played so important a part in thought and art is something more than a relic or token, something to be justly interpreted in its set time and place and for its relative value. Words themselves are symbols, directly in their origin, and with indirect and notional meanings in their secondary use; and it is in these notional meanings that we must beware of their phantasmal tyranny. So any symbol may have its despotic misleading as well as its helpful leading. It is the ready tool at once of true wisdom and of false sophistry. Modern science has by a jealous caution in its own field led the way to a new realism in which the imagination after long bewilderment has found its true centre of harmony with the natural and human world, a world which—if we may follow to the end the line of thought with which we set out — no longer harbors ghosts or ghostly trivialities.

It is the world-sense, uplifted and illuminated, which has triumphed over the unreal phantoms of the mind and over the Powers of the air and of Darkness, embodying thus a free Christendom following the spirit of the Master. The near sense of life is realized in a brotherhood not confined within the bonds of natural kinship, as we hear the Master ask: "Who are my brethren?"

Rousseau and Nietzsche were bewildering prophets, falling far short of this new realism. What shall be said of those critics who would call our writers of fiction from their world of psychical realities back to a masterful handling of elemental passions? Natural relationships have inspired some of our finest fiction, treating of home and homely things. These relationships have themselves been psychically uplifted and refined above the elemental plane. Our new humanities are developed in that superstructure.

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# Ye Moral Tale of Ye Physical Culturyst

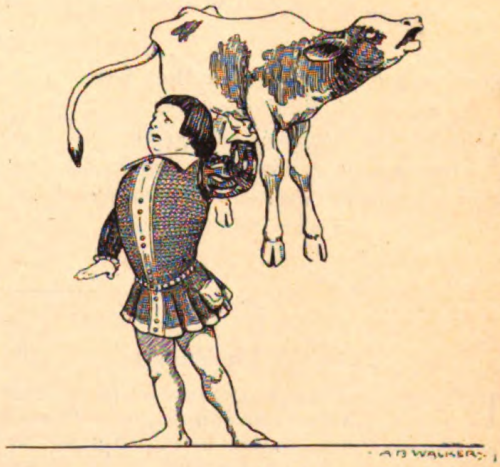
*BY BURGES JOHNSON*

YOUNG Abel was a childe, I wot,
Whose miene was grave and sage.
'Twas plaine that he had thought a lott
Despyte hys tender age.
When onlie two, much tyme he spent
On physical development.

Each morninge when he gat hym uppe,
He'd give a merrie shout,
And lyft hys small St. Bernard puppe
And carrie hym about.
Ye dogge was verie small at fyrst,
But ate and grew lyke he would burst.

And though in tyme ye friendlie beast
Grew myghtie bigge and talle,
It irked not Abel in ye leaste,
It was so graduawl.
Ye fulle-grown dogge younge Abel bore
With careless ease when onlie four.

There came a caulfe upon ye farm,
Quite younge and lene and spare;
Each day childe Abel's sturdie arm
Would lyft hym highe in air.
By slow degrees, but sure as fate,
Ye caulfe grew unto cow's estate.




Before ye lad attained to tenne,
His spirit 'gan to pant
For chaunce to fondle now and thenne
A babie elephant.
And when a friende supplyed ye lacke,
Younge Abel bore it on hys backe.

Each day he deftlie held aloft
Ye infante pachyderme,
The whyle hys spirit onlie scoffed
To feel it kyck and squirme.
As yere by yere ye creature grew
Stout Abel's cheste expanded too.



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I but record ye symple facts.
And nowise doe implie,
That Abel's parents viewed hys acts
Wyth a complaisant eye.
But chyldren who can tosse a cow
Are chided sparinglie, I trow.

Thus waxed ye muscle on thys boy,
As grows ye coral strande.
And yet hys manhood gat no joy
From power wythin hys hande.
For whenne he raised a windowe-sash
Ye everie pane was sure to smashe.

Whene'er he went to shutte a dore,
And used noe force at alle,
He'd pushe ye dore-sill off ye flore,
Ye dore-frame through ye walle.
And if he pressed a ladie's waiste,
Ye ambulance must come in haste.

Hys house was soone a broken place,
Hys wyfe were earlie dede;
Despaire was writ upon hys face,
And bowed hys myghtie hede.

Ye moral is, that oft, my son,
Are calysthenics overdone.

---

### Doris's Table Manners

DORIS was learning pretty table manners. Her mother taught her, after she had finished her grapes, how to dip the tips of her fingers into the water in her finger-bowl, touch her lips and dry them daintily on her napkin.

"Ears, too, mamma?" whispered Doris.

---

### Not the Same

A PARTY of tourists—"Cookies," as they are frequently called — were grouped around the grave of Joseph Addison, in Westminster Abbey. One long-suffering woman was repeating to another, through the means of an ear-trumpet, what the guide had said. As they passed, this was shouted to the deaf one: "He says that that is the grave of Edison, the great inventor and electric-light man."

### Waiting

WHEN Madame Françoise was about to become a widow, a friend approaching her, bathed in grief, said, "Ah, madame, you are worn out. You need rest."

Madame rocked herself agitatedly awhile, then she gulped:

"When—*when de t'ing 'appens*, me an' my childrens we will go for a little recreation!"

---

### Beyond Him

ON the occasion of the production of *Lucia* at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter, a well-known clubman, who had taken a cousin from a Connecticut town to hear Donizetti's great work, turned to his relative during the first intermission and inquired how he liked the opera.

"Oh, pretty fair," said the visitor; "but is the whole blamed thing in Latin?"

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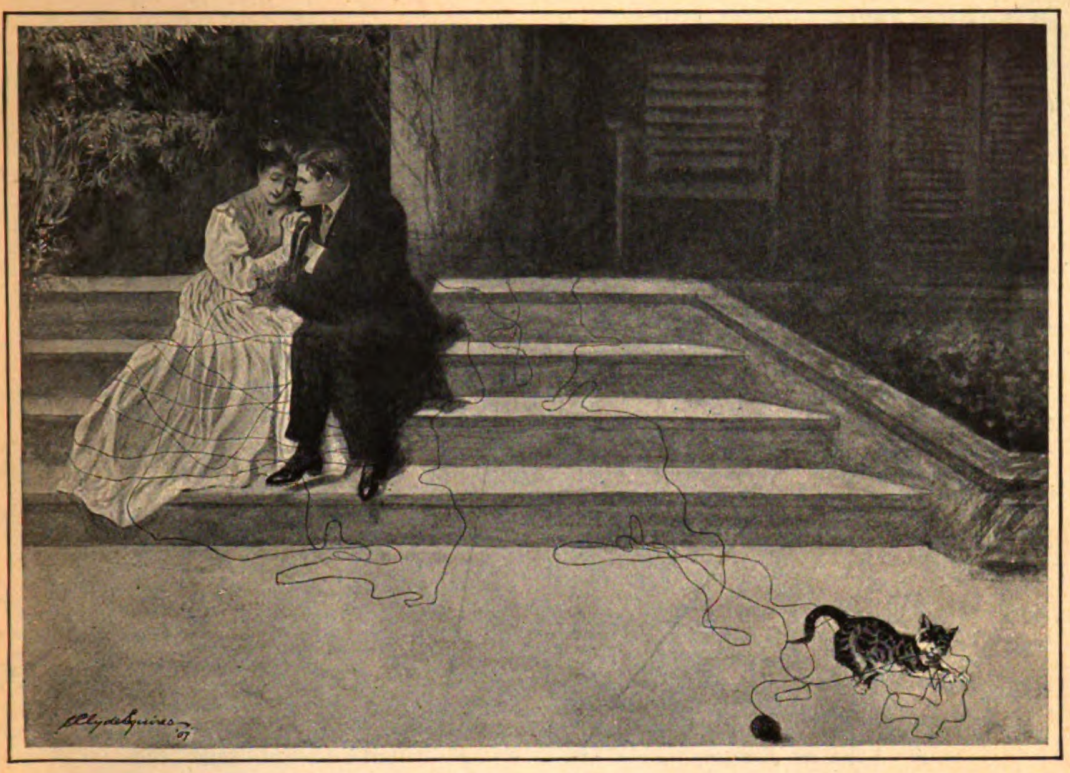

All Tangled Up

### Indian Frugality

A RESERVATION Indian was disconsolate over the breaking of his axe-handle. He laid his misfortune before the "farmer" of the reservation, who, through pity, took a new handle from his private stock and adjusted it to the axe.

The "farmer" then noticed that the axe was shockingly dull; so motioning the owner to turn the grindstone, he expended a half-hour's time in sharpening the blade.

When the rehabilitated axe was given to the Indian, he was childishly gleeful; but still lingered about, indicating by his actions that some feature of the transaction had not been adjusted.

The "farmer" was a little annoyed, and called to an interpreter. "Ask the old fellow what he wants now," he directed.

After an exchange of grunts and gestures, the interpreter announced, "He wants twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents! What for?"

"For turning the grindstone."

---

### His Accent

AN American-born girl was boasting of her English ancestry in public, and said:

"Grandpa has lived in this country over forty years, but he's just as English in his accent as when he went to Oxford; for instance," she added, "he still says horanges!"

### The Switch-tree

A SMALL boy whose parents believed in the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," ran into the house one day exclaiming, "Oh, Grandpa, come out here, quick! Our switch-tree has a peach on it!"

---

### Her Mistake

THE manager of a business house in New Orleans not long ago engaged a new stenographer, a young woman who came bearing strong letters of recommendation from a friend in the North.

The manager soon discovered that his new employée entertained some unique notions of orthography; but, as the gallant Southerner says, her personality was "so engaging" that he really hadn't the heart to rebuke her very severely. Finally, however, when the newcomer handed him a typewritten letter wherein she had spelled sugar "s-u-g-g-a-r," he felt that the time had come to take a firm stand.

"I'm afraid this won't do at all," he said, endeavoring to be sternly official. "I can't stand for 'sugar' in this form."

For a moment the young woman regarded the offending word critically. Then her face brightened, and she said:

"Oh, how careless of me! I've left out the 'h,' haven't I?"

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### How He Knew

A PITTSBURG business man went to his market one day to purchase a barrel of apples for winter use. He ran across a barrel of particularly large ones, on the top, at least. He requested the dealer to turn the barrel over and open the other end. This was done, and the apples were found to be large and fine at that end also. The business man was just about to order them sent to his residence when an old farmer, standing near by, whispered, "Look in the centre."

The barrel was emptied at the request of the business man and found to contain small and inferior apples, with the exception of those at each end.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the business man, turning to the farmer.

"I've got some nice ones I just brought in," diffidently replied the old farmer, "and only ask fifty cents a barrel more than that man did."

"Send me in two barrels," said the man, handing over his money and street address.

"Say," asked a bystander of the old farmer, after his customer had walked away, "how did you know the apples in the centre of that barrel were no good?"

"Oh," replied the old farmer, with a wink, "that was one of my bar'ls!"

OLD GENTLEMAN *(half asleep)*. "*All right, waiter; you may keep the change.*"

### Their Children

TWO young teachers in a prosperous kindergarten were much distressed over the wailing of a new scholar, who refused to be comforted. When his mother came at noon to take him home, he sobbingly explained the cause of his sorrow: "Miss Brown was there with all her children, and Miss Gardiner was there with all her children, and I was the only little boy without my mother!"

---

### His First Lesson

LITTLE Bobby had never been to Sunday-school before, and came home wide-eyed and excited to relate his adventures to his mother. After giving a flattering account of his teacher he added:

"And she told me to learn the opossum's creed."

---

### Cow vs. Milkman

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer maintains an admirable stock-farm on the outskirts of the Quaker City. One day this summer some poor children were permitted to go over this farm, and when their inspection was done each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk came from a $2500 cow.

"How do you like it, boys?" asked an attendant, when the little fellows had drained their glasses.

"Fine! Fine!" said one youngster, with a grin of approval. Then, after a pause, he added:

"I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

---

### Another Reason

THE busy man stopped before an office-building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped:

"Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?"

"No, you can't!" snapped the busy man.

"Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin.

"I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away."

"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!"

"No?"

"No. I thought he might fall down!"

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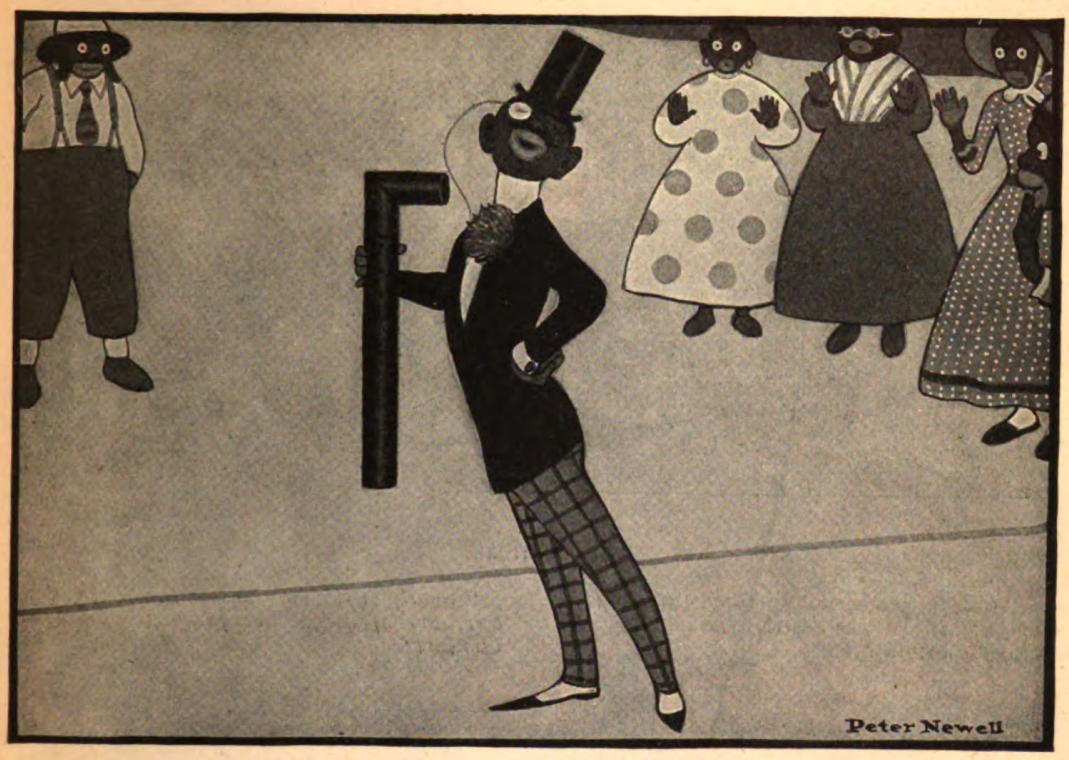


A Dandy

*"I wears a stovepipe hat, my frien's (oh, my, but ain't I vain!),*
*An' when I promenades de streets I sports a stovepipe cane!"*

---

# The Country Cousin

*BY WILBUR NESBIT*

MY cousin Alferd Williams, he
Ain't had *advantages* like me—
(My mamma says not to say "ain't"
Buhcause it gives my speech a taint).
My cousin Alferd—he don't know
A thing about th' latest show,
Nor any of the latest jokes,
Buhcause he isn't city folks!
But he knows lots of things to say—
One of 'em rattles on this way:

*"What's your name?*
*Puddin' Tame!*
*Where you goin'?*
*Down the lane!"*

An' one is where you hafto say:
"I saw a woolly worm to-day."
An' then he says, "I one it," then
You say, "I two it," then again
He says, "I three it"—an' you go
Right on ahead, till first you know
You say, "*I eight it!*" Soon's you've spoke
You see that minute where's the joke!

He's got another, too. He'll say,
"I went down street the other day,"
An' then your answer's, "Just like me."
An' you keep sayin' that, you see,
To ever'thing he says, an' so
He keeps on tellin' where he'd go,
Until he says, real quietlike,
"I saw a donkey on the pike."
An' then the joke is, don't you see?
You've got to answer, "*Just like me!*"

My cousin Alferd Williams, he
Is all the time a-catchin' me
With jokes I never heard at all,
But papa says he can recall,
For papa, one time, where he grew
To be a boy was country, too!
But Cousin Alferd's jokes is smart—
I'm goin' to learn them all by heart;
An' best of all the lot o' his
Is what I say that this one is:

*"Where've you been?*
*In my skin—I'll jump out*
*An' you jump in!"*

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In Kansas

*"Git in the cyclone-cellar, quick, all of ye! Don't you see the funnel-shaped cloud a-comin'?"*

*"Waal, I'll be blamed! Nuthin' but one of them new-fangled wagons kickin'!"*

---

### Church and State

A YOUNG curate, who was showing an American girl through an old English cathedral, enjoyed her appreciation of a handsome lectern. The Bible rested on the outspread wings of a powerfully wrought bronze eagle. At the base of the lectern, another symbol of the Gospel was presented in the form of a great lion.

The clergyman yielded to the temptation to banter the fair visitor a bit.

"We have a lion to watch the eagle," he remarked.

"Yes," flashed the answer, "but the eagle stays on top."

---

"Beating About the Bush"

### An Accident

A NUMBER of gay town boys were loafing in the only blacksmith shop in a town near Cincinnati when an old farmer came in with a horse he wanted shod. He seated himself to await the completion of the job, and the young men decided to have some fun at his expense.

Accordingly they began to ask him all kinds of foolish questions, apparently befuddling the unsophisticated old man with their rapid fire. Finally he ventured to say: "Boys, I had the funniest thing happen yesterday you ever heard of."

"What was it, hayseed?" indecorously asked the leader of the boys.

"Why, do you know, boys, that my best brindle cow was walking into the barn, when she slipped and strained her milk!"

Silence reigned for one entire minute, after which the boys silently faded away, and the old man began to chuckle to himself.

---

### A New Conception of the Scotch Dialect

SOME years ago the college entrance requirements in English called for the "careful study" of four or five English classics, one of which was Carlyle's *Essay on Burns*. The applicants for admission to a certain Pennsylvania college were asked to make an estimate of the literary value of Burns's poetry. One aspirant for Freshman standing concluded his little essay with the following remarkable sentence: "Burns would of been a far greater poet if he had not of used so much slang."

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"Bearding the Lion in his Den"

### As to Memory Systems

By Carlyle Smith

"IT is really marvellous," the Professor was saying, "how remarkably well these memory systems work. Especially those in which you remember one thing by recalling another. As an example of the efficiency of this method, I recall meeting a friend on the street some years ago, who, in inviting me to call at his office some day about lunch-time, gave me his address as number Twenty-nine Thomas Street. Neither of us happened to have a pencil handy, so I laughingly said that I should remember the address by associating it with the game of baseball. Since that day that number and street have been indelibly fixed in my memory. Thousands of other addresses since then have come and have been forgotten, but that one lingers on in memory, and doubtless will continue so to do until I pass over into the great beyond, where addresses are unknown."

"That's all right," retorted Cynicus. "But in that very experience you merely prove my contention that such a system is obviously absurd. If there were any reasonable connection between that address and the game of baseball the scheme would be less preposterously ridiculous. It is the utter absence of association in ideas that I find objectionable."

"The trouble, my dear sir," said the Professor, blandly, "is not with the memory system, but with your imagination. I am surprised that a man of your intelligence should fail at once to see the affiliation between Twenty-nine Thomas Street, and the game of baseball. Just put your mind on it for one moment. The numerals first. As you know, the game of baseball is played by a nine, and the results of the game are called the score. Well, there is your nine and your score, or, a score being twenty, your desired twenty-nine. Got that?"

The cynic had to confess that the idea had arrived.

"Yes," he said; "but how about the Thomas end of it?"

"The Thomas end of it," replied the Professor, "is the easiest part of the argument, as I will proceed to show you. You are of course aware that the game of baseball is a development of the old game of rounders. It is in part also an evolution of what you and I in our boyhood days used to call one old cat. Remember?"

"Granted for the sake of the argument," grinned the cynic.

"Now it is undeniable by students of animal life," continued the Professor, "that among the old cats there is no rounder like the Thomas cat, after having admitted, as you must, the truth of which, you can no longer deny the logical, nay,

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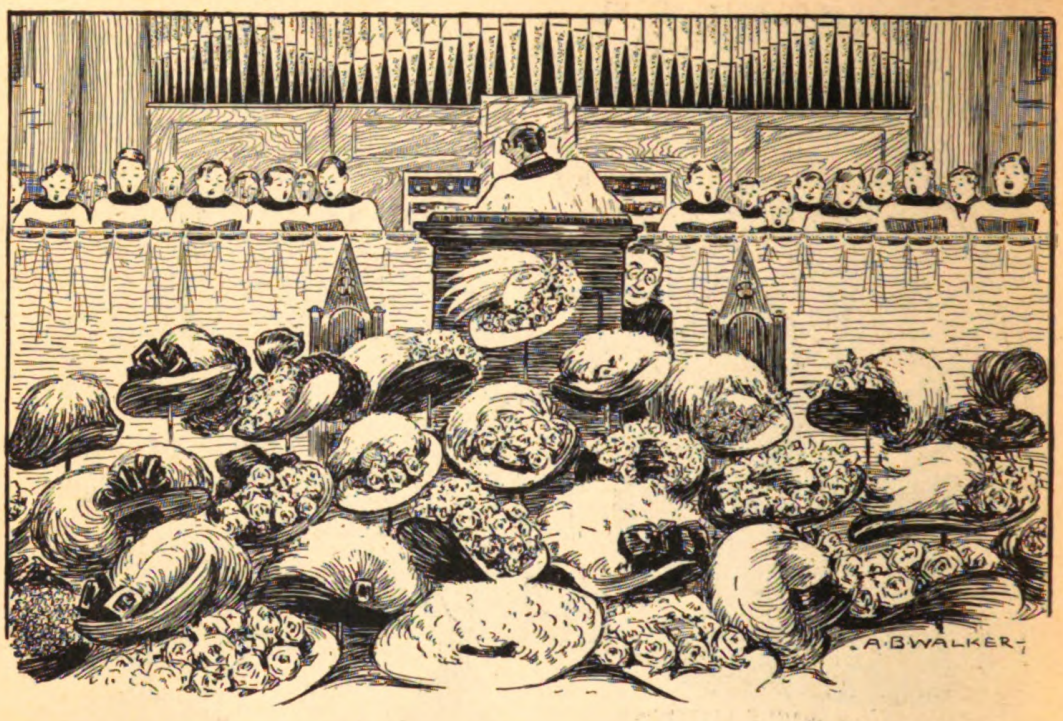


Easter Decorations—A Suggestion

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the inevitable, association of Twenty-nine Thomas Street and the game of baseball."

Simian, the club waiter, having performed the function for which he was summoned by the cynic, the stranger in town, turning to the Professor, observed that he, too, had a friend who once had an office at number Twenty-nine Thomas Street.

"I wonder if it could have been the same man," he added.

"What was your friend's name?" asked the Professor, eagerly.

"Wigglesworth," replied the stranger.

The Professor sighed deeply.

"No," he said, sadly, "that wasn't my friend's name. Fact is, and it is a strange thing in this connection, I never could for the life of me remember who the dickens it was gave me that address. I was in hopes you were going to help me out."

---

### Not Intentional

THE little girl was very fond of pleasant days, and at the close of a heavy rainstorm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear she became jubilant and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said, "Well, dear, why can't you pray, to-night, that it may be warmer to-morrow, so grandma's rheumatism will be better?"

"All right, I will," was the quick response; and that night as she knelt she said, "O Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

### Singing to the Pigeons

I LIKE to think my pigeons know
The tunes I sing them very low:
They come so near me in the sun,
And seem to listen, every one.

I sing the things that I pretend—
Queer songs I make that have no end,
But go on always, every day,
As soon as I begin to play.

And one song tells them they must do
The least thing that I want them to:
For I'm a wizard sly and old,
Of purpose dire and power untold.

They must not dare to coo or call,
Or fly beyond the garden wall,
Unless I tell them that they may—
And woe if any disobey!

And sometimes when the wind is high
And clouds are blown about the sky,
I clap my hands—and off they go—
More white clouds for the wind to blow.

They weave in rings against the light
Their fluttering wings of dazzling white:
And O—it makes me *have* to sing—
The wind—and they—and everything!

I play that when I want them to,
They'll all fly home as pigeons do,
To hear me sing what I pretend,
That ne'er began and has no end.

G. H. C.

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*Painting by Howard Pyle* — Illustration for "A Princess of Kent"

SHE ARRAYED HERSELF IN SILENCE

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVI APRIL, 1908 No. DCXCV

# The Courtyards of Paris

*BY VANCE THOMPSON*

THIS is the rue Dauphine—

In a dark little shop, encumbered with cabbages, cheeses, milk cans, and hard boiled eggs of unknown antiquity, three gross, excited women out of Rabelais are talking all at once. What are they saying? Neither you nor I shall ever know. Century after century such women have stood there talking in shrill Parisian dialect; dying, they have left to other noisy women the legacy of unending gossip. Next to the shop is a low archway opening into the court. It is mute and deserted at this hour of the day. The *concierge* who is drowsing in her lodge, a cat upon her knee, pays no heed to you as you pass; the dingy cobbler in his glass-windowed booth does not lift his head. He sits bent over his work in the smoky light of a petroleum lamp; with sharp taps of the hammer he resoles a deformed shoe.

It is dark in the old court; only for a short time, when the sun is in mid-heaven, does the sunlight strike down into it; and then hour by hour the day fades into that nameless obscurity which Plotinus deemed more beautiful than light. Beneath your feet are stone flags; on four sides rise the many-windowed walls of discolored stucco. How many rooms there are behind the windows, how many people in the rooms, it were not easy to say. The old walls hide the mystery of life; they tell nothing of the anonymous and uniform generations born within them. Only you know that *bourgeois* respectability dwells on the lower floors, and that, stair upon stair, poverty goes up toward the garrets under the roof; from the narrow windows of the *mansarde* the faces of poor men look down. Paris has never quite lost that wide interweaving of classes which characterized it in the middle ages; the same roof covers rich and poor, in many an ancient quarter. And so the quadrangular building forms a village, set tier upon tier, of which the court is, as it were, the centre—the village square. You may think of the great city itself as made up of many thousands of these six-tiered villages, mean or splendid, old or new. Together they make up the collective soul of Paris. (It is impossible in one lifetime to know the soul of Paris; it is a fabulous monster of shadow and myth, of metal and stone and crowds.)

As you linger in the old court, while the artist sketches a bit that has pleased him, there comes a man with a hurdy-gurdy and a dog. He plays a tune once popular in the drawing-room—

*Vous êtes si jolie,*
*O, ma belle ange blonde—*

a song of youth and love and far off rural things. One after another the windows open; women lean out, their arms on the sills; in a moment the children have gathered—running in from the street, clattering down the dark stairs,—and, two by two, they dance on the timeworn flags. A few pennies fall from the windows. By way of thanks

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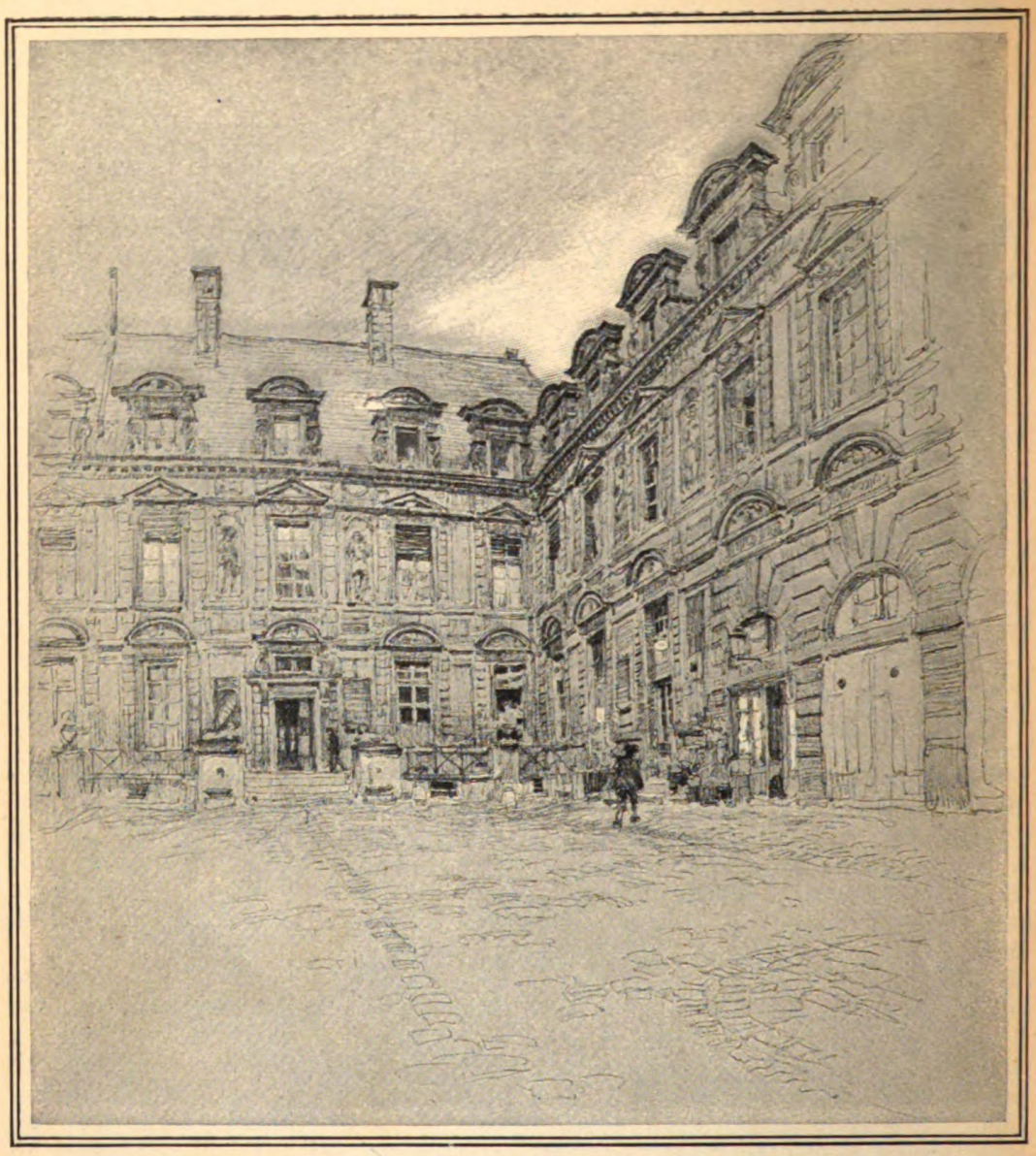

THE HÔTEL SULLY, ONCE THE HOME OF THE GREAT DUKE

the hurdygurdy man grinds out another tune; then he limps away. To be sure, he is not a fair type of the "court musician." Often they come in threes and fours, with harps and violins; and a woman in the dress of Savoy sings the old songs of her province. They may not sing or play in the streets; and the courts of these foursquare buildings are the music rooms of the people. The poor musician limps away—a lean ghost of a man, all hair and rags; and at his heels the draggled cur—a cur all dirt and dejection, his muddy tail drooping. And the artist, who has queer gleams of insight into life, says, "Have you noticed that the suffering animal is almost always the reflection of a man who suffers?"

You had not noticed it, but the more you think of it, the truer it seems; everywhere, going the country roads or walking the city streets, you have met those victims of life—a wretched man keeping company with a wretched animal. It is almost like a grim, natural law; as though that gaunt dog, slinking at heel, were a veritable prolongation of the beggar's personality, a part of his

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unhappy destiny—as though the poor man and his dog were one.

"*Hé, là-bas, Monsieur l'artiste!*"

The hurdygurdy man halts under the arch (where the iron lantern swings) and waits for you.

"A glass of wine, *Monsieur l'artiste?*"

He touches his old hat.

Across the way is the "*Rendezvous des Cochers*"—a little restaurant where boiled beef may be had and a *vin gris* not wholly unworthy. And while the hurdygurdy man eats and drinks, you feed beef into his adumbration—the dog. You wonder where they come from—what fantastic existence they lead, wandering from court to court of the city of stucco and stone, questing pennies, while the children dance on the flags and women lean from the windows. He is taciturn, but when he does speak, his words are those of an educated man.

"Things go from bad to worse. I had a good companion. He played the violin, and together we did very well."

"He is dead?"

"No, no," says the musician, and his eyes brighten; "he had a great piece of good luck."

"What good luck?"

"He had both his legs crushed by a motor omnibus—and the company pays him a weekly pension—*aussi il ne fait plus les cours!*"

The good luck of being crippled for life and getting thus a few pennies a week! You had never thought of that way of happiness. And you feel that you have had a glimpse, at once grotesque and tragic, of the lives of those who "do the courts." Would it be right to wish him, too, a "great piece of good luck"? The dog is full of gratitude; in his poor dumb way he sheds a few fleas upon you and wags his muddy tail. Then he follows his ragged master.

These are simple adventures; they come to you unsought—as all things worth while do—as you go with the artist through the ancient streets. His interest is in old doorways and winding staircases and monolithic steps rising at the back of some dingy court. These things have a charm for you also, but they are not to be put in words. And while he sketches the blackened walls and roofs, or the twisted iron of a gateway, your interest wanders away to the people for whom the buildings are merely background and frame. A tall girl brings her handcart up to the curb of the street. It is laden with flowers—violets and white narcissuses, jacinths and gillyflowers.

OLD DOORWAYS AND STAIRCASE IN AN ANCIENT STREET

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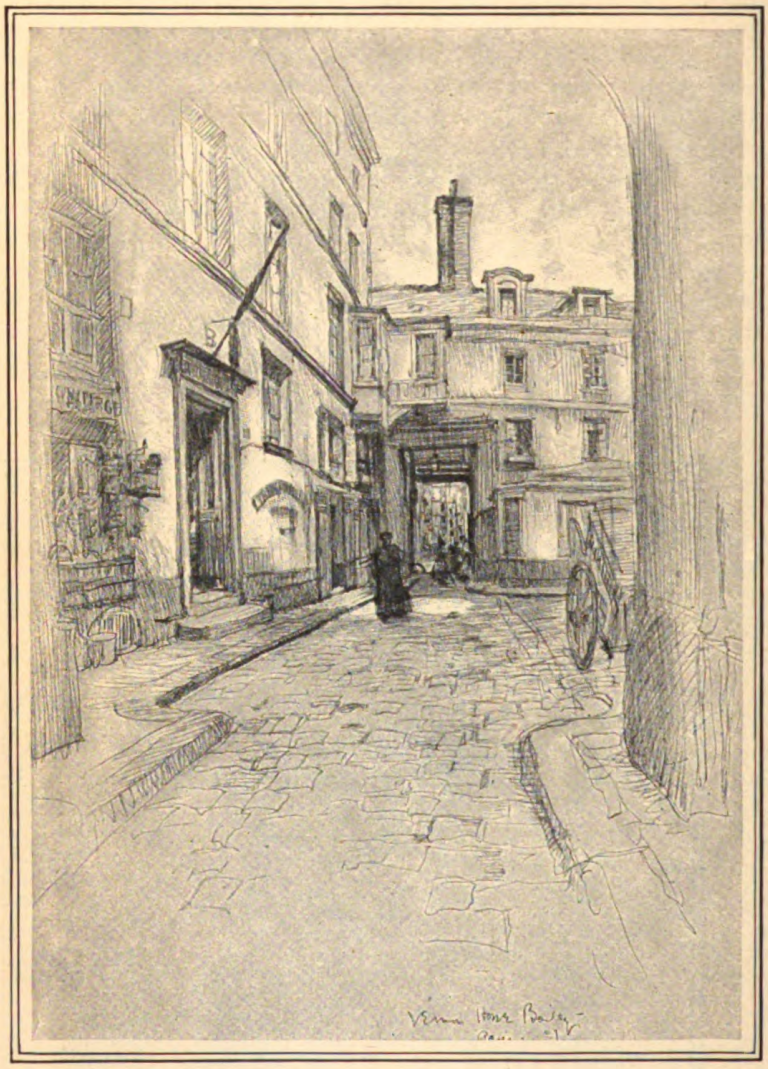
*"Fleurissez-vous, mesdames, fleurissez-vous!"*

And the little milliner who passes, a bandbox in her hand, stops to buy a two *sous* bunch of flowers; she pins it on her poor dress and laughs and goes her way. Then far down the street you hear the shrill flute of the goatherd. He is whistling an old hill tune of Auvergne. A moment later you see him: a tall fellow, in mountain dress — blue blouse, blue cap, boots of raw leather. Over his shoulder hangs a whip, which he never uses. Ahead of him marches his little troop of milk goats. There are only seven of them now. When he set out weeks ago from his hill country there were twice as many. And the survivors are lean and worn from the long journey. They plod along the noisy street, gloomily unconcerned. Always the goatherd blows his shrill *galoubet*. From the high houses and the old courts come the nursemaids and "little mothers" with cups and bowls; for goat's milk is given to children in this part of the world. The goats range themselves soberly by the curb while they are being milked; then the herd pockets his pennies and blows his rustic flute—*ite capellae!* There is something queer and idyllic about the little troup winding its way through the crowded streets. A pastoral verse, half forgotten, Virgilian, comes back to mind; how does it go?—

*Ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.*



NEAR THE RUE DAUPHINE

I remember visiting the old prison of Mazas years ago, when it was already half demolished. Men with picks had let the daylight into the grim court. The doors were down; the cells were open. And that was interesting. The walls were veritably tattooed with hearts and poesies, with scrawled daggers and threats and hopeless words—and names, names, names! Hundreds of names, and thousands. Thus all the sad crim-

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THE COURT OF THE DRAGON

inals who had lodged there in the years, and were known only by numbers, had made the one protest in their power against that degrading anonymity. And what was curious was the fact that the old prison—the very stones and wood and iron—seemed to be filled with a kind of criminal magnetism. A miasma of crime dripped from the walls; it crept, impalpable and chill, along the black corridors. It was as though all these sons of Cain, vagabonds, evildoers, had left there a little of their rebellion against life. It is a modern theory of the scientists that the passions precipitate various chemical products. The gray sediment of sorrow has been extracted from the human breath, and the brown sediment of anger; administered again to man or beast, they evoke emotions of

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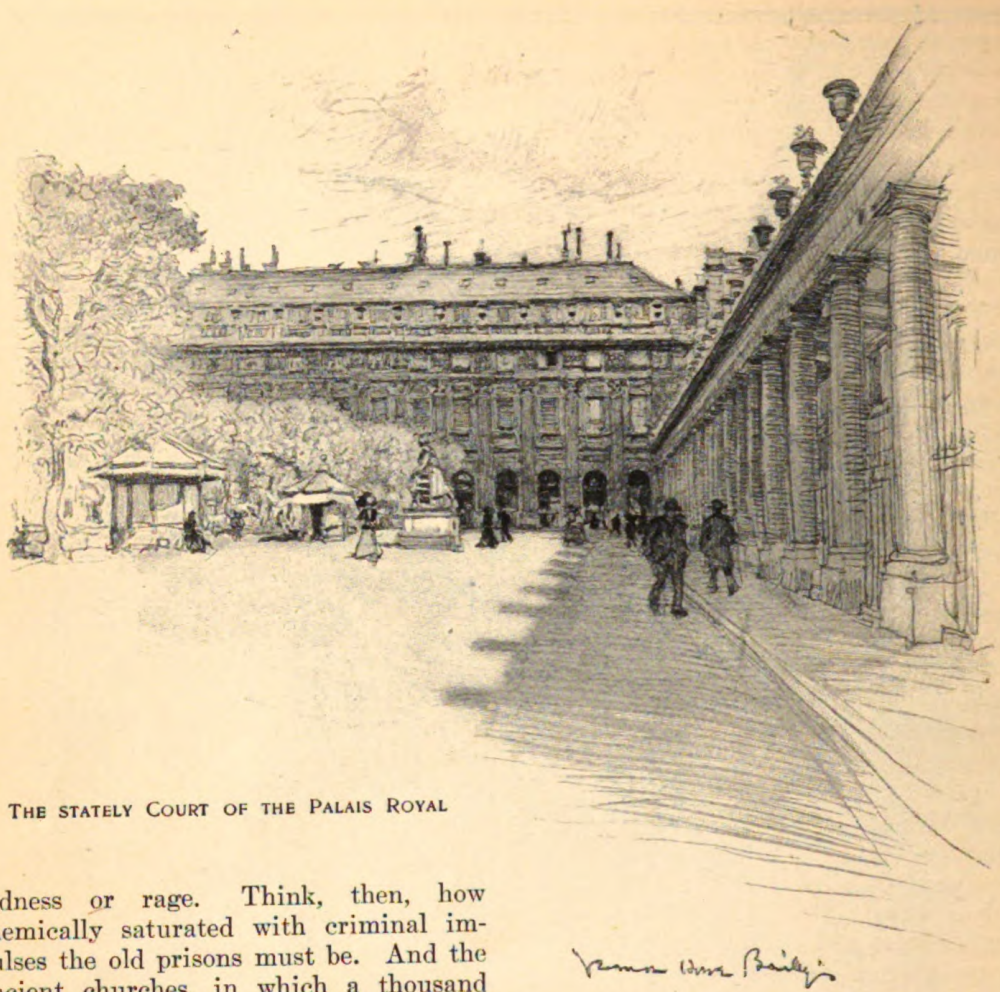

THE STATELY COURT OF THE PALAIS ROYAL

sadness or rage. Think, then, how chemically saturated with criminal impulses the old prisons must be. And the ancient churches, in which a thousand years have prayed, may not be merely stone. Surely, too, the courts of Paris have taken on the color of humanity. What is impure and sombre cannot be made better by whitewash. It must be made over again by better lives. There is an old court in the Passage du Commerce at No. 9. It was the place where Dr. Guillotin experimented on hopeless sheep with his "philanthropic machine for decapitating" undesirable citizens; there, too, is the shop where Marat, in a dressing gown "trimmed with imitation panther skin," published his journal of blood and mud. The other day on Marat's door was tacked up a paper notice; it read:

*On demande des petites mains pour fleurs et plumes.*

"Little hands wanted for flowers and feathers"—and along the street and into the court went a flock of girls, laughing and chattering, with bits of feathers and flower petals in their tumbled hair. Generations of youthful activity—of cheerful Parisian toil and thrift—have, I am sure, destroyed forever the old sediments of wrath and revolt! The little flower-makers have renovated with laughter and labor the dark home of Marat. And the courts of Paris, if they be old, have this double interest—of daily, familiar life, seen against a background of violent history. Sometimes you can only surmise what things were done therein. There is the Court of the Dragon; it has no history that I know; it has only the charm of deciduous things. The dust of time lies thick upon it, but it is anonymous dust. In dirt and disorder the ancient court is falling into decay. Its inhabitants wear the many-colored livery of poverty—rags; and from the neighboring street of the Dragon the

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young art students come to paint the dingy doorways, the broken skyline, the blackened chimneys. It is the poor man's home and the painter's playground. Yonder Victor Hugo lived once, and from his windows looked down on the poor men and their ragged lives; and so eloquently he interpreted their misery that he made enough money to bring up his own family in luxury. I am always haunted by that ironic contrast when I read the pathetic books of the world, whether they be the books of Dickens or Richepin or Gorki. And the thought would not down as I watched the artist transmuting into art value the poverty stricken court—and the lean hag in the doorway. Perhaps that has always been true; for the painters, as for the writers, the poor are a "subject"—to be put into rhyme or prose, into picture or play. A few draggled fowls are scratching in the gutter. Sparrows run to and fro, flutter, chirp—they have a slangy song with a sort of revolutionary refrain which they repeat in chorus now and then. They are the birds of Paris, its streets and courts. (And the birds of a city are—you might say—its winged symbols; when you think of Smyrna you see a flight of vultures; Moscow has its monkish rooks of the Kremlin; Venice its pigeons of St. Mark's; and the black swans of the Djurgarden are part of your memory of Stockholm.) Anyway, the Parisians love birds, being themselves birdlike. One day, while the artist was sketching in the Place des Vosges—that silent and melancholy garden surrounded by faded houses of brick and stone—I had word with a birdseller in a street near by; it may have been the Street of the Frank Burgesses. There was a crowd about her shop: the little dressmaker's apprentice in her scant black skirt and red waist, the usual flat box on her arm; the errand boy, an unfailing friend of idleness; the old shopkeeper, a wooden pipe in his mouth—and one and all they stared at the tiny cages filled with wonderful birds. There were bullfinches, goldfinches, canaries; but these were commonplace. What was worth seeing were the gaudy birds in the top rows of cages; they were of all colors and glorious—some half red, half green, some spotted with gold, some with carmine wings and saffron colored tails, some with malachite bodies and blue heads; it was as though the good dame had caged a score of rainbows. I stood wondering from what tropic they had come. Suddenly one of them began to

THE PLACE DES VOSGES, ONCE THE PRIDE OF PARIS

This drawing was made from the window of Victor Hugo's house

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sing—oh, an angry little song, slangy and coarse!—and the others joined in; it sounded like a strike meeting; and then I knew that the fantastic tropical birds were merely painted sparrows, gutter birds of Paris. Frank little democrats,

WHERE IRVING LODGED—NO. 4 RUE DU MONT THABOR

they were angry and ashamed at finding themselves tricked out in these clownish disguises.

"Are you going to buy nothing?" the birdseller asked.

"No; I do not belong to the quarter." That was excuse enough; one is expected to be loyal to one's quarter; and as I strolled back to the Place des Vosges I thought that these painted sparrows were symbols in their way of the folk of Paris. They typify the boulevards.

In the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, at No. 168, there is an old palace with a huge circular court, with old gates and old arches and old trees. It is now the property of the Vicomtesse du Châtel; in other days it was a royal residence. The winsomest figure that wandered there, under the elms, was that of Dubarry. With her went her black boy Zamor—a capering little monster, half ape, half dwarf. (The hour she was taken to the guillotine he squatted on the floor of what had been her home and drank an awful toast to the "pretty head that's falling into the egg basket"; a tragic monster!) While the artist worked there one afternoon, and I, in holy idleness, looked on, a barber came from across the way. He had a curled beard, and a comb was stuck in his shock of black hair.

"La Dubarry," he said, "ah, there was a woman to turn a king's head! *Quelle femme!* I have a bust of her over in my shop — a veritable work of art."

"Is it old?" asked the artist, who has a lust for possessing old and beautiful things.

"It is an antique work of art," said the barber. "I inherited it from my father. Would you like to inspect it? I am at your service."

So we crossed the street to the shop. With all the pride in the world he pointed to the window, where, amid brushes and bottles, was a smiling wax head with a wig of yellow hair.

"La Dubarry," he said, solemnly; he was a kindly little barber, but his notions of art were primitive. He followed us back to the court and stood at my elbow and talked—a quaint little man, all hair and comb and gesticulation.

"How long has that woman been dead?" he demanded. "Perhaps a hundred years; perhaps more. And here are

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OLD GATES, OLD ARCHES, AND OLD TREES, WHERE DUBARRY WANDERED

you and I talking about her as though she had just gone into the house. Thousands of people have died since—it may be millions; we don't care for them any more than the stubble we shave off a man's chin. *C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas?* The thing I value most is her bust, which I have inherited from my old father—and he, too, prized that bust more than anything else; and your American friend comes from 'Nevviork' to make a picture of the courtyard she used to walk about in; and there's a book I've heard of written wholly about her. Now tell me why! Thousands of poor women are forgotten—why should you and I and your friend remember the Dubarry?"

I told the barber I did not know; he took the comb out of his hair and tapped his teeth with it.

"It interests me—I've often thought of it," he went on; "and you will think of it, too, if you read history. As an ordinary thing you do not care any more for historical people than you do for a hair of your beard. Then you read about the Dubarry, and tears come to your eyes."

"Fame falls where it will."

"I'd like to have it fall on me," said the barber; he put the comb back in his brush of hair and went over to look at the artist's work—approvingly. It was an old train of thought he had started;



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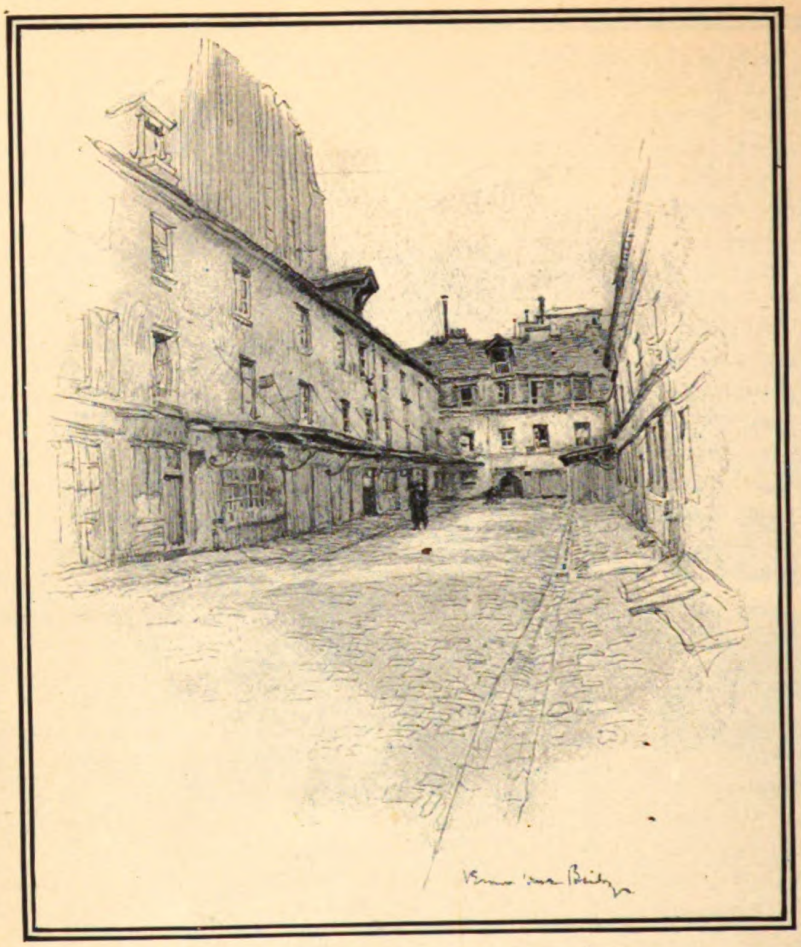

IN THE RUE DE BAC

and it is, in fact, very hard to say why certain men and women loom so big in history. For instance, Benjamin Franklin has caught the fancy of France. Paris has named a street after him, has given him a park and set up his statue therein. The other day an old house was put up for sale. It stands in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, at No. 26 of the rue de Penthièvre, not far from the *rond-point* of the Champs Elysées. It has been inhabited by many notable people —for instance, Napoleon and Josephine, Hortense de Beauharnais, Lucien Bonaparte; now the Parisians did not think these folk worth considering. Only one name was written on that house—the name of Benjamin Franklin; and above the name is a medallion with his portrait in stone. Fame falls as it will.

The court is the integer of Parisian life. So shrewd an observer as Washington Irving pointed out that fact nearly a hundred years ago. He lodged, you may remember, at No. 4 in the rue du Mont Thabor. The gray, undistinguished house is quite unchanged to-day. What interested him most was the court. It exhibited for the old traveller the essential ways of Paris. The old court has changed in kind; that is all. Of the Palais Royal you may say the same thing—that it was once the Vanity Fair of all the world, gay and bad, brilliant and perverse; almost all the people of the Comédie Humaine traversed, at some time or other, its stately courts.

Who was it said the story of Paris is written in the hieroglyphic courts? History is written there, and romance, and the almost imperceptible facts of daily life. The court is, in fact, an exact symbol of French civilization. Washington Irving was content to study that one court in the rue du Mont Thabor; and he was quite right.

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# A Change of Heart

*BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD*

SOMETIMES, in spite of himself, a smile would flash over Elder Perry's face, although he was in the pulpit, if he happened to catch his wife's eye.

Those of the congregation who felt they had no other way of getting to heaven than through the Elder's good offices thought the smile a beam of blessed light; those of the opposition wondered what ailed the man. But the opposition was very small, and usually contented itself with fighting Jonah's whale, and Genesis, and Kings in general.

But Mrs. Perry knew that in the instant of the smile the Elder's glance had fallen on Mrs. Means, with her little girl's head resting in sleep on her shoulder, suddenly glaring at Mrs. Warner as if she had just remembered how she hated her, and Mrs. Warner, with her little boy beside her, glaring back again as if she had hated Mrs. Means all along.

"Fact is," said Miss Mahala Brooks, "the two women each wanted ter hev t'other one's husband before they was married at all, and didn't want the husband they did hev. Sounds awfle, don't it? They useter be thick as peas in a pod w'en they was gels—wore each other's gownds till you couldn't tell t'other from which. Puts me in mind of an old song:

> "There's some folks allers moans a bit
> About the man they didn't git,
> But I think we needn't make a fuss
> If the man we don't want didn't git us."

"Come, come now, Miss Mahaly! I'm surprised."

"An' there's Thirzy, just as white and delicate like as John Means was, an' Mis' Warner looking her over as ef she was fairly hungry for her an' couldn't keep her hands off'n her; an' there's Jo growin' up the spit and image of Josiah Warner, tall an' straight, 'ith a black eye like a half burned coal, an' Mis' Means stealin' looks at him an' feelin' he'd orter be hern. Sing'lar w'at made both them men die so early. 'Twarn't becos they was mismated; for *they* was suited. Mis' Means might 'a' be'n a reel good wife ter the right one. As it was, I s'pose she done her duty,—I do'no'. But the black she put on for John was beautiful. She give a good deal of attention to it, an' hemmed the crapes herself. Sometimes I thought —Josiah dyin' near the same time—that the black was reely more for Josiah. But you can't look inter people's feelin's. They kep' dark. On'y every Sabbath in the meetin'-hus you can see Mis' Means lookin' an' longin' at little Jo, an' Mis' Warner's face as good as sayin' that Thirzy'd be'n stole in her cradle. 'Tain't as ef they didn't keer for their own, eyther. Mis' Means loves her Thirzy to distraction,—'pears to; an' Mis' Warner useter raise the neighborhood ef Jo bumped his head. But they wouldn't miss goin' ter meetin' Sabbaths, rain or shine, so's ter hate each other a little wuss, an' see them childern that looks so like their fathers. It's kinder immoral. They don't speak, you know."

"All the same," said the Elder—he had but lately come to the place and was becoming acquainted with the people—"I am ashamed of smiling. I don't know how I could. It is tragedy. Four lives spoiled—"

"Oh, I guess Josiah an' John's all right."

"Well, we must see what we can do for the others. It's not wholesome to live in hate. Poisons the blood. I don't know, Miss Mahaly," he added presently, with a shrewd glance. "I hope we haven't been gossiping."

"Land, Elder! W'en you've be'n in the woods as long as I hev, you'll find it's bread an' meat ter hear about folks!"

"Well, well," said the Elder, as he went his way, "it seems to be a need of human nature. Even the South Sea Islander has his Talking Man."

The cart path turned to the right across

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a piece of woods where the sun fell through the emerald depths in shafts of green light, and the good man offered thanks in his heart for the exceeding beauty of the hour. At the end of the path he found Mrs. Warner sitting on her doorstep, shelling peas, while Jo was splitting kindlings at the chopping-block.

"He won't let me," said Mrs. Warner, apologetically.

"I should hope not," said the Elder.

"Come right in, Elder," she said, bustling her peas out of the way. And the Elder found himself in a big room where the pine wood walls had turned the color of a chestnut, and where patchwork quilts swung as curtains and partitions — a place full of golden brown shadows, with an atmosphere, as the sun came in, half cheer, half melancholy.

"What handsome quilts!" said the Elder.

"P'r'aps they be, though I do say it," she replied, wiping off a chair. "I was pertic'lar about the pieces. I like ter keep it bright an' pleasant for the boy. There ain't nothin' more heart'nin' than colors. W'en he gits big enough he means ter finish off the house inside. But as 'tis, —you see."

"I see," said the Elder. "And how do you carry on the farm? It's a pretty big farm."

"Oh, on sheers. The deacon works it by the halves. He thinks he'd orter hev half the eggs, tew. But I drawed the line at eggs. Bime-by Jo would take it over himself."

"He's a fine boy."

"Ain't he now! An' he thinks his mother stood roun' w'en the world was made."

"He's about the age of little Thirzy Means, ain't he?"

"Who?" said Mrs. Warner, drawing herself up a trifle. "No. He's consider'ble older. Though I s'pose her mother 'll be for makin' Thirzy out younger 'n 's right. There ain't no dependence on Mis' Means."

"Thirzy's a nice child."

"Ef 'twarn't fer her mother. But you can't make silk out'n cotton."

"I saw Mrs. Means at meeting. She didn't seem like that."

"No. You'd say butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. But you'll excuse me, Elder. I don't need ter hear nothin' about Mis' Means."

"I'm afraid," said the Elder, "that that isn't real Christian feeling."

"I know it. But I ain't no reason to love her. She kep' me out o' heaven here, and I s'pose she'll keep me out o' heaven there!"

"Poh! poh!" said the Elder. "Nobody can do that but you yourself. You'd better kiss and be friends, you two."

"There ain't no Judas in me. W'en I take a scut I speak right out. Kinder warm, walkin' thru the woods. I'll fetch a tumbler o' rosb'ry s'rub. It's reel coolin'."

The Elder retraced his steps through the wood, a little downhearted. He was afraid he had a task beyond his powers. As he crossed a swampy spot an exquisite perfume stole along the way, and he saw an azalea bush lifting its white blossoms beside him. He stopped to breathe the delicious air a minute. "Flower," he said, "you are preaching me a little sermon. Here you are, cut as fine as the fine rays of the stars of heaven, and hid in the forest, without fruit for bird and with little honey for the bee, just because the Lord loves beauty. And if He takes such care for you, fashioning you so delicately and sweetly, surely He will take as much for these troublesome souls of ours." And he went on, somewhat cheered by his fancy.

The Elder found Mrs. Means at the other end of the cart path. Her small house was half covered with trained honeysuckle and sweetbrier; she herself looked something like a withered honeysuckle flower. She was teaching little Thirzy to sew.

"I take this reel kind in you, Elder," she said. "Set right down, an' let me git you a palm leaf fan. I don't s'pose you'd keer fer jes' a thimbleful o' my cherry bounce? It's rether heatin'."

"No, no," said the Elder. "I had some shrub over at Mrs. Warner's." He saw Mrs. Means bridle and toss her head. "She has a hard time, the poor woman!" he said. "She isn't left so forehanded as some," and he glanced about the little room with its wax flowers and a chromo framed in shells.

"I guess she don't have no harder time

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*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock*

THIRZY REPEATED ONE HYMN AND THEN ANOTHER

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'n she deserves," was the reply. "But we don't speak her name in this house, Elder. How'd you find old Mis' Carter? She's be'n a long time steppin' acrost Jordan. Seems reely as ef she warn't willin'."

"Few of us are, Mrs. Means. It's a beautiful world. Few of us are so ungrateful as not to be loath to leave it."

"Not for those shinin' shores?" asked Mrs. Means, demurely. "I often set and ponder—"

"All in good time, Mrs. Means. All in good time. Perhaps when we're fit and ready. How sweet your honeysuckle is!"

"You think so? It smells to me a little like ginger, and puts me in mind o' things cookin'. And I'm sech a poor hand at my victuals—"

The Elder laughed. "Come here, Thirzy," he said then, "and let me hear that little hymn you were singing." And under her mother's beckoning nod and glance Thirzy repeated one hymn and then another and another, till, seeing that he had not time to hear the whole hymn-book, the Elder said good-by.

Her mother took Thirzy in her lap and kissed her. "You did it reel pretty," she said. "You're mother's dear. Mother learned them to you."

"You're not very happy," said Mrs. Perry to her husband that evening, as they sat at their door looking down the dark glades of the wood in the starlight.

"No. I'm what Miss Mahala would call low in my mind," he replied. "I don't see any way to take the venom out of the hearts of those two women."

"God will find out a way," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "With you helping Him."

"It's a beautiful thing to feel that God calls on us to help Him, isn't it?" said the Elder.

But a few days later the Elder, walking again through the wood to the other side of his wide parish, saw at a distance through the green spaces what he might have taken for little wild woodland creatures of faëry. He paused to look, and saw Jo, with his trousers rolled above the knee, and Thirzy, with her skirts pinned up, dancing in the shallow brook and throwing the water over each other in shining handfuls, with shrieks of laughter. "I guess the Lord is doing it without help from me," he said, as he went on.

But if that were so, when a dozen years of the Elder's pastorate had gone there was no outward indication of it,—only the two children, who had played together in the brook without their mothers knowing it, now looked at each other across the meeting-house, the young man with his bold, dark glance, and the other with the swift blush that answered it. But the mothers—Mrs. Means a little more like the withered honeysuckle flower than before, and Mrs. Warner almost nut-brown, and sparkling at every point with her electric force—sat up as defiant as ever. The sting and smart of the original wrong might have long since ceased, but the feeling it had made remained.

"Thirzy Means!" said her mother. "Who was that come home 'ith you fum meetin' to-night?"

"Why, mother—" making time by dropping her hat and picking it up again, the crimson of her face invisible in the dim room where her mother had been looking out behind the blinds.

"Who was it, Thirzy?" with an insistent tone there was no gainsaying.

"It was Jo."

"Jo who?"

"There isn't but one Jo. And there isn't but one Jo for me, mother, in all the world!" cried the girl.

"My land!" gasped the mother. "After all I've be'n thru! After all I've done for you! Takin' the bread out'n my own mouth, an' makin' every gownd you ever hed—to hev it come ter this! Oh, you're a-killin' me, you're a-killin' of me!" And bursting into sobs, of which Thirzy, pained and bewildered, at first failed to take notice, Mrs. Means presently began to laugh, and then to scream, and then to sob and gurgle again. And all that Thirzy could do was to run for Miss Mahala, who happened to be the next neighbor, a quarter of a mile away.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Thirzy, coming back breathless, and finding her mother still beating the air. "Don't! dearest mother, don't! I didn't know—I don't know now—I didn't mean—I won't do nothin' you don't want me to

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do! I—I—" But Mrs. Means still sobbed and laughed and screamed and scuffled.

"Them high-strikes!" said Miss Mahala, contemptuously. "There ain't nothin' so good for 'em as b'ilin' water. You jes' put some sticks an' paper an' a hull sheet o' matches together, Thirzy, an' git some water het scaldin'. We'll pour it down her throat ef we hev ter take a funnel!"

"Oh, where am I?" moaned Mrs. Means, through a subsiding sob. "What has happened? Oh, Thirzy, I do'no' but what I'm a-dyin'. I'm a-dyin',—an' then you can hev things yer own way. Your poor old mother—"

"You're feelin' some better, Mis' Means," said Miss Mahala.

"P'r'aps so. A little mite. I don't think there'll be no need—"

"Oh, mother, I never meant,—I won't—"

"You be still, Thirzy," said Miss Mahala, still holding the matches in her hand. "Don't go to makin' no promises—"

"Oh, but I never thought to see her so put about!" exclaimed Thirzy. "And Jo would be sech a good son to you, mother—"

Mrs. Means began to gasp again.

"Never mind, mother, dear little mother!" cried Thirzy, in an agony. "I'll tell him to go! I will! But, oh, it will break my heart!" And then Thirzy was crying.

"Sakes!" said Miss Mahala. "Two on 'em on my han's. Thirzy! You stop! Leave off! You've got more sense—"

"She's promised," said Mrs. Means, feebly. "You've promised, Thirzy. An' you've allers kep' your promises. Remember, you've promised. I guess I'll go to bed, ef I can make out to git there."

"I'll help you, mother!" And with her arm about her mother, who swayed a little more than was necessary, Thirzy led her up the narrow stairs.

"I sha'n't be with you long," she said, tearfully, as Thirzy helped her undress. "My own mother died at jes' my age. I mind how I felt about every triflin' thing I done. Though 'twarn't much, I see now,—for I mos' worshipped the groun' she walked on, an' it's be'n a gre't comfort to me that I did. But I wanter spare you even thet. Kiss me, Thirzy."

"There! And there, mother dear! And I'll tell Jo to go,"—her voice breaking. And having bathed her mother's face in the Cologne water, kept this dozen years or more for show, and having shut out the moonlight and left her quiet and falling asleep, Thirzy went to see Miss Mahala safely to her own door.

"You can tell him to go," said Miss Mahala. "But it don't foller that he's a-goin'. I'll set the Elder onto her, an' then we'll see. Yes, you may come halfway; not a step furder. It's bright moonlight, an' there's my Tige barkin' to it. Thirzy—oncet I was jes' sech a fool as you be. And it's lef' me high an' dry and alone. It's nights like this brings it all back to me. The breath of the honeysuckle and the wild rose ain't no sweeter'n I thinked my life was ter be. There ain't no sense in breakin' two hearts fer one. Who's that? Sakes alive, ef 'tain't Jo Warner! Lor', how you scairt me! Now, Thirzy, you go slow!" And Miss Mahala picked up her skirts and ran on as if Tige were expecting her and she must not keep him waiting.

"What's the matter?" asked Jo. "What are you goin' slow about?"

"Oh, Jo! Mother—I've had to promise mother,—I—I thought she was dyin'," began Thirzy. And then, her knees failing, she sank upon the dry grass, hiding her face with her hands and weeping bitterly.

In a moment Jo had caught her up. "Thirzy, my love, my little wife!" he was whispering.

"Oh no, I never can be that— I've promised mother—"

"You mean you set more by her than you do by me!" She knew, although she could not see, how his eyes flashed in the moonlight.

"Oh, no, no, never! It's diff'runt. She said I was killin' her. She said she was dyin'. I thought mebbe she was. She—she's my mother, you know."

"Dashed if I don't!" said Jo.

"And I've promised her to tell you to go—"

"Go? You an' me can't part," he said, still holding her. "We're all the same as one. I wouldn't give a cent for life 'thouten the hope of you. An' you ain't a-goin' ter kill me tew, be ye?"

"Oh, I don't know w'at to do," moaned

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Thirzy. "Only—only you must go, Jo!" And she clung to him so that it was quite impossible for him to go.

"Here," said Jo. "Let's set down an' git quiet like." And side by side, with his arms about her, and her head upon his shoulder, they sat on a mossy log in the dusk of the trees and gazed now into the gloom of the green aisles, where the light fell on this leaf and on that, turning them into great white flowers, and now into the depths of sky where the moon sailed low. Far off the dogs of distant farms answered Tige and one another with faint bayings, and a bird trilled a snatch of song as if it woke from sleep and dreamed off again. And then it was so still they might have heard the dew gather.

They sat there till the spell of the dark and cool tranquillity entered their souls, and their lips clung together in long tender kisses.

"Now," said Jo, "you've told me to go. But I belong to you and you to me; and we'll stay content with that for a spell, an' give her time to think it over an' simmer down. An' then I'll come an' talk 'ith her." And still in the shadow of the trees he watched her to her door.

"That you, Thirzy?" said her mother, dreamily. "You see Miss Mahaly home? I've hed an awfle dream. I dreamt you was with Jo Warner in the wood—"

"I was, mother," said Thirzy. "And I told him w'at I promised you I would. It didn't do any good."

"I should thought he'd hed more sperrit. But—I guess he'll come to it. I didn't expec' he'd take it easy to fust. There, now, I can go to sleep elegant."

But Jo Warner never had the opportunity to talk with Mrs. Means. "You see," said Miss Mahala, as she and Mrs. Perry stood together, "a person can take a reel bad cold, ef 'tis on a summer's night, a-hoppin' out'n a warm bed an' runnin' barefoot thru the dew, sorter spyin' like. An' Miss Means hedn't no staminy, an' pneumony acts quick. Looks reel nat'ral, don't she? She'd admire ter see herself. Pity. Thirzy's all broke down nussin'. W'en Mis' Means was fust took, she ses, ses she, 'Ef I'm a-goin' ter pass away, I s'pose I better forgive Ann Warner; but ef I git well,' ses she, 'I do'no'.' An' then, jes' before the last, she riz up an' w'ispers, 'P'r'aps I'd better take it back.' Thirzy's ear was to her mouth. 'Take what back, mother?' ses she. But Mis' Means never spoke agin. I expec' Thirzy 'll allers think of her mother as one of the saints let down. An' them that knows better can let it alone. Thirzy's a-takin' of it hard. She wouldn't let Jo in w'en he come offerin' help. But he's a-comin' ter the funeral. She won't see him, though. She'll be all wrapped in her sorrow an' my old veil. But he'll stan' straight as an arrer at the foot of the grave. He'll do his hull duty jes' 's ef he was her marri'd husban'. You see. It 'll be a year o' Sundays, though, before he's that, 'ith Thirzy feelin' her mother's words about him was a special reverlation."

It was quite as Miss Mahala said. Thirzy lived alone in her little nest. If she saw the sunlight flickering over Jo coming down the cart path, her doors and windows were closed and locked. Although at night he hoed her tiny garden, she took no notice of it. Although by and by he dug her potatoes and left them in the cellar, and gathered her squashes and heaped them in the shed, and picked her apples and put them in the next bin to the potatoes, she still took no notice of it. The winter snows came on, and her paths were made, and the logs in the wood-house split, and the water left to freeze on her doorstone; her face never shone on him with a word of thanks or of forbidding. When April and May came again, the little garden was made, as a worshipper might offer at the shrine of an unseen deity. Sometimes in the long summer days he surprised her in her sunbonnet, hastening through the woods on some errand; but she flitted past and away like a moth. And sometimes in the nights he came and stood where he could half divine her sitting in the dark at her open window, as if she were a part of the starbeams and the soft night fragrances. He knew just how she looked—frail and fair, like the spirit of a flower, although he never put it into words. And he knew that as she sat there in the dark all her love was going out to him as his went up to her,—only the hand of her mother like a terrible mortmain was thrust between them.

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It was clear autumn weather when Thirzy left off going to meeting. She could not sit there blushing and paling and growing faint under Jo's eyes.

"Dear me," said the Elder, "I must put an end to this some way." And he went to see Thirzy.

"Well, Thirzy," he said, as he sat picking at the grapes she had brought him, "what is this I hear? That Jo Warner considers himself engaged to marry you, but that you—"

"Oh, folks are allers talkin'," said Thirzy.

"Don't you think it's a little hard on Jo?"

"Oh!" cried Thirzy, in a transport, "Mis' Warner wouldn't let Jo, no way!"

"That's quite beside the question. You know, Thirzy," said the Elder, tenderly, "I've known you two since you were little children. I've watched you and loved you and prayed for you. I've seen you grow up, pretty as a white rose. I've seen Jo finish off his father's house in the hope of having you in it, seen him work his farm and your garden, too,—a first-rate fellow—"

"Oh, I know he is!" cried Thirzy, bursting into tears.

"Then what I want to know is why you treat Jo so?" And the Elder gazed at her as if he had a right to ask.

"I promised mother—" faltered Thirzy.

"You promised your mother—?"

"To send Jo off. And I did."

"Why was that? Why did your mother object to Jo?"

"She didn't. Pertikerlily. She—she hated Mis' Warner."

"She hated Mrs. Warner?" said the Elder, pausing, with his grape suspended. "Do you suppose your mother has gone to heaven, Thirzy?"

"Suppose my mother has gone to heaven?" cried Thirzy, her tears sparkling. "Of course she has! Of course she has, the dear sufferin' soul!"

"And do you suppose there can be any hatred in heaven? Your mother can't be in heaven if she is still hating old Mrs. Warner. If your mother is in heaven—as I'm sure I hope she is—she can't be hating anybody. She must be feeling kindly even to Mrs. Warner. She must be quite willing you should marry Jo, if that is for your best happiness and his."

This was a new view of the case. Thirzy looked up and far away, as if she were trying to penetrate the confines of the unknown. It almost seemed as if by obeying her mother she were keeping her out of heaven. "But a promise is a promise," she murmured.

"Your mother can't be in heaven and wish you to keep it," said the Elder. "You made it while she was here, supposing she was to remain here. Circumstances alter cases." And he thought that if this were sophistry, he must risk its being of a pardonable kind. "As it is," he said, "you are wearing Jo out. Well, I guess I'll take this bunch of grapes home to Mrs. Perry," he added, after a little. "They're some sweeter than ours."

"Oh, take them all!" cried Thirzy.

"No," said the Elder. "They only brought one bunch out of Eshcol; and this is all *I* want to carry. Now simply think of this: if your mother is where abiding love is, you and Jo are all right."

"Be'n to Thirzy's?" asked Miss Mahala, meeting the Elder on his way home. "I'm jes' come from Mis' Warner's. Does seem cur'us she hain't be'n knowin' to Jo's carryin's on. Folks don't go there much; she's so crabbit; an' wouldn't darst to tell her if they did; an' she's hed the rheumaticks and ain't be'n out. I've hed 'em myself some. But you sorter expec' things, my age. Yes, she's jes' ketched on. She'll make it warm fer Jo. And ef ever there was a boy worked fer his mother double jointed, 's you may say, an' waited on her es ef he was a gel, it's him."

"She's fond of Jo, isn't she?" asked the Elder, looking for a big red leaf to hold his grapes.

"Fond of him? He's the apple of her eye!"

"I should think she'd want him to be happy, then."

"She wants him to be happy her way. An' she's sot as Mount Pisghy. Leaves hev turned reel pretty this fall. Mis' Perry well?"

It was a peaceful autumn afternoon, the pale sky lost in soft hazes near the horizon, a hesitating wind sighing now and then and bringing the spicy smell of the ripe apples. But there was no peace in Mrs. Warner's house or in her

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*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

IN A MOMENT JO HAD CAUGHT HER UP

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heart. "To think how I've slaved fer that boy, a-fetchin' of him up, an' this is the eend on't!" she was muttering, as she took the loaves from the big oven. "Mos' murders me to handle 'em. Myra Means's gel! Oh, good Lord above! I can't stand that!" And tears poured over the brown hands.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Jo, coming in.

"Nothin', oh, nothin' excep' thet I'm all beat out. That Means gel!" she cried then, her tears vanishing like dew. "That Means gel!"

"What of her?" asked Jo, haltingly.

"I suspicioned it oncet. An' then I guessed 'twarn't so, an' let it be. An' now you're a-goin' 'ith her reg'lar. You can't say you ain't!"

"What if I be?" said Jo.

"With that gel of Myra Means's? Why, it drives me wild to think on't. Myra done me the deadly wrong o' my life. I don't forgive her ef 'twas afore the jedgment seat! Ain't there any other gels roundabout that you must hev—"

"You needn't to worry, mother," said Jo, quietly. "Thirzy won't have me."

"Won't hev ye?" she screamed, her gray hair falling round her brown face in witch-locks with her agitation. "Thirzy Means won't hev ye? Won't hev my Jo?" And she was silent a moment because words failed her. "Ef that ain't high time o' day!" she said presently, in a subdued tone. And then, after another moment's silence: "I'm glad on't. It puts an eend ter that worsted."

"Mother," said Jo, looking over his mother's head and out the window into the far forest, "I love her with my whole heart and soul."

"And where do I come in?" she exclaimed.

"You don't come in at all. You're there—where you allers was. There's two sides to a man's feelin's; one ter love his mother with, and one ter love his wife. But she won't be my wife," he said, with a stifled intonation of love and grief.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Warner. "I dare say she's pretty. I know she is. But she's proberly slack. And ef she's like her mother—"

"She isn't. She's her father all over, folks ses."

"Oh my, oh my, oh my!" cried Mrs. Warner, sinking into her low chair that Jo had made from a barrel, rocking herself to and fro, and wringing her hands, partly with the woe of old memory, partly with present trouble. "An' to think I should live till this! My boy I've worked for, an' lived for, an' ter look at him was meat an' drink,—an' now ter give him up, an' to her! You've broke my heart, you've broke my heart!"

He had never seen his mother like this. It seemed a convulsion of nature. He laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. "You needn't take on so, mother," he said. "I won't go near Thirzy agin ef it's goin' ter try you so."

The familiar kitchen, with its rows of pewter, its strings of onions over the shelf, the iron candlesticks and tray and snuffers there, its great dinner horn and the big brass warming-pan, his mother's chair beside the blazing hearth where the crane swung with its kettle—all seemed black with trouble, seemed prisonlike and unendurable. He went out and sat down in the porch he had built with so much love and hope in his heart, and to climb over which he had brought the wild sweetbrier out of the woods. The leaves had fallen; but a pungent smell seemed to linger round it yet, and remind him of the night with Thirzy on the edge of the wood, now so long, so long ago. It was all over, then. He had not abandoned hope before. This was the end of his work, of his love, of the joy of his life.

"He's took it quiet," thought his mother, looking sidelong through the window. "But then, that's his way. I do'no'. Folks gits over things—'specially puppy-love. I'll whip him up a good supper. Oh!" she cried then suddenly, striking her face with her open hands, "I don't believe but what I'm a wicked woman!"

It was some weeks after this that Mrs. Perry and the Elder sat singing Christmas psalms together by the firelight, the children being in bed, and their stockings hanging from the shelf.

"I don't like the way Jo Warner looks," said Mrs. Perry, breaking off in "Hark! what mean those heavenly voices?" and putting the coals together. "He's what Miss Mahaly calls peekid. I'm afraid he's sickening for something. He wasn't at meeting yesterday."

"Nor last Sabbath, either," replied the



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Elder. "Christmas is pretty busy; but I'll step over there to-morrow if the snow ain't too deep. And if it is." And he rose to draw aside the red moreen curtain and look out at the snow whirling past the window's lane of light. "There's something very sweet to me in the seclusion of a great storm. It shuts me in with my happiness—my wife, my children," he said. "But I like to set a light in the window for wayfarers, too. Yes, I'll step over to-morrow."

And stepping over, the great hemlocks lifting their boughs and shaking down showers of silvery spray about him, here and there a white birch bowed with its weight of snow and lying on the way prostrate as a sheeted penitent, a flight of birds rising from the cedar swamp, and from the seed vessels thrust through the snow, a fox with his long brush skimming by, he felt the winter world so full of life and joy that he could hardly believe there was such a thing as trouble, till he found Jo burning up with fever, and his mother hovering over him like an animated flame.

"Oh, it's bad!" she whispered, hoarsely, as the Elder stamped the snow off his boots. "Don't make a noise! I dassn't hardly breathe. I ain't slep' for seven nights. Feel as if I hedn't no top ter my head. He's awfle low. He's out'n his head. He don't say nothin' but 'Thirzy, Thirzy,' from daylight to dark. Ain't mentioned my name oncet—me, that bore him! The doctor ses—oh, he's got a reel good constertution—don't you b'lieve mebbe he'll pull thru, Elder Perry?" she implored, catching at the Elder's sleeve and peering into his face with her tired eyes. "Hev I gotter lose him, too,—my son, my grown son? I can't bear it, I can't bear it! He must live!"—pouring out her torrent of words under her breath, the fire in her seeming to burn up her tears as soon as they started. "Oh, I give up!" she exclaimed. "He was all mine oncet. But I give up. Kneel down, Elder. Kneel down, I say, and pray!" she whispered, fiercely. "Pray for all you're worth that my boy shell live. Say my heart's melted. Say it's broke. I've be'n wicked. I'd orter hev my punishment,—but I can't take it, I can't! Christmus day! An' ter hev him took on Christmus. Oh yes, I give up. Somebody go for Thirzy. I'll take her right in. I'll do my best. Oh, my little boy, my boy!" She wept, careless who saw the contortion of her face.

There came, as she was speaking, a rap at the door, timid at first, then bold. The door was thrown open, letting in a burst of red sunset, and Thirzy ran and threw her arms round Mrs. Warner's neck.

"Oh, I ain't never spoke to you in my life, Mis' Warner," she cried. "But you forgive me for being me, won't you? Both on us love him so! I'll be a reel good child ter you—"

"You'll be an angel of the Lord ef your comin' cures my boy! You'll be my own little darter, as you'd orter be'n!" said Mrs. Warner, forgetting to whisper. "Oh, my heart, I seen him thru the door; I seen him smile! There ain't no mistake. I du b'lieve he's a-comin' ter his senses. The doctor said he might—he jes' might—by sundown, ef I kep' the ice to his head, and I kep' it, tel he dozed inter this sleep that's deep as if he was in a fur country. Stand off an' let me look at ye, ye child of John Means's! You're proper pretty—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Warner, you're making Thirzy blush."

"Wal, I'm plumb pleased! My poor Jo! You marry 'em now, Elder, whilst you're here, an' we'll ketch holt an' nuss him tergether, Thirzy an' me—"

"Oh, I don't know about that, Mrs. Warner—"

"Elder! Ever sense you come, an' we begun ter keep Christmus, I gin Jo a bunch o' raisins and a orange, an' he gin me the *Farmer's Almanack*. But this new darter o' mine 'll make it Christmus all the year roun' fer both on us. I feel to be gratefle!" She began to bustle about like a little brown whirlwind. "I'll jes' give him his drops," she said. She came back beaming in a few moments. "He's better a'ready," she whispered, loudly. "Fever's cooled. He knowed me. He looked up an' smiled an' said 'Mother.' Come, Thirzy—come, Elder!"

"But, Mrs. Warner, my dear woman, isn't this—isn't it rather sudden?"

"Lord o' love! A change o' heart ushully comes sudding, don't it Elder?"

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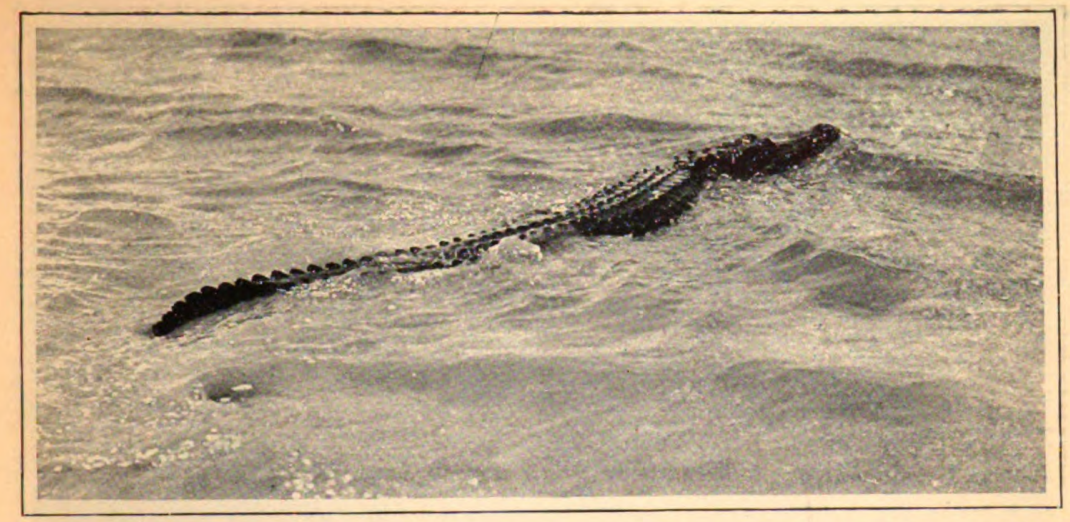

THE HARMLESS ALLIGATOR

# The Passing of the Florida Alligator

*BY A. W. DIMOCK*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A DIMOCK

THE alligator has always been the picturesque and popular feature of the peninsula of Florida. He enlivened its waters, made his bed on the banks of its streams, and, seconded by flocks of snowy heron and other birds of beauty and grace which burdened the trees and filled the air, started the tide of travel that sends fifty thousand tourists to the coast and rivers of Florida each year. The plumes of the egrets adorn the hats of the women, the tourist has murdered the birds that beckoned him, therefore to the few surviving alligators attaches the credit of creating a northern State on the border of the tropics.

This creature has served as a target for every rifle that was ever brought into the State and deserves to be put to a better use. The alligator, as I have known him, or at least a few thousand of him, is as harmless as a cow; even more so, for the Florida cow has been known to kill folks, while the Florida alligator never harmed a human being, outside of some imaginative newspaper. I have swum without trepidation rivers in Florida which abounded in alligators, but never crossed a meadow containing Florida cattle without palpitation of the heart.

In the long ago, before dry plates made a sportsman weapon of the camera, or the voice of the nature-lover had been raised in the land, I hunted the alligator, and, *mea culpa,* slew many of his family for sport. Day after day I was rowed down the romantic Homosassa, from the fountain from which it springs, through Hell Gate to Shell Island at its mouth; past islands of palmetto, and between banks of red cedar and live oak festooned with Spanish moss; over water alive with leaping fish and covered with solid acres of duck and other water fowl; in air heavy with the odor of magnolia and orange blossoms and sweet with the fragrance of jessamine. My darky boatman rowed lazily while, half asleep, I scanned the surface of the river through glasses until I saw floating upon it the three dark dots made by the nose and eyes of the reptile I sought. I awoke suddenly from my dreams, and, as grad-

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TAKING THE VICTIM ABOARD

In all these pictures, the alligator was alive and practically unharmed

ually the boat approached and silently the alligator sank into the depths, selected the shadow of some near-by bank, and waited patiently, rifle in hand, for his reappearance. In from five to thirty minutes a black spot appeared upon the brilliant surface of the stream, just as a whispered warning from the keen eyed darky oarsman reached me. Slowly the rifle was raised, my cheek rested lovingly upon its stock, a fine bead was drawn on the bump back of the reptile's eye, and a bullet tore through the brain of the brute, a yellow belly was upturned and pathetic paws uplifted. There followed a quick dash of the skiff through the water as the boatman bent to the oars, for the creature was due to sink in a minute, and unless I grabbed a paw before he went down I might have to fish for him an hour or more with hook and pole in the depths. After hauling the carcass aboard the skiff, I counted the incident closed; but once it happened that the game had only begun, and there was another inning, with the reptile at the bat. One moment I was looking upon an alligator lying dead in the bottom of the boat, with his tail in the bow, his body under the seat of the oarsman, and his closed jaws pointed at me as I sat in the stern. The next instant the big mouth, with its double row of great, gleaming ivory teeth, was wide open and advancing as fast as the reptile could paddle his huge body toward me. The darky boatman yelled as he grabbed a hind leg of the brute, without staying his progress an instant, while I jumped to my feet, stood for a moment on the seat in the stern, and when the mouth of the alligator was within a few inches of my legs, dove into the river.

Sportsmen and tourists have done what evil they could, but the deadly foe of the alligator, the implement that has nearly compassed his extinction and driven him from every river and lake on the coast, is the bull's-eye lantern. Its glare hypnotizes and holds helpless the reptile, as the gleaming eye of the snake is reputed to fascinate (but probably doesn't) the fluttering bird. Fire hunting for alligators, as a business, is

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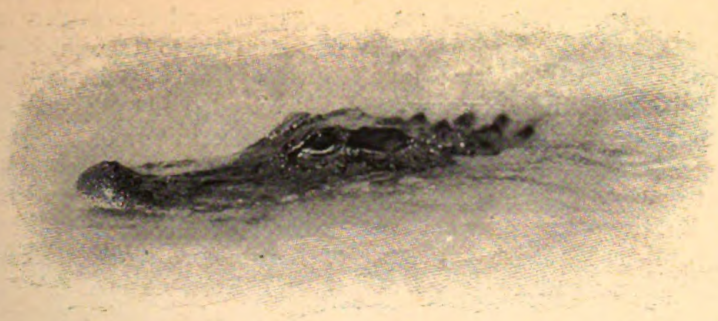
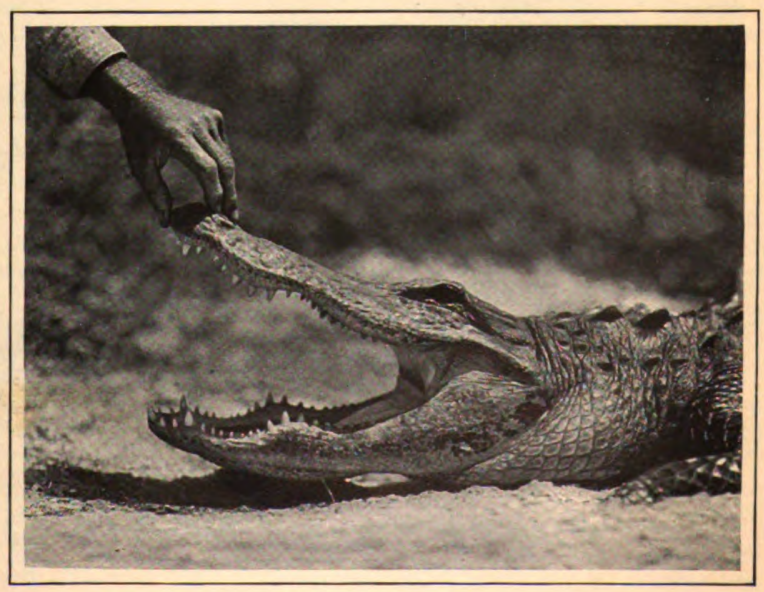


TWO DOTS ON THE SURFACE INDICATE A 'GATOR

He sinks until his eyes and nostrils alone are to be seen gravely watching your approach

butchery—bloody and revolting. Yet the sportsman's first fire hunt with firearms, and it should be his last, is all romance and thrill, until the last bloody act.

I first bound the bull's-eye upon my own forehead when in camp beside an inland salt water lake in South Florida. Because of lack of padding or a skull too thin, the lantern bruised my head and blistered my brain, but the pictures painted that night remain bright in my memory. I crouched in the bow with my rifle beside me as the captain sculled the skiff across the end of the lake and into a narrow creek, the mouth of which was hidden by bushes. We cut away tangles of vines and dragged the skiff under branches and over roots, lighted only by the single beam from the lamp on my forehead. As we emerged into a small open pond, a loud *Whoo - hoo-hoo* from the thick foliage over my head was answered from out of the darkness across the pond. The silence that followed was broken a minute later by the distant cry of a panther. The skiff was motionless, and as I let the beam of light from the lantern stray over the calm surface of the lake and play among the roots of the mangroves on its border, I saw a reptile in each lump of mud and twisted tree trunk. Then, as the skiff glided silently along the shore, the soft step of a wildcat, the squabbling of coons, and the sudden flight of startled birds got on my nerves; the solid blackness outside of the tiny searchlight was peopled with strange wild creatures, and when a frightened frog splashed in the water beside us, the circle of light from my lantern flashed to the tree tops, and



HOLDING OPEN THE JAWS OF AN ANGRY NINE FOOT UNRESTRAINED ALLIGATOR

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the captain behind me chuckled. I asked him in a whisper if he had seen any alligators.

"Plenty; the lake's full of 'em; just run over one," he replied, adding with gentle sarcasm, "'Gators don't climb trees."

For the next few minutes I took lessons in fire hunting and learned to recognize the dull red reflected gleam from the reptile's eye, and to judge of his size when both eyes showed, from their distance apart. I steadied the light on a pair of widely separated eyes that seemed to float far out from shore. As the skiff moved toward them, I could trace the outlines of the head and back of a large alligator floating on the surface. As I was lifting my rifle the captain whispered, "Not yet," and again, "Not yet," until, when at length I fired, I took no aim, but held my weapon so near the creature's head that the powder must have burned him as the bullet smashed his skull. Since that night I have often fire hunted with a camera, but never with firearms.

A score of years ago the water in the Big Cypress country was filled with alligators, and it was not uncommon for fire hunters to take a thousand of the reptiles from a single small lake. I photographed a portion of a circular pond, one hundred yards in diameter, enclosed in a cypress strand, and the print showed seventy-three alligators floating or swimming upon the surface of the water. While exploring the country north of Cape Sable I camped one night with my guide on the border of a lake of mingled mud and water, stirred by small tarpon and other fish and reptiles to the consistency of porridge. The water that I ate failed to satisfy me, and the mosquitoes drove me early under my bar, hungry and thirsty. The step of a bear near our bars woke us up in the early evening, and we crawled out with our rifles in the light of a moon that was nearly full. We crawled back pretty quickly, my guide having stepped on a cactus and I having been attacked by a solid mass of mosquitoes, so savage that they frightened me. As I couldn't sleep, I asked my guide to tell me what he knew of the lake beside which we were camped.

IT IS EASY TO HOLD SHUT THE JAWS OF AN ALLIGATOR
In approaching one a native first uses a stick, or oar, and then takes hold with his hand

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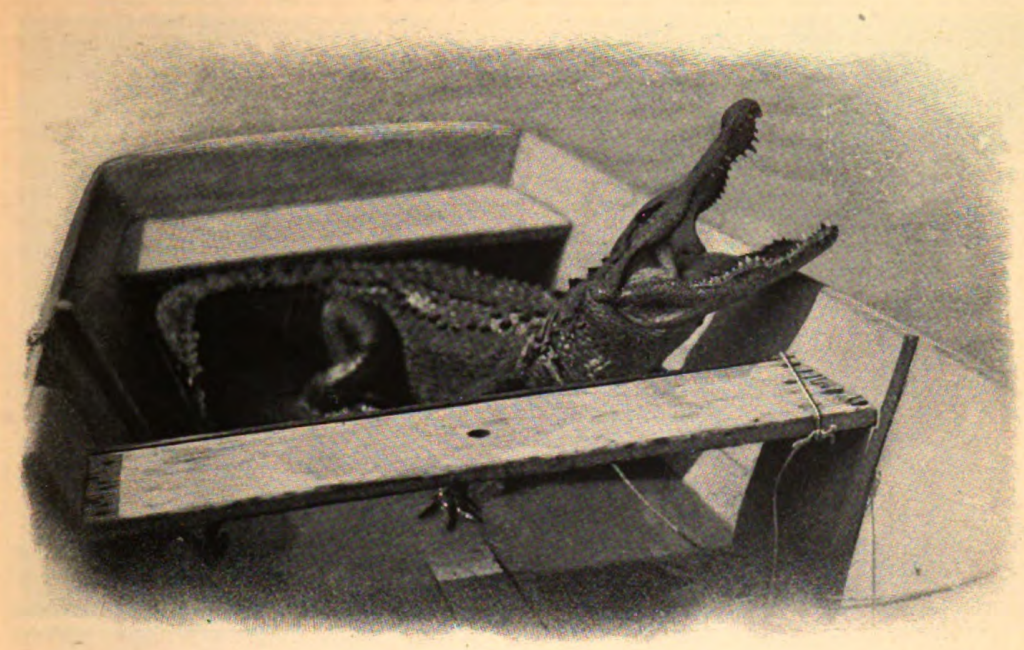

THE UNCERTAINTY OF AN ALLIGATOR IS CERTAIN
Kill him and take him into the skiff and he will come to life and enjoy himself

"You know my old partner," said he, "Will Stevens, the feller that was shot at Naples; he went guidin' for you once? Well, him and me took 'leven hundred 'gators out o' that pond one year, and we skinned most on 'em on that little island you saw there. We packed pieces of dry-goods boxes from Low's place at the Cape and made a boat. I reckon I'll find it in the mornin'; 'tain't likely anybody's bothered with it. Pond was jest the way you see it now, garfish stickin' up their noses all over it, little tarpon rollin' and jumpin'; only the 'gators was thick, and when I first seed it I jest got behind a bush and grunted, and I'll bet I could hev walked clean to that island without steppin' off'n their backs. First off we didn't need a light to shoot 'em, but after we'd thinned 'em down a bit we used to shoot 'em at night, 'bout all we could skin next day. One day when we was skinnin' on the island, somehow the boat got away and drifted ashore. Will said he'd swim fer it providin' I'd stand by with the rifle and keep off the 'gators. Well, when he got 'most ashore I began to shoot all 'round him and hollered to him to swim fast, thet the 'gators was after him. He 'most busted hisself gittin' to shore, and I near died laffin'; but he jest walked off an' left me alone on thet island with a lot o' stinkin' carcasses till 'most night the nex' day. I ain't usually 'fraid o' 'gators, and would hev swum ashore, but this time they was too thick, and I reckon I must hev scared myself when I frightened my partner."

Notwithstanding the great slaughter of alligators, the crop held out for many years, and as recently as 1898 the principal dealer on the west coast of Florida bought three or four hundred hides daily from about fifty hunters, and kept a schooner running to Key West with hides, and returning with cargoes of salt, ammunition, and grub. The price paid alligator hunters for hides varies from one dollar for those measuring seven feet or over, down to ten cents for such as measure less than four feet in length.

Fire hunting is so deadly that after a hunter has swept the surface of a river with his light it is scarcely worth while to look for alligators in that stream. The fire hunter has so nearly wiped out the saurian inhabitants of the rivers and lakes of the coast that their pursuit no longer affords him a living. Yet, what-

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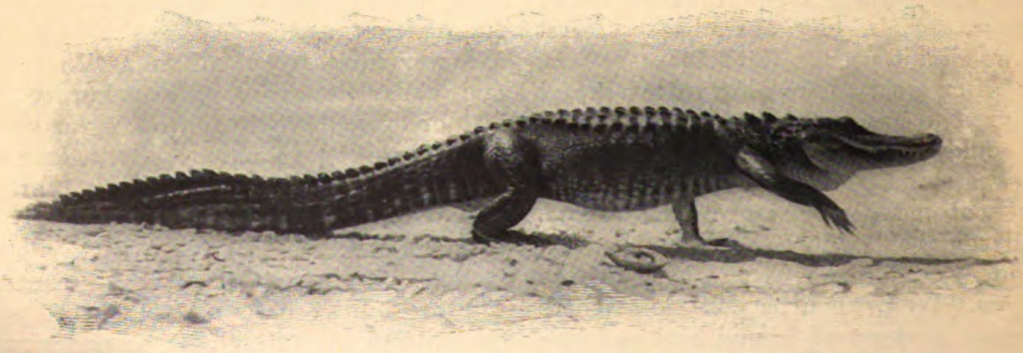
THE REPTILES CANNOT RESIST THE BULL'S-EYE LANTERN'S FASCINATION

ever the work to which the hunter turns for support, he always stands guard against the return of the alligator. Last year I used to visit a colony of five alligators that I found at Clam Slough, on the west coast near Marco. One evening a Marco boy was told that 'gators had been seen at Clam Slough. "I'll go down to-night and git 'em," said he. I said nothing. My alligators were doomed. I could have saved them this time, but the next native who heard of them would have gathered them in. The boy sculled a heavy little canoe, that wouldn't safely hold two people, out of the big pass into the Gulf of Mexico on a moonless night, down the coast to Clam Slough, where he found and killed the five 'gators. He loaded his canoe to the gunwales with the carcasses, and I saw him at the Marco store the next day swapping five alligator hides for three dollars' worth of ammunition, tobacco, and grits.

The few remaining reptiles have been driven to their last refuge, their caves in the Big Cypress and the Everglades, where they are followed by a few hunters armed with iron rods, hooks, and axes, as neither rifle nor lantern is required in their work. In the dry season the water of the swamps and prairies re-



"GOOD-BYE; I'M GOING HOME!"

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cedes, leaving little shallow ponds and water holes dug by the alligators, from which they are hauled with hooks and knocked in the head by the hunters. These ponds and holes are filled with venomous snakes, and it is the belief of hunters that as the alligators are killed off the moccasins increase. Sometimes thirty or forty of these poisonous snakes can be seen about a single alligator cave. If the hunter happens to wear boots, he kicks the moccasins out of his way with the contempt which familiarity breeds. But even the hunter, when he hears the jarring of rattles, climbs a tree till he has located the king of snakes. Many hunters carry hypodermic syringes and permanganate of potassium, but few have faith in the drug as an antidote, and all have gruesome stories to tell of the effects of the venom secreted by the snakes.

The alligators killed at such hazard are skinned, the hides salted, and carried over bad trails and through swamps on the backs of hunters, and then poled in canoes many miles to the store of a trader, where they are sold for an average of less than seventy cents each. It is for this pittance, to a few of her citizens, that Florida permits the destruction of an attraction and an asset worth millions to the State.

The casual cruiser on the west coast of Florida, with the usual brass band methods, who explores a river in a day and explodes his way through its branches in another, will find the banks bare and the waters barren of alligators; but the camera man, possessed of the patience of the hunter and the persistence of the naturalist, may even yet obtain the saurian subjects his camera calls for. There are boys on the coast, born with much knowledge of the alligator and his ways, who will go out with him to the haunts of the reptile on the prairies and in the swamps, will follow a trail to a marshy pond, and coax a 'gator to the surface by grunting in his own tongue.

I have seen a barefoot boy, when the reptile refused to respond to his call, wade in the mud to his waist, explore with his toes till he felt the wiggle of the 'gator beneath them, then worry him to the surface, grab him by the nose before he could open his jaws, and tow the creature ashore to be photographed. When an alligator that we were hunting crawled into his cave, I held a noosed rope over his mouth while the boy poked a stick through the mud until it hit the creature in his hiding place, and soon I had him snared, ready to be dragged out on the prairie and tied, to be kept till the camera man was ready for him. Then we turned the reptile loose on a bit of prairie, and the boy and I, armed with sticks, headed him off when he tried to escape, while the camera man, with his head in the hood of his instrument, followed the creature about seeking for evidence in the case of "Reason *vs.* Instinct." When the camera man was through with him the alligator was set free, a final shot being taken at him as he walked off. Our hunter boys could never be made to comprehend our reasons for restoring to the creatures their freedom. They understood the photographing, but when this was done why not collect a dollar for the reptile's hide? Their manner implied that to this question no sane answer was possible. In the open waters of the rivers and the Everglades we used a tiny harpoon, stopped down so that it could only penetrate an inch beyond the barb and inflict but a trifling wound. We put little strain on the harpoon line, the purpose of which was to enable us to follow the creature until we could get a rope around his nose. Sometimes while paddling in a stream the odor of musk told of the presence of an alligator, and scrutiny of the bottom disclosed the reptile near, or under, the boat. Then a noose, made of the end of the painter, was slipped under the nose of the alligator, and after a brief struggle the creature was hauled aboard. After a few hours of captivity almost anything could be done with the reptile, although we were always shy of the unfettered jaws of a big one. Our hunter boy would stand in front of a large alligator and hold his mouth open for the camera man, but he was an exceedingly active youth, and never failed to jump a little quicker than the reptile. These alligators often played 'possum with us and allowed themselves to be tied in a skiff without a kick when we wished to tow them to some place convenient for the work of the camera man. But they were always on the lookout for a chance



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to make trouble; and once when we were quietly sailing down a river, towing a skiff in which we had tied a 'gator, the creature thought we had forgotten him, and breaking one of the lines which held him, bit a piece out of the skiff, capsized it, and rolled over and over with it in the water. We lowered our sails and worked frantically to straighten out the tangle before the reptile could drown. Meanwhile wind and tide swept us into the mangroves, which laid hold of spars and rigging and held us fast where myriads of mosquitoes assembled to drain us of our blood.

For the nature student the habits of the alligator hold much interest; to the camera sportsman he presents delightful possibilities; while to the every day tourist who will really seek him in his home he will give an assortment of sensations more thrilling than could be unearthed in a year of ordinary globe-trotting.

Hunt up the haunts of the creature until you find a river that he frequents. Paddle quietly and alone down the stream and up the creeks and branches that enter it, till you find on the bank the bed of an alligator with signs of his recent presence. Hide your skiff, sit down on the bed, and wait for him to come home. By and by, out in the middle of the stream, you may see three little black dots—the nose and eyes of your absentee landlord,—and soon the whole head, tail, and back may appear. He will swim slowly toward you, and probably sink gradually beneath the surface before reaching the bank. If he comes on and crawls up on the bank beside you, it will be a high tribute to your coolness and complete control of your nerves, and the incident will make a pleasant place in your memory.

It happened once to me that after long waiting for the return of an alligator upon whose bed I was sitting, I discovered that he had not left it, but was lying in the tall grass just behind me, with his big jaws three feet from my face and his ten foot body curved partly around me.

After sitting silently in my skiff for half an hour, wondering why an alligator I had seen didn't show up, I chanced to look down and saw his head resting quietly on the surface of the water within twelve inches of my hand as it lay on the gunwale.

It gives a sensation to be remembered to sit thus, motionless, watching the unwinking eyes of this free, wild, powerful brute fixed gravely on your face, the huge jaws and the little that shows of the long white teeth within reach of your hand, and your hand within reach of jaws and teeth. Of course if you have the medieval instincts of some sportsmen, you may slowly, so slowly, reach for the weapon beside you and send a steel jacketed cylinder through the brute brain, and a couple of days later watch a bloated carcass floating high on its way to the Gulf, giving off an odor appropriate to the incident.

It is up to those of us who claim to be nature-lovers to look after the Florida alligator. We have just organized a society to weep at the bier of the bison—a creature which has been dead so long that he can be spoken of as was Lazarus,—and have promoted clubs without number which pester Congress and the States to prevent by law the killing of game birds and beasts for food, that we may kill more of them for fun. We are working, almost without hope, for birds that are nearly extinct and animals which have been banished from their environments by the requirements of civilization, but we are neglecting a creature whose existence is imperilled, although his habitat is secure, his sustenance not threatened, and he only needs to be let alone to restore life and attractiveness to the waterways of a great national playground.

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# A Princess of Kent

*BY MARJORIE BOWEN*

CEDRIC the churl looked up from the basket he was weaving of osier bands and listened.

The thick woods of Kent lay to right and left of him; a path wound through the clustering trees, and, as it dipped to the distance, there was a flash of vivid blue sea.

The autumn foliage, faded to hues of gold and brown, rustled in a bright sunshine; dead leaves strewed the ground, but grass of a clear green grew in patches beneath the trees.

In this little clearing in the forest stood a wattled hut. The thin smoke curled slowly from it in delicate spirals against the cloudless sky; at the doorway stood a yellow-haired child, clasping a rough red pitcher to the bosom of her striped frock.

Cedric, seated on a log, listened.

The sharp notes of birds broke on the stillness and the soft sound of coming horses.

The little girl came lazily across the grass, the sun dazzled in her brilliant hair and on her bare brown arms; she sang to herself happily.

Through the trees, riding swiftly from the sea, came a party of horsemen; they rode in single file by reason of the narrowness of the path, and trotted so, one at a time, into the clearing, where each halted, waiting for the next.

Cedric moved the completed osier baskets behind the log, so that they were secure from thievery or accident, and stared leisurely at the strangers. There came forty or more of them, and a few serving men.

As they gathered there, a confused group, gazing to right and left, the blue eyes of the Saxon were stolidly observing them.

He saw men handsomely dressed in travelling mantles lined with fox and beaver, their horses laden with packages and fair painted coffers; the servants had bundles at their backs. Dark men they were, with high, sharp features, unarmed, distinctly not warriors; they conversed together in a soft strange tongue, leaning from their saddles towards each other with wondering anxious faces. Two kept themselves apart: one, a haughty, handsome man of an imperious presence, who held his purple mantle carelessly at the breast with a white ringed hand, and stared round him with bright black eyes; the other, different in dress and bearing from the rest, a man clothed in armor linked with gold.

The Saxon child crept up to her father's side, eying the strangers, and one of them, turning, looked at the man and the hut beyond.

He wheeled his horse round and spoke in Saxon, a little halting.

"This is the kingdom of Kent?" he asked. "Surely it is so?"

Cedric nodded.

The other travellers turned to listen, and the two apart watched composedly.

"Listen," said the first speaker. "We are invited of the King—your King; we are from across the sea, certainly. I am Frankish. I come because my language is the language of this country. These," he glanced round at his companions, "are from Rome, verily. Where is your King?"

"Canterbury," answered Cedric. "And who be ye?"

The stranger indicated the man in the purple mantle.

"He, the prior Augustine, hath been sent by the Pope to convert this land of Britain faithfully," he said. "We are his humble company. We bring knowledge of the true God, verily."

Cedric gazed at Augustine.

"Is it the God," he said, "whom the Queen hath a chapel in honor of? A place, lordings, with fair colored windows."

"Verily the Queen Bertha of Kent

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hath such a chapel, and a holy man who daily holdeth service; truly, through this righteous woman's workings upon her husband, hath he written to Rome for servants of God to come and preach the true faith in the land."

"It is a goodly chapel," the churl replied. "And many repair there in wonder. It holdeth a picture of a fair-faced man, and a cloth worked in silk and the hair of the Queen."

The stranger, smiling, answered:

"Many more wonders than that will we bring ye, for our God healeth the sick, yea, and raiseth the dead."

Then another interrupted, saying:

"Wherefore hath not the King sent to welcome us? Last night we landed, and, behold! there were none—neither folk nor lodging. Verily, we have slept beneath the trees. This morning one came saying, 'Here are horses and food,' and with that departed hastily."

Cedric shook his head.

"I know naught. The King is at Canterbury."

They looked at one another. "The road is strange to us, certainly."

"But ye cannot mistake it," said Cedric. "Riding through the wood ye come upon an open road. Follow it; it shall bring ye to Canterbury."

The priests set their horses in motion. There was great jingling of bits and harness, and the sun made a gallant show of the furred and embroidered garments.

Cedric picked up the unfinished basket. The child, idly holding her pitcher, stood by his side, with fearless blue eyes considering the strangers.

"Beware of the wood," said Cedric, "if ye bring new gods."

A priest with his fingers in the reins turned and asked sharply, "Wherefore?"

"It belongeth," said the churl, putting back his yellow hair, "to the old gods, and they are jealous."

He fixed the osier bands between his knees and began skilfully plaiting them.

"Mostly," he continued, "it belongeth to Freda—she hath a well there."

"She is a false god," returned the priest; "an idol—an image, such as we have come to destroy utterly."

"She is the wife of Thor," said Cedric, "and she sits in the wood yonder by the well."

"Truly that is a lie," said the priest, calmly. "And unholy men have deceived thee. She is not there—certainly ye may search and never find her."

On the ending of his words rose a burst of laughter, so clear and sudden that they started in their saddles.

It came from the child.

"I have seen her," she said.

They stared at her.

"I have seen Freda sitting by her well," she went on.

"Child," said the Frankish bishop, "ye spoke of what cannot be. Lies have deluded ye."

But the girl shook her head.

"I have spoken with her," she persisted. "She cometh from the well."

The priest's dark face grew stern.

"Here is deceit and a device of the devil," he said, apart. "Child, ye saw nothing."

She laughed again. "I will tell ye the manner of her. She is a goodly goddess, small, with white feet. She sits in the well—something she sings, and leaneth sideways to gaze into the water."

The priest frowned.

"They even wallow in their error! When the King is converted, Kent will be also converted, and ye will see the folly, child, of falsehoods, verily."

But she only smiled and turned away with her pitcher. There was a pause. Augustine gazed after her; then he spoke to the Frank, and his voice was cold.

"What doth the pagan say?" he asked. "I must learn the Saxon, certainly!"

"She speaketh of her false gods," was the answer. "Lo! they are deep in error."

The priests rode on in stately fashion across the clearing. Cedric paused from his osier plaiting to watch them go, but the child, holding her pitcher in the tinkling stream, sang unconcernedly of Freda as the clear water bubbled into the lip.

Two abreast now, for the path was wider, the priests proceeded through the forest. The ground was soft with acorns and beech mast, and the trailing brambles glowed orange and scarlet with berries; a multitude of birds sang continually, and the sky was a marvellous blue.

The only one of the company who was no monk, the knight Valerian of Ravenna, began to sing for joy of the weather and the fresh wind blowing lightly on

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his face. For here were no slumbrous airs nor swooning sunshine, as he had known in Italy, but a clear brightness and an exalting freshness. It had rained lately, and the autumn perfume of damp earth and leaves was in his nostrils. Now and then the startled deer fled at their approach, slipping like red shadows through the yellow bracken; rabbits fled across their path, and pheasants with splendid plumage.

The knight Valerian, brother of Augustine the prior, began singing the louder:

"What hope have I of gaining heaven,
Myrra—when the virtues are few,
Myrra—when the sins are seven,
And the sweetest sin is you—is you!

"Surely I have no need of heaven
(Sins that are seven),
When the sun shines gold through the shade of the vine,
And thou art mine—and thou art mine!"

At that, Augustine checked him; for how, said he, "shall he that is profane convert the pagan?"

But Valerian laughed as if the pagan were no great matter, and held up his hand with its green ring, and watched the light slip in and out of the jewel.

"It is a smiling land," he said. "Right glad am I, I came, certainly."

"Surely it shall shine more," said Augustine, from his purple hood, "when it is under the power of Rome."

Valerian plucked a spray of ash berries as he passed the bending tree.

"Yet the old gods keep it gay, verily," he smiled; and in his pleasant voice the song rose again:

"What hope have I of a saintly crown,
When the world is so sweet,
And two hands draw me down,
Two lips to meet—to meet!

"Surely I have no need of heaven
(Sins that are seven),
When the grass is green and daisy pied,
And the shadows hide—the shadows hide!"

Then he fell to silence and thinking of the child's talk of Freda (for he knew the Frankish tongue).

Valerian the knight was good to look upon; he had a face such as the old Romans gave their gods, smooth and very proud; his hair curled a little under his helmet, and was, like his eyes, dark as the horse he rode.

Augustine the prior was very like unto him, save for the pallor of his face and his monk's dress; yet in pride and splendor he was his equal, for he took his mission in no humility, but imperially.

Both shone in embroidery, square cut colored stones, and the rich, dark hues of Byzantium. From Valerian's shoulders hung a silken cloak of red hue, and round his full, bare throat was a golden chain.

The greenwood spread and broadened about them; it seemed that the fair loneliness increased as they advanced.

The train of monks and serving men rode in silence; Valerian fixed the ash berries between his horse's ears.

"The King," said Augustine, haughtily, "should have sent, certainly, even to meet us graciously."

"As I do think," replied Valerian, "he doth wish it to seem thou hast come of thine own will. Maybe he feareth the old gods, verily."

Augustine's dark eyes surveyed him sideways.

"Something art thou of a pagan, Valerian."

The knight laughed.

"Lo! this wood is beautiful, certainly," he said. "The little maid spoke of the gods dwelling here—lo! I look for them fearfully."

The sun was creeping towards the horizon; here under the trees the great shadows lay, and the blue of the sky was burning pale and cold.

"Surely I have no need of heaven
(Sins that are seven),
For the calm of the dawn is over the sea,
And the touch of thy hand is all to me."

They had reached the bottom of a little slope, up which the path wound, to divide at the top into a fork.

It was thickly grown with ash and beech trees that cast a gloomy shade, and in the midst of them was a well green with moss and fern.

The cavalcade paused, uncertain which path to take.

"Freda's well," said the Frankish bishop. "Surely we will dedicate it to some holy saint."

The well was circular; fern and grass

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that the dripping water had kept fresh grew around it; behind, through the silvery trunks of the beeches, glowed the rose hues of a cloudless sunset.

Valerian took off his helmet, hanging it to his saddle bow; and the breeze that blew from the west lifted the heavy hair from his forehead.

Slowly they rode up the slope with a jingle of bells and a glimmer of brilliant color darkly visible.

Valerian, a little ahead, suddenly stopped, a noble figure on the dark horse against the smooth beech trunks.

He said nothing, but gazed in front of him, leaning forward a little, his throat and face in profile above the rich armor.

The monks paused too.

Something was moving in the deep shadows of the well.

The hanging ferns and grasses were stirred and rustled; a white arm, dripping crystal drops, held back the wet green, and a woman appeared among the fern.

They saw her but dimly, for the rosy light of the sunset did not touch the deep beech shadows. She stood a second, utterly still, with that outflung arm holding back the ferns. There was naught on her slender body save a yellow shift; nothing to hide her but the shadow and the drooping bracken.

"Freda!" said Valerian. "Freda!"

At the sound of his voice she looked towards him, and drew away.

A little shudder ran through the monks. The figure made no attempt to move or speak; pale as ivory she gleamed in the dusk.

Only Augustine rode calmly to his brother's side.

"Speak to the woman," he commanded. "Bid her begone, certainly, and put no tricks upon us."

"It is the goddess, verily," answered Valerian, breathlessly. "Lo, she moves!"

"Certainly a false goddess," frowned Augustine. He raised his clear voice:

"Witch, devil, begone in the name of the Holy Virgin!"

As he spoke he raised the cross he wore.

She took no heed; only she made a shivering motion, and pulled the boughs about her.

"She understandeth not Latin," said Augustine, and he called to the Frank, who rode up swiftly.

"Fiend or woman," said he in Saxon, "profane not the ground where holy men must tread. Delusion of the devil, begone!"

She gave a moaning little cry, and smote her hands upon her bosom.

"Thor! Thor!" she cried, and ran swiftly from the shadow.

For a second the rosy glow shone on white limbs and yellow hair, then she was gone into the thick darknesses of the trees.

Augustine's lip curled.

"So the false gods go, surely," he said. "Let us press onwards to Canterbury hastily."

But as the company was proceeding down the wider path, Valerian spake.

"I will come presently. Lo! have I not come to convert? Certainly I will convert the pagan goddess."

A little he laughed.

"Pleased she me mightily."

"Therefore," said Augustine, sternly, "thou wilt follow her in mere profanity?"

"Therefore will I follow her to bring her to the true faith, certainly," Valerian answered. "Or if she be a fiend, bring I her to Canterbury on my saddle," and he turned and made his way warily into the thicknesses of the trees.

The stout yellow bracken caught his horse's hoofs and stayed his progress; the path he followed narrowed and twisted; in his ears were the sound of whispering leaves innumerable and the echo of his brother's angry voice.

"Now, by St. Honor," he said, "back will not I—"

As he spoke, the wood fell away before him to right and left, as if the trees made a sudden passage, and he found himself at the top of a hill ending so suddenly it seemed the edge of the world that touched the western sky—the burning, blushing sky, fading stains of gold and red, like molten jewels, spilt blood and wine, that shone before him.

Straight up against this stood the woman, on the very summit and edge of the hill, with the dipping valley at her feet.

The yellow shift, blowing, showed her bare feet; across her throat waved little

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strands of yellow hair; she looked towards the sunset as if she prayed.

"Freda!" said Valerian, gently.

She turned, saw man and horse dark against the wood, and fled through the forest.

Horse and man plunged heavily after her, but ways were open to her that were closed to them; she sprang with great lightness through the bushes, and Valerian, with the boughs in his face and catching at his sleeves, lost sight of her.

He laughed, and, reining his horse, turned the way he had come through the wood.

"What need have I of heaven
(Sins that are seven),
When the sun shines gold through the leaves of the vine,
And thou art mine—and thou art mine!"

The dew was falling; he felt it on his face as he looked up at the first stars glittering through the leaves; it was neither day nor night, but a marvellous time of twilight. Idly he rode on, his reins falling slack, and in his brain memories of the day slipped together: the line of white above the blue sea that was the shore of Kent, the ride through those first woods, so different from his woods at Ravenna, the little hut in the clearing, with the smoke arising in the still way of autumn, the man with the beautiful osier baskets behind the fallen log, and the child with her red pitcher clasped to her breast.

He found himself by the well again, and rode round it slowly, picturing the white arm that he had seen divide the fern.

His horse stumbled over something; a heap on the ground. As he leant from the saddle he saw embroideries gleam duskily.

Swiftly he dismounted; a woman's clothes lay at his feet—a rich robe, a red mantle, and leather sandals among the fallen beechnuts.

Freda's garb! He lifted them from the dead leaves and put them over his saddle. They were heavy with gold fringes and beads; he handled them curiously; then knotted the reins to a beech bough, and waited for her to come for her garments. The moon rose, turning the grayness into silver. Valerian seated himself by the edge of the well, crushing the soft damp ferns; he trailed his hand in the water; it was cold as snowflakes. Holding on to the rim, he gazed down into the blackness of the well depths, forming visions of a woman rising, floating upwards, with the water weeds on her breast, till she touched the surface, and the water broke in ripples from her face as she emerged, holding up dripping arms, glittering in the light of the rising moon.

A light sound behind him made him look up sharply from the well.

She was close to him, standing by the beech tree; she shivered cruelly.

For a moment they gazed at each other; then she held out her hands.

"Give me my garments," she said, mournfully. "Am cold."

He made no answer; the moonlight striking through the trees showed his Byzantine beauty and cast his shadow dark behind him.

The woman came a little nearer.

"Am afraid," she said. "Give me my garments."

She shuddered under the thin linen of her shift, and looked around timidly for her attire.

"Thou art human, certainly," answered Valerian, marking her shivering. "St. Honor! but I thought ye one of the gods of Britain, verily. Lo! I am a Christian knight, and bear unto pagans a dislike, mightily."

"Am cold," she repeated; she came still closer. "Art terrible to look upon." Curiosity came into her voice. "Hast a sword and great weapons—art Thor or a dæmon?"

She lifted her long yellow hair from her eyes to gaze at him; the moonlight lay over her as she bent closer.

Valerian made the sign of the cross over his glittering breastplate.

"I loathe thy false gods bitterly—there is but one Lord, and Him serve I faithfully."

Blue eyes gazed into black eyes across the moonlight and the shadows of the fern; hers were troubled. She put out her hand and touched his where it lay on his breast.

"Am cold—cold," she said, sadly. "Feel my fingers."

Valerian frowned.

"Thou art a witch," he said, "and thy

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power lieth in thy garments certainly. Lo! I come to do war on such as thee—even I."

"Am no witch." She drew back against the beech trunk. "Art cruel." She eyed him in a troubled manner as he leant forward with a clink of armor from his seat on the well.

"I will convert thee, hastily," — he laughed a little. "Thou shalt become Christian presently. Listen unto me."

"Am no witch," she repeated.

"Yet a follower of false gods," said Valerian.

"My gods are true," she answered. "Give me my garments."

"But ye shall hear me, verily."

She drew herself up, and her hands clenched.

"Greatly I hate ye," she said through her teeth.

"What is thy name?" asked Valerian.

She stood rigid, erect, staring down at her bare feet on their carpet of dead leaves.

"Nay, tell me; we will give thee another. Augustine shall baptize thee holily."

Her hands went up to her face; she fell to crying softly; she slipped down on to the beech mast in a curled up position of distress."

"Am cold," she murmured, through faint little sobs. "Am weary—am hurt—"

She glanced piteously at her foot.

"Am afraid of the wolves."

She turned her face against the beech trunk and wept unrestrainedly in a quiet manner.

Valerian rose and brought her garments from his saddle to lay them beside her.

"Thy garb," he said.

She glanced round timidly; then, seeing her dress beside her, smiled.

He stood looking at her as she arrayed herself in silence with a shudder of content. When she had clasped her hood under her chin and put on her mantle there was little of her to be seen for the heavy loose draperies that fell around her.

Gravely he picked up her sandals and offered them.

She looked at her foot.

"Am hurt," she said. She seated herself on one of the spreading beech roots, and showed him that her foot was cut across the instep.

"It paineth me," she complained, and the tears welled into her eyes.

"Ye are a coward," smiled Valerian.

She fell anew to sobbing, with a piteous look at the injured foot.

"I will tie it up for ye, certainly," said Valerian. "Yet I do not think it hurteth mightily." He turned back his velvet sleeve and tore off a strip of the linen underneath; she followed this with a curiosity that stifled her sobs. By this the moon had risen high, and the well was distinct in silver light. Valerian dipped his bandage in the beautiful water and brought it to her.

She watched with interest and satisfaction while he bound the wound up, kneeling before her.

When he had finished he delicately laced the embroidered sandals over her slender feet.

She said nothing till he rose and turned away; then she cried out:

"Am afraid of the wolves—ah! am *bitterly* afraid."

He looked back at her. She smiled.

"Wilt stay?" she asked.

Valerian reseated himself by the edge of the well.

"Ye are a coward, certainly," he said. "Yet had I no thought of going. Did I not leave the others to find ye, that I might convert ye, even I?"

She frowned at that; great self-confidence had come with the wearing of the mantle and gown.

"Didst follow me?" she said. "Wherefore?"

He fingered the long fern fronds beside him. "To find if ye were fiend truthfully. To bring ye with me to Canterbury; and because ye are fair, mightily."

She drew herself together in her heavy draperies.

"Shalt not take me to Canterbury," she said, wildly. "Wilt not come—hate thy God—"

He gazed at her in terror and anger, and his brows lifted with wonder.

"Who art thou?" he asked.

"Hate thee," she answered, vehemently.

He rose.

"Thou art fierce, certainly," he said, "and I must even leave thy soul to damnation and thy body to the wolves."

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*Painting by Howard Pyle*

HORSE AND MAN PLUNGED HEAVILY AFTER HER

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At that and the sight of him untying the reins from the beech boughs her courage fell; she wavered between terror and anger; then:

"Am *bitterly* afraid of wolves," she whispered.

"Will ye come with me to Canterbury?" he asked.

For answer she beckoned him to her side, and when he came heavily over the dead leaves, she caught his hand between hers, and gazed up at him with frightened eyes.

"Am Osberga of Kent," she said in a hurried whisper. "Am the King's daughter. Lo! he will be Christian; he sent over the sea for Christian priests, but I—I love the old gods—they are very gracious to me—will be true to them—so am fled here—will to my mother's sister in Mercia."

Panting, she ceased, and her little hands clasped in an eager manner over his.

A flush crept into Valerian's smooth face.

"I am of the Christians," he said. "Thou shalt return to the King."

"No! no!" she implored. "Would go to Mercia."

The moonshine was over her very wonderfully. It caused her bare throat to gleam like ivory. Valerian, the Byzantine knight, laughed, and drew her to the well, and made her sit beside him there, with the waving shadows of the ferns over her dress.

She came without resistance, gazing at him the while with wide blue eyes.

"The old gods are dead," he said, holding her slackly by the arm. "The saints rule in heaven now. Listen. I come from Ravenna, which is a Christian town. Canterbury will be a Christian town."

"Therefore have I left it," interrupted Osberga of Kent.

"Ye shall not avoid the true faith; Britain will be a Christian land."

She shook her head.

"Thor will prevent it."

"Have I not said the old gods are dead, certainly?"

She smiled scornfully.

"No," she said. "They neither die nor sleep. The Queen hath a chapel to thy God, and she hath won the King to listen, and the old gods will be wrathful—and I go to Mercia."

Leaning forward, he still held her arm, and looked down into her upturned face.

"Go ye to Mercia alone?"

Osberga of Kent shook her head.

"Ethelfrid, who is King of Mercia, is coming for me; last year he came to Kent—"

Valerian interrupted her, frowning.

"This King is late," he said.

"Have lost my way," she said, mournfully. "Shouldst be waiting by the river. Lo! he will be there, and I cannot discover the way."

At the thought of it she began weeping softly again.

Valerian frowned more, and gazed at the tracery of the fern fronds in the moonlight.

"'Tis best, verily," he said, "that ye should not meet this pagan."

"Is brave," she whispered through her sobs. "Is a great man—is King of Mercia. I sent to him to take me away when the new God came; lo! he sent a churl back, and said on this day he would wait by the river." Her sobs ceased; she looked at Valerian in an anxious manner. "Think ye they will come after me before I find the river?"

He answered gravely:

"I think that I should take ye back presently. This man is a pagan, certainly."

"Will not take me," she frowned. "Hate Canterbury. Often do I come here to bathe in Freda's well—(it maketh ye fair)—often do I come here as the sun sets to be rid of Canterbury. Will not go back."

"I might make ye," said Valerian, quietly.

She looked at him. There was a breathless pause; then he spoke again.

"I might put ye on my saddle and take ye back to Canterbury with me. To save your soul, certainly."

Osberga put her hand over her heart.

"Why—am afraid," she said, piteously. "Am afraid—and Ethelfrid is not here. If ye choose to take me—" She stopped, gazing with frightened eyes.

Valerian sprang up impetuously, and his face was flushed.

"St. Honor, no!" he said in an unsteady voice. "Ye shall keep tryst faithfully—ye shall go with the pagan King.



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Wherefore should I stop ye? To each man his gods."

And he laughed to think what Augustine the prior would have said.

Osberga of Kent gave a little panting breath of relief. "Will stay till the morning?" she asked. "Cannot find the river in the dark—maybe Ethelfrid will come for me."

He turned, and seated himself slowly in his old place, his mantle all about him on the mossgrown earth, the moonshine on his dark Roman face. He looked at her curiously, and his fingers played with the gold chain that hung on his breast.

She smiled sweetly on him.

"Art kind," she said. "Ethelfrid will thank thee."

"Need I no pagan's gratitude, certainly," he answered.

There was silence as they sat opposite each other with the trees and the silence about them; then Osberga spoke, yawning.

"Am sleepy," she said. "Am tired."

Her blue eyes were half shut; her head drooped.

"Ye can sleep fearlessly," he answered. "By St. Honor, I will not leave ye!"

She gave a sleepy smile.

"The earth is hard," she murmured. She shifted her position on the well edge and gazed into the black water. "It looks fearful, yet it is not deep. When I stand in it, it cometh only to my neck; yet I would not fall in."

Her voice fell in a tired fashion, her head drooped.

"Am *very* sleepy," she announced.

Moved by a sudden impulse when he saw her weary, drooping, and desolate against the cold earth and dripping ferns, stirred by tenderness and he knew not what feeling of pity, Valerian leant forward and held out his arms.

She looked at him sleepily from the shadow of her hood; he touched her and drew her very gently towards him.

To his wonder and extraordinary pleasure she came willingly, and lay with a sigh of content on the folds of the soft mantle that fell over his armor.

Her eyes closed, and her breathing became faintly regular. Warm and flushed and soft she lay, curled in her heavy draperies in the curve of his arm, with her head against his breast. Her yellow hair fell from her hood over his knee; she was sleeping very peacefully.

Valerian put his mantle round his shoulders and held her loosely up to him.

Now and then in her sleep she gave a little sound of ease and content, and her face was like a child's; in her lap her fingers lay curled slackly and rosy; under the rich dress her bosom rose and fell steadily.

Valerian, holding her in his arms, gazed out over her drooping head at the moonlit forest, and thought of his saints at Ravenna and the pagan King waiting at the river.

So still they were that a little troop of deer passing out of the beeches came fearlessly to his very feet, and sniffed his shining greaves and her trailing gown before they passed on lightly into the forest.

Valerian's thoughts flew wide, circled the world and the world's goods, judged and appraised the worth of things, and came back to the wonder of the moonlit forest and the sleeping woman in his arms.

Slowly, wonderfully, the moon died and the day rustled through the trees. Light that was very pale and luminous slipped through the beech trunks; the birds commenced singing in a clear manner. Osberga of Kent stirred and sighed; he drew her closer to his heart, praying she might not wake yet, for surely it was sweet to enfold her helpless sleep. Her head had fallen back on his shoulder; as the day dawned he saw her face more clearly, her parted lips, her golden brows, the yellow hair falling apart over her white forehead.

His horse made an impatient movement, shaking his trappings, and there was a sudden sound of branches broken and thrust aside.

Valerian looked up calmly.

A horseman crashed down the bracken and drew up a few paces from the well.

The pale dawn showed him a mighty man. He was helmeted, and carried his shield on his arm; both his mantle and his horse were ivory white, and even in that dimness his hair shone golden.

In utter silence he gazed at the two beside the well.

"Thou art Ethelfrid of Mercia, certainly," said Valerian.

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The horseman started to hear his tongue and name from the lips of this splendid stranger.

"Am Bretwalda of Mercia," he answered. "Am Ethelfrid." He touched his horse, and came slowly closer; his eyes flashed fiercely, in a wonderful rage; he pointed to the woman in the Roman's arms.

"Osberga of Kent?" he asked, and his bare arm shook, showing the silver snake that bound it glimmering unsteadily.

"Truly," said Valerian, "Osberga of Kent. I am Valerian of Ravenna, and a Christian knight."

The Bretwalda of Mercia put his hand to his sword.

"Wherefore sleepeth she in thine arms?" he asked, grimly.

Valerian smiled.

"Truly she was weary with seeking for thee; honors she me greatly. Lo! she sleeps as a child, peacefully." Gently he disengaged his arm from about her, and she fell slackly against him, drooping into the folds of his mantle.

The Bretwalda said naught, but, erect on his huge horse, gazed at them with burning blue eyes.

"I have guarded her faithfully," said Valerian, "and kept her for ye, when I might have carried her to Canterbury—to the Christians. St. Honor pardon me—but to each his gods."

He laughed softly, looking down upon her, and the sun, brightening, smote his gorgeous armor into points of light.

"Art a strange man," said Ethelfrid. "Hast a kingly look." He leant from the saddle, and stared into Valerian's face. "She trusted ye?"

The Roman smiled proudly.

"Ye see, Ethelfrid of Mercia."

The Bretwalda glanced at the sleeping woman.

She stirred, and flung her hand out among the ferns.

"Osberga!" cried Ethelfrid.

She sat up, flushed, suddenly awake, and held out her arms.

"Ethelfrid!"

With the golden glow of the dawn over her, she rose and laughed.

The magnificent Bretwalda wheeled his horse round so that he was alongside her.

"Osberga," he said, "get up before thy father's people come."

Valerian rose, standing beside the edge of the well.

"Shall I not lift her up?" he smiled. "Have I not kept her for thee?"

Lightly he raised her and put her into Ethelfrid's arms; so was she swung on to the white horse.

"Hast been good to me," said Osberga, clinging to the ivory mantle. "Is Christian lording, yet took me not back to the new God."

The Bretwalda's blue eyes looked steadily, curiously, at the stranger, and Valerian's glance was calm to meet his scrutiny.

"Tied up my foot," said Osberga. "Was gentle to me."

Still the two men gazed at each other. No word of thanks said Ethelfrid; but suddenly he turned the woman round and held her away from him.

"Kiss her," he said.

Valerian, standing beside the well, was not on a level with her face and hanging hair; smiling, she put back her hood, leaning down; the dawn was flaming through the trees and glittering in the water of the well.

Valerian of Ravenna, suddenly pale, kissed her coldly on the brow.

The Bretwalda caught her proudly up to him, lifted his glittering shield in salute, and was gone at a gallop down the forest glade.

Valerian watched the white horse flash between the tree trunks, then mounted his own steed and turned its head toward Canterbury.

Cloudless and beautiful the morning was about him, yet he felt his arms empty and his spirit weary. He noticed coldly the wonders of the forest, the begony with its flaming berries, the last dandelions and daisies, the amber hues of the oak, the scarlet of the beech; then he looked curiously at his torn sleeves. A robin sang loudly; then presently a merle. Valerian of Ravenna rode steadily with his helmet clanking at his saddle, and he smiled to himself, playing with the chain at his breast.

Thus to Canterbury, in the glory of the fair morning.

"What hope have I of heaven,
Myrra—when virtues are few,
Myrra—when sins are seven,
And the sweetest sin is you—is you!"

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# The Story of a Street

## I—WALL STREET IN THE DAYS OF THE DUTCH

*BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

ON the morning of March 31, 1644, a man of clerkly appearance might have been seen standing at the entrance to the dilapidated fortress of New Amsterdam, with a sheaf of official papers in his hand. It was not an inviting prospect which confronted the observer that raw spring morning, for the roughly built, wooden houses scattered about the fort looked sadly weatherbeaten, and the straggling, ill made roads and paths which served as streets were littered with refuse and rubbish of every sort and ankle deep in mud. Even the new stone tavern on the East River and the still newer stone church, whose stanch construction had recently earned John and Richard Ogden a goodly builder's premium, appeared decidedly bedraggled. Grimy mounds of melting snow encumbered each step of their stairlike gables, and the dirty water which trickled from them like muddy tears gave a finishing touch to their melancholy aspect. Nowhere was there a sign of cheer or comfort, and the unpaved streets were wellnigh deserted, save for a few disconsolate individuals who idled about the doorways, silently watching the hungry hogs rooting among the road refuse or exploring the muddy ramparts in search of food. To the north of the fort a badly placed windmill made a brave show of activity, groaning and whirring under the gusty winds from the bay, but its wild twistings to the capricious gyrations of the rusty weathercocks gave an air of futility to its exertions that was far from relieving the depressing desolation of the scene.

The man at the fort did not, however, waste much time in gazing at these discouraging surroundings. They were familiar to him in every dreary detail, for Cornelis Van Tienhoven had been Secretary of the Council at New Amsterdam for many years, and if he had ever been disturbed by the prevailing wretchedness of the town, it had long since ceased to afford him the slightest concern. Slowly turning his back to the view, he tacked one of his official documents to the wall of the fort, and then swinging about and picking his way across the miry ground to a convenient tree, affixed another paper. The few spectators of this proceeding viewed it with undisguised chagrin, for communications from the government were not apt to increase the happiness of the little Dutch settlement. On the contrary, they usually portended the imposition of some new burden or the curtailment of some coveted privilege at the hands of his High Mightiness, Governor Wilhelmus Kieft, whose six years of misrule had taught New Amsterdam to regard his proclamations with unmitigated dread. Unwelcome as they were, however, experience had taught the inhabitants that it was not prudent to ignore them, and the Secretary had scarcely posted his notices before people began to saunter from their houses and gather about the improvised bulletin boards, the scholar in each group deciphering the script.

Van Tienhoven's handwriting was easily read. Indeed, good penmanship was the only qualification he had ever displayed for his office, and that virtue had wholly failed to endear him to the populace, who hated the very sight of his clerical fist. The particular notice he had transcribed that morning, however, was singularly free of offence. It merely recited a resolution of the Director and Council of New Netherland* that a barrier be erected at the north of the settlement, sufficiently strong to prevent the straying of cattle and to protect

* New York Colonial MSS. 4: 186. State Library, Albany.

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WALL STREET IN 1644

The early records indicate that Kieft's cattle guard was built a little to the north of the present Wall Street. De Heerewegh (Broadway) practically terminated a short distance to the north of the cattle guard, but existed as a path or trail beyond that point

them from the Indians, and "warned" all interested persons to appear on "next Monday, the 4th of April, at 7 o'clock," for the prosecution of this work. A more reasonable demand probably never emanated from the Director General, and yet it unquestionably suggested the belated closing of a stable door. During the administration of his predecessor, Van Twiller, almost all the cattle of the colony had mysteriously disappeared, and as the ex-Governor's recently acquired bouwerie was found surprisingly well supplied with live stock, there were grounds for suspecting that some of the missing herds might have strayed in his direction. Kieft, however, was the last man in the world to investigate a trail of this sort, for there was honor among Governors in those days, and William the Testy, though philosophic in no other respect, thoroughly believed in taking things as he found them. Indeed, rumor had it that his adherence to this belief was responsible for his migration from Holland, with his portrait adorning the public gallows to evidence his bankruptcy, and a charge of embezzling trust funds hanging over his head. These stories may have been the invention of enemies, but there certainly had been nothing in his conduct as Governor to discredit them, and for dastardly cowardice and wanton cruelty his record had been unsurpassed. Indeed, it was a close question whether the Indians or the Dutch had the best cause for hating this representative of the Chartered West India Company in 1644; but, however that may have been, both feared him equally and lost no time in obeying his decrees.

It was not long, therefore, before the

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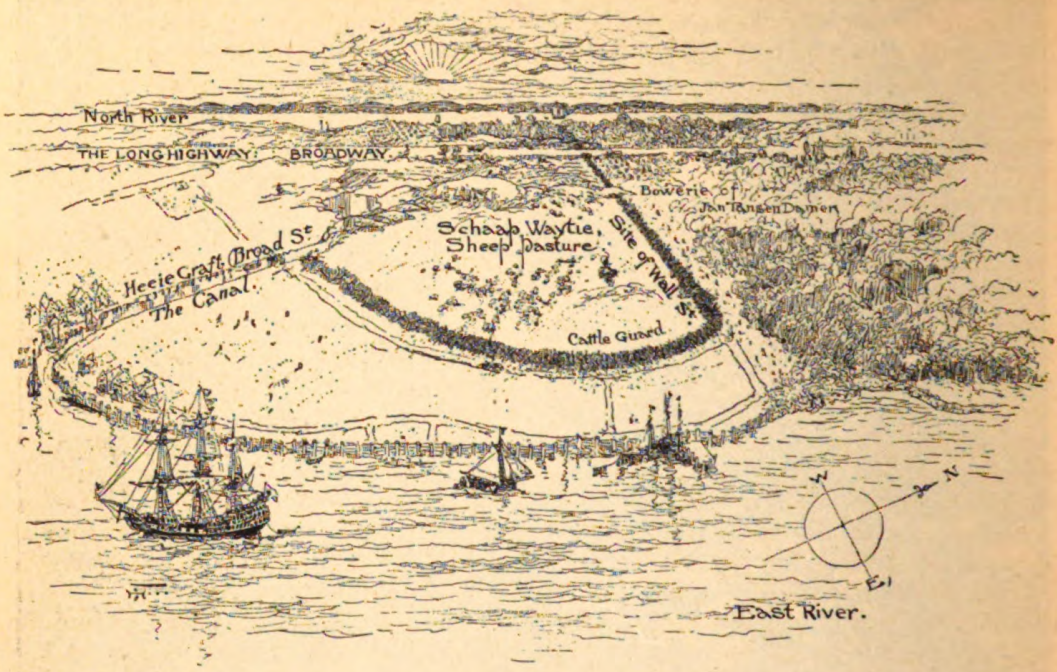


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM
Based upon original records and maps in New York Historical Society and Lenox Library, showing line of the cattle guard of 1644 which located Wall Street

colonists were hard at work at the projected cattle guard, and within a few days it stood completed. There is no authoritative information as to how it was constructed, but there is evidence that it consisted mainly of untrimmed trees felled at the edge of the adjoining forest and piled together to form a sort of barricade, and that its northern line, running certainly from the present William Street, New York city, to what is now Broadway, and possibly from shore to shore, marked the farthest limits of New Amsterdam, as it then existed, and practically determined the location of Wall Street.

Such was the origin of the best known thoroughfare of the Western Hemisphere, and the same forest which supplied material for its earliest landmark doubtless furnished Adrian Block, the discoverer of Block Island, with timber for the good ship *Restless*—an appropriate name for the first vessel launched from Manhattan Island, and prophetically suggestive of its most historic highway.

Director General Kieft did not survive his clumsy cattle pen, for some three years after its completion the colony was relieved of his presence by the arrival of a new Governor, whose advent was attended with truly royal ceremonies, and whose bearing and person suggested the very height of majesty. But the residents of New Amsterdam soon discovered that this kingly personage who had descended upon them, splendidly attired in a velvet jacket with slashed sleeves, a broad, drooping white collar, magnificently slashed hose secured at the knee by a rich scarf tied in a knot, and a shoe adorned by a large, bravely colored rosette, had little of the aloofness characteristic of the wearers of imperial purple. Indeed, he had not been long upon the shores of his new domain before he was stumping over it on his silver-banded wooden leg, sticking his nose into all sorts of odd corners, and rendering a general housecleaning in no uncertain tones. Tyrannical he undoubtedly was, but the sway of Petrus Stuyvesant was that of a benevolent despot, confident that he knew what his subjects needed better than they did themselves, and determined that

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they should have it whether they would or no, and under his domineering, paternal rule the condition of New Amsterdam gradually improved.

The southern end of Manhattan Island was then much narrower than it is to-day. Pearl Street was its eastern boundary, and only a few hundred feet of meadow land separated Broadway from the North River. Within these slender limits, and south of the so-called fence, there were, less than ten years after Stuyvesant landed, nearly two hundred houses, peopled by almost a thousand tenants, while seventeen well defined streets were already plainly traceable, which, thanks to the energy of the choleric Governor, were fairly clean. The houses were for the most part crudely constructed of wood, but some of the more substantial boasted variously colored glazed brick laid in checker, and wrought iron numerals to mark the date of construction, and even the humblest roof supported an ornamental weathercock. Moreover, nearly every house had a bright bit of garden, and if the general appearance of the little town was not as tidy as it has sometimes been pictured, it was not the fault of the tireless potentate who, from the moment of his arrival, ceaselessly harangued, scolded, bullied, and prayed for his people. Meanwhile the commerce of the community, which had been practically annihilated by Kieft's disastrous Indian wars, gradually revived, and for six peaceful years the wharf on the water front witnessed an increasingly brisk business, wherein the natural instincts of the Dutch trader appeared to good advantage. Then news of hostilities between the United Provinces and England turned Stuyvesant's attention from civic affairs and brought into play his martial talents, concerning which authorities differ. But whether he was a hero or not at St. Martin, his wooden leg proves that he was at least at the post of danger, and he certainly rose to the occasion in 1653, when his country's possessions were threatened by the enemy. Indeed, he

WALL STREET IN 1653

Drawn from the original plans and specifications for the palisade, published by the Committee acting for the Director General, Council, and Magistrates of New Amsterdam, March 15, 1653. The line of the stockade was a little to the north of the north side of the present street. The southern side of the parade ground marks the southerly line of the street as it is to-day, and the width of the parade ground shows what a broad highway Wall Street really ought to have been

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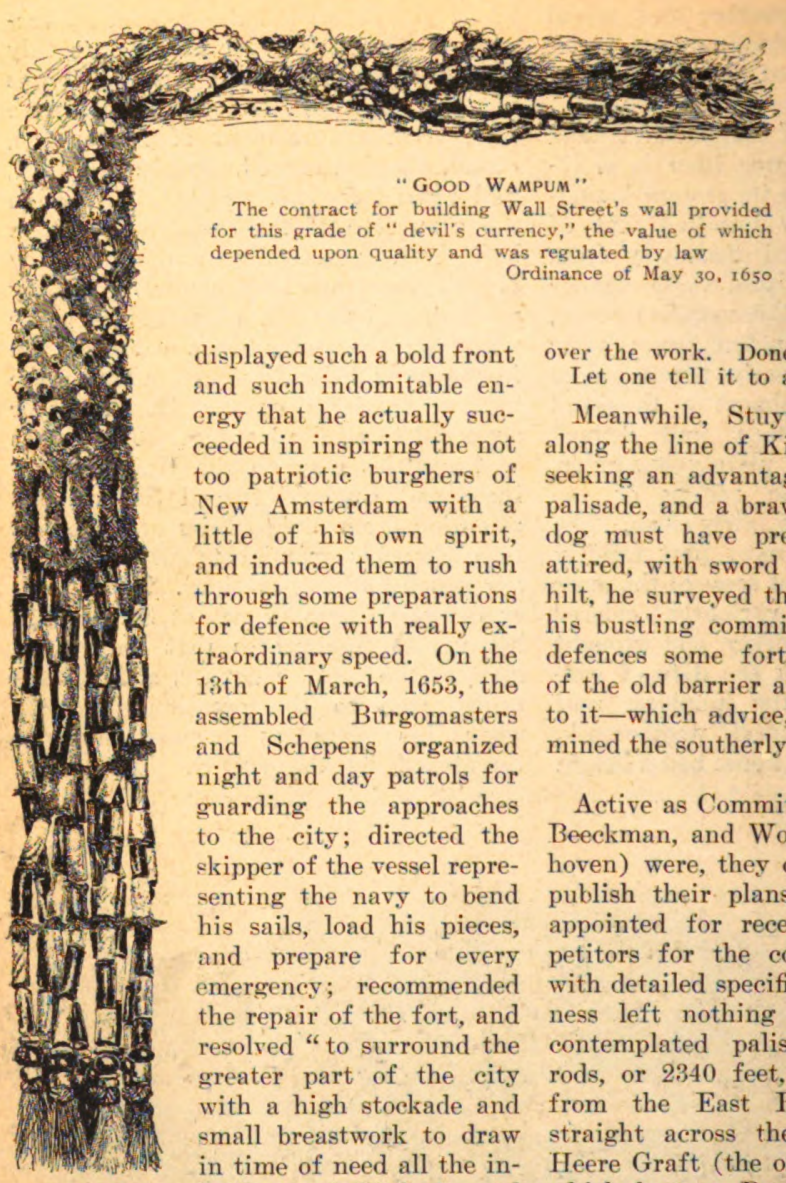

"GOOD WAMPUM"

The contract for building Wall Street's wall provided for this grade of "devil's currency," the value of which depended upon quality and was regulated by law

Ordinance of May 30, 1650

displayed such a bold front and such indomitable energy that he actually succeeded in inspiring the not too patriotic burghers of New Amsterdam with a little of his own spirit, and induced them to rush through some preparations for defence with really extraordinary speed. On the 13th of March, 1653, the assembled Burgomasters and Schepens organized night and day patrols for guarding the approaches to the city; directed the skipper of the vessel representing the navy to bend his sails, load his pieces, and prepare for every emergency; recommended the repair of the fort, and resolved "to surround the greater part of the city with a high stockade and small breastwork to draw in time of need all the inhabitants behind it and defend as much as possible their persons and goods from attacks."

All this was accomplished at the morning session, and by the afternoon a goodly defence fund had been subscribed. Indeed, before two days had passed, a committee of three was duly empowered to supervise the construction of the new works, and the members of this committee entered upon their duties with such energy that the following notice* was posted and cried within a few hours of their election:

> The committee appointed by the Director General, Council, and Magistrates of this city will receive proposals for a certain piece of work to set off the city with palisades twelve to thirteen feet long, by the rod. Any one who wishes to undertake this work may come to the City Hall next Tuesday afternoon, hear the conditions, and look over the work. Done, &c., Mch. 15, 1653.

Let one tell it to another!

Meanwhile, Stuyvesant was stumping along the line of Kieft's old cattle guard, seeking an advantageous location for the palisade, and a brave picture the old war dog must have presented as, splendidly attired, with sword at thigh and hand on hilt, he surveyed the ground and advised his bustling committee to erect the new defences some forty or fifty feet south of the old barrier and practically parallel to it—which advice, being accepted, determined the southerly line of Wall Street.

Active as Committeemen La Montagne, Beeckman, and Wolfersen (van Couwenhoven) were, they could not immediately publish their plans, but before the day appointed for receiving bids, the competitors for the contract were supplied with detailed specifications whose minuteness left nothing to be desired. The contemplated palisade was to be 180 rods, or 2340 feet, in length, extending from the East River (Pearl Street) straight across the island, skirting De Heere Graft (the ominously named canal which became Broad Street), and passing directly through what is now Trinity Church to a rise in the ground near the North River which afforded a natural breastwork. It was to be constructed of round wooden posts, twelve feet in length and eighteen inches in girth, sharpened to a point at the top, and placed in a line interrupted at intervals by larger posts, to which split rails were to be nailed two feet below the top. A sloping breastwork, a ditch, and a parade ground were also contemplated, and lest all the minute particulars which the careful committeemen set forth should not suffice, they drew a plan of the whole work and spread it upon the records of the Burgomasters and Schepens, where it remains to-day,

* *Records of New Amsterdam.* Vol. I., p. 69.

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POSTING THE NOTICE WHICH LOCATED WALL STREET

Mch. 31, 1644. "Resolved . . . that a fence or park shall be made beginning at the Great Bouwery and extending to Emanuel's plantation, and every one . . . is warned to repair thither next Monday being the 4th of April at 7 o'clock . . . with tools to aid in constructing said fence. . . . Let every one take notice hereof and communicate it to his neighbor. Thus published and posted on the day aforesaid"
Translation from original records, Vol. IV.; 186 Colonial MSS., N. Y. State Library, Albany

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an abiding memorial of their thoroughness and zeal.*

The bidding on these proposals was most encouragingly brisk, no less than four competitors entering the lists, the successful candidate being Tomas Bacxter, whose subsequent career as a pirate may, as has been suggested, have originated in his securing this award. But however that may have been, we know from the official records that he was paid in good wampum—then coin of the realm—and that the cost was divided as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1404 planks at 1½ florins | 2106 | florins |
| 340 posts | 304 | " |
| Nails | 100 | " |
| Transport | 120 | " |
| For setting them up and carpenters' wages | 500 | " |

or a total of about $1300, from which it would appear that "setting them up" was even then an important item in the estimates of municipal contractors. Bacxter completed his work in about six weeks, but no enemy having appeared to test its powers of resistance, the enthusiasm of the Burgomasters and Schepens speedily waned, and in spite of Stuyvesant's urgent remonstrances the repairs to the fort remained wholly neglected. Indeed, when the question of paying for the palisade, breastwork, and ditch was presented to their Worships they stoutly declared that the West India Company was bound to defend its own property without expense to the citizens, and from this position they would not recede until Stuyvesant abandoned the excise duties imposed upon the inhabitants and surrendered to the civic treasury the moneys received from that source. This masterly stroke of business was undoubtedly Wall Street's first financial triumph.

About two years after this event another war scare caused the city fathers to look again to their defences. It was then discovered that some sixty-five of the palisades had been chopped down for firewood, and that the whole work was otherwise in such a sad state of repair that extensive renovations were imperative. Probably it was at this date that the five bastions shown on what is known as the "Duke's Plan" were constructed. These were small, two-gun artillery mounts, one of which projected from the wooden bulwark at what is now the head of Hanover Street; another covered the present site of No. 44 Wall Street, just west of William Street; a third stood on part of the ground now occupied by the Sub-Treasury; a fourth dominated No. 4 Wall Street; and the last commanded what was to become Trinity Churchyard, from a point a little to the rear of the existing church. In addition to these formidable batteries, the defences were further strengthened by nailing boards to the height of ten or twelve feet above the sharpened ends of the palisades, forming a sort of screen calculated to prevent the Indians from scaling the barricade; but as no enemy appeared, the warlike energies of the burghers again subsided, and before long two gateways were constructed to facilitate communication between the townspeople and the farmers of the outlying bouweries. One of these openings, known as the Land Gate, was situated at Broadway, and the other, called the Water Poort, pierced the stockade at what was then the river road (now Pearl Street),* and for nine more or less peaceful years a steadily increasing stream of commerce poured through these narrow apertures. Then rumors of war once more caused them to be closed and barricaded.

Again, as in 1653, it was the English who threatened, although no war had been declared, and again Stuyvesant succeeded in diverting the inhabitants from the joys of successful trading to the less profitable duties of patriotism. From August 29, 1664, to September 2, the vigorous Governor, then seventy-two years of age, hopped and hobbled anxiously up and down the length of the palisade, encouraging and berating the workers tinkering at the defences under a hot summer sun; but patriotism was sadly lacking, and most of the labor was performed by negro slaves whose masters begrudged their services.

* *Records of New Amsterdam.* Vol. I., p. 72.

* About this time (1655–6) the residents of Pearl Street, inconvenienced by the high tides, caused a sea wall to be erected, and the space between this barrier and their houses to be filled in, making a roadway known as De Waal, or Lang de Waal. Incautious investigators have confused this with Wall Street, and their error has resulted in some astonishing "history."



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Unsupported as he was, however, Stuyvesant managed to keep his unwilling workers at their task, until news reached the city that the Duke of York's war vessels were in the harbor and that their commanders offered liberal terms for immediate surrender. Then the intrenching tools were thrown aside, and despite the Governor's prayers and remonstrances the populace virtually welcomed the invaders. Doubtless resistance would have been futile, and submission to the semi-piratical attack was the part of prudence, but the lonely figure of the grim Dutch warrior, standing gamely by his guns, will always contrast gratefully with the crowd of discreet traders gaping at the enemy from Battery Park, and make one doubt the maxim defining the better part of valor.

The town which thus easily fell into the hands of that royal buccaneer, the Duke of York, had grown during Stuyvesant's administration. In it the new Governor, Colonel Richard Nicolls, found no less than two hundred and twenty houses and over fourteen hundred people, while facing the parade ground designed for the manœuvring of troops, behind the palisade, there were at least ten dwellings, occupied by a merchant trader, a wool spinner, a chimney sweep, a tapster, a miller, and other estimable citizens of a similar class. Indeed, the house of the merchant trader — one Moesman — had been erected as early as 1656 on a portion of the site lately abandoned by the Custom House, and was undoubtedly the first residence known to Wall Street.

Nicolls attempted no disturbing innovations in the administration of the city which then became New York, and it is doubtful if he was responsible for the alterations in the palisade which were made in the year of the surrender. However, four of its five original bastions disappeared about that time, the one on the present site of No. 44 Wall Street alone remaining as first placed, and the so-called fortification continued in practically this condition for nine years, when the city passed, without a struggle, into the possession of its former owners.

This time the capture was effected in time of war, Admirals Evertsen and Benckes quietly sailing into the harbor during the absence of Governor Lovelace, and landing Captain Anthony Colvé at about the foot of the present Park Place to take possession of the city and establish martial law. Almost the first act of this military governor was to demolish some buildings which had been erected just outside the palisade, the western line of which he then proceeded to rebuild, turning it to the south almost along the present site of Rector Street. He also forbade all entrance to or exit from the city except through the gates under penalty of death, and those avenues of communication were rigidly closed after nightfall. All this occurred before the spring of 1674, and within a twelvemonth the city once more reverted to England under the terms of peace with Holland.

The returning Englishmen found the city obviously larger than they left it, and steadily pressing upon the northern barrier. Fully seventeen houses now faced the parade ground lying parallel to and immediately behind the palisade, its width of a hundred feet affording an inviting frontage, and promising a generously broad thoroughfare—a promise destined to remain unfulfilled.

Meanwhile the palisade, which had long outlived its usefulness, was repeatedly repaired, and it was not until 1685 that the land immediately north of it became the subject of a notorious speculation which inflicted irreparable injury upon the future highway. His Excellency Thomas Dongan was the royal Governor at that time, and his sharp eyes, which rarely wandered from the main chance, quickly detected a business possibility in this property. Indeed, he was in a position where he could materially influence its value, and if he did not make the most of his opportunity it will have to be conceded that he did the best he knew. Through the agency of a "dummy" purchaser—one Captain John Knight of his official staff—he secretly acquired from the Damen Estate a strip of land a thousand feet long and eighty feet deep fronting upon the wall,* together with all the right, title, and interest which the sellers had in the parade ground behind the wall, which they and every one else supposed would become the public thoroughfare.

* L. 13, pp. 124–150. December 14, 1685. New York Register's Office.

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The day after this deal had been safely consummated, however, Dongan ordered one Leonard Beckwith to survey the wall* and officially establish the new street, and so promptly did the surveyor set about his task that he returned a report within twenty-four hours, laying out a street not one hundred, but thirty-six, feet in breadth, and presto! Dongan's eighty-foot lots became one hundred and twenty-four feet deep. By this financial coup the royal Governor achieved the distinction of being the first insider to make something out of nothing on the narrow, if not straight, path which resulted from his acquisitiveness.

Three years later Dongan again turned his attention to Wall Street, appointing commissioners to make an official inspection of the palisade and inform him as to its condition, the upshot of which was a report showing the Water Gate and the artillery mounts in ruins, the Land Gate tottering, the curtain palisades either prostrate or falling, and the land actually staked out for building purposes. Of this last fact, however, Dongan must have been even better informed than his commissioners, for he was then actively marketing some of his queerly acquired property, and by as strange a chain of circumstances as was ever unearthed from the records one of his lots passed into the hands of a gentleman whose exploits have been recounted in verse and prose for more than two hundred years.

This historic parcel of land (part of which is now known as No. 56 Wall Street) lies opposite the head of the present Hanover Street, and one Browne was the original purchaser. Browne almost immediately transferred his bargain to a well known citizen named William Cox, whose wife Sarah (*née* Bradley) was destined to greater fame than he. Shortly after acquiring this plot, Cox is said to have built a house upon it, and if this be so, the building was the first erected on the north side of Wall Street. In 1689, however, he succumbed to what has since proved fatal to many dwellers on that highway, for the report of his demise says that "he took too much water in," and his widow, to whom he left his property, straightway consoled herself by marrying one John Oort. This gentleman fell a victim to her charms so speedily that she took out letters of administration on his estate, May 15, 1691, and the next day married no less a person than Captain William Kidd, the future pirate, who thus became one of the earliest proprietors of Wall Street—a locality in which people have been treasure hunting for over a century.

But Captain Kidd was not the only pirate known to New York at the latter end of the seventeenth century. Indeed, the little city with its rascally governors and its mixed population, many of whom were adventurous traders ready to turn almost any kind of penny, was for years a favorite stamping ground of the sea rovers, and their gorgeous persons became very familiar not only to Wall Street, but throughout the whole town, where their confidential transactions with certain enterprising citizens laid the foundation of more than one existing fortune.

Meanwhile the palisades still survived, and if it be true that the English laughed when they first inspected it, they kept up the joke a long time, for in 1692—seven years after Dongan had the street surveyed—it was once more repaired, substantial stone bastions being erected on the site of the artillery mounts at William Street and at Broadway, and three years later, just after the street had been partially paved, more renovations were attempted.* Indeed, a contemporary historian remarked that the maintenance of this wall cost the community some £8000, and described it as "a monument to our Folly." Nevertheless, it was not until 1699 that a committee of citizens petitioned His Excellency through the Common Council to remove it as an obstructing nuisance and utilize the stones of its bastions for the new City Hall.†

Then the end came, and with the passing of this ancient landmark New York ceased to be a walled city, and its new highway almost immediately became the resort of so many noted men and the scene of such dramatic events that for wellnigh a hundred years its story supplies a unique footnote to American history.

* *Manual of Common Council.* 1851: 406.

* *Minutes of Common Council.* Vol. I., p. 412.

† *Minutes of Common Council.* Vol. II., p. 82.

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# The Readjustment

*BY MARY AUSTIN*

EMMA JOSSYLIN had been dead and buried three days. The sister who had come to the funeral had taken Emma's child away with her, and the house was swept and aired; then, when it seemed there was least occasion for it, Emma came back. The neighbor woman who had nursed her was the first to know it. It was about seven of the evening, in a mellow gloom: the neighbor woman was sitting on her own stoop with her arms wrapped in her apron, and all at once she found herself going along the street under an urgent sense that Emma needed her. She was half-way down the block before she recollected that this was impossible, for Mrs. Jossylin was dead and buried, but as soon as she came opposite the house she was aware of what had happened. It was all open to the summer air; except that it was a little neater, not otherwise than the rest of the street. It was quite dark; but the presence of Emma Jossylin streamed from it and betrayed it more than a candle. It streamed out steadily across the garden, and even as it reached her, mixed with the smell of the damp mignonette, the neighbor woman owned to herself that she had always known Emma would come back.

"A sight stranger if she wouldn't," thought the woman who had nursed her. "She wasn't ever one to throw off things easily."

Emma Jossylin had taken death, as she had taken everything in life, hard. She had met it with the same hard, bright, surface competency that she had presented to the squalor of the encompassing desertness, to the insuperable commonness of Sim Jossylin, to the affliction of her crippled child; and the intensity of her wordless struggle against it had caught the attention of the townspeople and held it in a shocked, curious awe. She was so long a-dying, lying there in the little low house, hearing the abhorred footsteps going about her house and the vulgar procedure of the community encroach upon her like the advances of the sand wastes on an unwatered field. For Emma had always wanted things different, wanted them with a fury of intentness that implied offensiveness in things as they were. And the townspeople had taken offence, the more so because she was not to be surprised in any inaptitude for their own kind of success. Do what you could, you could never catch Emma Jossylin in a wrapper after three o'clock in the afternoon. And she would never talk about the child—in a country where so little ever happened that even trouble was a godsend if it gave you something to talk about. It was reported that she did not even talk to Sim. But there the common resentment got back at her. If she had thought to effect anything with Sim Jossylin against the benumbing spirit of the place, the evasive hopefulness, the large sense of leisure that ungirt the loins, if she still hoped somehow to get away with him to some place for which by her dress, by her manner, she seemed forever and unassailably fit, it was foregone that nothing would come of it. They knew Sim Jossylin better than that. Yet so vivid had been the force of her wordless dissatisfaction that when the fever took her and she went down like a pasteboard figure in the damp, the wonder was that nothing toppled with her. And as if she too had felt herself indispensable, Emma Jossylin had come back.

The neighbor woman crossed the street, and as she passed the far corner of the gate, Jossylin spoke to her. He had been standing, she did not know how long a time, behind the syringa bush, and moved even with her along the fence until they came to the gate. She could see in the dusk that before speaking he wet his lips with his tongue.

"She's in there," he said at last.

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"Emma?"

He nodded. "I been sleeping at the store since—but I thought I'd be more comfortable—as soon as I opened the door, there she was."

"Did you see her?"

"No."

"How do you know, then?"

"Don't you know?"

The neighbor felt there was nothing to say to that.

"Come in," he whispered, huskily. They slipped by the rose tree and the wistaria and sat down on the porch at the side. A door swung inward behind them. They felt the Presence in the dusk beating like a pulse.

"What do you think she wants?" said Jossylin. "Do you reckon it's the boy?"

"Like enough."

"He's better off with his aunt. There was no one here to take care of him, like his mother wanted." He raised his voice unconsciously with a note of justification, addressing the room behind.

"I am sending fifty dollars a month," he said; "he can go with the best of them." He went on at length to explain all the advantage that was to come to the boy from living at Pasadena, and the neighbor woman bore him out in it.

"He was glad to go," urged Jossylin to the room. "He said it was what his mother would have wanted."

They were silent then a long time, while the Presence seemed to swell upon them and encroached upon the garden. Finally, "I gave Zeigler the order for the monument yesterday," Jossylin threw out, appeasingly. "It's to cost three hundred and fifty." The Presence stirred. The neighbor thought she could fairly see the controlled tolerance with which Emma Jossylin threw off the evidence of Sim's ineptitude.

They sat on helplessly without talking after that, until the woman's husband came to the fence and called her.

"Don't go," begged Jossylin.

"Hush!" she said. "Do you want all the town to know? You had naught but good from Emma living, and no call to expect harm from her now. It's natural she should come back—if—if she was lonesome like—in—the place where she's gone to."

"Emma wouldn't come back to this place," Jossylin protested, "without she wanted something."

"Well, then, you've got to find out," said the neighbor woman.

All the next day she saw, whenever she passed the house, that Emma was still there. It was shut and barred, but the Presence lurked behind the folded blinds and fumbled at the doors. When it was night and the moths began in the columbine under the window, It went out and walked in the garden.

Jossylin was waiting at the gate when the neighbor woman came. He sweated with helplessness in the warm dusk, and the Presence brooded upon them like an apprehension that grows by being entertained.

"She wants something," he appealed, "but I can't make out what. Emma knows she is welcome to everything I've got. Everybody knows I've been a good provider."

The neighbor woman remembered suddenly the only time she had ever drawn close to Emma Jossylin touching the child. They had sat up with it together all one night in some childish ailment, and she had ventured a question: "What does his father think?" And Emma had turned her a white, hard face of surpassing dreariness. "I don't know," she admitted; "he never says."

"There's more than providing," suggested the neighbor woman.

"Yes. There's feeling . . . but she had enough to do to put up with me. I had no call to be troubling her with such." He left off to mop his forehead, and began again.

"Feelings," he said; "there's times a man gets so wore out with feelings, he doesn't have them any more."

He talked, and presently it grew clear to the woman that he was voiding all the stuff of his life, as if he had sickened on it and was now done. It was a little soul knowing itself and not good to see. What was singular was that the Presence left off walking in the garden, came and caught like a gossamer on the ivy tree, swayed by the breath of his broken sentences. He talked, and the neighbor woman saw him for once as he saw himself and Emma, snared and floundering in an inexplicable unhappiness. He had been disappointed too. She had never

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relished the man he was, and it made him ashamed. That was why he had never gone away, lest he should make her ashamed among her own kind. He was her husband; he could not help that, though he was sorry for it. But he could keep the offence where least was made of it. And there was a child—she had wanted a child, but even then he had blundered—begotten a cripple upon her. He blamed himself utterly, searched out the roots of his youth for the answer to that, until the neighbor woman flinched to hear him. But the Presence stayed.

He had never talked to his wife about the child. How should he? There was the fact—the advertisement of his incompetence. And she had never talked to him. That was the one blessed and unassailable memory, that she had spread silence like a balm over his hurt. In return for it he had never gone away. He had resisted her that he might save her from showing among her own kind how poor a man he was. With every word of this ran the fact of his love for her—as he had loved her with all the stripes of clean and uncleanness. He bared himself as a child without knowing; and the Presence stayed. The talk trailed off at last to the commonplaces of consolation between the retchings of his spirit. The Presence lessened and streamed toward them on the wind of the garden. When it touched them like the warm air of noon that lies sometimes in hollow places after nightfall, the neighbor woman rose and went away.

The next night she did not wait for him. When a rod outside the town—it was a very little one—the burrowing owls *whoowhooed,* she hung up her apron and went to talk with Emma Jossylin. The Presence was there, drawn in, lying close. She found the key between the wistaria and the first pillar of the porch; but as soon as she opened the door she felt the chill that might be expected by one intruding on Emma Jossylin in her own house.

"'The Lord is my shepherd!'" said the neighbor woman; it was the first religious phrase that occurred to her; then she said the whole of the psalm, and after that a hymn. She had come in through the door, and stood with her back to it and her hand upon the knob. Everything was just as Mrs. Jossylin had left it, with the waiting air of a room kept for company.

"Em," she said, boldly, when the chill had abated a little before the sacred words—"Em Jossylin, I've got something to say to you. And you've got to hear," she added with firmness as the white curtains stirred duskily at the window. "You wouldn't be talked to about your troubles when . . . you were here before, and we humored you. But now there is Sim to be thought of. I guess you heard what you came for last night, and got good of it. Maybe it would have been better if Sim had said things all along instead of hoarding them in his heart, but, anyway, he has said them now. And what I want to say is, if you was staying on with the hope of hearing it again, you'd be making a mistake. You was an uncommon woman, Emma Jossylin, and there didn't none of us understand you very well, nor do you justice, maybe; but Sim is only a common man, and I understand him because I'm that way myself. And if you think he'll be opening his heart to you every night, or be any different from what he's always been on account of what's happened, that's a mistake, too . . . and in a little while, if you stay, it will be as bad as it always was . . . men are like that . . . you'd better go now while there's understanding between you." She stood staring into the darkling room that seemed suddenly full of turbulence and denial. It seemed to beat upon her and take her breath, but she held on.

"You've got to go . . . Em . . . and I'm going to stay until you do," she said with finality; and then began again:

"'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,'" and repeated the passage to the end. Then, as the Presence sank before it, "You better go, Emma," persuasively: and again, after an interval:

"'He shall deliver thee in six troubles.

"'Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.'" The Presence gathered itself and was still; she could make out that it stood over against the opposite corner by the gilt easel with the crayon portrait of the child.

"'For thou shalt forget thy misery. Thou shalt remember it as waters that

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are past,'" concluded the neighbor woman, as she heard Jossylin on the gravel outside. What the Presence had wrought upon him in the night was visible in his altered mien. He looked, more than anything else, to be in need of sleep. He had eaten his sorrow, and that was the end of it—as it is with men.

"I came to see if there was anything I could do for you," said the woman, neighborly, with her hand upon the door.

"I don't know as there is," said he. "I'm much obliged, but I don't know as there is."

"You see," whispered the woman, over her shoulder, "not even to me." She felt the tug of her heart as the Presence swept past her. The neighbor went out after that and walked in the ragged street, past the schoolhouse, across the creek below the town, out by the fields, over the headgate, and back by the town again. It was full nine of the clock when she passed the Jossylin house. It looked, except for being a little neater, not other than the rest of the street. The door was open and the lamp was lit; she saw Jossylin black against it. He sat reading in a book like a man at ease in his own house.

# The Immortal

*BY ELLEN GLASGOW*

SINCE my soul and I are friends,
I go laughing on my road;
Whether up or down it wends,
I have never felt my load.

For the winds keep tryst with me,
And the stars share in my joy;
Meadow, hill or sky or sea,
I create and I destroy.

Hope or fear or bliss or woe
Flits a shadow on the sod;
Life and Death perpetual flow,
Underneath them I am God.

Smaller than the smallest part,
Larger than the moving Whole;
One in the divided heart
And the Universal Soul.

Neither curse nor creed I know,
Doubts that darken, faiths that shine;
Time and space are empty show,
All that ever was is mine.

Silent, deathless, centred fast,
Ancient, uncreated, free,
I came not to birth at last,
Universes are of me.

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# The French Element in English

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

IN many of the manuals which set out to teach the student how not to use the English language there is one most exasperating injunction which constantly obtrudes itself upon the attention. It ordinarily takes the following oracular form: "Don't say *commence;* say *begin.*" Very rarely, if ever, is any reason vouchsafed why one should use the one word and refrain from using the other. The prohibition stands out austere in its naked majesty, all-sufficient in itself like one of the ten commandments, and equally awe-inspiring.

Yet the unregenerate heart of the natural man persists in asking, Why should not one say *commence,* if he has the inclination? The unfortunate youth, told that he must have nothing to do with the unclean thing, hears it used constantly by the educated men he meets. If, furthermore, he chances to be both a studious and observant reader of our best literature—from contaminating association with which the compilers of these manuals often appear to keep sedulously aloof—he cannot fail to notice that everywhere in it he meets the objectionable word. To limit the consideration of its occurrence merely to the great writers of the immediate past, he will find it employed unhesitatingly by Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Cardinal Newman, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold—in fine, by every author worth reading. As a single instance out of many that could be cited, in one essay of Macaulay—that on Frederick the Great—*commence* is found five times, *commencement* twice. There is nothing peculiar about this. If, after all, the student continues to retain his faith in the correctness of the prescribed injunction, he is driven to the melancholy conclusion that these great writers, not having had the good fortune to possess his manual, have been betrayed by their ignorance into saying something they have no business to say.

This particular word has been selected for comment here because it chances to be the one of a large group which serves as the most common illustration of a species of linguistic cant which has apparently been devised for the purpose of afflicting young and inexperienced writers. Were they told that in the majority of cases it is better on the whole to use *begin,* no fault could perhaps be found with the dictum; though even then to the unskilled there would be some danger in its application. But almost invariably the rule is laid down unqualifiedly. It is not infrequently accompanied with false assertions about the practice of the best writers. As no reason is offered for its adoption, so no limitation is placed upon its sway. Yet why should *commence* be everlastingly singled out for reprobation? No one takes the pains to tell us that we must say *yearly* and not *annual, understand* and not *comprehend, meet together* and not *assemble.* Furthermore, the word is comparatively old. It came into the language as early as the fifteenth century. It has been in constant use ever since, and, moreover, in the best of use. It is not, indeed, a word which, strictly speaking, lends itself easily to high-wrought expression. It is therefore found with comparative infrequency in poetry. But in prose, and in the best prose, it has been common from the time of its introduction into the speech until the present day.

The peculiar hostility displayed towards this word and certain others of the same class seems to spring from the conviction on the part of their censurers that by the very fact of denouncing them they are manifesting a noble zeal for

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simplicity of expression. Their duty and delight is to protest against the use of terms immediately or remotely of Latin origin, when the plain old vigorous Anglo-Saxon, as it is characterized, would be amply sufficient to meet all the requirements of speaker or writer. The discussion of this one word leads therefore to the consideration of the two main elements which enter into the constitution of English speech and the parts they respectively play. Our language is peculiarly remarkable among cultivated tongues for the possession of what is practically a double vocabulary. To that characteristic its ability to indicate subtle distinctions of meaning is due. To it also is largely owing the ease and rapidity of its later spread, in spite of the hindrance wrought by its puzzling orthography. It is a characteristic, therefore, to be honored and cherished. But there is no more common device to bedevil the speech than to insist not merely upon the preference of one part of this double vocabulary to the other, but as far as possible upon its use to the exclusion of the other.

In the eighteenth century, under the influence of Dr. Johnson, there was an effort, to some extent perhaps unconscious, to Latinize the written tongue, to introduce into it on every possible occasion and on a grand scale the polysyllabic utterance of the great master. Naturally this manifested itself most in prose. But an indirect result of the tendencies which had brought it into being was to differentiate to some extent the language of poetry from that of common life. Even that sort of poetry which depended for its effectiveness upon its absolute simplicity did not escape the contagion. Artificial diction —artificial even when the words were of native origin—incrusted some of the best of it like a loathsome tetter. No observant reader, for instance, of such delightful pieces as "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" can have failed to notice that Goldsmith's laborers are always "swains," his flowers are "blooms," his women are "nymphs," his dwellings are "bowers." In modern days the practice has been almost completely reversed, and with it the preaching. Not only are the simplest native words to be used on appropriate occasions, but the duty is unceasingly enjoined of using them upon all occasions. The doctrine is hammered into us incessantly that we are to avoid, whenever possible, the employment of terms of Latin origin whenever any from native sources, resembling them in meaning, can be discovered.

It is often the case that no undue amount of intelligence is displayed in the promulgation of this doctrine. A very worthy and excellent United States Senator, now dead, once addressed a school convention. In the course of his speech he took occasion to vent his disgust at the increasing use of what he called the newfangled word *teacher*. For himself, he said, he preferred the good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon term *schoolmaster*. It can hardly be maintained that the illustration was happily chosen. *Schoolmaster*, it is fair to admit, does go back to the Anglo-Saxon period. But in no sense was it genuine Anglo-Saxon. It was an importation from the classics. The first part of it is Greek, the second Latin, if we judge words by their remote originals. Hence it has not only the disadvantage of being a derivative from foreign sources, but it has what to many will seem the additional linguistic atrocity of being a hybrid. On the other hand, *teacher* is a genuine native English word, with not the slightest taint of classical defilement about it.

The example was therefore particularly ill-chosen. But had it been absolutely pertinent, it would have been misleading. The view implied in it, if not positively inculcated by it, is based upon the hoary superstition that there is some abstract innate superiority in the Anglo-Saxon element of our vocabulary, independent of the particular use to which it is put. The employment of words derived directly or remotely from the Latin, when others of native origin exist, is supposed to indicate somehow a fondness for inflated diction. To this belief we owe the creation of a body of doctrine whose leading tenet is that a word coming from Teutonic sources is to be preferred under all circumstances and conditions to one coming from Romanic. If one calls another on any pretext a "person," the confidence of some in his



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linguistic virtue is at once impaired. Were he to speak of him as an "individual," it would be ruined irreparably.

It is hardly necessary to say that the general observance of rules of this sort would directly impoverish the speech. The wealth of a language consists largely in its synonyms or its locutions nearly synonymous. These enable the speaker or writer to do more than impart variety to his utterance. They make it possible for him to bring out distinctly delicate shades of thought and feeling which could never be even indicated were we confined to a limited number of words and phrases upon which is imposed the burden of carrying a vast variety of meaning. Still, in absurd pronouncements of this sort there is an element of truth. A veneer of cultivation tends to produce a fondness for what is termed fine writing, and this fine writing has for its chief characteristic its preference of sounding to simple expression. But a tendency of this sort is not due to the existence of long words of Romance origin; nor would it be overcome were they to be banished entirely. The fondness for this so-called fine writing would none the less continue and find means of manifesting itself, while the language would be distinctly the poorer. For the biggest of these big words have their appropriate functions. In particular places they are the very best ones to be employed. The bad impression they may make in other places is not caused by anything lacking in them, but in the lack of sense of him who has introduced them improperly. To suppose that the disposition to resort to inflated diction can be held in check by the proscription of particular words is the conceit of the unreflecting. That result is brought about only by the general development of a man's natural ability or by the growth of taste which is begotten of familiarity with the language of the great writers.

Between these two main elements—the Teutonic and the Romanic—which have united to form the English vocabulary, no sharp dividing line can be drawn which will not involve the intrusion of some words belonging to the one into the domain of the other. The principal distinction between them has been stated so often that one feels almost under the necessity of apologizing for its repetition. In a general way the two elements are complements of each other. They largely perform separate functions. The narration of common fact, even more the expression of intense feeling, seeks the simplest words. Therefore in passages embodying these the native element is sure to predominate. Consequently all poetry which gives utterance to deep emotion contains comparatively few terms of Latin origin; of recent Latin origin, hardly any at all. But the moment we leave the domain of common life, the moment we come to the consideration of matters which appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart, the inadequacy of the native element to express what we have to say forces itself upon the attention. In abstract discussion, philosophical disquisition, historic investigation, not merely the extensive but the preponderating use of the Romanic element becomes a necessity. Lowell somewhere accuses Wordsworth of having early proclaimed the gospel of simplicity in language, verging at times dangerously near to silliness, and of having later absconded into a thoroughly Latinized diction. There is a certain justification for the charge. But in general the poet's course was something more than defensible; it was actually necessary. A grave philosophic poem like the "Excursion" could not convey its idea with the vocabulary which was sufficient to give ample utterance to the primal feelings depicted in the *Lyrical Ballads*.

These two extremes are well defined. There was just, as well as pointed, criticism in the observation of Goldsmith that if Dr. Johnson set out to write fables, he would make the little fishes talk like whales. But it is full as unsatisfactory to reverse the process, as desired by the advocates of the exclusive use of the Anglo-Saxon element, and insist upon having the whales talk like little fishes. Between these two extremes lies a great middle literary domain in which the two leading constituents of our speech are more equally represented. But the extent of the employment of either in any given case will depend not merely upon the nature of the subject, but upon the personality of the writer. Defoe could no more have written his

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*Robinson Crusoe* in the style of Dr. Johnson than could Dr. Johnson have written *The Rambler* in the style of Defoe. In truth, not merely particular authors but particular periods tend more to the use of one element than to that of the other. These are essential differences which make hard and fast rules of little value. Great effects can be produced by great men with the disproportionate use of either Latin or Anglo-Saxon words. It is in the writings of those who imitate the manner but lack the genius of the master that the ineffectiveness of this undue employment becomes disagreeably apparent.

So much for general considerations; now for the specific illustration. But a single phase of the various contributions of Romance words to the English vocabulary can be discussed in the limits of this paper. For us, however, the one selected is much the most important. Of all the descendants of the Latin, the French is the tongue with which the English has had from the beginning the closest relations. Two distinctly recognizable periods there are in which words from that quarter have made their way into our speech. The first is the inroad which after a considerable interval followed the Norman Conquest; the second is that which followed the Restoration of the Stuarts.

It is important to keep in view the essential difference in the character of these two invasions. The French element which entered into the English tongue during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries occupies a position entirely distinct from that which came later. English would not be English without it. Most of it has become as much an integral part of the speech of common life as is the native element by the side of which it took its place. It is absolutely essential to the communication of thought or the expression of feeling. To the large proportion of the terms then introduced no sense of strangeness attaches. Few of us know the difference in their origin, none of us feel it. They call up no different associations. Not even to the educated man does the word *face* suggest the thought of the remote Latin original from which it is derived. To the uneducated the Romance *color* is much more familiar than the *hue* of native origin which it finally displaced as the general term. A not dissimilar statement can be made about *flower* and *bloom*. *Dinner* and *supper* are words of French extraction; they are just as near to all of us as the Teutonic *breakfast*. Accordingly it is not the mere introduction of French words into the speech which distinguishes English from its immediately allied tongues. It is their absorption as an integral part of it. Other Teutonic languages can get rid of whatever Romance element they possess, if they regularly set about the undertaking. English could not get rid of it if it would.

It was political conditions which brought about this early wholesale introduction of the French element. The important influence such conditions exert over speech can hardly be overestimated. Had the successors of Henry II. continued to hold under their sway for all succeeding time the vast domains he ruled upon the Continent, there is little reason to believe that English would ever have become a language of literature. It would have sunk to the level of a popular dialect, like its sister tongue, the Plattdeutsch. All of us—all educated men at least—would be now speaking French or some closely allied form of it. It was the expulsion of the English from the Continent that compelled the coalescence of the two tongues spoken on the island, converted them into the composite speech of a homogeneous people, and made it ultimately the vehicle of a great literature.

But the French words that have come in since this early time stand on an entirely different footing. They are usually a convenience, sometimes a fashion, but not strictly a necessity. In this respect they resemble those which have made their way into the other Teutonic tongues. It was not until the seventeenth century that this new invasion began on any scale worth mentioning. Here again political conditions concurred with other circumstances to bring about the result. France had then become the leading power of Europe. French literature — especially the literature of the stage—loomed large before the eyes of men. The French language was to all appearance tending

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to become the common language of Christendom. These things affected every cultivated Continental tongue; but peculiar circumstances strengthened the influences operating upon the English. A king had ascended the throne whose life from his sixteenth to his thirtieth year had been spent mainly upon the Continent. There he had come to think French thoughts and to imbibe French tastes. Many of the courtiers had been trained under the same influences. Accordingly it was inevitable that a crowd of French words should struggle for admission into the speech.

But the conditions were altogether different in the seventeenth century from what they were in the fourteenth. England had come to possess writings in which it took just pride. At the prospect of a large addition to its vocabulary from the French there rose at once into prominence the two parties which always spring up whenever a language becomes ennobled by the creation of a great literature. They hold opposite views as to the desirability of introducing foreign words. Hostility at once broke out between these at the period of the Restoration. It may be said to have continued ever since. The one side, sometimes in argument, but constantly in practice, advocated a generous adoption of French locutions. The other side looked upon this course with marked disfavor. The prejudice against these terms might not go to the length of debarring them utterly from entrance, but it was disposed to make their entrance exceedingly difficult.

Of the former class, John Evelyn may be taken as one of the best representatives. He discussed the subject in a letter written in 1665 to the chairman of the committee of the Royal Society appointed to consider the improvement of the English language. In it he boldly took the ground that whenever a good word existed in a foreign tongue for which the English had no equivalent it should help itself to it without scruple. "Let us," said he, "(as the Roman did the Greek), make as many of these do homage as are like to prove good citizens." Of the French he furnished a list of fourteen words desirable in his opinion to be adopted. To some it will be of interest for the evidence it furnishes of the comparatively late appearance in the speech of certain terms they use every day. To others it will be interesting for what the language selected from the number and for what it rejected. Out of these fourteen, six—*bizarre, concert* in the sense of "musical entertainment," *chicaneries, defer, emotion,* and *effort*—have been received into full citizenship. Three others —*debouch, ennui,* and *naïveté*—have held their ground, but have never become so thoroughly naturalized as to assume fully the English pronunciation. The remaining five the language practically refused to accept.

Then as now, however, there were men who believed that the tongue had all the words it needed; or if it needed any, it should develop them from its own resources. These views were championed by Dryden. In the dedication to the Earl of Orrery of his play of *The Rival Ladies,* published in 1664, he disclosed the feelings he seems honestly to have entertained, though he did not always conform to them in his practice. "I wish," he wrote, "we might at length leave to borrow words from other nations, which is now a wantonness in us, not a necessity; but so long as some affect to speak them, there will not want those who have the boldness to write them." But it was in his well known comedy of *Marriage à la Mode* that he gave the fullest expression to views cherished by large numbers. The fact that the play achieved distinct success shows that the satire upon the practice of interlarding speech with French words and phrases excited no resentment at a period when French influence was predominant. One of the characters—an affected fashionable woman named Melantha—has in her employ a French maid whose business it is to furnish her with new words from that tongue for her daily conversation. These she carefully learns by heart to produce them at the proper time. On one occasion she reproaches her attendant for her neglect. She had permitted her, she says, to run the risk of speaking like one of the vulgar, and she had not a phrase left in store which was not worn so threadbare that it was fit for nothing but to be thrown to the peasants On another occasion she tells her suitor not to embarrass her in the addresses she is paying to the princess.

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She is vexed at her waste of the word. "Embarrass me!" she exclaims. "What a delicious French word do you make me lose upon you."

The large majority of the words which Dryden specified never succeeded in effecting an entrance into the language. On the other hand, no inconsiderable number of them were accepted with little or no hesitation. Among these, for example, are *chagrin, figure* in the sense of "distinguished appearance," *foible, grimace, repartee,* and *ridicule.* Nor are the expressions "to be in vogue" and "to be in one's good graces" to be forgotten. Others, like *billet-doux, penchant, naïve,* and *naïveté,* have continued to remain in the region between partial and complete citizenship. The last of these words had so little established itself in the speech by the middle of the following century that Hume, who was assuredly not unfamiliar with English literature, fancied at first that he himself had introduced it into the tongue. In his Essays he apologized in a note for its employment. *Naivety* he describes as "a word which I have borrowed from the French and which is wanted in our language." So he said in the edition of 1742 and in later ones. But in that of 1758 the note disappeared. By that time he had either learned that he was not the first to use the word or that it had become so well known that there was no excuse needed for its employment.

The fortune of the examples given by Evelyn and Dryden shows how extremely sensitive language is to its own needs in the varied and varying treatment it bestows upon foreign words seeking admission. Some are received with little or no protest and are enrolled at once in the ranks of denizens. Others undergo a long and severe scrutiny before they obtain the privilege of full citizenship. Others again are held for a while in suspense, to be discarded at last. Still others occupy even for centuries a place on the border line between full and qualified admission. Take, for illustration, the words *éclat* and *éclaircissement.* Both belong to the number which crowded in during the period immediately following the Restoration. Both held their ground after a fashion; but the extent of their use has varied at different periods; and there has never been a period when they have gained full naturalization.

For that it is essential, strictly speaking, that the English accentuation and the English pronunciation should take the place of the foreign. To this general rule there are a few exceptions. There is, for instance, the word *trait.* This came into common use about the middle of the eighteenth century. In America it has become fully naturalized. But in England, though their dictionaries authorize both ways of pronunciation, the final *t* is ordinarily not sounded. Accordingly there the uninformed American, when he at first hears a man's traits spoken of, is apt to suppose there is a reference to the salvers he possesses for holding cups or other dishes. But there is one word, accepted everywhere, at least among the educated, which has nowhere conformed to the English pronunciation. It is perhaps because it has never descended below a comparatively limited class of persons who have leisure for the feeling expressed by it. This is *ennui.* One would hardly have supposed that our race would ever have felt the need of going to another tongue for the word, when it has always had so much of the thing. It may be that the introduction of *bore* has stood somewhat in the way of its complete naturalization. By supplying some of its senses it may have prevented the wider extension of the employment of *ennui,* and thus indirectly contributed to the retention of the French pronunciation. It is a further proof, however, of how little any tongue contains all the locutions necessary to express its ideas and feelings, or how slowly it develops them, that though the soil of English-speaking peoples has been from the beginning everywhere fertile in the production of bores, it was not till the latter half of the eighteenth century that the language was able to give birth to a word which described them adequately.

All through the eighteenth century controversy between the favorers and opponents of French words went on furiously. Hostility to the country of their origin was then violent. Naturally words and phrases from that tongue did not escape the opprobrium which fell upon their birthplace. They were constantly stigmatized as Gallicisms. This was a

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term of reproach which was supposed by many to indicate the lowest depth of linguistic depravity. Now there is nothing dreadful in itself about a Gallicism. Inasmuch as in the matter of origin half of our ordinary speech is, strictly speaking, liable to that charge, it is conceivable that the addition of a few more locutions of the same sort would not work irreparable injury. The word is, in truth, a good deal more awesome, as the Scotch say, than the thing. It is, of course, offensive to have either speaker or writer interlarding his sentences with French words and phrases, still more with French constructions, when their places could be filled by as satisfactory English ones, if not more satisfactory. We justly feel that the practice is either a mark of pretension or of intellectual poverty; that he who indulges in it has either not made himself master of the resources of his own speech or is led to resort to another by a pitiful affectation of displaying knowledge at the expense of taste. But this is something quite different from the employment of French terms for which there is no English equivalent.

Not so, however, thought the opponents of the introduction of these locutions in the eighteenth century. They were opposed to the thing itself, regardless of any use which could be made of it. Very amusing often was the manifestation of this feeling. That singular man of letters, or rather man of words, Aaron Hill, was filled with great indignation at the employment of the verb *escort* in the sense of accompanying one for the purpose of furnishing protection or manifesting civility. On one occasion he wrote to Mallett that he did not know whether he was in London or not, but sent out his letter on discovery. The phrase to "send out on discovery" gave him a pretext to unburden his mind upon the employment of one of the French military terms which had come into general use during the war of the Spanish Succession nearly half a century before. It and several others—such as *carte blanche, defile, fascines, gasconade, maraud,* and *pontoon*—had been then attacked by Addison on the charge of adulterating the language. The English warriors, he complained, were as industrious in propagating the French speech as they were in destroying the French power. Hill found the same fault, and expressed it in his usual forcible-feeble way. "A writer polished with the modern embellishments," he wrote, "would have taken the opportunity to show his erudition in French by the word *reconnoitre.* Horrible affectation of jargon! Such abominable insertions as this phrase, and *tapis* and *éclaircissement,* and all the frightful *et cætera* most in fashion, into a language they rather stick to than unite with, seem to me as ridiculous an endeavor as an act for the naturalization of blackamoors."

In the eighteenth century, when hostility to France was very violent, the indignant Briton relieved his feelings on this particular grievance by sending protests to the *Gentleman's Magazine.* In 1787, Anglus, after condemning certain Latin terms, such as *ultimatum, facsimile, factotum,* put under the ban more than forty French words which, according to him, had lately been introduced into the speech. Many of them, in fact, had made their way into it long before he was born. In the list of those which he desired to see barred from acceptance were *amateur, bagatelle, critique, chaperon, environs, etiquette, lieu* in the phrase "in lieu of," *presentiment, piquant,* and *spectacle.*

Fired by his example, A Plain Englishman, later in this same year, took the field to attack the Frenchified language so much in vogue. "Did those English writers," he wrote indignantly, "whose works are reckoned among the best standards of the English language feel the want of these French phrases?" Far from it, was his answer to his own question. "Had the writings of Addison, Steele, Swift, Johnson, and many others," he went on to say, "been disgraced and deformed by the interlarding of *hauteur, début, naïveté, entrée, outré, amateur, nonchalance, abord,* etc., they would never have risen to that rank of estimation which they now so deservedly hold."

Sentiments such as these are fairly certain to find expression at every period. The feeling is worthy of all respect for itself; but it springs from an absolute lack of discernment of the causes which bring about either the ruin or regeneration of speech.

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# Julia Bride

*BY HENRY JAMES*

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

## II

JULIA floated even to her own sense swanlike away—she left in her wake their fairly stupefied submission: it was as if she had, by an exquisite authority, now *placed* them, each for each, and they would have nothing to do but be happy together. Never had she so exulted as on this ridiculous occasion in the noted items of her beauty. *Le compte y était,* as they used to say in Paris—every one of them, for her immediate employment, was there; and there was something in it after all. It didn't necessarily, this sum of thumping little figures, imply charm—especially for "refined" people: nobody knew better than Julia that inexpressible charm and quotable "charms" (quotable like prices, rates, shares, or whatever, the things they dealt in downtown) are two distinct categories; the safest thing for the latter being, on the whole, that it might include the former, and the great strength of the former being that it might perfectly dispense with the latter. Mrs. Drack was not refined, not the least little bit; but what would be the case with Murray Brush now—after his three years of Europe? He had done so what he liked with her—which had seemed so then just the meaning, hadn't it? of their being "engaged"—that he had made her not see, while the absurdity lasted (the absurdity of their pretending to believe they could marry without a cent) how little he was of metal without alloy: this had come up for her, remarkably, but afterwards—come up for her as she looked back. Then she had drawn her conclusion, which was one of the many that Basil French had made her draw. It was a queer service Basil was going to have rendered her, this having made everything she had ever done impossible, if he wasn't going to give her a new chance. If he was it was doubtless right enough. On the other hand Murray might have improved, if such a quantity of alloy, as she called it, *were,* in any man, reducible, and if Paris were the place all happily to reduce it. She had her doubts—anxious and aching on the spot, and had expressed them to Mr. Pitman: certainly, of old, he had been more open to the quotable than to the inexpressible, to charms than to charm. If she could try the quotable, however, and with such a grand result, on Mrs. Drack, she couldn't now on Murray—in respect to whom everything had changed. So that if he hadn't a sense for the subtler appeal, the appeal appreciable by people *not* vulgar, on which alone she could depend, what on earth would become of her? She could but yearningly hope, at any rate, as she made up her mind to write to him immediately at his club. It was a question of the right sensibility in him. Perhaps he would have acquired it in Europe.

Two days later indeed—for he had promptly and charmingly replied, keeping with alacrity the appointment she had judged best to propose for a morning hour in a sequestered alley of the Park—two days later she was to be struck well-nigh to alarm by everything he had acquired: so much it seemed to make that it threatened somehow a complication, and her plan, so far as she had arrived at one, dwelt in the desire above all to simplify. She wanted no grain more of extravagance or excess of anything—risking as she had done, none the less, a recall of ancient license in proposing to Murray such a place of meeting. She had her reasons—she wished intensely to discriminate: Basil French had several times waited on her at her mother's habitation, their horrible flat which was so much too far up and too near the East

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side; he had dined there and lunched there and gone with her thence to other places, notably to see pictures, and had in particular adjourned with her twice to the Metropolitan Museum, in which he took a great interest, in which she professed a delight, and their second visit to which had wound up in her encounter with Mr. Pitman, after her companion had yielded, at her urgent instance, to an exceptional need of keeping a business engagement. She mightn't, in delicacy, in decency, entertain Murray Brush where she had entertained Mr. French—she was given over now to these exquisite perceptions and proprieties and bent on devoutly observing them; and Mr. French, by good luck, had never been with her in the Park: partly because he had never pressed it, and partly because she would have held off if he had, so haunted were those devious paths and favoring shades by the general echo of her untrammelled past. If he had never suggested their taking a turn there this was because, quite divinably, he held it would commit him further than he had yet gone; and if she on her side had practised a like reserve it was because the place reeked for her, as she inwardly said, with old associations. It reeked with nothing so much perhaps as with the memories evoked by the young man who now awaited her in the nook she had been so competent to indicate; but in what corner of the town, should she look for them, wouldn't those footsteps creak back into muffled life, and to what expedient would she be reduced should she attempt to avoid all such tracks? The Museum was full of tracks, tracks by the hundred—the way really she had knocked about!—but she had to see people somewhere, and she couldn't pretend to dodge every ghost.

All she could do was not to make confusion, make mixtures, of the living; though she asked herself enough what mixture she mightn't find herself to have prepared if Mr. French should, not so very impossibly, for a restless, roaming man—*her* effect on him!—happen to pass while she sat there with the mustachioed personage round whose name Mrs. Maule would probably have caused detrimental anecdote most thickly to cluster. There existed, she was sure, a mass of luxuriant legend about the "lengths" her engagement with Murray Brush had gone; she could herself fairly feel them in the air, these streamers of evil, black flags flown as in warning, the vast redundancy of so cheap and so dingy social bunting, in fine, that flapped over the stations she had successively moved away from and which were empty now, for such an ado, even to grotesqueness. The vivacity of that conviction was what had at present determined her, while it was the way he listened after she had quickly broken ground, while it was the special character of the interested look in his handsome face, handsomer than ever yet, that represented for her the civilization he had somehow taken on. Just so it was the quantity of that gain, in its turn, that had at the end of ten minutes begun to affect her as holding up a light to the wide reach of her step. "There was never anything the least serious, between us, not a sign or a scrap, do you mind? of anything beyond the merest pleasant friendly acquaintance; and if you're not ready to go to the stake on it for me you may as well know in time what it is you'll probably cost me."

She had immediately plunged, measuring her effect and having thought it well over; and what corresponded to her question of his having become a better person to appeal to was the appearance of interest she had so easily created in him. She felt on the spot the difference that made—it was indeed his form of being more civilized: it was the sense in which Europe in general and Paris in particular had made him develop. By every calculation—and her calculations, based on the intimacy of her knowledge, had been many and deep—he would help her the better the more intelligent he should have become; yet she was to recognize later on that the first chill of foreseen disaster had been caught by her as, at a given moment, this greater refinement of his attention seemed to exhale it. It was just what she had wanted —"if I can only get him interested—!" so that, this proving quite vividly possible, why did the light it lifted strike her as lurid? Was it partly by reason of his inordinate romantic good looks, those of a gallant, genial conqueror, but which, involving so glossy a brownness of eye, so

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*Drawn by W. T. Smedley* Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING THE LEAST SERIOUS BETWEEN US"

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manly a crispness of curl, so red-lipped a radiance of smile, so natural a bravery of port, prescribed to any response he might facially, might expressively make a sort of florid, disproportionate amplitude? The explanation, in any case, didn't matter; he was going to mean well—that she could feel, and also that he had meant better in the past, presumably, than he had managed to convince her of his doing at the time: the oddity she hadn't now reckoned with was this fact that from the moment he did advertise an interest it should show almost as what she would have called weird. It made a change in him that didn't go with the rest—as if he had broken his nose or put on spectacles, lost his handsome hair or sacrificed his splendid mustache: her conception, her necessity, as she saw, had been that something should be added to him for her use, but nothing for his own alteration.

He had affirmed himself, and his character, and his temper, and his health, and his appetite, and his ignorance, and his obstinacy, and his whole charming, coarse, heartless personality, during their engagement, by twenty forms of natural emphasis, but never by emphasis of interest. How in fact could you feel interest unless you should know, within you, some dim stir of imagination? There was nothing in the world of which Murray Brush was less capable than of such a dim stir, because you only began to imagine when you felt some approach to a need to understand. *He* had never felt it; for hadn't he been born, to his personal vision, with that perfect intuition of everything which reduces all the suggested preliminaries of judgment to the impertinence—when it's a question of your entering your house—of a dumpage of bricks at your door? He had had, in short, neither to imagine nor to perceive, because he had, from the first pulse of his intelligence, simply and supremely known: so that, at this hour, face to face with him, it came over her that she had, in their old relation, dispensed with any such convenience of comprehension on his part even to a degree she had not measured at the time. What therefore must he not have seemed to her as a form of life, a form of avidity and activity, blatantly successful in its own conceit, that he could have dazzled her so against the interest of her very faculties and functions? Strangely and richly historic all that backward mystery, and only leaving for her mind the wonder of such a mixture of possession and detachment as they would clearly to-day both know. For each to be so little at last to the other when, during months together, the idea of all abundance, all quantity, had been, for each, drawn from the other and addressed to the other—what was it monstrously like but some fantastic act of getting rid of a person by going to lock yourself up in the *sanctum sanctorum* of that person's house, amid every evidence of that person's habits and nature? What was going to happen, at any rate, was that Murray would show himself as beautifully and consciously understanding—and it would be prodigious that Europe should have inoculated him with that delicacy. Yes, he wouldn't claim to know now till she had told him—an aid to performance he had surely never before waited for, or been indebted to, from any one; and then, so knowing, he would charmingly endeavor to "meet," to oblige and to gratify. He would find it, her case, ever so worthy of his benevolence, and would be literally inspired to reflect that he must hear about it first.

She let him hear then everything, in spite of feeling herself slip, while she did so, to some doom as yet incalculable; she went on very much as she had done for Mr. Pitman and Mrs. Drack, with the rage of desperation and, as she was afterwards to call it to herself, the fascination of the abyss. She didn't know, couldn't have said at the time, *why* his projected benevolence should have had most so the virtue to scare her: he would patronize her, as an effect of her vividness, if not of her charm, and would do this with all high intention, finding her case, or rather *their* case, their funny old case, taking on of a sudden such refreshing and edifying life, to the last degree curious and even important; but there were gaps of connection between this and the intensity of the perception here overtaking her that she shouldn't be able to move in *any* direction without dishing herself. That she couldn't afford it where



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she had got to—couldn't afford the deplorable vulgarity of having been so many times informally affianced and contracted (putting it only at that, at its being by the new lights and fashions so unpardonably vulgar): he took this from her without turning, as she might have said, a hair; except just to indicate, with his new superiority, that he felt the distinguished appeal and notably the pathos of it. He still took it from her that she hoped nothing, as it were, from any other *alibi*—the people to drag into court being too many and too scattered; but that, as it was with him, Murray Brush, she had been *most* vulgar, most everything she had better not have been, so she depended on him for the innocence it was actually vital she should establish. He flushed or frowned or winced no more at that than he did when she once more fairly emptied her satchel and, quite as if they had been Nancy and the Artful Dodger, or some nefarious pair of that sort, talking things over in the manner of "Oliver Twist," revealed to him the fondness of her view that, could she but have produced a cleaner slate, she might by this time have pulled it off with Mr. French. Yes, he let her in that way sacrifice her honorable connection with him—all the more honorable for being so completely at an end—to the crudity of her plan for not missing another connection, so much more brilliant than what he offered, and for bringing another man, with whom she so invidiously and unflatteringly compared him, into her greedy life.

There was only a moment during which, by a particular lustrous look she had never had from him before, he just made her wonder which turn he was going to take; she felt, however, as safe as was consistent with her sense of having probably but added to her danger, when he brought out, the next instant: "Don't you seem to take the ground that we were guilty — that *you* were ever guilty—of something we shouldn't have been? What did we ever do that was secret, or underhand, or any way not to be acknowledged? What did we do but exchange our young vows with the best faith in the world — publicly, rejoicingly, with the full assent of every one connected with us? I mean of course," he said with his grave kind smile, "till we broke off so completely because we found that—practically, financially, on the hard worldly basis—we couldn't work it. What harm, in the sight of God or man, Julia," he asked in his fine rich way, "did we ever do?"

She gave him back his look, turning pale. "Am I talking of *that?* Am I talking of what *we* know? I'm talking of what others feel—of what they *have* to feel; of what it's just enough for them to know not to be able to get over it, once they do really know it. How do they know what *didn't* pass between us, with all the opportunities we had? That's none of their business—if we were idiots enough, on the top of everything! What you may or mayn't have done doesn't count, for *you;* but there are people for whom it's loathsome that a girl should have gone on like that from one person to another and still pretend to be—well, all that a nice girl is supposed to be. It's as if we had but just waked up, mother and I, to such a remarkable prejudice; and now we have it —when we could do so well without it!—staring us in the face. That mother should have insanely *let* me, should so vulgarly have taken it for my natural, my social career—*that's* the disgusting, humiliating thing: with the lovely account it gives of both of us! But mother's view of a delicacy in things!" she went on with scathing grimness; "mother's measure of anything, with her grand 'gained cases' (there'll be another yet, she finds them so easy!) of which she's so publicly proud! You see I've no margin," said Julia; letting him take it from her flushed face as much as he would that her mother hadn't left her an inch. It was that he should make use of the spade with her for the restoration of a bit of a margin just wide enough to perch on till the tide of peril should have ebbed a little, it was that he should give her *that* lift—!

Well, it was all there from him after these last words; it was before her that he really took hold. "Oh, my dear child, I can see! Of course there are people—ideas change in our society so fast!—who are not in sympathy with the old American freedom and who read, I dare say, all sorts of uncanny things into it.

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Naturally you must take them as they are—from the moment," said Murray Brush, who had lighted, by her leave, a cigarette, "your life-path does, for weal or for woe, cross with theirs." He had every now and then such an elegant phrase. "Awfully interesting, certainly, your case. It's enough for me that it *is* yours—I make it my own. I put myself absolutely in your place; you'll understand from me, without professions, won't you? that I do. Command me in every way! What I do like is the sympathy with which you've inspired *him*. I don't, I'm sorry to say, happen to know him personally"—he smoked away, looking off; "but of course one knows all about him generally, and I'm sure he's right for you, I'm sure it would be charming, if you yourself think so. Therefore trust me and even—what shall I say?—leave it to me a little, won't you?" He had been watching, as in his fumes, the fine growth of his possibilities; and with this he turned on her the large warmth of his charity. It was like a subscription of a half-a-million. "I'll take care of you."

She found herself for a moment looking up at him from as far below as the point from which the school-child, with round eyes raised to the wall, gazes at the particolored map of the world. Yes, it was a warmth, it was a special benignity, that had never yet dropped on her from any one; and she wouldn't for the first few moments have known how to describe it or even quite what to do with it. Then, as it still rested, his fine improved expression aiding, the sense of what had happened came over her with a rush. She was being, yes, patronized; and that was really as new to her—the freeborn American girl who might, if she had wished, have got engaged and disengaged not six times but sixty—as it would have been to be crowned or crucified. The Frenches themselves didn't do it—the Frenches themselves didn't dare it. It was as strange as one would: she recognized it when it came, but anything might have come rather—and it was coming by (of all people in the world) Murray Brush! It overwhelmed her; still she could speak, with however faint a quaver and however sick a smile. "You'll lie for me like a gentleman?"

"As far as that goes till I'm black in the face!" And then while he glowed at her and she wondered if he would pointedly look his lies that way, and if, in fine, his florid, gallant, knowing, almost winking intelligence, *common* as she had never seen the common vivified, would represent his notion of "blackness": "See here, Julia; I'll do more."

"'More'—?"

"Everything. I'll take it right in hand. I'll fling over you—"

"Fling over me—?" she continued to echo as he fascinatingly fixed her.

"Well, the biggest *kind* of rose colored mantle!" And this time, oh, he did wink: it *would* be the way he was going to wink (and in the grandest good faith in the world) when indignantly denying, under inquisition, that there had been "a sign or a scrap" between them. But there was more to come; he decided she should have it all. "Julia, you've got to know now." He hung fire but an instant more. "Julia, I'm going to be married." His "Julias" were somehow death to her; she could feel that even *through* all the rest. "Julia, I announce my engagement."

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" she wailed: it might have been addressed to Mr. Pitman.

The force of it had brought her to her feet, but he sat there smiling up as at the natural tribute of her interest. "I tell you before any one else; it's not to be 'out' for a day or two yet. But we want you to know; *she* said that as soon as I mentioned to her that I had heard from you. I mention to her everything, you see!"—and he almost simpered while, still in his seat, he held the end of his cigarette, all delicately and as for a form of gentle emphasis, with the tips of his fine fingers. "You've not met her, Mary Lindeck, I think: she tells me she hasn't the pleasure of knowing you, but she desires it so much—particularly longs for it. She'll take an interest too," he went on; "you must let me immediately bring her to you. She has heard so much about you and she really wants to see you."

"Oh mercy *me!*" poor Julia gasped again—so strangely did history repeat itself and so did this appear the echo, on Murray Brush's lips, and quite to drollery, of that sympathetic curiosity of

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Mrs. Drack's which Mr. Pitman, as they said, voiced. Well, there had played before her the vision of a ledge of safety in face of a rising tide; but this deepened quickly to a sense more forlorn, the cold swish of waters already up to her waist and that would soon be up to her chin. It came really but from the air of her friend, from the perfect benevolence and high unconsciousness with which he kept his posture—as if to show he could patronize her from below upward quite as well as from above down. And as she took it all in, as it spread to a flood, with the great lumps and masses of truth it was floating, she knew inevitable submission, not to say submersion, as she had never known it in her life; going down and down before it, not even putting out her hands to resist or cling by the way, only reading into the young man's very face an immense fatality and, for all his bright nobleness, his absence of rancor or of protesting pride, the great gray blankness of her doom. It was as if the earnest Miss Lindeck, tall and mild, high and lean, with eye-glasses and a big nose, but "marked" in a noticeable way, elegant and distinguished and refined, as you could see from a mile off, and as graceful, for common despair of imitation, as the curves of the "copy" set of old by one writing-master—it was as if this stately well-wisher, whom indeed she had never exchanged a word with, but whom she had recognized and placed and winced at as soon as he spoke of her, figured there beside him now as also in portentous charge of her case.

He had ushered her into it in that way, as if his mere right word sufficed; and Julia could see them throne together, beautifully at one in all the interests they now shared, and regard her as an object of almost tender solicitude. It was positively as if they had become engaged for her good—in such a happy light as it shed. That was the way people you had known, known a bit intimately, looked at you as soon as they took on the high matrimonial propriety that sponged over the more or less wild past to which you belonged and of which, all of a sudden, they were aware only through some suggestion it made them for reminding you definitely that you still had a place. On her having had a day or two before to meet Mrs. Drack and to rise to her expectation she had seen and felt herself act, had above all admired herself, and had at any rate known what she said, even though losing, at her altitude, any distinctness in the others. She could have repeated afterwards the detail of her performance — if she hadn't preferred to keep it with her as a mere locked-up, a mere unhandled treasure. At present, however, as everything was for her at first deadened and vague, true to the general effect of sounds and motions in water, she couldn't have said afterwards what words she spoke, what face she showed, what impression she made—at least till she had pulled herself round to precautions. She only knew she had turned away, and that this movement must have sooner or later determined his rising to join her, his deciding to accept it, gracefully and condoningly — condoningly in respect to her natural emotion, her inevitable little pang—for an intimation that they would be better on their feet.

They trod then afresh their ancient paths; and though it pressed upon her hatefully that he must have taken her abruptness for a smothered shock, the flare-up of her old feeling at the breath of his news, she had still to see herself condemned to allow him this, condemned really to encourage him in the mistake of believing her suspicious of feminine spite and doubtful of Miss Lindeck's zeal She was so far from doubtful that she was but too appalled at it and at the officious mass in which it loomed, and this instinct of dread, before their walk was over, before she had guided him round to one of the smaller gates, there to slip off again by herself, was positively to find on the bosom of her flood a plank by the aid of which she kept in a manner and for the time afloat. She took ten minutes to pant, to blow gently, to paddle disguisedly, to accommodate herself, in a word, to the elements she had let loose; but as a reward of her effort at least she then saw how her determined vision accounted for everything. Beside her friend on the bench she had truly felt all his cables cut, truly swallowed down the fact that if he still perceived she was pretty—and *how* pretty!—it had ceased appreciably to matter to him. It

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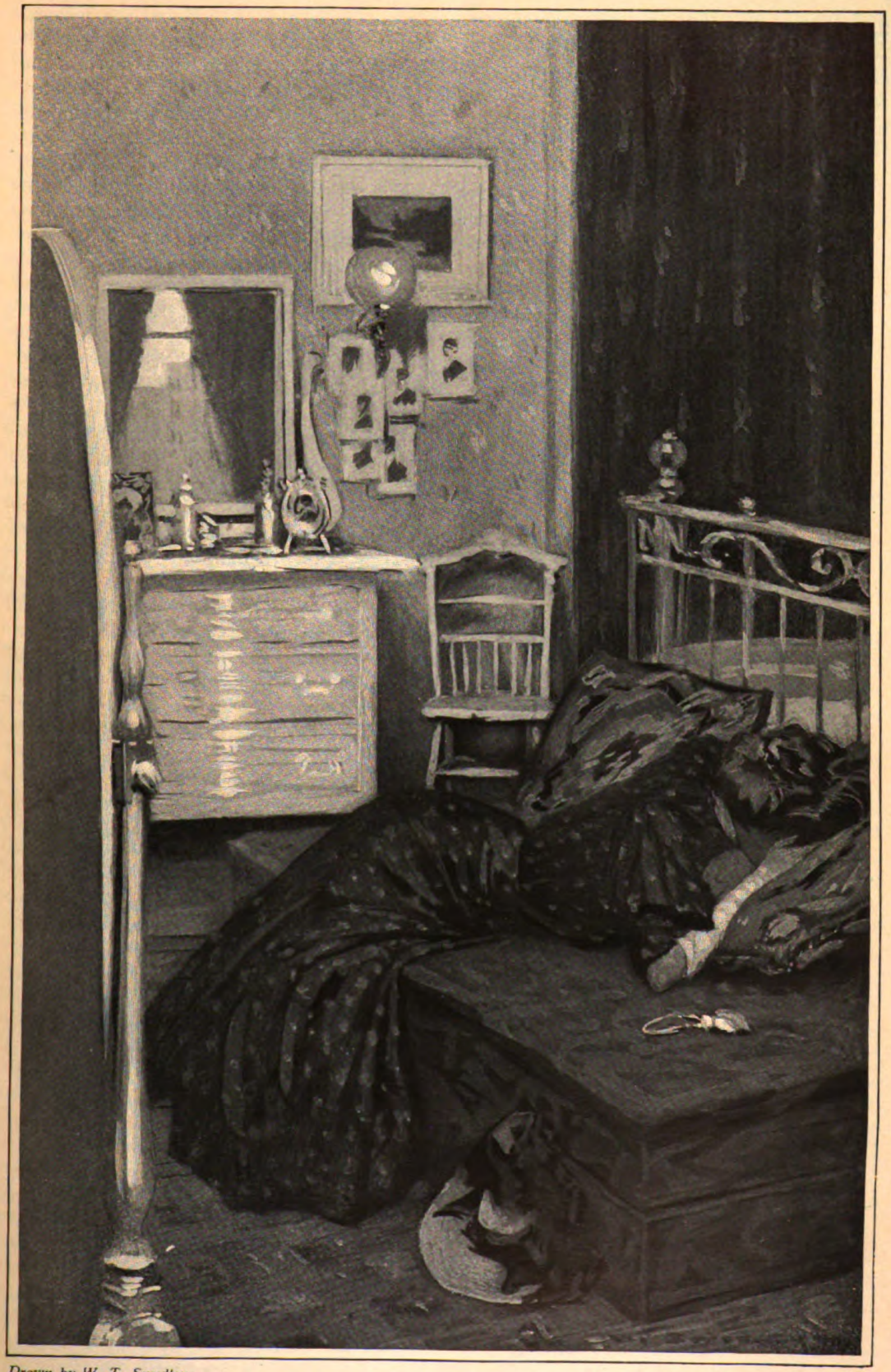

*Drawn by W. T. Smedley*

SHE YIELDED TO THE BITTERNESS

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had lighted the folly of her preliminary fear, the fear of his even yet, to some effect of confusion or other inconvenience for her, proving more alive to the quotable in her, as she had called it, than to the inexpressible. She had reckoned with the awkwardness of that possible failure of his measure of her charm, by which his renewed apprehension of her grosser ornaments, those with which he had most affinity, might too much profit; but she need have concerned herself as little for his sensibility on one head as on the other. She had ceased personally, ceased materially—in respect, as who should say, to any optical or tactile advantage—to exist for him, and the whole office of his manner had been the more piously and gallantly to dress the dead presence with flowers. This was all to his credit and his honor, but what it clearly certified was that their case was at last not even one of spirit reaching out to spirit. *He* had plenty of spirit—had all the spirit required for his having engaged himself to Miss Lindeck; into which result, once she had got her head well up again, she read, as they proceeded, one sharp meaning after another. It was therefore toward the subtler essence of that mature young woman alone that he was occupied in stretching; what was definite to him about Julia Bride being merely, being entirely—which was indeed thereby quite enough—that she *might* end by scaling her worldly height. They would push, they would shove, they would "boost," they would arch both their straight backs as pedestals for her tiptoe; and at the same time, by some sweet prodigy of mechanics, she would pull them up and up with her.

Wondrous things hovered before her in the course of this walk; her consciousness had become, by an extraordinary turn, a music-box in which, its lid well down, the most remarkable tunes were sounding. It played for her ear alone, and the lid, as she might have figured, was her firm plan of holding out till she got home, of not betraying—to her companion at least—the extent to which she was demoralized. To see him think her demoralized by mistrust of the sincerity of the service to be meddlesomely rendered her by his future wife—she would have hurled herself publicly into the lake there at their side, would have splashed, in her beautiful clothes, among the frightened swans, rather than invite him to that ineptitude. Oh, her sincerity, Mary Lindeck's—she would be drenched with her sincerity, and she would be drenched, yes, with *his;* so that, from inward convulsion to convulsion, she had, before they reached their gate, pulled up in the path. There was something her head had been full of these three or four minutes, the intensest little tune of the music-box, and it had made its way to her lips now; belonging—for all the good it could do her!—to the two or three sorts of solicitude she might properly express.

"I hope *she* has a fortune, if you don't mind my speaking of it: I mean some of the money we didn't in *our* time have—and that we missed, after all, in our poor way and for what we then wanted of it, so quite dreadfully."

She had been able to wreathe it in a grace quite equal to any he himself had employed; and it was to be said for him also that he kept up, on this, the standard. "Oh, she's not, thank goodness, at all badly off, poor dear. We shall do very well. How sweet of you to have thought of it! May I tell her that too?" he splendidly glared. Yes, he glared—how couldn't he, with what his mind was really full of? But, all the same, he came just here, by her vision, nearer than at any other point to being a gentleman. He came quite within an ace of it—with his taking from her thus the prescription of humility of service, his consenting to act in the interest of her avidity, his letting her mount that way, on his bowed shoulders, to the success in which he could suppose she still believed. He couldn't know, he would never know, that she had then and there ceased to believe in it—that she saw as clear as the sun in the sky the exact manner in which, between them, before they had done, the Murray Brushes, all zeal and sincerity, all interest in her interesting case, would dish, would ruin, would utterly destroy her. He wouldn't have needed to go on, for the force and truth of this; but he did go on—he was as crashingly consistent as a motor-car without a brake. He was visibly in love with the idea of what they might do for her and of the

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rare "social" opportunity that they would, by the same stroke, embrace. How he had been offhand with it, how he had made it parenthetic, that he didn't happen "personally" to know Basil French —as if it would have been at all likely he *should* know him, even *im*personally, and as if he could conceal from her the fact that, since she had made him her overture, this gentleman's name supremely baited her hook! Oh, they would help Julia Bride if they could—they would do their remarkable best; but they would at any rate have made his acquaintance over it, and she might indeed leave the rest to their thoroughness. He would already have known, he would already have heard; her appeal, she was more and more sure, wouldn't have come to him as a revelation. He had already talked it over with *her*, with Miss Lindeck, to whom the Frenches, in their fortress, had never been accessible, and his whole attitude bristled, to Julia's eyes, with the betrayal of her hand, her voice, her pressure, her calculation. His tone in fact, as he talked, fairly thrust these things into her face. "But you must see her for yourself. You'll judge her. You'll love her. My dear child" —he brought it all out, and if he spoke of children he might, in his candor, have been himself infantine — "my dear child, she's the person to do it for you. Make it over to her; but," he laughed, "of course see her first! Couldn't you," he wound up—for they were now near their gate, where she was to leave him— "couldn't you just simply make us meet him, at tea say, informally; just *us* alone, as pleasant old friends of whom you'd have so naturally and frankly spoken to him: and then see what we'd *make* of that?"

It was all in his expression; he couldn't keep it out of that, and his shining good looks couldn't: ah he was so fatally much too handsome for her! So the gap showed just there, in his admirable mask and his admirable eagerness; the yawning little chasm showed where the gentleman fell short. But she took this in, she took everything in, she felt herself do it, she heard herself say, while they paused before separation, that she quite saw the point of the meeting, as he suggested, at her tea. She would propose it to Mr. French and would let them know; and he must assuredly bring Miss Lindeck, bring her "right away," bring her soon, bring *them*, his *fiancée* and her, together somehow, and as quickly as possible—so that they *should* be old friends before the tea. She would propose it to Mr. French, propose it to Mr. French: that hummed in her ears as she went—after she had really got away; hummed as if she were repeating it over, giving it out to the passers, to the pavement, to the sky, and all as in wild discord with the intense little concert of her music-box. The extraordinary thing too was that she quite believed she should do it, and fully meant to; desperately, fantastically passive—since she almost reeled with it as she proceeded—she was capable of proposing anything to any one: capable too of thinking it likely Mr. French would come, for he had never on her previous proposals declined anything. Yes, she would keep it up to the end, this pretence of owing them salvation, and might even live to take comfort in having done for them what they wanted. What they wanted *couldn't* but be to get at the Frenches, and what Miss Lindeck above all wanted, baffled of it otherwise, with so many others of the baffled, was to get at Mr. French—for all Mr. French would want of either of them!—still more than Murray did. It was not till after she had got home, got straight into her own room and flung herself on her face, that she yielded to the full taste of the bitterness of missing a connection, missing the man himself, with power to create such a social appetite, such a grab at what might be gained by them. He could make people, even people like these two and whom there were still other people to envy, he could make them push and snatch and scramble like that—and then remain as incapable of taking her from the hands of such patrons as of receiving her straight, say, from those of Mrs. Drack. It was a high note, too, of Julia's wonderful composition that, even in the long, lonely moan of her conviction of her now certain ruin, all this grim lucidity, the perfect clearance of passion, but made her supremely proud of him.

[THE END.]

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A PORTRAIT
From the collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq.

# The Art of Thomas W. Dewing

*BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN*

TO the careless eye Thomas W. Dewing's pictures are merely studies in femininity. Therefore, the appreciation of them is apt to be limited to the liking or disliking of the particular type for which the artist shows a preference. It is very markedly "Dewing's type," and, according to our individual taste and fancy, we accept or disapprove of it. We may even go a little farther and recognize the technical skill that his pictures exhibit: in which case its very notable difference from that of most other painters may delight or baffle us.

On the other hand, some people, whose number is steadily increasing, regard Mr. Dewing as one of the most remarkable of modern painters; and it is their point of view and the reasons and justifications for it that I here undertake to try to describe.

Their appreciation, stated in brief, is based upon the ground that he presents the most modern spirit in art. It is, indeed, as far as painting is concerned, so modern as to be still unrecognized by the great majority of his contemporaries, who see in his point of view and style nothing more than the product of this one man's idiosyncrasy. They do not relate him to any larger issue outside himself. They see him only as a

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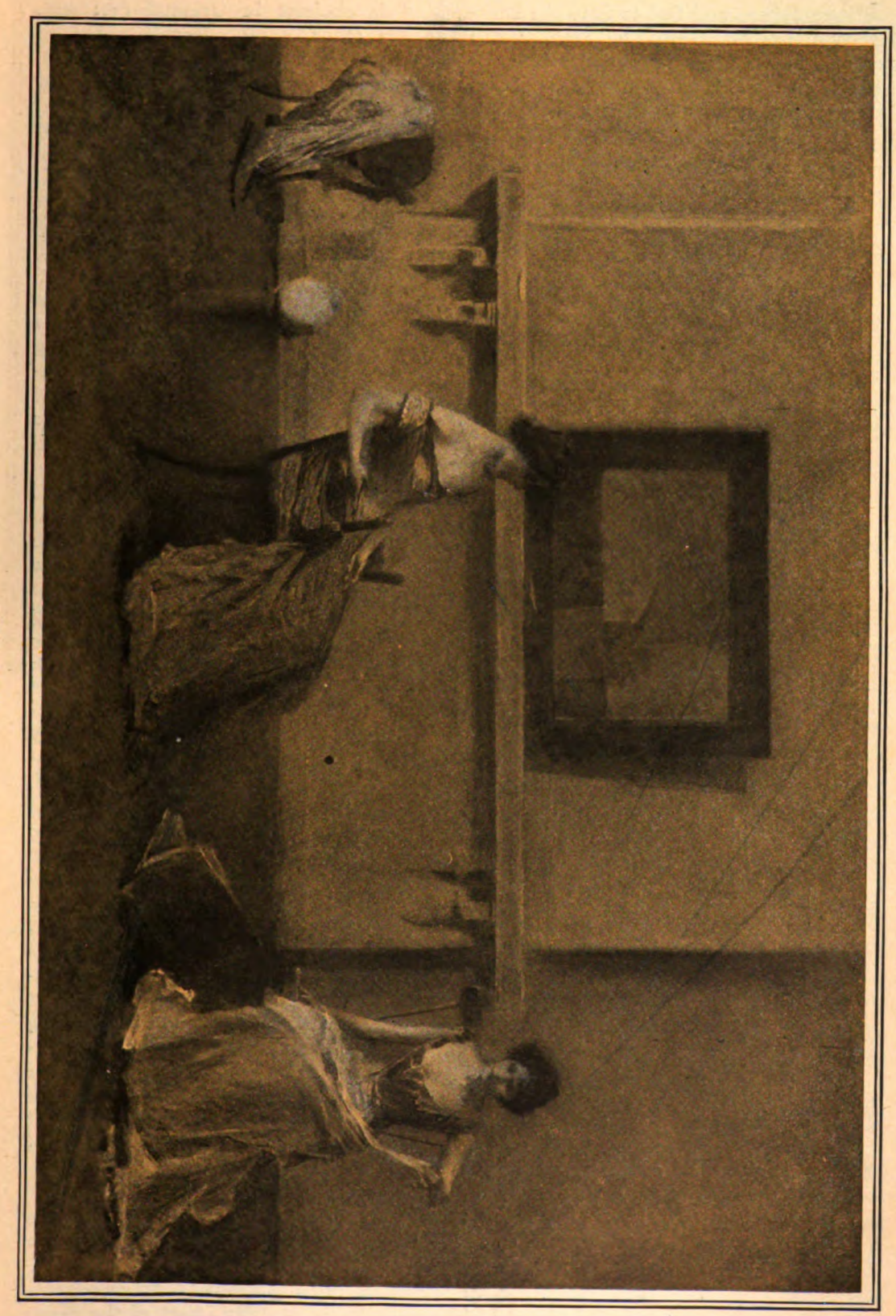

THE PRINT

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solitary figure, and fail to note the background against which he stands: the scene, as it were, very remarkable in itself and with an atmosphere of its own, in which, as a leading actor, he

LADY PLAYING WITH A MACAW

is a part of the *ensemble*, giving definite voice to the general spirit that pervades the whole.

The one who can justly claim the lead in this larger appreciation is Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit. Most people are aware that this gentleman has accumulated a collection which, though he is to enjoy it for his lifetime, has been already given to the nation. Its home will be in Washington, D. C., in a separate building to be erected by the donor. It is also generally known that the collection consists, on the one hand, of Chinese and Japanese paintings of the best periods, and antique pottery, representative of what is choicest in Oriental art; and, on the other, of the largest group in existence of paintings, pastels, drawings, and etchings by Whistler, supplemented with numerous pictures by Dwight W. Tryon, Abbott H. Thayer, and Thomas W. Dewing. But while all this is general knowledge, the significance of the collection is only beginning to be understood.

Why this union of Oriental and Occidental art? This assembling of the works of four artists of the "New World" in companionship with masterpieces of the Ancient Orient? Why house them under one roof, as if they were members of the same family?

It is precisely on this account that Mr. Freer has formed his collection. Because between these ancient and modern masters, notwithstanding that each has his individual personality, he is conscious of a kinship of point of view that unites them as members of one spiritual family. It is that after more than two thousand years the stream of art which, travelling Eastward, fertilized successively the countries of the Orient, has at last, in the person of Whistler, blended with the Western, European stream. The impulse of the Eastern was its preoccupation with the abstract; that of the Western, a preference for the concrete. The two in their union are operating on each

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other. Oriental civilization, as represented in Japan, has become modernized by contact with the material concreteness of the West; while the latter has found a new artistic ideal in the abstract spirit of the East. For, stated briefly, the new ideal is to elude the obviousness of matter and to represent form mainly for the purpose of expressing its indwelling spirit or essence. In the work of Mr. Dewing, for example, form is not neglected; on the contrary, it is rendered with an exquisitely scrupulous veracity. Yet, not as form, but as being contributory to a spiritual intent that informs the whole picture. The quality of that intent we will examine presently.

MONTEREY

Nor was it a mere accident that the influx of Oriental art into Europe, beginning in the sixties, so profoundly affected Occidental painting. The Western world in the fulness of time had become ready for the new influence of the old. For the story of painting represents a series of revolutions, in which for the time being one motive is conspicuously uppermost. By the middle of the nineteenth century the one that had declared itself was Realism. It appeared through a film of poetic sentiment in the Barbizon-Fontainebleau artists, but unalloyed in Courbet and Manet and their followers. In both directions it was a reflection of the spirit of the time, which was occupied with the actualities of life. The age was one in which men were applying themselves anew to investigation of knowledge and to the subduing of natural forces under a new impulse—that of science. Every department of energy, intellectual, material, and moral, was being subjected to scientific research and treated by scientific method.

To this latest inspiration literature was the first of the arts to respond. In the person of Balzac human life becomes in a new way the object of study. It is no longer viewed through the writer's imagination, dyed in romance or tinged with poetic fancy according to his subjective temperament; still less is it treated to a wide superficiality of generalization. It is scrutinized with the cold detachment of the scientist and with his analytical thoroughness. Nor is it long before a similar application of the scientific point of view to art becomes apparent in painting. Manet and his

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followers, particularly Monet, began to study nature in a manner different to that which actuated their contemporaries and predecessors. They see it in the natural light that envelops it; they represent it through the accurate rendering of the effects of light, and, in fact, make the phenomena of light the principal motive of their study. Under the influence of the scientific method, and directly assisted by the researches of science into problems of light and color, and in a spirit as objective as that of the scientists, they proceeded to extend their analysis of light and the rendering of its appearances under the limitlessly varying conditions of season, weather, and time of day. Monet's series of haystack pictures, in which the same object is seen differently through difference in the light conditions, is typical of the whole movement.

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MANDOLIN
From the collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq.

Soon, however, the purely objective point of view becomes varied by the subjective mood. For the artist has discovered that the effects of light upon nature may be compared to expression on the human face, and through the accuracy and feeling with which he renders them he infuses his picture with sentiment. In fact, alike to painters and writers, the scientific method opens up the whole range of emotional expression.

Here and there, in some artists, the emotional expression reached a higher type. It is cleansed of sentiment and mere emotionalism; it becomes a product of the intellectual imagination. The leading example of this in literature is

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LUTE PLAYER
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THE MIRROR
From the collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq

George Meredith; in painting, Whistler. Mutually illuminating is the respective point of view of these two artists.

Neither had any use for the inventions of romance, the pleasantness of sentiment, or the surface truths of Realism. Yet the art of both is pregnant with emotion and with truth. Each, too, brought to the scrutiny of his subject an analysis as exact as that of the scientist, and to its exposition a method as exhaustively subtle; the subject in Meredith's case being the sources and workings of human character, in Whistler's the expression, as far as possible, of abstract beauty. In their art there is an appeal to sense and intellect; not separately, but in union. It calls into play a capacity of appreciation founded alike upon pure sense and pure reason; upon reason humanized by sense, and sense raised to the highest power through reason. The secret of its appeal is that, though immediately concerned with what is individual, it considers it in relation to abstract Truth, and renders it, as far as possible, in terms of abstract Beauty. Meredith's motive is derived from the Greek ideal, Whistler's from that older one from which the Greek itself was

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drawn—the Oriental conception of the abstract and universal.

For the recovery of this ideal the world was ready. The new science had made havoc of the old Faith, and for a while it seemed as if materialism were all powerful. In painting, this materialism showed itself as much in the academic assumption that "form is everything" as in the counter doctrine of realism, that all that was necessary for an artist was to paint well the visible appearances.

Then came the inspiration of Oriental art. Its technique was as consummate as the extreme advocate of art for art's sake had dreamed of, abounding in hitherto unsuspected subtleties of color and line. On the other hand, it demonstrated that for the artist form was in itself of small account, as compared with the expression through it of abstract beauty. It offered a new possibility of spiritual and intellectual appeal; founded, not on the character of the subject or any literary association, but upon the symbolic suggestion of abstract truth and beauty.

It is by virtue of this quality of symbolism that the work of Whistler, of Dewing, and some others represents the most modern note in art. For this quality of symbolism itself is new to the Western world, derived, consciously or unconsciously, from the example of the Orient. Even now it is surprising how few people have grasped its significance. It has nothing in common with our old use of the word symbol, as when we speak of the Nails and Crown of Thorns as being symbols of the Passion of Christ. Such a symbol is merely a concrete reminder, associated by memory with a certain incident. Still less is symbolism allegory, as most people carelessly suppose. For allegory is simply the embodiment of an abstract conception. The conception of avarice, for example, is put in a form that is visible to the eye. The representation may assist the imagination of a child-mind; but to a maturer one the very fact, that what was abstract has been crystallized into definite characteristics, is a limitation of the original conception. Symbolism, on the other hand, in its modern form, illuminates the matter in hand by subtle appeal to the imaginative reason. It supplements the facts, or rather informs them, with abstract truth.

For the facts are not ignored. Dewing's figures and their accessories never leave us in any doubt as to their objective reality.

Dewing's skill of drawing is exhibited with all the charm of subtlest simplicity in his pastels and silverpoints. The latter medium particularly, allowing no hesitation or correction, since the stroke of the silver pencil makes its mark indelibly on the coated paper, illustrates at once his knowledge of form and mastery of hand. Equally it allows him scope for the very subtlest expression.

The tenderness of the silvery gray, the possibilities of effects the most intangible, the reticent suggestiveness of the means employed, seem to make the term a *work* of art too harsh for these tiny treasures. Work suggests labor and effort, whereas these silverpoints are rather emanations of the spirit, breathed into form. And the quality of the spirit which animates them is so rarefied, so purged of the last lingering touch of grossness, and yet so instinct with the thrill of sensuous appeal, that these prints seem to me to give the clue by which the motive of all this artist's work may be interpreted. It is here revealed nude, as it were, to the gaze. And if we scrutinize it and search for some term that will describe its quality, we may perhaps agree that it is "intellectually sensuous."

It should not be necessary to explain that no idea of sensual is involved in this use of sensuous. Yet how many people, our dictionaries notwithstanding, confuse the two! We need a word that, without any suggestion of grossness, shall express the condition of pure abstract enjoyment derived through the senses, and we have it in sensuous. It describes not the flower, but its distilled fragrance; not passion, but its essence. But in Dewing this rarefied sense-exaltation is not purely sensuous; it has been passed through conscious mental processes and partakes of an intellectual quality. It is here that his New England ancestry asserts itself. The active reasoning faculty is wedded with the sense-receptivity.

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THE CARNATION

From the collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq.

The best proof of this union of the intellectual and the sensuous in Dewing's work is to be found in the effect his pictures produce upon oneself; even in these black and white reproductions, where one loses the infinitely subtler suggestions of color. But it is worth mentioning that he is influenced in his choice of a model not only by the evidence of physical refinement, but by the suggestion also of intellectual refinement. This union of both in the model starts

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LE JASEUR
From the collection of Mrs. John Gellatly

his imagination into activity. Out of the sense-impressions received and their stimulus to his mind he projects a scheme of form and color that shall give expression to a conception of abstract beauty. Thus, starting as a realist and working with the model continually in front of him, he finally gets beyond the simple objective appearances and evokes from them that essence of beauty which the Japanese call *Kokoro*—that portion, temporarily manifested in matter, of what they conceive to be the universal and eternal spirit.

Dewing's intellectually sensuous motive and, in some respects, the way in which it shapes itself are singularly reminiscent of Botticelli's art: that strange exotic flower of Hellas not yet acclimatized to the soil of Italy. For his intellect had been stimulated and his imagination filled with the Platonic idea of beauty as being an abstract entity, existing independently of the forms in which for the time being a portion of it may be temporarily enshrined. That he could not compass all the beauty of which he was conscious, nor any portion of it so fully as he knew it and felt it, may explain the yearning as of unsatisfied desire that distinguishes the faces and figures of his women.

How strongly, too, are these women of Botticelli's the prototypes of Dewing's, to whom in lieu of the inspiration of the Greek ideal has come the still older, but similar, Oriental one. Nor is it a mere accident, still less an affectation. Dewing's women, so far as they show a common type, are of his own New England race. How frequently have I seen the type in New York, looking exotic in our cosmopolitan jumble of types; women whose face and figure recall those Florentine women of the fifteenth century. The latter represented a survival of the intense mysticism of the middle ages, vivified by the keen intellectuality and social freedom of their own day. Similarly, the intellectual emancipation of these modern women is rooted in the traditions of a vigorous Puritanism, that in its sweeter aspects had a savor of the mystic. And in them



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reappears the type of the Quattrocento: slender vibrant body, small bosom under the prominent collar-bone, the long flexible neck, rounded jaw, full lips, and delicate, tightly modelled nose; the eyes wide apart, the brows finely curved, the forehead smooth and low, the small head cleanly shaped. It is a type in which the habit of intellectual control has clarified, but not effaced, the essential passionateness. Interpreted in abstract terms of art, its characteristic is intellectually sensuous.

It is in being sensuous rather than emotional that Dewing's art differs from Whistler's. Though the latter's motive was frequently confined to the sensuous beauty inherent in form and color, his most characteristic one, as revealed in his finest portraits and nocturnes, was impregnated with emotion. But, as in the case of Meredith, it is emotion divested of all personal feeling on the artist's part; apprehended through his intellect in relation to abstract truth, so that the interpretation is raised to the highest power of expression.

Similarly, in the sensuous domain that Dewing has made his own, expression is raised to the highest point through its being interpreted in relation to abstract beauty. I picture to myself the cause and effect in this way: From some high vantage point in the upper Alps I have looked down on a tiny village, nestling in its green cup of verdure. The cluster of lowly homes and the church in their midst, with its slender spire, make a charming picture. But it is a mere spot in the vast panorama that enfolds it; and one presently loses consciousness of the village, to become absorbed in the miracle of vastness that widens out in successive ranges of snowy peaks, soaring into sky that has no limits. And one is in a mood of higher and deeper and wider appreciation, for the mountain air is in one's blood, and one's whole nature tingles and expands with exaltation. Then, if again one's gaze drops to the little village, it is to see it in a new way, to feel in it a new significance. It is no longer an isolated human unit; it has become to one's imagination the focal point on which converge the impressions of its vast environment. This tiny concrete group of objects seems charged with a portion of the abstract truth and beauty of the universe.

Well, it is in some such way that an artist who nourishes his imagination on the inexhaustible suggestion of abstract beauty may approach his subject. To Dewing the concrete significance of the model becomes less and less as he gradually invests it with some of that suggestion which he has drawn from the vast outside. The abstract impressions have reached him, not in huge blows as they affect a Winslow Homer, but in a subtle complexity of sensations. To their interpretation he brings a most sensitively flexible skill of hand, and a comprehension of color that is both singularly keen and harmonically constructive. In the building up of his color theme and in its elaboration he works like a musician to a symphonic scheme; and the harmony of his pictures, so rhythmic, vibrating, and melodious, affects one in the way of stringed music; as of violin, for example, in "Le Jaseur," of 'cello in "Monterey." Under the spell of this symphonic intent everything in the picture contributes its quota of abstract beauty. Everything takes on the significance of a symbol, interpreting to one's capacity for intellectual sensuousness the most exquisite suggestions of form, tone, and texture.

One notable result of this subtle, harmonic rendering of an abstract motive, in union with a most piquant realization of the concrete facts, is that Dewing's pictures create a feeling of extraordinary concentration. The merest passer by notices their difference from other pictures. The close observer becomes aware of their distinction, their choice and aristocratic feeling. Finally, the student discovers in them that characteristic which is a hallmark of the finest art—the quality of aloofness. The figures, even the accessory objects, seem to be detached from ordinary usage and suggestion. They live apart, in a medium of their own; they are no longer personal, individual; they are not figures and objects; they are Presences. The scene and its contents no longer suggest a material presentation. Rather they seem to be an emanation out of the abstract. They represent, as Whistler used to say of his own work, an evocation.

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# "Greater Love"

*BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN*

"NO," said Miss Eversleigh when her *fiancé* would have halted and turned back. "No, Coppy, don't be lazy! We'll walk on down as far as Fifty-ninth Street and then back again, and by the time we've reached home it will be five, and you can have tea. The inner man shall be treated with kindness. In short," she said, making a face at him, "the brute shall be fed." She checked a mad effort of her dog to leap the Park wall in pursuit of a derisive squirrel, and settled back again into stride, throwing her not very considerable weight against the dog's eager progress.

"I can't think," she said, nodding her head wisely,—"I can't think, you know, what you'd do without me to browbeat you when you need it. I'm a—what somebody or other calls a salutary influence for you. Is that right? You'd never feel the outdoor air if I didn't drag you into it now and then."

"Well, you see," said young Mr. Kent, grinning across at her, "one has to work so confoundedly hard. It fills up the time so!"

"Yes, oh yes!" she said. "That's the worst of having to live up to fame. Being famous is like being the son of Mr. Shakespeare or Mr. Oliver Cromwell. You have to live up to it every minute. Still, I don't see why winning a great case that everybody in the world is looking at isn't success enough for one year. Do you want it all at once? You'd much best come to the country for a month or two and play. You're getting quite thin and fagged."

Kent laughed at her, but he shook his head.

"Couldn't think of it just now," said he. "It couldn't be done. You see, just now, when they've discovered that I exist, now is my time to justify my existence. Now is my time to make good.

"And besides," he said, "I want to be able, a little later on, to take a long, long vacation for what is commonly called a honeymoon. I'm going to be married."

"Yes?" said Miss Eversleigh, politely. "How very nice! And I'm so glad that it's I you're going to marry. I've always cherished the idea of marrying a celebrity. It's a new thing to do in our set. Mostly we marry the little boys next door.

"It will be quite delightful," she said with enthusiasm, "to meet new people—I mean the brilliant people who do things, the people you know and I don't, the people Jimmy Rogers calls 'high brows'—and have them say: 'Mrs. Kent? Oh, Mrs. *Copley* Kent! How charming to meet you! We're crazy over your famous husband.'

"Or perhaps," she wondered dubiously,—"perhaps that sort of person doesn't say he's crazy over things. Does he? Well, anyhow, it will be delightful, and I shall be enormously proud."

Mr. Kent laughed again, and turned his head to look at the girl as she strode beside him (strode is exactly the word), leaning back against the forward pull of the Russian dog. He liked her in these moods of gravely polite banter. He was not very good at banter himself and he appreciated it in other people. With Miss Eversleigh it seemed to him a sort of mark of caste. All her idle and well bred and superficially clever world were like that. He felt quite sure that if there should be another social revolution, these charming people would go to the electric chair making pleasant little jokes about trifles on the way. He wondered what he, for his part, would do, and he was humorously convinced that he would be making an impassioned speech for law and order as he was dragged to his doom.

They came to the edge of the Plaza, and after the girl had managed, by a miracle of agility, to turn the dog's head in the opposite direction, began

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slowly to retrace their steps up the Avenue. A man who had been lounging beside the low Park wall crossed over behind them and drew alongside young Mr. Kent. He was a rather strong looking man, but his face was very white, as if he had been ill, and it was drawn, in spite of its natural fulness, and the skin was bluish under the eyes. He was a ragged and unkempt man, and he moved with the beggar's slouching step. Also, he dropped expertly into the beggar's whine and besought alms, stating that he was hungry, and addressing Mr. Kent as "Guv'nor."

"Certainly not!" said that gentleman with decision. "Certainly not!" And when the man continued to follow, close alongside, whining his story in a low monotone, turned upon him a face so sternly forbidding that the fellow backed away with one arm up, as if he expected to be struck.

Kent swung back towards Miss Eversleigh, because he had heard her, as he drove the beggar away, give a little wordless cry of pity and protest.

"Surely," said he, with a hint of sharpness in his tone,—"surely you wouldn't have me give money to beggars in the street! Why, it's—it's the greatest possible harm I could do to the whole body of the poor. It's the surest possible way of pauperizing them. Everybody knows that."

"Yes," said the girl, looking straight before her. "Yes, of course you're right. But—oh, of course you're right."

"There isn't one case," he said, "in a thousand, among these fellows, that is really deserving." And there was still the hint of sharpness in his tone, for he was conscious that his *fiancée* was disappointed in him. It put him uncomfortably on his defence and made him a little angry, because he knew he was right.

"Did you see that great hulking loafer?" he persisted. "He had no right to beg other people for support. He's quite strong enough to work for his own support. Only it's easier to beg. I dare say he's a drunkard and a jailbird, at that. He looked it."

"He looked ill, to me," said Miss Eversleigh. "His face was quite white and drawn, and blue under the eyes. And his hands were trembling.

"Oh, I suppose you're right!" she cried. "You're always so dreadfully right! But—suppose it's the thousandth case? Suppose that poor wretch really is hungry? Think how you'd feel if you should find out by chance that he was hungry and that you'd let him go on starving! I suppose a drunkard or a jailbird can be hungry just like other people. And I suppose it hurts him just as much. I think I'd rather pauperize a few undeserving people than to stay awake at night wondering if I hadn't let some one go hungry when I might have fed him."

Miss Eversleigh's cheeks were quite pink by the time she had finished, but she turned to the man she was to marry and touched his arm with a little protesting laugh.

"Please forgive me, Coppy!" she begged. "I know you're right and I know I'm foolish and sentimental. It's just a feeling."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Kent. "I don't in the least mind being right. I like it.

"And I think I'm glad you're sentimental, too," he said. "Only, unfortunately, the problem of the poor can't be met by sentimentality. It has to be met by plain common sense.—Hello! Is that a runaway?"

A large mover's van, which had no right to be on that street at all, was coming down the Avenue towards them, and the horses which drew it seemed to be galloping, though not very fast, and it was evident that they were beyond control. The runaway had a clear path for some distance ahead if it remained on its own side of the roadway, but on the other side a long line of broughams and victorias and motor cars was making its slow way northwards, and the women in some of the vehicles began to cry out when they saw that they were in danger.

Kent and Miss Eversleigh moved to the curb to watch, and at just that instant some one from behind them ran out upon the roadway trying to cross the street. It was the white-faced and ragged beggar whom Kent had repulsed a few moments before.

The man tried to dodge between a motor and the nervous prancing horses which were next in line behind it, but

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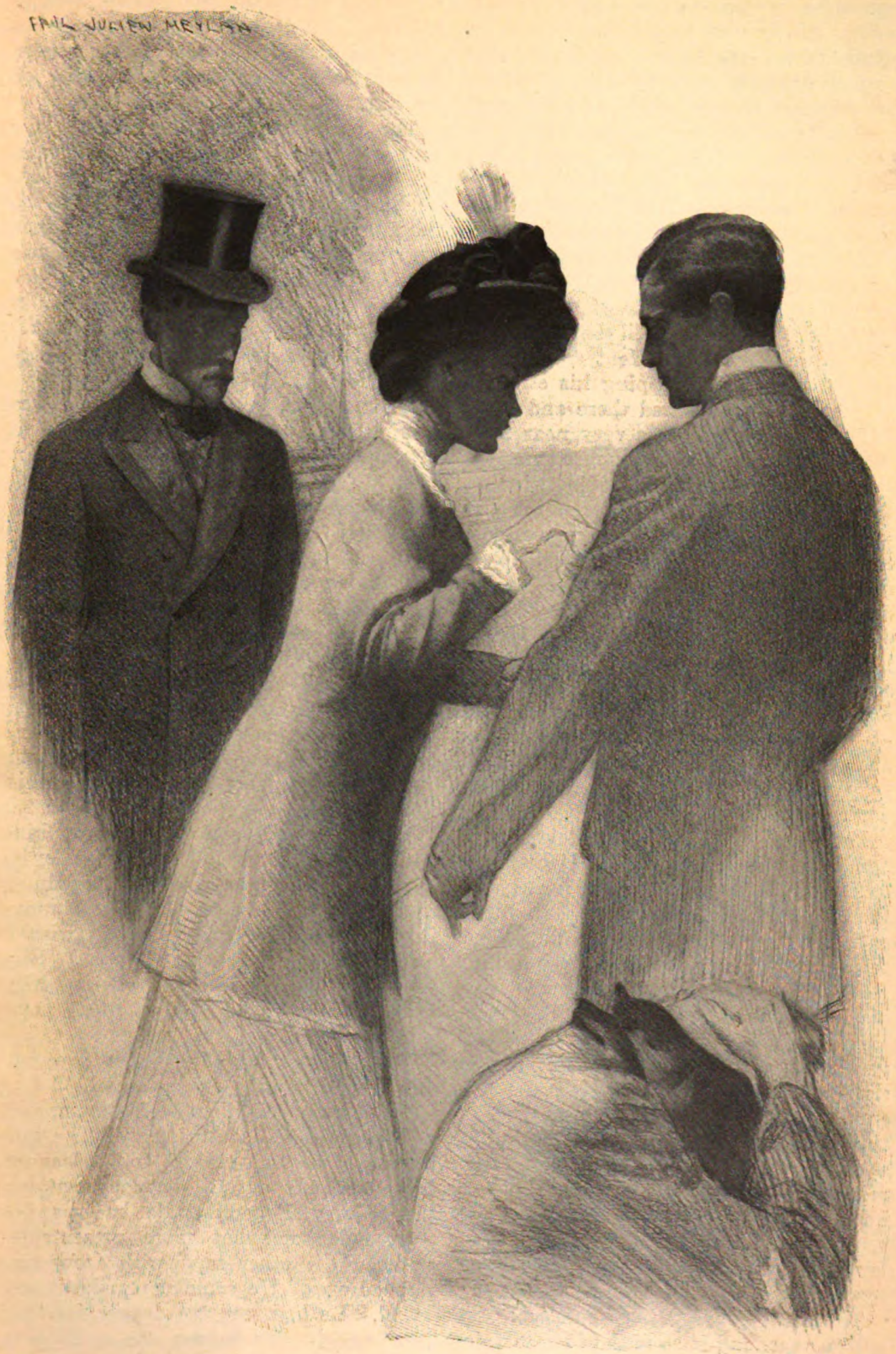


*Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan*

"OH, POOR JIMMY! YOU'RE A SIGHT"

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the space was too narrow, and he shrank away. He seemed to see that he was in danger from the approaching van, and turned suddenly to run back to safety, but his foot slipped and he fell forward on his face. He must have struck his head, for he did not get up again, but remained where he had fallen, half lying, half crouching, and he was in the exact middle of the western roadway.

Miss Eversleigh gave a sudden sharp scream and caught at Kent's arm, crying out:

"Quick! Quick! He'll be run over. Oh, go quickly!" And Kent sprang forward to the curb, dropping his stick as he went. But he halted there and stood still. The runaway was very near now, the frightened horses plunging madly, and the heavy van behind them swinging from side to side as they ran. There was very great danger that any one who tried to drag that heavy and helpless figure from the road would be beaten down himself and killed.

"Oh, quick! quick!" cried Miss Eversleigh in a sobbing scream. "Don't you see that he's going to be run over? Why don't you go?" The great dog tugged at its leash, barking, and dragged her about, but she cried again:

"What are you waiting for? Why don't you go?"

Mr. Kent stood still on the curb, his hands half raised beside him, his eyes fixed upon the great galloping horses and the still bundle of rags that lay in their path. It seemed to him that he waited there for hours and that all about him stood motionless in its place waiting for his decision. But at the very last possible moment a young man vaulted expertly out of the tonneau of one of the slowly moving motor cars across the Avenue, alighted upon his toes and finger tips, sprang forward, and hurling himself upon that motionless figure in the roadway—exactly as a football player hurls himself in a fast tackle—rolled rapidly over and over in the dust and brought up almost against the western curb.

The great swaying vehicle dashed past with a roar, and it seemed to sweep fairly over the two struggling bodies on the pavement, but they were out of harm's way by a scant foot or two, and when the thing had gone, the rescuer rose to his feet and dragged the other man to a sitting posture in the gutter, where he sat feebly mumbling and feeling of his head.

The young man turned with an embarrassed grin, and it was Jimmy Rogers.

"Wasn't that heroic?" he demanded, holding up two fingers as if to attract the attention of the umpire. "I call that very noble of me, you know. That was what the lady in *The Master Builder* would call 'thr-r-rilling—fr-rightfully thrilling!' What? Please brush me off." He held out a very dusty arm, but became suddenly conscious that Miss Eversleigh was not listening to him. She was looking with a very peculiar expression into the face of her *fiancé,* and Mr. Kent's face was quite white and still. He raised one hand to his lips, and the hand trembled violently as if he were cold.

"Oh, were you going out after the poor devil, Coppy?" demanded Jimmy Rogers in the tone of one who has absentmindedly eaten all the cheese. "Did I spoil your gallery play? I'm sorry. Truly I am. I never could resist gallery plays," he said, plaintively. "It's my one weakness. I mean one of my weaknesses. I'm sorry this time, though."

But Miss Eversleigh turned upon him with flushed cheeks and very bright eyes.

"If you say 'gallery play' again I shall slap you," she said. "Oh, Jimmy, it was splendid! It was fine! I wish I could tell you how fine it was." She saw that she was embarrassing him horribly and turned to practical matters, saying:

"Come here and I'll brush you off. Oh, poor Jimmy! You're a sight!"

Mr. Kent stood silent beside them, and his face was still quite white. The girl seemed, for some reason, to be leaving him purposely out of the conversation; but Jimmy Rogers, while he was being made somewhat more presentable, watched the other man with frowning, puzzled eyes. He could not make it out at all. He had seen the danger for that poor wretch of a beggar almost as soon as the two on the curb had seen it, but he had sat still in his motor because he took it for granted that Kent, who was

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nearer the scene than himself, would at once dash to the rescue. It had never occurred to him that any man could hesitate before or refuse such an obvious duty. And when he had apologized for stealing the other man's chance he had meant it in all sincerity, thinking that he had perhaps, after all, acted with undue haste. But now, as he stood and watched Mr. Kent's white face and strained eyes, he felt himself forced to a conclusion which, for very vicarious shame, brought the blood to his cheeks in a sudden rush. He met the other man's eyes, and for an instant the two looked at each other as Kent and Miss Eversleigh had done. Then Jimmy Rogers turned away quickly to the beggar, who had by this time got to his feet, little the worse for his experience. He sent the man away with what money he found in his pockets—it must have been more than the poor wretch had seen for a long time—and nodded over his shoulder to his two friends. He wanted to get away.

"The hero of the piece," said he, "is going to his dressing room to repair his make up. Good-by!" And dodged across the street to where his car was awaiting him.

Miss Eversleigh and the man she was to marry walked the short distance to her home in complete silence. When they had reached the door she rang before Kent could do it, and then turned to face him, but she avoided his eyes.

"I think," she said, "that I won't let you come in for tea, after all. I have a wee headache, I think, and I should be dull. You'd best not come in." The man drew a swift breath, watching her.

"If you don't mind," said he, "it might be well for both of us—to—well, to talk it over now." But she shook her head slowly. She did not affect to misunderstand what he meant by "it." The thing loomed very great to them both in that hour. It filled all their vision.

"I don't know," said Mr. Kent in a low voice, "but it may be that you don't —understand—quite. It may be that we look at certain things differently. If we could talk it over—" The heavy door of glass and bronze swung open and Miss Eversleigh stepped into it.

"Please, not to-day!" said she, shaking her head again. "We might both say things we were sorry for. No, not to-day! To-morrow perhaps." And then before the door closed upon her she stated a somewhat important truth. She said:

"We've never really understood, you know. We speak different languages." The door swung silently shut, and Mr. Kent was left alone outside. He gave a sudden very bitter laugh which seemed to be wrenched from inner tortures, and so turned away down the street.

He walked for an hour in the Park, and then, returning to the Avenue, hailed an electric hansom and had himself driven to the Moldavia, where Jimmy Rogers's chambers were. The hall porter said that Mr. Rogers had come in some time ago, and Kent went up at once in the lift without waiting to have his name telephoned ahead of him. He thought it quite possible that Jimmy Rogers, if given the chance, would refuse to see him.

At the door above he was told that Mr. Rogers could see no one, but he pressed in past the man who would have barred his way, and Jimmy Rogers, gloomily curled up on a divan in the far corner of the room, rose to greet him. He looked apprehensive, not to say pained, but he tried to force his voice to its usual cheery tone—and, by the way, failed. He said:

"Oh, it's you, Coppy! Good! Glad to see you. I wasn't trying to keep you out—just people in general. Why didn't you send your name up? Might have surprised me in *flagrante delictu* (whatever that means) or something else embarrassing."

"I was afraid you wouldn't see me," said Kent. "And I've got to have ten minutes with you—alone. No—thanks! Nothing to drink. I'll have a cigarette if you don't mind."

Jimmy Rogers nodded to the man in the background, a door closed gently, and the two were left together.

Then Mr. Kent dropped into a chair with a little tired sigh. The light from a westward window fell across his face, and it was as if the man had risen from a sick bed to come there. It must have taken great suffering to make that appalling change all in an hour. Jimmy Rogers saw it and was amazed.

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"Two people," said Mr. Kent, heavily, "one of them the girl I—have hoped and expected to marry, and the other a man who has been my friend for a good many years—two people who mean—everything to me—everything, think I am a contemptible coward."

"Oh rot!" cried Jimmy Rogers, squirming unhappily among his cushions. "Oh, damn rot! Don't be a silly ass, Coppy!" he said. "And — and can't we leave—one of the two people out of it, anyhow?"

"If you like," said Mr. Kent. "Oh yes, if you like. Though this is not a time, I think, for fine distinctions of courtesy." But just here Jimmy Rogers seemed to have found his tongue.

"Hang it!" he cried. "Have I called you a coward? Has *anybody* called you a coward? You're off your head, Coppy. Don't you be an ass!" Mr. Kent shook the head that his friend had said he was off.

"Nobody has said anything," he answered. "It wasn't necessary." Abruptly he rose to his feet, that white, haggard face of his working.

"I'm beating about the bush," he said. "I'm wasting time. Let's have it straight out! An hour ago I refrained from putting my life in great danger to save the life of a man who was a stranger to me, who had no claim upon me, and who was a vagrant, a beggar—an utterly useless piece of social deadwood. My life is useful to my community, and if spared it will go on being more and more useful. It has its place in the machinery of this social fabric about us, it is of importance to a circle of friends; it is, on the professional side, a power (however feeble) for good—for the furtherance of law and order—for the progress of civilization. I have refused to imperil this useful life in an effort to save a life which was—so far as you or I could see—an altogether useless one; worse than that, one harmful to the community. I have used the ordinary common sense that we all apply to every other problem that we meet day by day, and because I have done so my world, embodied for the hour in you, my friend, and one other, shrinks from me and says I am a coward. Yes, shouts the word in my ears through its very silence."

His upraised hand dropped beside him and his voice dropped with it. He looked to Jimmy Rogers across the waning light of the room.

"Why?" he demanded. "Why? Why?"

"But I tell you, Coppy," said that exasperated gentleman, "I tell you again that nobody has called you a coward or ventured to sit in judgment on you. You've got a perfect right—"

"For God's sake," cried Mr. Kent, "have done with quibblings and excuses! Can't you and I speak naked truth to each other at such a time? I am being tried for my life in this room—for more than my life. Speak the truth if ever you were my friend." And Jimmy Rogers sank back among his cushions with a little sigh.

"Have the truth, then—so far as I know it!" said he. But words seemed to come to him with difficulty. He tried once and again to speak, and fell silent. At last he said:

"There's a line—somewhere in a book that's well thought of. I'm bad at quotation. I don't remember exactly how it goes, but it says in a general way: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his life for his friend.' And I take 'friend' to mean fellow human being or something like that. Like 'neighbor' or 'brother.' That sort of thing. It's—it seems to me to be a sort of moral law. Something inside you. It may be foolish, and I dare say it is. I dare say it couldn't stand up before argument. It doesn't stand up very well before the argument you've just used; but—well, to most people it's a sort of law, like not kicking a man when he's down, and like giving a weaker chap a leg up, and that sort of thing. D'you see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Mr. Kent, "I see what you mean, but I don't acknowledge its weight. It seems to me foolish."

"I told you," cried Jimmy Rogers, "that it couldn't stand up before argument. The things you feel seldom can."

"I could show you," said the other, "how foolish it is by reducing it to an absurdity, but why waste words over a fiction? These moral laws are romantically beautiful, but civilization cannot be conducted by them. If it were it would come to smash in a month. It is an

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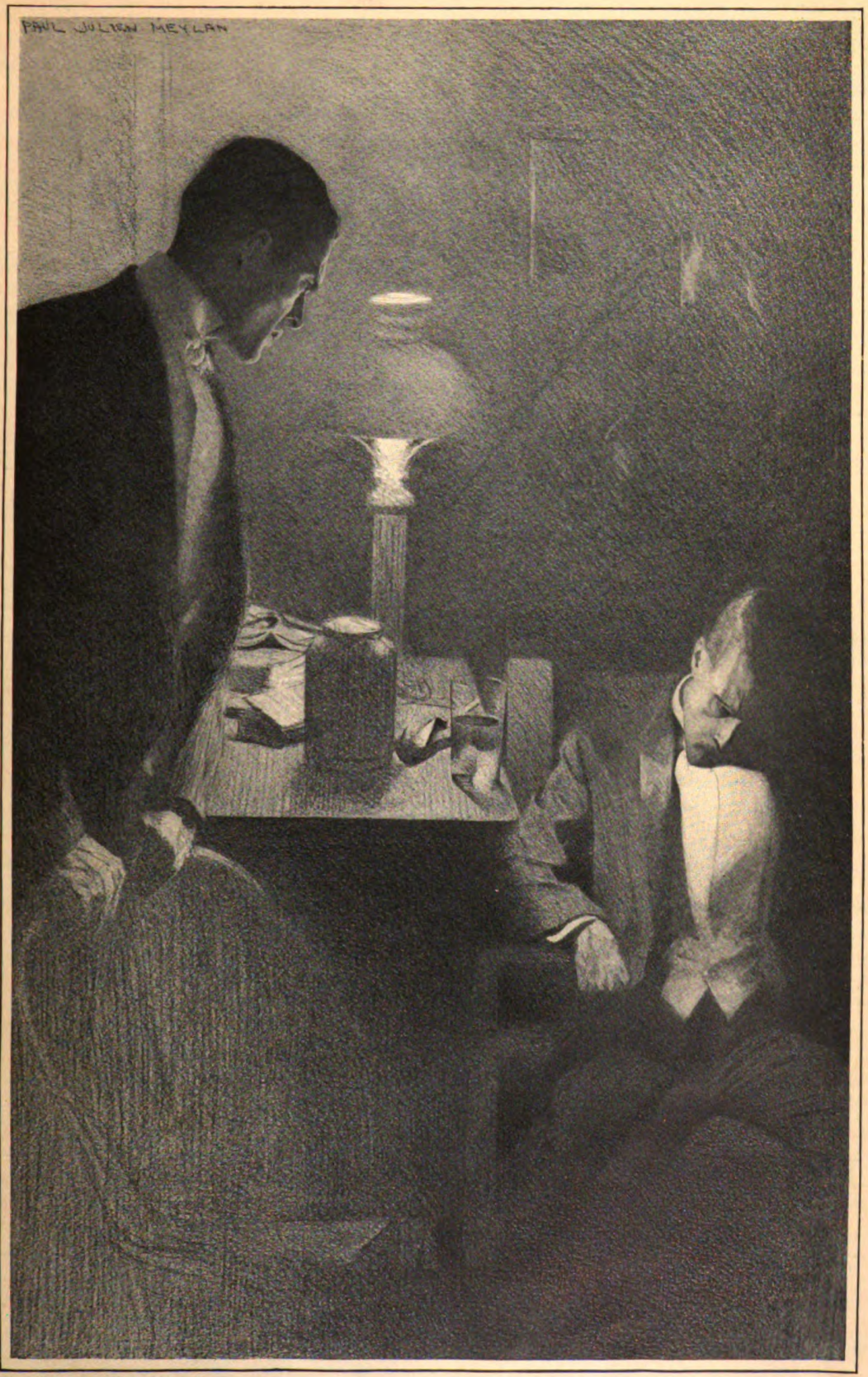


*Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan*

HE WAS INSULTING IN HIS EFFORTS TO ROUSE THE MAN

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old and trite saying that neither the affairs of a nation nor the affairs of a corner grocery could be run for a week on the principle of what is called the Golden Rule, but if the saying is trite it's also true. Most trite sayings are. That's merely a single example. The other things are like it. Is a general or a field-marshal expected to be on the firing line? Certainly not. He would be courtmartialled if he went there, because his life is too valuable to risk. Is a war minister expected to go to the front? No. He's too valuable where he is. Is a man with a family of children dependent upon him expected to risk his life for a stranger's life? No. Would it be right for him to do it? No again."

"But," interjected Jimmy Rogers, "if he should do it and succeed, governments and humane societies would pin medals on him. They wouldn't tell him he was a fool. And if a general should break away from his cozy corner and lead his men to an assault in person he'd get a V. C. for it, or something corresponding, and when he came home they'd make him ride under triumphal arches and eat a lot that he didn't want. In short, there is a premium put on that sort of thing."

"A premium," said Mr. Kent, hotly, "that has come down from semi-barbarism—from the time when public and military affairs were conducted by emotion and not by reason."

Jimmy Rogers sighed again.

"I told you it wouldn't stand reason," said he. "It's a feeling. Like wanting to be clean. You're right about it all. Nobody has said you weren't right. Of course you're right. And furthermore you're answerable to nobody but yourself.

"So why?" he asked, plaintively. "Why all this row over it? One man acts by feeling, another by reason. Each one has a right to do as he likes. So there you are, don't you see!" He smiled cheerfully at the man who stood before him. His manner seemed to indicate that the discussion was at an end, and Kent tried to smile back, but it was a poor smile, with no mirth in it.

"True!" he said, wearily. "True enough." It was as if he answered the other's bearing rather than his words.

"It's no good talking," he said. "So I'll bore you no longer. It was—just that I had to explain. That's why I fought my way in here. I had to explain that I wasn't in the ordinary sense a coward."

"Oh Lord, no!" said Jimmy Rogers with a greatly exaggerated heartiness. "Lord, no! That's well enough understood."

"Is it?" said Miss Eversleigh's *fiancé* half under his breath. He turned, looking for his hat and stick, and when he had found them nodded and said:

"I must be off now. Thanks for listening to me. Thanks very much."

He went out, and it occurred to the other that he went like an old man, bent over and faltering a little.

Thereafter Jimmy Rogers stood beside a window for a long time quite still, frowning out into the dusk.

It was about a week later that Jimmy Rogers happened upon Miss Eversleigh at dinner, at the house of some people called Bettington. All through the meal he watched the girl, who sat opposite to him, and thought how ill and strained she looked; and afterwards, when the men were making their reluctant way back to the drawing-room, she seized upon him before he could be captured by his hostess. She said:

"They want you to play bridge, Jimmy. Please don't play! I must talk to you for a little while—if you don't mind, that is."

So Jimmy Rogers, ardently cursing Mr. Copley Kent within himself, went across the room with Mr. Kent's *fiancée*, and found a secluded corner where the two were out of earshot of the rest of the party. They sat down upon a seat which was there, and the girl turned tragic eyes upon him. She said:

"Jimmy dear, I'm going to talk about the sort of thing that isn't generally talked about; but you and I have known each other since we were little children, and I have no one else to go to. And besides, you're his friend."

"Oh, Coppy Kent's!" said he, uncomfortably.

"Yes, Coppy's," she said. "Please tell me very honestly what you think about it, Jimmy."

Jimmy Rogers scowled at her.



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"Have you and he talked it over?" he demanded.

"Oh yes," she said, wearily. "We've talked. At least Coppy has. Yes, a great deal—until I'm quite bewildered. I don't know what to think."

"There's nothing to think about," said he, "except that Coppy was quite right. His life's too valuable to be risked. He was quite right." He fished hastily in his memory for some of Kent's arguments and adduced them.

"You can't find any answer to that!" he concluded, somewhat flushed by his effort, but conscious that he had made out an excellent case.

Miss Eversleigh looked miserably up at him.

"No," said she. "I can't. I couldn't find any answer to it when Coppy said it first. And I can't now. But—"

She wrung her hands together before her.

"Oh, Jimmy dear," she cried, "something inside me shrinks from it and hates it so! Of course it's right and—and sensible and all that. Like not giving money to hungry beggars in the street, but— Oh, I wish I could *feel* that it's right!" And to that poor Jimmy Rogers could say nothing. It seemed to him that there was nothing more to be said.

In the days that followed he saw nothing of either of his two friends. He wondered a little why Miss Eversleigh appeared at none of the houses he frequented, and at last asked some one the reason, to be told that she was in the country repairing her constitution. It was less strange to miss Copley Kent, for that hard-working gentleman went out only by fits and starts. But he heard about him two or three times in the course of the fortnight. It appeared that his associates in a new and very important case at law which was soon to be tried were much alarmed over the state of his health. The bounce seemed to have gone out of him, one of them said. He worked, but he worked without keenness. And this man tried to find out from Jimmy Rogers if Kent had private worries.

"He acts as if he had something on his mind," said his brother lawyer. "He'd better get it off before this case comes up. It won't do for him to go to smash on this. It won't do at all."

Then, one evening, the two met again, rather oddly. Jimmy Rogers had been dining at a certain house which chanced to be not far above the Eversleigh's. They played for a while after dinner, and so it was nearly twelve when he came alone out into the street and started to walk down. He crossed to the Park side because it was pleasanter to walk there, but had gone only a little way when he saw a man loitering about on the broad foot pavement, and, it seemed, watching the windows of the house across the street—the Eversleigh's house. The man seemed to be in evening clothes, for he had on a top hat and white gloves; and because of this, because he wondered why a respectably dressed man should be watching a house at night like a prospective thief, Jimmy Rogers stared curiously at him as he passed, and then turned and spoke, for the man was Copley Kent.

Kent at once began hastily, and with obvious embarrassment, to explain his presence there, saying that he had taken a legal worry out into the night air, as he often did, in the hope of solving it. But Jimmy Rogers linked his arm in that of the other man and bore him off to the Moldavia.

"A bracer and a smoke will do more for you than night air, Coppy," said he, and Kent followed him without protest.

Deprived of hat and overcoat, and thrust into a big stuffed chair, with a glass in his hand and smoking things beside him, he laid back his head and closed his eyes. His face was as white as paper, and new deep lines had come there. Jimmy Rogers frowned at him from the hearth rug and wished with all his strength that a certain intrusive beggar he knew of had never been born.

"Coppy," he said at last, "you're making a monumental and God forsaken idiot of yourself over a trifle. Why can't you let it alone? Why, in Heaven's name?"

"Why can't it let *me* alone?" said Copley Kent, opening his weary eyes. "Why must it come between me and everything I care for? Why must it poison the whole world for me?"

"Oh — fudge!" said Jimmy Rogers, violently. "You make me want to beat you. You talk like a silly nervous

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woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Do you know what it is," asked the other man, "to be conscious that the woman you love and hope to marry and the man whose friendship you value most of all your friendships both regard you as a despicable coward? Do you know what it is to be conscious that every other friend you have would regard you so if he knew what those two know? Do you? Do you know what it is to lose the woman you—you—love?"

Jimmy Rogers broke in upon him sharply.

"Do you mean to say she has thrown you over?" he cried.

"No," said the other man, looking up at him. "Oh no, she hasn't done that. She pretends to agree with me about it all. She pretends to think I was quite right. She works very hard—pathetically hard—to make believe that everything is just as it was before, but—the soul has gone out of it. It's done with. I know well enough what she truly thinks of me. One day soon I shall write to her and ask her to break off the engagement. It's the only way."

Jimmy Rogers would have spoken again, but Kent held up a hand to check him.

"Yesterday," said he, "I went to see a very old friend of mine. He is older than we are, and he has lived in many countries, and he is not an emotional man. I told him exactly what had happened and asked him his opinion about it. He assured me heartily, very heartily, that I had done right, that I would have been a sentimental madman to act otherwise, and I am sure he did not know that his face all the while was full of dismay. When I left him he shook my hand exactly as he would have done if I were on my way to be hanged as a spy or a traitor. He shrank from me."

Kent sprang to his feet, with his face white and quivering.

"My world has cast me out!" he cried. "It has called me unclean and cast me out.

"And yet," he said, in a sudden and bitter agony, "I was right—right—right! I am damned utterly because I have behaved as a man of common sense instead of as a foolish sentimentalist; because I have tried to remain useful to my community instead of throwing myself away in a burst of cheap heroism.

"It is unjust!" he said. "The world is hideously unjust." (He seemed to be making a quite novel discovery and to be aghast over it.) "But the world is great and I am small. It is too much for me."

He dropped back into his chair, saying once more that it was too much for him. And thereafter a sort of heavy apathy seemed to fall upon him, and he spoke no more. Jimmy Rogers attacked him with violence, pointing out, quite reasonably, that, in allowing this trifle to become to him such an obsession, he was giving his friends much more pain than he could ever do by refusing to risk his life for beggars. He became quite insulting, Jimmy Rogers did, in his efforts to rouse the man, but Kent would not be roused. His sensitive soul had been too badly shaken. He could see nothing but the face of his trouble, and he bent before it as before a storm which was—to use his own phrase—too much for him.

And then within a week of this came the end of the whole matter—an end natural enough and logical, when you consider the state of poor Kent's distracted mind.

But it was defeat for him! Defeat indeed!

Jimmy Rogers was called to the telephone late one afternoon, and there, by an agitated and stammering voice, besought to come at once to a certain hospital. Reiterated questionings brought out the fact that the stammering voice belonged to a very young man whom he knew slightly, that Copley Kent had met with a serious accident, and that Jimmy Rogers's name had occurred to the very young man as a friend of Mr. Kent's.

By good chance his motor was at the door, for he had meant to go out in it, and he reached the hospital in twenty minutes. The very young man met him there, white faced and shivering. It was hard for him to tell his story with clearness.

"I met him in a glove shop," he said. "He'd gone there to buy gloves, and I had, too, and so we went out together,

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and started to walk up the street—I mean to say we started to walk up the Avenue." The young man grasped Jimmy Rogers's arm and shook it. He said:

"There wasn't a chance, you know. He never had a chance with all that traffic about. I didn't know what he was doing. I was looking in a shop window where there was a picture—one of those picture shop windows—*you* know—and all at once I heard a scream from the street somewhere, and I heard Mr. Kent cry out:

"'My chance, *my* chance!' just as if he was afraid somebody 'd take it away from him, whatever it was; and when I'd got turned round he was out in the street—I couldn't see him at first. And then everybody began to shout, and some women screamed, and it was all done."

The young man began a sort of whimpering sob, for he was badly unnerved.

"I tell you," he cried, "he hadn't a chance! The street was full of traffic. It was a child, you know. It had broken away from its mother or its nurse or whatever had it, and was trying to run across the street with all those motors and wagons and things there."

"And they were both run down?" asked Jimmy Rogers, when he could force words to his dry lips.

"Good God, yes!" said the lad. "I tell you they hadn't a chance. He must have been insane—absolutely insane."

A hospital attendant touched Jimmy Rogers on the arm, and he turned blindly and followed the man in through long corridors which were full of a faint strange odor. In the room where the attendant led him, a surgeon and two nurses bent over something which lay still. The surgeon turned at the sound of steps and came a little way across the room.

Jimmy Rogers said:

"I am a friend of Mr. Kent's. Is he alive?"

"He's going now," said the surgeon. "There's nothing can be done for him." And Jimmy Rogers moved over beside the broken body of Copley Kent.

The man's face was unmarred, but it was yellow white—already like a dead face—and the eyes burnt from it, strangely dark and brilliant. They looked up to the newcomer and seemed to recognize him, for a momentary distortion passed over the still face. It would seem to have been meant for a smile. Then Copley Kent spoke. He said in a perfectly distinct whisper:

"It was too—much for me." And his head fell awry, and he died.

Jimmy Rogers turned to leave the room, groping before him with his hands. But the very young man who had summoned him there pulled at his sleeve.

"What are you going to do?" the young man asked, nervously. "Where are you going?"

It was not Jimmy Rogers's way to use melodramatic speech, but he was badly shaken, and the words said themselves. He said:

"I'm going to break somebody's heart. I'm going to take the news to the girl who helped me kill him."

And the young man stared after him, bewildered, as he went out of the room, faltering in his steps, his hands pressed over his face.

# Umbra

*BY BRIAN HOOKER*

IN the night, the heart
Feels the breath of things,—
Gathers sweet or smart
Where the eyes are blind,
Where no echo clings.
In the day, the mind—
In the night, the heart!

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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER XI

"HER ladyship will be here directly, sir."

Lady Lucy's immaculate butler opened the door of her drawing-room in Eaton Square, ushered in Sir James Chide, noiselessly crossed the room to see to the fire, and then as noiselessly withdrew.

"Impossible that any one should be as respectable as that man looks!" thought Sir James, impatiently. He walked forward to the fire, warmed hands and feet chilled by a nipping east wind; and then, with his back to the warmth, he examined the room.

It was very characteristic of its mistress. At Tallyn, Henry Markham had worked his will; here, in this house taken since his death, it was the will and taste of his widow which had prevailed. A gray paper with a small gold sprig upon it, sofas and chairs not too luxurious, a Brussels carpet, dark and unobtrusive, and chintz curtains; on the walls, drawings by David Cox, Copley Fielding, and De Wint; a few books with Mudie labels; costly photographs of friends and relations, especially of the relations' babies; on one table, and under a glass case, a model in pith of Lincoln Cathedral, made by Lady Lucy's uncle, who had been a Canon of Lincoln; on another a set of fine carved chessmen; such was the furniture of the room. It expressed—and with emphasis—the tastes and likings of that section of English society in which, firmly based as it is upon an ample supply of all material goods, a seemly and intelligent interest in things ideal and spiritual is also to be found. Everything in the room was in its place; and had been in its place for years. Sir James got no help from the contemplation of it.

The door opened, and Lady Lucy came quietly in. Sir James looked at her sharply, as they shook hands. She had more color than usual; but the result was to make the face look older, and certain lines in it disagreeably prominent. Very likely she had been crying. He hoped she had.

"Oliver told you to expect me?"

She assented. Then, still standing, she looked at him steadily.

"This is a very terrible affair, Sir James."

"Yes. It must have been a great shock to you."

"Oh! that does not matter," she said, impatiently—"I must not think of myself. I must think of Oliver. Will you sit down?"

She motioned him, in her stately way, to a seat. He realized, as he faced her, that he beheld her in a new aspect. She was no longer the gracious and smiling hostess, as her familiar friends knew her, both at Tallyn and in London. Her manner threw a sudden light on certain features in her history:—Markham's continued dependence on his mother, and inadequate allowance, the autocratic ability shown in the management of the Tallyn household and estates, management in which Markham was allowed practically no share at all, and other traits and facts long known to him. The gentle, scrupulous, composed woman of every day had vanished in something far more vigorously drawn; he felt himself confronted by a personality as strong as and probably more stubborn than his own.

Lady Lucy seated herself. She quietly arranged the folds of her black satin dress; she drew forward a stool and rested her feet upon it. Sir James watched her, uncertain how to begin. But she saved him the decision.

"I have had a painful interview with my son," she said, quietly. "It could not be otherwise; and I can only hope

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that in a little while he will do me justice. Oliver will join us presently. And now,—first, Sir James, let me ask you—you really believe that Miss Mallory has been till now in ignorance of her mother's history?"

Sir James started.

"Good heavens, Lady Lucy!—Can you—do you—suppose anything else?"

Lady Lucy paused before replying.

"I cannot suppose it—since both you and my son—and Mr. Ferrier—have so high an opinion of her. But it is a strange and mysterious thing that she should have remained in this complete ignorance all these years,—and a cruel thing, of course — to everybody concerned."

Sir James nodded.

"I agree. It was a cruel thing; though it was done no doubt from the tenderest motives. The suffering was bound to be not less but more, sooner or later."

"Miss Mallory is very greatly to be pitied. But it is of course clear that my son proposed to her, not knowing what it was essential that he should know."

Sir James paused.

"We are old friends, Lady Lucy,—you and I," he said at last, with deliberation, and as he spoke he bent forward and took her hand; "I am sure you will let me ask you a few questions."

Lady Lucy made no reply. Her hand—without any movement of withdrawal or rebuff—gently dropped from his.

"You have been, I think, much attracted by Miss Mallory herself?"

"Very much attracted. Up to this morning I thought that she would make an excellent wife for Oliver. But I have been acting, of course, throughout under a false impression."

"Is it your feeling that to marry her would injure Oliver's career?"

"Certainly. But that is not what weighs with me most heavily."

"I did not for a moment believe that it would. However, let us take the career first. This is how I look at it. If the marriage went forward, there would no doubt be some scandal and excitement at first, when the truth was known. But Oliver's personality, and the girl's charm, would soon live it down. In this strange world, I am not at all sure it might not in the end help their future. Oliver would be thought to have done a generous and romantic thing; and his wife's goodness and beauty would be all the more appreciated for the background of tragedy."

Lady Lucy moved impatiently.

"Sir James—I am a plain person, with plain ideas. The case would present itself to me very differently; and I believe that my view would be that of the ordinary man and woman. However, I repeat, that is not what I think of first,—by any means."

"You think of the criminal taint?—the risk to Oliver—and to Oliver's children?"

She made a sign of assent.

"Character — and the protection of character—is not that what we have to think of—above all—in this world of temptation? We can none of us afford to throw away the ordinary helps and safeguards. How can I possibly aid and abet Oliver's marriage with the daughter of a woman who first robbed her own young sister, in a peculiarly mean and cruel way, and then committed a deliberate and treacherous murder!"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Sir James, sharply, holding up his hand. "Those adjectives, believe me, are unjust."

"I know that you think so," was the animated reply. "But I remember the case; I have my own opinion."

"They are unjust," repeated Sir James, with emphasis. "Then it is really the horror of the thing itself—not so much its possible effect on social position and opinion—which decides you?"

"I ask myself—I must ask myself," said his companion, with equal emphasis, forcing the words—"can I help Oliver to marry the daughter—of a convicted murderess—and adulteress?"

"No!" said Sir James, holding up his hand again—"*No!*"

Lady Lucy fell back in her chair. Her unwonted color had disappeared, and the old hand lying in her lap—a hand thin to emaciation—shook a little.

"Is not this too painful for us both, Sir James?—can we continue it? I have my duty to think of; and yet—I cannot, naturally, speak to you with entire frank-

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ness. Nor can I possibly regard your view as an impartial one. Forgive me. I should not have dreamt of referring to the matter, in any other circumstances."

"Certainly, I am not impartial," said Sir James, looking up. "You know that, of course, well enough."

He spoke in a strong full voice. Lady Lucy encountered a singular vivacity in the blue eyes, as though the whole power of the man's personality backed the words.

"Believe me," she said, with dignity, and not without kindness, "it is not I who would revive such memories."

Sir James nodded quietly.

"I am not impartial; but I am well informed. It was my view which affected the judge, and ultimately the Home Office. And since the trial,—in quite recent years,—I have received a strange confirmation of it which has never been made public. Did Oliver report this to you?"

"He told me certain facts," said Lady Lucy, unwillingly; "but I did not see that they made much difference."

"Perhaps he did not give them the right emphasis," said Sir James, calmly. "Will you allow *me* to tell you the whole story?—as it appears to me."

Lady Lucy looked distressed.

"Is it worth while," she said, earnestly, "to give yourself so much pain? I cannot imagine that it could alter the view I take of my duty."

Sir James flushed, and sternly straightened himself. It was a well known gesture, and ominous to many a prisoner in the dock.

"Worth while!" he said — "Worth while!—when your son's future may depend on the judgment you form."

The sharpness of his tone called the red also to Lady Lucy's cheek.

"Can anything that may be said now alter the irrevocable?" she asked, in protest.

"It cannot bring the dead to life; but if you are really more influenced in this matter by the heinousness of the crime itself, by the moral infection, so to speak —that may spring from any kinship with Juliet Sparling, or inheritance from her —than by any dread of social disgrace or disadvantage—if that be true!—then for Oliver's sake—for that poor child's sake—you *ought* to listen to me! There, I can meet you — there, I have much to say."

He looked at her earnestly. The slight, involuntary changes of expression in Lady Lucy, as he was speaking, made him say to himself, "She is *not* indifferent to the social stigma—she deceives herself!" But he made no sign of his perception; he held her to her word.

She paused, in evident hesitation, saying at last, with some coldness:

"If you wish it, Sir James, of course I am quite ready to listen. I desire to do nothing harshly."

"I will not keep you long."

Bending forward, his hands on his knees, his eyes upon the ground, he thought a moment. When he began to speak, it was in a quiet and perfectly colorless tone:

"I knew Juliet Wentworth first—when she was seventeen. I was on the Midland Circuit, and went down to the Milchester Assizes. Her father was High Sheriff, and asked me, with other barristers of the Circuit, not only to his official dinner in the county-town, but to luncheon at his house, a mile or two away. There I saw Miss Wentworth. She made a deep impression on me. After the Assizes were over, I stayed at her father's house and in the neighborhood. Within a month I proposed to her. She refused me. I merely mention these circumstances for the sake of reporting my first impressions of her character. She was very young, and of extraordinarily nervous and sensitive organization. She used to remind me of Horace's image of the young fawn trembling and starting in the mountain paths, at the rustling of a leaf or the movement of a lizard. I felt then that her life might very well be a tragedy, and I passionately desired to be able to protect and help her. However, she would have nothing to do with me; and after a little while I lost sight of her. I did happen to hear that her father, having lost his first wife, had married again, that the girl was not happy at home, and had gone off on a long visit to some friends in the United States. Then for years I heard nothing. One evening, about ten years after my first meeting with her, I read in the evening papers the accounts of a 'Supposed Mur-

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der at Brighton.' Next morning Riley and Bonner retained me for the defence. Mr. Riley came to see me, with Mr. Sparling, the husband of the incriminated lady, and it was in the course of my consultation with them that I learned who Mrs. Sparling was. I had to consider whether to take up the case or not; I saw at once it would be a fight for her life, and I accepted it."

"What a terrible—terrible—position!" murmured Lady Lucy, who was shading her eyes with her hand.

Sir James took no notice. His trained mind and sense were now wholly concerned with the presentation of his story.

"The main facts, as I see them, were these. Juliet Wentworth had married—four years before this date—a scholar and archæologist whom she had met at Harvard during her American stay. Mr. Sparling was an Englishman, and a man of some means, who was devoting himself to exploration in Asia Minor. The marriage was not really happy, though they were in love with each other. In both there was a temperament touched with melancholy, and a curious incapacity to accept the common facts of life. Both hated routine, and were always restless for new experience. Mrs. Sparling was brilliant in society. She was wonderfully handsome, in a small slight way; her face was not unlike Miss Curran's picture of Shelley—the same wildness and splendor in the eyes, the same delicacy of feature, the same slight excess of breadth across the cheek bones, and curly mass of hair. She was odd, passionate, eccentric,—yet always lovable and full of charm. He was a fine creature in many ways, but utterly unfit for practical life. His mind was always dreaming of buried treasure — the treasure of the archæologist: tombs, vases, gold ornaments, papyri—he had the passion of the excavator and explorer.

"They came back to England from America shortly after their marriage, and their child was born. The little girl was three years old, when Sparling went off to dig in a remote part of Asia Minor. His wife resented his going; but there is no doubt that she was still deeply in love with him. She herself took a little house at Brighton for the child's sake. Her small startling beauty soon made her remarked; and her acquaintances rapidly increased. She was too independent and unconventional to ask many questions about the people that amused her; she took them as they came—"

"Sir James!—dear Sir James!"—Lady Lucy raised a pair of imploring hands—"What good can it do that you should tell me all this? It shows that this poor creature had a wild, undisciplined character. Could any one ever doubt it?"

"Wild? undisciplined?" repeated Sir James. "Well!—if you think that you have disposed of the mystery of it by those adjectives! For me—looking back—she was what life, and temperament, and heredity had made her. Up to this point it was an innocent wildness. She could lose herself in art or music; she did often the most romantic and generous things; she adored her child; and but for some strange kink in the tie that bound them she would have adored her husband. Well!" — he shrugged his shoulders mournfully—"there it is:—she was alone—she was beautiful—she had no doubt a sense of being neglected—she was thirsting for some deeper draught of life than had yet been hers—and by the hideous irony of fate she found it—in gambling! — and in the friendship which ruined her!"

Sir James paused. Rising from his chair, he began to pace the large room. The immaculate butler came in, made up the fire, and placed the tea—domestic and comfortable rites, in grim contrast with the story that held the minds of Lady Lucy and her guest. She sat motionless meanwhile; the butler withdrew, and the tea remained untouched.

"—Sir Edward and Lady Wing—the two fiends who got possession of her—had been settled at Brighton for about a year. Their debts had obliged them to leave London, and they had not yet piled up a sufficient mountain of fresh ones to drive them out of Brighton. The man was the disreputable son of a rich and hard-working father, who, in the usual way, had damned his son by removing all incentives to work, and turning him loose with a pile of money. He had married an adventuress — a girl with a music-hall history, some beauty, plenty of vicious ability, and no more conscience than a stone. They were the

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE STARED OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE GARDEN FOR A FEW MOMENTS

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centre of a gambling and racing set; but Lady Wing was also a very fine musician, and it was through this talent of hers that she and Juliet Sparling became acquainted. They met first—at a charity concert! Mrs. Sparling had a fine voice, Lady Wing accompanied her. The Wings flattered her, and professed to adore her. Her absent whimsical character prevented her from understanding what kind of people they were; and in her great ignorance of the world, combined with her love of the romantic and the extreme, she took the persons who haunted their house for Bohemians, when she should have known them—the majority of them —for scoundrels. You will remember that baccarat was then the rage. The Wings played it incessantly, and were very skilful in the decoying and plunder of young men. Juliet Sparling was soon seized by the excitement of the game, and her beauty, her evident good breeding and good faith, were of considerable use to the Wings' *ménage*. Very soon she had lost all the money that her husband had left to her credit, and her bankers wrote to notify her that she was overdrawn. A sudden terror of Sparling's displeasure seized her; she sold a bracelet, and tried to win back what she had lost. The result was only fresh loss, and in a panic she played on and on, till one disastrous night,—she got up from the baccarat table heavily in debt to one or two persons, including Sir Francis Wing. With the morning came a letter from her husband, remonstrating in a rather sharp tone on what her own letters—and probably an account from some other source—had told him of her life at Brighton; insisting on the need for economy, owing to his own heavy expenses in the great excavation he was engaged upon, and expressing the rather peremptory hope that she would make the money he had left her last for another two months—"

Sir James lingered in his walk. He stared out of window at the square garden for a few moments, then turned to look frowning at his companion.

"Then came her temptation. Her father had died a year before, leaving her the trustee of her only sister, who was not yet of age. It had taken some little time to wind up his affairs; but on the day she received her husband's letter of remonstrance, six thousand pounds out of her father's estate was paid into her banking account. By this time she was in one of those states of excitement and unreasoning terror to which she had been liable from her childhood. She took the trust money in order to pay the debts, and then gambled again in order to replace the trust money. Her motive throughout was the motive of the hunted creature. She was afraid of confessing to her husband, especially by letter. She believed he would cast her off—and in her despair and remorse she clung to his affection, and to the hope of his coming home, as she had never yet done.

"In less than a month—in spite of ups and downs of fortune, probably skilfully contrived by Francis Wing and his accomplices—for there can be no question that the play was fraudulent—she had lost four thousand out of the six; and it is clear that more than once she thought of suicide as the only way out, and nothing but the remembrance of the child restrained her. By this time Francis Wing, who was a most handsome, well bred, and plausible villain, was desperately in love with her—if one can use the word love for such a passion. He began to lend her money in small sums. She was induced to look upon him as her only friend, and forced by the mere terror of the situation in which she found herself to propitiate and play him as best she might. One day, in an unguarded moment of remorse, she let him guess what had happened about the trust money. Thenceforward she was wholly in his power. He pressed his attentions upon her; and she, alternately civil and repellent, as her mood went, was regarded by some of the guests in the house as not unlikely to respond to them in the end. Meanwhile he had told his wife the secret of the trust money for his own purposes. Lady Wing, who was an extremely jealous woman, believed at this time that he was merely pretending a passion for Mrs. Sparling in order the more securely to plunder what still remained of the six thousand pounds. She therefore aided and abetted him; and *her* plan no doubt was to wait till they and their accomplices had absorbed the last



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of Mrs. Sparling's money, and then to make a midnight flitting, leaving their victim to her fate.

"The *dénouement,* however, came with frightful rapidity. The Wings had taken an old house at the back of the downs for the summer, no doubt to escape from some of the notoriety they had gained in Brighton. There—to her final ruin—Juliet Sparling was induced to join them, and gambling began again; she still desperately hoping to replace the trust money, and salving her conscience, as to her sister, by drawing for the time on sums lent her by Francis Wing. Here at last Lady Wing's suspicion was aroused, and Mrs. Sparling found herself between the hatred of the wife and the dishonorable passion of the husband. Yet to leave them would be the signal for exposure. For some time the presence of other guests protected her. Then the guests left, and one August night, after dinner, Francis Wing, who had drunk a great deal of champagne, made frantic love to her. She escaped from him with difficulty, in a passion of loathing and terror, and rushed indoors, where she found Lady Wing in the gallery of the old house, on the first floor, walking up and down in a jealous fury. Juliet Sparling burst in upon her with the reproaches of a woman driven to bay, threatening to go at once to her husband and make a clean breast of the whole history of their miserable acquaintance. She was practically beside herself,—already, as the sequel showed, mortally ill, worn out by remorse and sleeplessness, and quivering under the insult which had been offered her. Lady Wing recovered her own self-possession under the stimulus of Juliet's breakdown. She taunted her in the cruelest way, accused her of being the temptress in the case of Sir Francis, and of simulating a hypocritical indignation in order to save herself with her husband, and finally charged her with the robbery of her sister's money, declaring that as soon as daylight came she would take steps to set the criminal law in motion, and so protect both herself and her husband from any charge such a woman might bring against them. The threat, of course, was mere bluff. But Mrs. Sparling in her frenzy and her ignorance took it for truth. Finally, the fierce creature came up to her, snatching at a brooch in the bosom of her dress, and crying out in the vilest language that it was Sir Francis's gift. Juliet, pushed up against the panelling of the gallery, caught at a dagger belonging to a trophy of Eastern arms displayed on the wall, close to her hand, and struck wildly at her tormentor. The dagger pierced Lady Wing's left breast,—she was in evening dress and *décolletée;* it penetrated to the heart, and she fell dead at Juliet's feet as her husband entered the gallery. Juliet dropped the dagger, and as Sir Francis rushed to his wife, she fled shrieking up the stairs—her white dress covered with blood—to her own room, falling unconscious before she reached it. She was carried to her room by the servants,—the police were sent for—and the rest—or most of the rest—you know."

Sir James ceased speaking. A heavy silence possessed the room.

Sir James walked quickly up to his companion.

"Now I ask you to notice two points in the story as I have told it. My cross-examination of Wing served its purpose as an exposure of the man,—except in one direction. He swore that Mrs. Sparling had made dishonorable advances to him, and had finally become his mistress, in order to buy his silence on the trust money and the continuance of his financial help. On the other hand, the case for the defence was that—as I have stated—it was in the maddened state of feeling, provoked by his attack upon her honor, and made intolerable by the wife's taunts and threats, that Juliet Sparling struck the fatal blow. At the trial the judge believed me; the jury—and a large part of the public—you, I have no doubt, amongst them,—believed Wing. The jury were probably influenced by some of the evidence given by the fellow guests in the house, which seemed to me simply to amount to this—that a woman in the strait in which Juliet Sparling was, will endeavor out of mortal fear to keep the ruffian who has her in his power in a good humor. However, I have now confirmatory evidence for my theory of the matter—evidence which has never been produced—and which I tell you now simply because the happiness of her child—and of your son—is at stake."

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Lady Lucy moved a little. The color returned to her cheeks. Sir James, however, gave her no time to interrupt. He stood before her, smiting one hand sharply against another, to emphasize his words, as he continued:

"Francis Wing lived for some eighteen years after Mrs. Sparling's death. Then, just as the police were at last on his track as the avengers of a long series of frauds, he died at Antwerp in extreme poverty and degradation. The day before he died he dictated a letter to me, which reached me, through a priest, twenty-four hours after his death. For his son's sake, he invited me to regard it as confidential. If Mrs. Sparling had been alive, I should of course have taken no notice of the request. But she had been dead for eighteen years; I had lost sight completely of Sparling and the child, and, curiously enough, I knew something of Wing's son. He was about ten years old at the death of his mother, and was then rescued from his father by the Wing kindred, and decently brought up. At the time the letter reached me he was a promising young man of eight-and-twenty; he had just been called to the Bar, and he was in the chambers of a friend of mine. By publishing Wing's confession I could do no good to the dead, and I might harm the living. So I held my tongue. Whether, now, I should still hold it, is no doubt a question.

"However, to go back to the statement. Wing declared to me in this letter that Juliet Sparling's relation to him had been absolutely innocent, that he had persecuted her with his suit, and she had never given him a friendly word, except out of fear. On the fatal evening he had driven her out of her mind, he said, by his behavior in the garden; she was not answerable for her actions; and his evidence at the trial was merely dictated either by the desire to make his own case look less black, or by the fiendish wish to punish Juliet Sparling for her loathing of him.

"But he confessed something else!—more important still. I must go back a little. You will remember my version of the dagger incident? I represented Mrs. Sparling as finding the dagger on the wall as she was pushed or dragged up against the panelling by her antagonist—as it were under her hand. Wing swore at the trial that the dagger was not there, and had never been there. The house belonged to an old traveller and sportsman who had brought home arms of different sorts from all parts of the world. The house was full of them. There were two collections of them on the wall of the dining-room, one in the hall, and one or two in the gallery. Wing declared that the dagger used was taken by Juliet Sparling from the hall trophy, and must have been carried upstairs with a deliberate purpose of murder. According to him, their quarrel in the garden had been a quarrel about money matters, and Mrs. Sparling had left him in great excitement, convinced that the chief obstacle in the way of her complete control of Wing and his money lay in the wife. There again—as to the weapon—I had no means of refuting him. As far as the appearance—after the murder—of the racks holding the arms was concerned, the weapon might have been taken from either place. And again—on the whole—the jury believed Wing. The robbery of the sister's money—the incredible rapidity of Juliet Sparling's deterioration—had set them against her. Her wild beauty, her proud and dumb misery in the dock, were of a kind rather to alienate the plain man than to move him. They believed her capable of anything—and it was natural enough.

"But Wing confessed to me that he knew perfectly well that the dagger belonged to the stand in the gallery. He had often examined the arms there, and was quite certain of the fact. He swore this to the priest. Here again you can only explain his evidence by a desire for revenge."

Sir James paused. As he moved a little away from his companion, his expression altered. It was as though he put from him the external incidents and considerations with which he had been dealing, and the vivacity of manner which fitted them. Feelings and forces of another kind emerged, clothing themselves in the beauty of an incomparable voice, and in an aspect of humane and melancholy dignity.

He turned to Lady Lucy.

"Now then," he said, gently, "I am in a position to put the matter to you

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finally, as—before God—it appears to me. Juliet Sparling, as I said to Oliver last night, was not a bad woman! She sinned deeply; but she was never false to her husband in thought or deed; none of her wrongdoing was deliberate; she was tortured by remorse; and her murderous act was the impulse of a moment, and partly in self-defence. It was wholly unpremeditated; and it killed her no less than her victim. When next day she was removed by the police, she was already a dying woman. I have in my possession a letter—written to me by her—after her release, in view of her impending death, by the order of the Home Office,—a few days before she died. It is humble, — it is heartrending, — it breathes the sincerity of one who had turned all her thoughts from earth; but it thanked me for having read her aright; and if ever I could have felt a doubt of my own interpretation of the case—but, thank God, I never did!—that letter would have shamed it out of me! Poor soul, poor soul!—She sinned, and she suffered,—agonies, beyond any penalty of man's inflicting. Will you prolong her punishment in her child?"

Lady Lucy had covered her face with her hand. He saw her breath flutter in her breast. And sitting down beside her, blanched by the effort he had made and by the emotion he had at last permitted himself, yet fixing his blue eyes steadily on the woman before him, he waited for her reply.

## CHAPTER XII

LADY LUCY did not reply at once. She slowly drew forward the neglected tea table, made tea, and offered it to Sir James. He took it impatiently, the Irish blood in him running hot and fast; and when she had finished her cup, and still the silence lasted, except for the trivial question and answer of the tea-making, he broke in upon it with a somewhat peremptory—

"Well?"

Lady Lucy clasped her hands on her lap. The hand which had been so far bare was now gloved like the other; and something in the spectacle of the long fingers, calmly interlocked, and clad in spotless white kid, increased the secret exasperation in her companion.

"Believe me, dear Sir James," she said at last, lifting her clear brown eyes, "I am very grateful to you. It must have been a great effort for you to tell me this awful story; and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me."

Sir James pushed his chair back.

"I did it of course for a special reason," he said, sharply. "I hope I have given you cause to change your mind."

She shook her head slowly.

"What have you proved to me? That Mrs. Sparling's crime was not so hideous as some of us supposed?—that she did not fall to the lowest depths of all?—and that she endured great provocation? But could anything, really, be more vile than the history of those weeks of excitement and fraud?—of base yielding to temptation—of cruelty to her husband and child?—even as you have told it. Her conduct led directly to adultery and violence. If, by God's mercy, she was saved from the worst crimes imputed to her, does it make much difference to the moral judgment we must form?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"No difference!—between murder and a kind of accident?—between adultery—and fidelity?"

Lady Lucy hesitated,—then resumed with stubbornness: "You put it—like an advocate. But look at the indelible facts—look at the future. If my son married the daughter of such a woman and had children, what must happen? First of all, could he, could any one, be free from the dread of inherited lawlessness and passion? A woman does not gamble, steal, and take life in a moment of violence, without some exceptional flaw in temperament and will; and we see again and again how such flaws reappear in the descendants of weak and wicked people. Then again—Oliver must renounce and throw away all that is implied in family memories and traditions. His wife could never speak to her children and his of her own mother and bringing up. They would be kept in ignorance, as she herself was kept, till the time came that they must know. Say what you will, Juliet Sparling was condemned to death for murder in a notorious case,—after a trial which also branded her as a thief.

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Think of a boy at Eton or Oxford—a girl in her first youth—hearing for the first time—perhaps in some casual way—the story of the woman whose blood ran in theirs! What a cloud on a family!—what a danger and drawback for young lives!"

Her delicate features, under the crown of white hair, were once more flooded with color, and the passion in her eyes held them steady under Sir James's penetrating look. Through his inner mind there ran the cry: "Pharisee!—Hypocrite!"

But he fought on.

"Lady Lucy!—your son loves this girl—remember that! And in herself you admit that she is blameless—all that you could desire for his wife,—remember that also."

"I remember both. But I was brought up by people who never admitted that any feeling was beyond our control, or ought to be indulged,—against right and reason."

"Supposing Oliver entirely declines to take your view?—supposing he marries Miss Mallory?"

"He will not break my heart," she said, drawing a quicker breath. "He will get over it."

"But if he persists?"

"He must take the consequences. I cannot aid and abet him."

"And the girl herself? She has accepted him. She is young, innocent, full of tender and sensitive feeling. Is it possible that you should not weigh her claim against your fears and scruples?"

"I feel for her most sincerely."

Sir James suddenly threw out a restless foot, which caught Lady Lucy's fox-terrier, who was snoozing under the tea table. He hastily apologized, and the speaker resumed:

"But in my opinion she would do a far nobler thing if she regarded herself as bound to some extent to bear her mother's burden,—to pay her mother's debt to society. It may sound harsh—but is it? Is a dedicated life necessarily an unhappy life? Would not everybody respect and revere her? She would sacrifice herself, as the Sister of Mercy does, or the missionary,—and she would find her reward. But to enter a family with an unstained record, bearing with her such a name and such associations, would be in my opinion a wrong and selfish act!"

Lady Lucy drew herself to her full height. In the dusk of the declining afternoon, the black satin and white ruffles of her dress, her white head in its lace cap, her thin neck and shoulders, her tall slenderness, and the rigidity of her attitude, made a formidable study in personality. Sir James's whole soul rose in one scornful and indignant protest. But he felt himself beaten. The only hope lay in Oliver himself.

He rose slowly from his chair.

"It is useless, I see, to try and argue the matter further. But I warn you—I do not believe that Oliver will obey you, and—forgive me, Lady Lucy!—but—frankly—I hope he will not. Nor will he suffer too severely, even if you, his mother, desert him. Miss Mallory has some fortune—"

"Oliver will not live upon his wife!"

"He may accept her aid till he has found some way of earning money. What amazes me—if you will allow me the liberty of an old friend—is that you should think a woman justified in coercing a son of mature age in such a matter!"

His tone, his manner, pierced Lady Lucy's pride. She threw back her head nervously, but her tone was calm.

"A woman to whom property has been entrusted must do her best to see that the will and desires of those who placed it in her hands are carried out?"

"Well, well!"—Sir James looked for his stick—"I am sorry for Oliver,—but"—he straightened himself—"it will make a bigger man of him."

Lady Lucy made no reply, but her expression was eloquent of a patience which her old friend might abuse if he would.

"Does Ferrier know? Have you consulted him?" asked Sir James, turning abruptly.

"He will be here, I think, this afternoon,—as usual," said Lady Lucy, evasively. "And of course he must know what concerns us so deeply."

As she spoke, the door bell was heard.

"That is probably he." She looked at her companion uncertainly. "Don't go, Sir James,—unless you are really in a hurry."

The invitation was not urgent; but Sir James stayed all the same. Ferrier was

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a man so interesting to his friends that no judgment of his could be indifferent to them. Moreover, there was a certain angry curiosity as to how far Lady Lucy's influence would affect him. Chide took inward note of the fact that his speculation took this form, and not another. Oh! the hypocritical obstinacy of decent women!—the lack in them of heart, of generosity, of imagination!

The door opened, and Ferrier entered, with Markham and the butler behind him. Mr. Ferrier, in his London frock coat, appeared rounder and heavier than ever, but for the contradictory vigor and lightness of his step, the shrewd cheerfulness of the eyes. It had been a hard week in Parliament, however, and his features and complexion showed signs of overwork and short sleep.

For a few minutes, while tea was renewed and the curtains closed, he maintained a pleasant chat with Lady Lucy, while the other two looked at each other in silence.

But when the servant had gone, Ferrier put down his cup unfinished. "I am very sorry for you both," he said, gravely, looking from Lady Lucy to her son; "I need not say your letter this morning took me wholly by surprise. I have since been doing my best to think of a way out."

There was a short pause—broken by Markham, who was sitting a little apart from the others, restlessly fingering a paper-knife.

"If you could persuade my mother to take a kind and reasonable view," he said, abruptly, "that is really the only way out."

Lady Lucy stiffened under the attack. Drawn on by Ferrier's interrogative glance, she quietly repeated, with more detail, and even greater austerity, the arguments and considerations she had made use of in her wrestle with Sir James. Chide clearly perceived that her opposition was hardening with every successive explanation of it. What had been at first no doubt an instinctive recoil was now being converted into a plausible and reasoned case, and the oftener she repeated it, the stronger would she become on her side, and the more in love with her own contentions.

Ferrier listened attentively, took note of what she reported as to Sir James's fresh evidence, and when she ceased, called to Chide to explain. Chide's second defence of Juliet Sparling, as given to a fellow lawyer, was a remarkable piece of technical statement, admirably arranged, and unmarked by any trace of the personal feeling he had not been able to hide from Lady Lucy.

"Most interesting—most interesting," murmured Ferrier, as the story came to an end. "A tragic and memorable case."

He pondered a little, his eyes on the carpet, while the others waited. Then he turned to Lady Lucy and took her hand.

"Dear lady!" he said, gently, "I think —you ought to give way!"

Lady Lucy's face quivered a little. She decidedly withdrew her hand.

"I am sorry you are both against me," she said, looking from one to the other. "I am sorry you help Oliver to think unkindly of me. But if I must stand alone, I must. I cannot give way."

Ferrier raised his eyebrows with a little perplexed look. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he went to stand by the fire, staring down into it a minute or two as though the flames might bring counsel.

"Miss Mallory is still ignorant, Oliver, —is that so?" he said at last.

"Entirely. But it is not possible she should continue to be so. She has begun to make inquiries, and I agree with Sir James it is right she should be told—"

"I propose to go down to Beechcote to-morrow," put in Sir James.

"Have you any idea what view Miss Mallory would be likely to take of the matter—as affecting her engagement?"

"She could have no view that was not unselfish and noble—like herself," said Markham, hotly. "What has that to do with it?"

"She might release you," was Ferrier's slow reply.

Markham flushed.

"And you think I should be such a hound as to let her!"

Sir James only just prevented himself from throwing a triumphant look at his hostess.

"You will of course inform her of your mother's opposition?" said Ferrier.

"It will be impossible to keep it from her."

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"Poor child!" murmured Ferrier—"poor child!"

Then he looked at Lady Lucy.

"May I take Oliver into the inner room a little while?" he asked, pointing to a further drawing-room.

"By all means. I shall be here when you return."

Sir James had a few hurried words in private with Markham, and then took his leave. As he and Lady Lucy shook hands, he gave her a penetrating look.

"Try and think of the girl!" he said in a low voice; "*the girl*—in her first youth."

"I think of my son," was the unmoved reply. "Good-by, Sir James. I feel that we are adversaries, and I wish it were not so."

Sir James walked away, possessed by a savage desire to do some damage to the cathedral in pith, as he passed it on his way to the door; or to shake his fist in the faces of Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury, whose portraits adorned the staircase. The type of Catholic woman which he most admired rose in his mind; compassionate, tender, infinitely soft and loving—like the saints; save where "the faith" was concerned,—like the saints, again. This Protestant rigidity and self-sufficiency were the deuce!

But he would go down to Beechcote; and he and Oliver between them would see that child through.

Meanwhile Ferrier and Markham were in anxious conclave. Ferrier counselled delay. "Let the thing sleep a little. Don't announce the engagement. You and Miss Mallory will of course understand each other. You will correspond. But don't hurry it. So much consideration at least is due to your mother's strong feeling."

Markham assented,—but despondently.

"You know my mother; time will make no difference."

"I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure," said Ferrier, cheerfully. "Did your mother say anything about—finances?"

Markham gave a gloomy smile.

"I shall be a pauper of course—that was made quite plain to me."

"No, no!—that must be prevented!" said Ferrier, with energy.

Markham was not quick to reply. His manner as he stood with his back to the fire, his distinguished head well thrown back on his straight, lean shoulders, was the manner of a proud man suffering humiliation. He was thirty-five, and rapidly becoming a politician of importance. Yet here he was—poor and impotent, in the midst of great wealth, wholly dependent, by his father's monstrous will, on his mother's caprice—liable to be thwarted and commanded, as though he were a boy of fifteen. Up till now Lady Lucy's yoke had been tolerable; to-day it galled beyond endurance.

Moreover, there was something peculiarly irritating, at the moment, in Ferrier's intervention. There had been increased Parliamentary friction of late between the two men, in spite of the intimacy of their personal relations. To be forced to owe fortune, career, and the permission to marry as he pleased, to Ferrier's influence with his mother, was at this juncture a bitter pill for Oliver Markham.

Ferrier understood him perfectly, and he had never displayed more kindness or more tact than in the conversation which passed between them. Markham finally agreed that Diana must be frankly informed of his mother's state of mind, and that a waiting policy offered the only hope. On this they were retiring to the front drawing-room, when Lady Lucy opened the communicating door.

"A letter for you, Oliver."

He took it and turned it over. The handwriting was unknown to him.

"Who brought this?" he asked of the butler standing behind his mother.

"A servant, sir, from Beechcote Manor. He was told to wait for an answer."

"I will send one. Come when I ring."

The butler departed, and Markham went hurriedly into the inner room, closing the door behind him. Ferrier and Lady Lucy were left, looking at each other in anxiety. But before they could put it into words, Markham reappeared, in evident agitation. He hurried to the bell and rang it.

Lady Lucy pointedly made no inquiry. But Ferrier spoke.

"No bad news, I hope?"

Markham turned.

"She has been told," he said, hoarsely.

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"Mrs. Colwood, her companion, speaks of 'shock.' I must go down at once."

Lady Lucy said nothing. She too had grown white.

The butler appeared. Markham asked for the Sunday trains, ordered some packing, went downstairs to speak to the Beechcote messenger, and returned.

Ferrier retired into the farthest window, and Markham approached his mother.

"Good-by, mother. I will write to you from Beechcote, where I shall stay at the little inn in the village. Have you no kind word that I may carry with me?"

Lady Lucy looked at him steadily.

"I shall write myself to Miss Mallory, Oliver."

His pallor gave place to a flush of indignation.

"Is it necessary to do anything so cruel, mother?"

"I shall not write cruelly."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Considering what you have made up your mind to do, I should have thought least said, soonest mended. However, if you must, you must. I can only prepare Diana for your letter and soften it when it comes."

"In your new love, Oliver, have you quite forgotten the old?" Lady Lucy's voice shook for the first time.

"I shall be only too glad to remember it when you give me the opportunity," he said, sombrely.

"I have not been a bad mother to you, Oliver. I have claims upon you."

He did not reply, and his silence wounded Lady Lucy to the quick. Was it her fault if her husband, out of an eccentric distrust of the character of his son, and moved by a kind of old fashioned and Spartan belief that a man must endure hardness before he is fit for luxury, had made her and not Oliver the arbiter and legatee of his wealth? But Oliver had never wanted for anything. He had only to ask. What right had she to thwart her husband's decision?

"Good-by, mother," said Markham again. "If you are writing to Isabel, you will, I suppose, discuss the matter with her. She is not unlikely to side with you,—not for your reason, however,—but because of some silly nonsense about politics. If she does, I beg she will not write to me. It could only embitter matters."

"I will give her your message. Good-by, Oliver."

He left the room, with a gesture of farewell to Ferrier.

Ferrier came back towards the fire. As he did so, he was struck—painfully struck—by a change in Lady Lucy. She was not pale and her eyes were singularly bright. Yet age was for the first time written in a face from which Time had so far taken but his lightest toll. It moved him strangely; though, as to the matter in hand, his sympathies were all with Oliver. But through thirty years Lady Lucy had been the only woman for him. Since first, as a youth of twenty, he had seen her in her father's house, he had never wavered. She was his senior by five years, and their first acquaintance had been one of boy-adoration on his side, and a charming elder-sisterliness on hers. Then he had declared himself, and she had refused him, in order to marry Henry Markham and Henry Markham's fortune. It seemed to him then that he would soon forget her; soon find a warmer and more generous heart. But that was mere ignorance of himself. After a while he became the intimate friend of her husband, herself, and her child. Something, indeed, had happened to his affection for her. He felt himself in no danger beside her, so far as passion was concerned; and he knew very well that she would have banished him forever at a moment's notice rather than give her husband an hour's uneasiness. But to be near her, to be in her world, consulted, trusted, and flattered by her, to slip daily into his accustomed chair, to feel year by year the strands of friendship and of intimacy woven more closely between him and her—between him and hers—these things gradually filled all the space in his life left by politics or by thought. They deprived him of any other home; and this home became a necessity.

Then Henry Markham died. Once more Ferrier asked Lady Lucy to marry him; and again she refused. He acquiesced; their old friendship was resumed; but, once more, with a difference. In a sense he had no longer any illusions

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.* Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Cla

"DEAR LADY," HE SAID, GENTLY, "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GIVE WAY!"

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about her. He saw that while she believed herself to be acting under the influence of religion and other high matters, she was in truth a narrow and rather cold hearted woman, with a strong element of worldliness, disguised in much placid moralizing. At the bottom of his soul he resented her treatment of him, and despised himself for submitting to it. But the old habit had become a tyranny not to be broken. Where else could he go for talk, for intimacy, for rest? And for all his disillusion, there were still at her command occasional felicities of manner, and strains of feeling — ethereally delicate and spiritual, like a stanza from the *Christian Year*,— that moved him and pleased his taste, as nothing else had power to move and please; steeped as they were in a far off magic of youth and memory.

So he stayed by her; and she knew very well that he would stay by her to the end.

He sat down beside her and took her hand.

"You are tired."

"It has been a miserable day."

"Shall I read to you? It would be wise, I think, to put it out of your mind for a while and come back to it fresh."

"It will be difficult to attend." Her smile was faint and sad. "But I will do my best."

He took up a volume of Dean Church's sermons and began to read. Presently, as always, his subtler self became conscious of the irony of the situation. He was endeavoring to soothe her trouble by applying to it some of the noblest religious thought of our day, expressed in the noblest language. Such an attempt implied some moral correspondence between the message and the listener. Yet all the time he was conscious himself of cowardice and hypocrisy. What part of the religious message really applied to Lady Lucy this afternoon but the searching words, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Yet he read on. The delicate ascetic face of his companion grew calmer; he himself felt a certain refreshment and rest. There was no one else in the world with whom he could sit like this, to whom he could speak or read of the inner life. Lucy Markham had made him what he was, a childless bachelor, with certain memories in his past life of which he was ashamed,—representing the revenge of a strong man's temperament and physical nature. But in the old age she had all but reached, and he was approaching, she was still the one dear and indispensable friend. If she must needs be harsh and tyrannical—well, he must try and mitigate the effects, for herself and others. But his utmost effort must restrain itself within certain limits. He was not at all sure that if offended in some mortal point, she might not do without him. But so long as they both lived he could not do without her.

Early the following morning Alicia Drake appeared in Eaton Square, and by two o'clock Mrs. Fotheringham was also there. She had rushed up from Leeds by the first possible train, summoned by Alicia's letter. Lady Lucy and her daughter held conference; and Miss Drake was admitted to their counsels.

"Of course, mamma," said Isabel Fotheringham, "I don't at all agree with you in the matter. Nobody is responsible for their mothers and fathers. We make ourselves. But I shall not be sorry if the discovery frees Oliver from a marriage which would have been a rope round his neck. She is a foolish, arrogant, sentimental girl, brought up on the most wrongheaded principles, and she could *never* have made a decent wife for him. She will, I hope, have the sense to see it,—and he will be well out of it."

"Oliver at present is very determined," said Lady Lucy, in a tone of depression.

"Oh, well, of course, having just proposed to her, he must of course behave like a gentleman—and not like a cad. But she can't possibly hold him to it. You will write to her, mamma—and so shall I."

"We shall make him, I fear, very angry."

"Oliver? Well, there are moments in every family when it is no use shirking. We have to think of Oliver's career,— and what he may do for his party—and for reform. You think he proposed to her in that walk on the hill?" said Mrs. Fotheringham, turning to her cousin Alicia.

Alicia woke up from a brown study



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of her own. She was dressed with her usual perfection in a gray cloth, just suggesting the change of season. Her felt hat with its plume of feathers lay on her lap, and her hair, slightly loosened by the journey, captured the eye by its abundance and beauty. The violets on her breast perfumed the room, and the rings upon her hands flashed just as much as is permitted to an unmarried girl, and no more. As Mrs. Fotheringham looked at her she said to herself: "Another Redfern! Really, Alicia is too extravagant!"

On that head no one could have reproached herself. A cheap coat and skirt, much worn, a hat of no particular color or shape, frayed gloves and disreputable boots, proclaimed both the parsimony of her father's will and the independence of her opinions.

"Oh, of course he proposed on the hill," replied Alicia, thoughtfully. "And you say, Aunt Lucy, that *he* guessed—and she knew nothing? Yes!—I was certain he guessed."

"But she knows now," said Lady Lucy; "and of course we must all be very sorry for her."

"Oh, of course!" said Isabel. "But she will soon get over it. You won't find it will do her any harm. People will make her a heroine."

"I should advise her not to go about with that cousin," said Alicia, softly.

"The girl who told you?"

"She was an outsider! She told me, evidently to spite her cousin, who seemed not to have paid her enough attention,—and then wanted me to swear secrecy."

"Well, if her mother was a sister of Juliet Sparling, you can't expect much, can you? What a mercy it has all come out so soon! The mess would have been infinitely greater if the engagement had gone on a few weeks."

"My dear," said her mother, gravely, "we must not reckon upon Oliver's yielding to our persuasions."

Isabel smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Oliver condemn himself to the simple life!—to the forfeiture of half a million of money—for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of Diana Mallory! Oliver, who had never faced any hardship or gone without any luxury in his life!

Alicia said nothing; but the alertness of her brilliant eyes showed the activity of the brain behind them. While Mrs. Fotheringham went off to committees, Miss Drake spent the rest of the day in ministering to Lady Lucy, who found her company, her gossip about Beechcote, her sympathetic yet restrained attitude towards the whole matter, quite invaluable. As to Lady Lucy, the hours of waiting and suspense passed heavily, and Alicia said to herself that she was beginning to look frail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Way of a Dream

*BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE*

I HAD a dream, and it went this way—
  It went the way of a bird in the air,
It went the way of the butterfly,
It went the way of the moon in the sky,
  It went the way of all things fair:
It went to dwell with a sleeping face
That rests in a hidden marble place,
  Where no foot falls, no word is said,
Only sometimes a bird will call,
Or a little wintry leaf will fall,
  Or a snowdrop lift its head.

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# The Surplus

*BY NORMAN DUNCAN*

TO the east was the illimitable ocean, laid thick with moonlight and luminous mist; to the west, beyond a stretch of black, slow heaving water, the low line of Newfoundland, an illusion of kindliness, the malignant character of its jagged rock and barren interior transformed by the gentle magic of the night. Tumm, the clerk, had the wheel of the schooner, and had been staring in a rapture at the stars.

"Jus' readin', sir," he explained.

I wondered what he read.

"Oh," he answered, turning again to contemplate the starlit sky, "jus' a little psa'm from my Bible."

I left him to read on, myself engaged with a perusal of the serene and comforting textbook of philosophy spread overhead. The night was favorably inclined and radiant: a soft southerly wind blowing without menace, a sky of infinite depth and tender shadow, the sea asleep under the moon. With a gentle, aimlessly wandering wind astern — an idle, dawdling, contemptuous breeze, following the old craft lazily, now and again whipping her nose under water to remind her of suspended strength— the trader *Quick as Wink* ran on, wing and wing, through the moonlight, bound across from Sinners' Tickle to Afterward Bight, there to deal for the first of the catch.

"Them little stars jus' *will* wink!" Tumm complained.

I saw them wink in despite.

"Ecod!" Tumm growled.

The amusement of the stars was not by this altered to a more serious regard: everywhere they winked.

"I've seed un peep through a gale o' wind, a slit in the black sky, a cruel, cold time," Tumm continued, a pretence of indignation in his voice, "when 'twas a mean hard matter t' keep a schooner afloat in a dirty sea, with all hands wore out along o' labor an' the fear o' death an' hell; an', ecod! them little cusses was winkin' still. Eh? What d'ye make o' that?—winkin' still, the heartless little cusses!"

There were other crises, I recalled— knowing little enough of the labor of the sea—upon which they winked.

"Ay," Tumm agreed; "they winks when lovers kiss on the roads; an' they winks jus' the same," he added softly, "when a heart breaks."

"They're humorous little beggars," I observed.

Tumm laughed. "They been lookin' at this here damned thing so long," he drawled—meaning, no doubt, upon the spectacle of the world,—"that no wonder they winks!"

This prefaced a tale. . . .

"Somehow," Tumm began, his voice fallen rather despondent, I fancied, but yet continuing most curiously genial, "it always made me think o' dust an' ashes t' clap eyes on ol' Bill Hulk, o' Gingerbread Cove. Ay, b'y; but I could jus' fair hear the parson singsong that mean truth o' life: 'Dust t' dust; ashes t' ashes'—an' make the best of it, ye sinners an' young folk! When ol' Bill hove alongside, poor man! I'd think no more o' maids an' trade, o' which I'm fair sinful fond, but on'y o' coffins an' graves an' ground. For, look you! the ol' feller was so white an' wheezy—so fishy-eyed an' crooked an' shaky along o' age. 'Tis a queer thing, sir, but, truth o' God, so old was Bill Hulk, that when he'd board me I'd remember somehow the warm breast o' my mother, an' then think, an' couldn't help it, o' the bosom o' dust where my head must lie."

Tumm paused.

"Seemed t' me, somehow," he continued, "when the *Quick as Wink* was lyin' of a Sunday t' Gingerbread Cove —seemed t' me somehow, when I'd hear the church bell ring an' echo across the

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water an' far into the hills—when I'd cotch sight o' ol' Bill Hulk, with his staff an' braw black coat, crawlin' down the hill t' meetin'—ay, an' when the sun was out, warm an' yellow, an' the maids an' lads was flirtin' over the roads t' hear the parson thunder agin' their hellish levity—seemed t' me then, somehow, that ol' Bill was all the time jus' dodgin' along among open graves; for, look you! the ol' feller had such trouble with his legs. An' I'd wish by times that he'd stumble an' fall in, an' be covered up in a comfortable an' decent sort o' fashion, an' stowed away for good an' all in the bed where he belonged.

"'Uncle Bill,' says I, 'you at it yet?'

"'Hangin' on, Tumm,' says he. 'I isn't quite through.'

"'Accordin' t' the signs,' says I, 'you isn't got much of a grip left.'

"'Yes, I is!' says he. 'I got all my fishin' fingers exceptin' two, an' I 'low they'll last me till I'm through.'

"Ecod! sir, but it made me think so mean o' the world that I 'lowed I'd look away.

"'No, Tumm,' says he, 'I isn't *quite* through.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you must be tired.'

"'Tired!' says he. 'Oh no, b'y! Tired? Not me! I got a little spurt o' labor t' do afore *I* goes.'

"'An' what's that, Uncle Bill?' says I.

"'Nothin' much,' says he.

"'But what *is* it?'

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'jus' a little spurt o' labor.'

"The ol' feller lived all alone, under Seven Stars Head, in a bit of a white house with black trimmin's, jus' within the Tickle, where 'twas nice an' warm an' still; an' he kep' his house as neat an' white as a ol' maid with a gray tomcat an' a window garden o' geraniums, an', like all the ol' maids, made the best fish on fifty mile o' coast. 'Twas said by the ol' folks o' Gingerbread Cove that their fathers knowed the time when Bill Hulk had a partner; but the partner got lost on the Labrador, an' then Bill Hulk jus' held on cotchin' fish an' keepin' house all alone, till he got the habit an' couldn't leave off. Was a time, I'm told, a time when he had his strength—was a time, I'm told, afore he wore out—was a time when Bill Hulk had a bit o' money stowed away in a bank t' St. Johns. Always 'lowed, I'm told, that 'twas plenty t' see un through when he got past his labor. 'I got enough put by,' says he. 'I got more'n enough. I'm jus' fishin' along,' says he, 't' give t' the poor. Store in your youth,' says he, 'an' you'll not want in your age.' But somehow some o' them St. Johns gentlemen managed t' discover expensive ways o' delightin' theirselves; an' what with bank failures an' lean seasons an' lumbago, ol' Bill was fallen poor when first I traded Gingerbread Cove. About nine year afer that, bein' then used t' the trade o' that shore, I 'lowed that Bill had better knock off an' lie in the sun till 'twas time for un t' go t' his last berth. ''Twon't be long,' thinks I, 'an' I 'low my owners can stand it. Anyhow,' thinks I, ''tis high time the world done something for Bill.'

"But—

"'Tumm,' says he, 'how many books is kep' by traders in Newf'un'land?'

"I 'lowed I didn't know.

"'Call it a round million,' says he.

"'What of it?' says I.

"'Nothin' much,' says he.

"'But what *of* it?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'if you was t' look them million books over, goin' as easy as you please an' markin' off every line o' every page with your forefinger, what d'ye think would come t' pass?'

"I 'lowed I couldn't tell.

"'Eh?' says he. 'Come, now! give a guess.'

"'I don't know, Bill,' says I.

"'Why, Tumm,' says he, 'you wouldn't find a copper agin' the name o' ol' Bill Hulk!'

"'That's good livin',' says I.

"'Not a copper!' says he. 'No, sir; *not if you looked with spectacles.* An' so,' says he, 'I 'low I'll jus' keep on payin' my passage for the little time that's left. If my back on'y holds out,' says he, 'I'll manage it till I'm through. 'Twon't be any more than twenty year. Jus' a little spurt o' labor t' do, Tumm,' says he, 'afore I goes.'

"'More labor, Uncle Bill?' says I. 'God's sake!'

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'jus' a little spurt afore I goes in peace.'

"Ah, well! he'd labored long enough,

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*Drawn by H. E. Townsend*

"OL' BILL HULK CRAWLIN' DOWN THE HILL T' MEETIN'"

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lived long enough, t' leave other hands clean up the litter an' sweep the room o' his life. I didn't know what that little spurt o' labor was meant t' win for his peace o' mind—didn't know what he'd left undone—didn't know what his wish or his conscience urged un t' labor for. I jus' wanted un t' quit an' lie down in the sun. 'For,' thinks I, 'the world looks wonderful greedy an' harsh t' me when I hears ol' Bill Hulk's bones rattle over the roads or come squeakin' through the Tickle in his punt. 'Leave un go in peace!' thinks I. 'I isn't got no love for a world that sends them bones t' sea in an easterly wind. Ecod!' thinks I; 'but he've earned quiet passage by jus' livin' t' that ghastly age—jus' by hangin' on off a lee shore in the mean gales o' life.' Seemed t' me, too, no matter how Bill felt about it, that he might be obligin' an' quit afore he *was* through. Seemed t' me he might jus' stop where he was an' leave the friends an' neighbors finish up. 'Tisn't fair t' ask a man t' have his labor done in a shipshape way—t' be through with the splittin' an' all cleaned up—when the skipper sings out, 'Knock off, ye dunderhead!' Seems t' me a man might leave the crew t' wash the table an' swab the deck an' throw the livers in the cask.

"'You be obligin', Bill,' says I, 'an' quit.'

"'Isn't able,' says he, 'till I'm through.'

"So the bones o' ol' Bill Hulk rattled an' squeaked right on till it made me fair ache when I *thunk* o' Gingerbread Cove. . . .

"About four year after that I made the Cove in the spring o' the year with supplies. 'Well,' thinks I, 'they won't be no Bill Hulk this season. With that pain in his back an' starboard leg, this winter have finished he; an' I'll lay a deal on that.' 'Twas afore dawn when we dropped anchor, an' a dirty dawn, too, with fog an' rain, the wind sharp, an' the harbor in a tumble for small craft; but the first man over the side was ol' Bill Hulk.

"'It *can't* be you, Uncle Bill!' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I isn't quite through—yet.'

"'You isn't goin' at it *this* season, is you?'

"'Ay,' says he; 'goin' at it again, Tumm.'

"'What for?' says I.

"'Nothin' much,' says he.

"'But what *for?*'

"'Well,' says he, 'I'm savin' up.'

"'Savin' up?' says I. 'Shame *to* you! What you savin' up for?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'jus' savin' up.'

"'But what *for?*' says I. 'What's the sense o' it?'

"'Bit o' prope'ty,' says he. 'I'm thinkin' o' makin' a small investment.'

"'At your age, Uncle Bill!' says I. 'An' a childless man!'

"'Jus' a small piece,' says he. 'Nothin' much, Tumm.'

"'But it won't do you no *good,*' says I.

"'Well, Tumm,' says he, 'I'm sort o' wantin' it, an' I 'low she won't go t' waste. I been fishin' from Gingerbread Cove for three hundred year,' says he, 'an' when I knocks off I wants t' have things shipshape. Isn't no comfort, Tumm,' says he, 'in knockin' off no other way.'

"Three hundred year he 'lowed he'd fished from that there harbor, a hook an' line man through it all; an' as they wasn't none o' us abroad on the coast when he come in, he'd stick to it, spite o' parsons. They was a mean little red-headed parson came near churchin' un for the whopper; but Bill Hulk wouldn't repent. 'You isn't been here long enough t' *know,* parson,' says he. ''Tis goin' on three hundred year, I tells you! I'll haul into my fourth hundred,' says he, 'come forty-three year from Friday fortnight.' Anyhow, he'd been castin' lines on the Gingerbread grounds quite long enough. 'Twas like t' make a man's back ache—t' make his head spin an' his stomach shudder—jus' t' think o' the years o' labor an' hardship Bill Hulk had weathered. Seemed t' me the very stars must o' got fair disgusted t' watch un put out through the Tickle afore dawn an' pull in after dark.

"'Lord!' says they. 'If there ain't Bill Hulk puttin' out again! Won't nothin' *ever* happen t' he?'"

I thought it an unkind imputation.

"Well," Tumm explained, "the little beggars is used t' change; an' I wouldn't wonder if they was bored a bit by ol' Bill Hulk."

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It might have been.

"Four or five year after that," Tumm proceeded, "the tail o' a sou'east gale slapped me into Gingerbread Cove, an' I 'lowed t' hang the ol' girl up till the weather turned civil. Thinks I, 'Tis wonderful dark an' wet, but 'tis also wonderful early, an' I'll jus' take a run ashore t' yarn an' darn along o' ol' Bill Hulk.' So I put a bottle in my pocket t' warm the ol' ghost's marrow, an' put out for Seven Stars Head in the rodney. 'Twas mean pullin' agin' the wind, but I fetched the stagehead t' last, an' went crawlin' up the hill. Thinks I, 'They's no sense in knockin' in a gale o' wind like this, for Bill Hulk's so wonderful hard o' hearin' in a sou'east blow.'

"So I drove on in.

"'Lord's sake, Bill!' says I, 'what you up to?'

"'Nothin' much, Tumm,' says he.

"'It don't look right,' says I. 'What *is* it?'

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'jus' countin' up my money.'

"'Twas true enough: there he sot—playin' with his fortune. They was pounds of it: coppers an' big round pennies an' silver an' one lone gold piece.

"'You been gettin' rich?' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'you got any clear idea o' how much hard cash they is lyin' right there on that plain deal table in this here very kitchen you is in?'

"'I isn't,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'they's as much as fourteen dollar! An' what d'ye think o' that?'

"I 'lowed I'd hold my tongue; so I jus' lifted my eyebrow, an' then sort o' whistled, 'Whew!'

"'Fourteen,' says he, 'an' more!'

"'*Whew!*' says I.

"'An', Tumm,' says he, 'I had twenty-four sixty once—about eighteen year ago.'

"'You got a heap now,' says I. 'Fourteen dollar! Whew!'

"'No, Tumm!' cries he, all of a sudden. 'No, no! I been lyin' t' you. I been lyin'!' says he. 'Lyin'!'

"'I don't care,' says I; 'you go right ahead an' lie.'

"'They *isn't* fourteen dollar there,' says he. 'I jus' been makin' *believe* they was. See that there little pile o' pennies t' the nor'east? I been sittin' here countin' in them pennies twice. They isn't fourteen dollar,' says he; 'they's on'y thirteen eighty-four! But I *wisht* they was fourteen.'

"'Never you mind,' says I; 'you'll get that bit o' prope'ty yet.'

"'I *got* to,' says he, 'afore I goes.'

"'Where does it lie?' says I.

"'Oh, 'tisn't nothin' much, Tumm,' says he.

"'But what *is* it?'

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'jus' a small piece.'

"'Is it meadow?' says I.

"'No,' says he; ''tisn't what you might call meadow an' be right, though the grass grows there, in spots, knee high.'

"'Is it a potato patch?'

"'No,' says he; 'nor yet a patch.'

"''Tisn't a *flower* garden, is it?' says I.

"'N-no,' says he; 'you couldn't rightly say so—though they *grows* there, in spots, quite free an' nice.'

"'Uncle Bill,' says I, 'you isn't never told me nothin' about that there bit o' prope'ty. What's it held at?'

"'The prope'ty isn't much, Tumm,' says he. 'Jus' a small piece.'

"'But how much *is* it?'

"'Tom Neverbudge,' says he, 'is holdin' it at twenty-four dollar; he've come down one in the las' seven year. But I'm on'y 'lowin' t' pay twenty-one; you sees I've come *up* one in the las' *four* year.'

"''Twould not be hard t' split the difference,' says I.

"'Ay,' says he; 'but they's a wonderful good reason for not payin' more'n twenty-one for that there special bit o' land.'

"'What's that?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, ''tis second handed.'

"'Second handed!' says I. 'That's queer!'

"'Been used,' says he.

"'Used, Uncle Bill?'

"'Ay,' says he; 'been used—been used, now, for nigh sixty year.'

"'She's all wore out?' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'not wore out.'

"'*She'd* grow nothin'?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'nothin' much is expected, Tumm,' says he, 'in that line.'

"I give a tug at my pocket, an', ecod! out jumped the bottle o' Scotch.

"'Well, well!' says he. 'Dear man!

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*Drawn by H. E. Townsend* Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"'THEY'RE POOR WEE THINGS,' SAYS I, 'AN' THEY WOULDN'T DISTURB YOUR REST'"

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But I bet ye,' says he, 'that you isn't fetched no painkiller.'

"'That I is!' says I.

"'Then,' says he, 'about half an' half, Tumm, with a dash o' water; that's the way I likes it when I takes it.'

"So we fell to, ol' Bill Hulk an' me, on the Scotch an' the painkiller. . . .

"Well, now, after that," Tumm resumed, presently, "I went deep sea for four year in the South American fish trade; an' then, my ol' berth on the *Quick as Wink* bein' free of incumbrance—'twas a saucy young clerk o' the name o' Bullyworth—I 'lowed t' blow the fever out o' my system with the gales o' this here coast. 'A whiff or two o' real wind an' a sight o' Mother Burke,' thinks I, 'will fix *me*.' 'Twas a fine Sunday mornin' in June when I fetched Gingerbread Cove in the ol' craft—warm an' blue an' still an' sweet t' smell. 'They'll be no Bill Hulk, thank God!' thinks I, 't' be crawlin' up the hill t' meetin' *this* day; *he've* got through an' gone t' his berth for all time. I'd like t' yarn with un on this fine civil Sunday,' thinks I; 'but I 'low he's jus' as glad as I is that he've been stowed away nice an' comfortable at last.' But from the deck, ecod! when I looked up from shavin', an' Skipper Jim was washin' up in the forecastle, I cotched sight o' ol' Bill Hulk, bound up the hill through the sunshine, makin' tolerable weather of it, with the wind astern, a staff in his hand, and the braw black coat on his back.

"'Skipper Jim,' sings I, t' the skipper below, 'you hear a queer noise?'

"'No,' says he.

"'Nothin' like a squeak or a rattle?'

"'No,' says he. 'What's awry?'

"'Oh, nothin',' says I: 'on'y ol' Bill Hulk's on the road.'

"I watched un crawl through the little door on Meetin'-house Hill long after ol' Sammy Street had knocked off pullin' the bell; an' if I didn't hear neither squeak nor rattle as he crep' along, why, I *felt* un, anyhow, which is jus' as hard to bear. 'Well,' thinks I, 'he've kep' them bones above ground, poor man! but he's never *at* it yet. He've knocked off for good,' thinks I; 'he'll stumble t' meetin' of a fine Sunday mornin', an' sit in the sun for a spell; an' then,' thinks I, 'they'll stow un away where he belongs.' So I went aboard of un that evenin' for a last bit of a yarn afore his poor ol' throat rattled an' quit.

"'So,' says I, 'you is at it yet?'

"'Ay, Tumm,' says he; 'isn't quite through—yet. But,' says he, 'I'm 'lowin' t' *be*.'

"'Hard at it, Uncle Bill?' says I.

"'Well, no, Tumm,' says he; 'not hard. Back give warnin' a couple o' year ago,' says he, 'an' I been sort o' easin' off for fear o' accident. I've quit the Far Away grounds,' says he, 'but I been doin' very fair on Widows' Shoal. They's on'y one o' them fishin' there nowadays, an' she 'lowed she didn't care.'

"'An' when,' says I, 'is you 'lowin' t' knock off?'

"'Jus' as soon as I gets through, Tumm,' says he. 'I won't be a minute longer.'

"Then along come the lean cheeked, pig eyed, scrawny whiskered son of a squid which owned the bit o' prope'ty that Bill Hulk had coveted for thirty year. Man o' the name o' Tom Budge; but as he seldom done it, they called un Neverbudge; an' Gingerbread Cove is full o' Neverbudges t' this day. Bill 'lowed I might as well go along o' he an' Tom t' overhaul the bit o' land they was tryin' t' trade; so out we put on the inland road—round Burnt Bight, over the crest o' Knock Hill, an' along the alder fringed path. 'Twas in a green, still, soft breasted little valley—a little pool o' sunshine an' grass among the hills—with Ragged Ridge t' break the winds from the sea, an' the wooded slope o' the Hog's Back t' stop the nor'westerly gales. 'Twas a lovely spot, sir, believe me, an' a gentle hearted one, too, lyin' deep in the warmth an' glory o' sunshine, where a man might lay his head on the young grass an' go t' sleep, not mindin' about nothin' no more. Ol' Bill Hulk liked it wonderful well. Wasn't no square o' ground on that coast that he'd rather own, says he, than the little plot in the sou'east corner o' that graveyard.

"'Sight rather have that, Tumm,' says he, 'than a half acre farm.'

"'Twas so soft an' snug an' sleepy an' still in that little graveyard that I couldn't blame un for wantin' t' stretch out somewheres an' stay there forever.



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"'Ay,' says he, 'an' a thirty foot potato-patch throwed in!'

"'Tis yours at the price,' says Tom Neverbudge.

"'*If*,' says Bill Hulk, 'twasn't a second handed plot. See them graves in the sou'west corner, Tumm?'

"Graves o' two children, sir: jus' on'y that—laid side by side, sir, where the sunlight lingered afore the shadow o' Hog's Back fell.

"'Been there nigh sixty year,' says Bill. 'Pity,' says he; 'wonderful pity.'

"'They won't do you no harm,' says Neverbudge.

"'Ay,' says Bill; 'but I'm a bachelor, Tom, used t' sleepin' alone,' says he, 'an' I'm 'lowin' I wouldn't take so wonderful quick t' any other habit. I'm told,' says he, 'that sleepin' along o' children isn't what you might call a easy berth.'

"'You'd soon get used t' *that*,' says Neverbudge. 'Any family man 'll tell you so.'

"'Ay,' says Bill; 'but they isn't kin o' mine. Why,' says he, 'they isn't even friends!'

"'That don't matter,' says Neverbudge.

"'Not matter!' says he. 'Can you tell me, Tom Neverbudge, the *names* o' them children?'

"'Not me.'

"'Nor yet their father's name?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Then,' says Bill, 'as a religious man, is you able t' tell me they was born in a proper an' perfectly religious manner?'

"'I isn't,' says Neverbudge. 'I guarantees nothin'.'

"'An' yet, as a religious man,' says Bill, 'you stands there an' says it doesn't matter?'

"'Anyhow,' says Neverbudge, 'it doesn't matter *much*.'

"'Not much!' cries Bill. 'An' you a religious man! Not much t' lie for good an' all,' says he, 'in the company o' the damned?'

"With that Tom Neverbudge put off in a rage.

"'Uncle Billy,' says I, 'what you wantin' that plot for, anyhow? 'Tis so damp 'tis fair swampy.'

"'Nothin' much,' says he.

"'But what *for*?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'I wants it.'

"'An' 'tis on a sidehill,' says I. 'If the dunderheads doesn't dig with care, you'll find yourself with your feet higher'n your head.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I wants it.'

"'You isn't got no friends in this neighborhood,' says I; 'they're all put away on the north side. An' the sun,' says I, 'doesn't strike here last.'

"'I wants it,' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'but I wants it.'

"'But what *for*?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, in a temper, 'I got a *hankerin'* for it!'

"'Then, Uncle Bill,' says I, for it made me sad, 'I wouldn't mind them little graves. They're poor wee things,' says I, 'an' they wouldn't disturb your rest.'

"'Hush!' says he. 'Don't—*don't* say that!'

"'Graves o' children,' says I.

"'Don't say no more, Tumm,' says he.

"'Jus' on'y poor little kids,' says I.

"'Stop!' says he. 'Doesn't you see I'm cryin'?'

"Then up come Tom Neverbudge. 'Look you, Bill Hulk!' says he, 'you can take that plot or leave it. I'll knock off seventy-five cents on account o' the risk you take in them children. Come now!' says he; 'you take it or leave it.'

"'Twenty-one fifty,' says Bill. 'That's a raise o' fifty, Tom.'

"'Then,' says Tom, 'I'll use that plot meself.'

"Bill Hulk jumped. 'You!' says he. 'Nothin' gone wrong along o' you, is they, Tom?'

"'Not yet,' says Tom; 'but they might.'

"'No chill,' says Bill, 'an' no fever? No ache in your back, is they, Tom?'

"'Nar a ache.'

"'An' you isn't give up the Labrador?'

"'Not me!'

"'Oh, well,' says Bill, feelin' easy again, 'I 'low *you* won't never need no graveyard.'

"Tom Neverbudge up canvas an' went off afore the wind in a wonderful temper; an' then ol' Bill Hulk an' me took the homeward road. I remembers the day quite well—the low, warm sun, the long shadows, the fresh youth an' green o' leaves an' grass, the tinkle o' bells on

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the hills, the reaches o' sea, the peace o' weather an' Sabbath day. I remembers it well: the wheeze an' groan o' ol' Bill—crawlin' home, sunk deep in the thought o' graves—an' the tender, bedtime twitter o' the new mated birds in the alders. When we rounded Fish Head Rock—'tis half-way from the graveyard—I seed a lad an' a maid flit back from the path t' hide whilst we crep' by; an' they was a laugh on the lad's lips, an' a smile an' a sweet blush on the maid's young face, as maids will blush an' lads will laugh when love lifts un high. 'Twas at that spot I cotched ear o' a sound I knowed quite well, havin' made it meself, thank God! many a time an' gladly.

"Bill Hulk stopped dead in the path. 'What's that?' says he.

"'Is you not knowin'?' says I.

"'I've heared it afore,' says he, 'somewheres.'

"''Twas a kiss,' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, in a sort o' scared whisper, *'is they at that yet in the world?'*

"'Jus' as they used t' be,' says I, 'when you was young.'

"'Well,' says he, 'jig *me!*'

"Then I knowed, somehow, jus' how old ol' Bill Hulk must be. . . .

"Well, thereafter," Tumm continued, with a sigh and a genial little smile, "they come lean years an' they come fat ones, as always, by the mystery o' God. Ol' Bill Hulk drove along afore the wind, with his last rags o' sail all spread, his fortune lean or fat as the Lord's own seasons 'lowed. He'd fall behind or crawl ahead jus' accordin' t' the way a careful hand might divide fish by hunger; but I 'lowed, by an' all, he was overhaulin' Tom Neverbudge's twenty-three twenty-five, an' would surely make it if the wind held true a few years longer. 'Twelve thirty more, Tumm,' says he, 'an' if 'twasn't for the pork I might manage it this season. The longer you lives, Tumm,' says he, 'the more expensive it gets. Cost me four fifty las' season for Doctor Hook's Surecure Egyptian Lumbago Oil, an' one fifty, Tumm, for a pair o' green glasses t' fend off blindness from the aged. An' I jus' got t' have pork t' keep my ol' bones warm. I don't *want* no pork,' says he; 'but they isn't no heat in flour, an', anyhow, I got t' build my shoulder muscles up. You take a ol' hulk like mine,' says he, 'an' you'll find it a wonderful expensive craft t' keep in sailin' order.'

"'You stick t' pork,' says I.

"'I was thinkin',' says he, 'o' makin' a small investment in a few bottles o' Hook's Vigor. Clerk o' the *Free for All,'* says he, ''lows 'tis a wonderful nostrum t' make the old feel young.'

"'You stick t' pork,' says I, 'an' be damned t' the clerk o' the *Free for All.'*

"'Maybe I better,' says he, 'an' build up my shoulders. They jus' *got* t' be humored.'

"Ol' Bill Hulk always 'lowed that if by God's chance they'd on'y come a fair fishin' season afore his shoulders give out he'd make a self-respectin' haul an' be through. 'Back give out about thirteen year ago,' says he, 'the time I got cotched by a dirty nor'easter on the Bull's Horn grounds. One o' them strings back there sort o' went an' snapped,' says he, 'jus' as I was pullin' in the Tickle, an' she isn't been o' much use t' me since. Been rowin' with my shoulders for a little bit past,' says he, 'an' doin' very fair in southerly weather; but I got a saucy warnin',' says he, 'that they won't stand nothin' from the nor'east. "No, sir," says they; "nothin' from the nor'east for we, Bill Hulk, an' don't you put us to it!" I'm jus' a bit afeared,' says he, 'that they might get out o' temper in a southerly tumble; an' if they done that, why, I'd jus' have t' stop, dear Lord!' says he, ''ithout bein' through! Isn't got no legs t' speak of,' says he, 'but I don't need none. I got my arms runnin' free,' says he, 'an' I got one thumb an' all my fishin' fingers 'ceptin' two. Lungs,' says he, 'is so-so; they wheezes, Tumm, as you knows, an' they labors in a fog, an' aches all the time, but chances is they'll *last,* an' a fair man can't ask no more. As for liver, Tumm,' says he, 'they isn't a liver on these here coasts t' touch the liver I got. Why,' says he, 'I never knowed I had one till I was told!"

"'Liver,' says I, 'is a ticklish business.'

"''Lowin' a man didn't overeat,' says he, 'think he could spurt along for a spell on his liver?'

"'I does,' says I.

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"'That's good,' says he; 'for I'm countin' a deal on she.'

"'Never you fear,' says I. '*She'll* stand you.'

"'Think she will?' says he, jus' like a child. 'Maybe, then,' says he, 'with my own labor, Tumm, I'll buy my own grave at last!'

"But the season bore hard on the ol' man, an' when I balanced un up in the fall o' the year, the twelve thirty he'd been t' leeward o' the twenty-three twenty-five Tom Neverbudge wanted for the plot where the two little graves lay side by side had growed t' fifteen ninety-three.

"'Jus' where I was nine year ago,' says he, 'lackin' thirty-four cents.'

"'Never you fear,' says I.

"'My God! Tumm,' says he, 'I got t' do better nex' season.'"

Tumm paused to gaze at the stars.

"Still there," I ventured.

"Winkin' away," he answered, "the wise little beggars!"

The *Quick as Wink* dawdled onward.

"Well, now, sir," Tumm continued, "winter tumbled down on Gingerbread Cove, thick an' heavy, with nor'east gales an' mountains o' snow; but ol' Bill Hulk weathered it out on his own hook, an' by March o' that season, I'm told, had got so far along with his shoulder muscles that he went swilin' [sealing] with the Gingerbread men at the first offshore sign. 'Twas a big pack, four mile out on the floe, with rough ice, a drear gray day, an' the wind in a nasty temper. He done very well, I'm told, what with the legs he had, an' was hard at it when the wind changed to a westerly gale an' drove the ice t' sea. They wasn't no hope for Bill, with four mile o' ice atween him an' the shore, an' every chunk an' pan o' the floe in a mad hurry under the wind: *they* knowed it an' *he* knowed it. 'Lads,' says he, 'you jus' run along home or you'll miss your supper. As for me,' says he, 'why, I'll jus' keep on swilin'. Might as well make a haul,' says he, 'whatever comes of it.' The last they seed o' Bill, I'm told, he was still hard at it, gettin' his swiles on a likely pan; an' they all come safe t' land, every man o' them, 'ceptin' two young fellers, I'm told, which was lost in a jam off the Madman's Head. Wind blowed westerly all that night, I'm told, but fell jus' after dawn; an' then they nosed poor ol' Bill out o' the floe, where they found un buried t' the neck in his own dead swiles, for the warmth of the life they'd had, but hard put to it t' keep the spark alight in his own chilled breast.

"'Maybe I'm through,' says he, when they'd got un ashore; 'but I'll hang on so long as I'm able.'

"'Uncle Billy,' says they, 'you're good for twenty year yet.'

"'No tellin',' says he.

"'Oh, sure!' says they; 'you'll do it.'

"'Anyhow,' says he, 'now that you've fetched me t' *land*,' says he, 'I got t' hang on till the *Quick as Wink* comes in.'

"'What for?' says they.

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'but I jus' got to.'

"'You go t' bed,' says they, 'an' we'll stow them swile in the stage.'

"'I'll lie down an' warm up,' says he, 'an' rest for a spell. Jus' a little spurt,' says he, 'jus' a little spurt—o' rest.'

"'You've made a wonderful haul,' says they.

"'At last!' says he.

"'Rest easy,' says they, 'as t' that.'

"'Twas the women that put un t' bed.

"'Seems t' me,' says he, 'that the frost has bit my heart.'

"So ol' Bill Hulk was flat on his back when I made Gingerbread Cove with supplies in the first o' that season—anchored there in bed, sir, at last, with no mortal hope o' makin' the open sea again. Lord! how white an' withered an' cold he was! From what a far-off place in age an' pain an' weariness he looked back at me!

"'I been waitin', Tumm,' says he. 'Does you hear?'

"I bent close t' hear.

"'I'm in a hurry,' says he. 'Isn't got no chance t' pass the time o' day. Does you hear?'

"'Ay,' says I.

"'I got hopes,' says he. 'Tom Neverbudge haves come down t' twenty-two seventy-five. You'll find a old sock in the corner locker, Tumm,' says he, 'with my fortune in the toe. Pass un here. An' hurry, Tumm, hurry, for I isn't got much of a grip left! Now, Tumm,' says he, 'measure the swile oil in the stage an' balance me up for the las' time.'

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"'How much you got in that sock?' says I.

"'Nothin' much,' says he. 'Jus' a little left over.'

"'But *how* much?'

"'I'm not wantin' t' tell,' says he, 'lest you cheat me with kindness. I'd have you treat me as a man, come what will.'

"'So help me God! then, Bill Hulk,' says I, 'I'll strike that balance fair.'

"'Tumm!' he called.

"I turned in the door.

"'Oh, make haste!' says he.

"I measured the swile oil, neither givin' nor takin' a drop, an' I boarded the *Quick as Wink,* where I struck ol' Bill Hulk's las' balance, fair t' the penny, as atween a man an' a man. Ah! but 'twas hard, sir, t' add no copper t' the mean small total that faced me from the page: for the fortune in the toe o' Bill Hulk's ol' sock was light enough, God knows! when I passed un over.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'is it a honest balance?'

"'It is,' says I.

"'Wait a minute!' says he. 'Jus' a minute afore you tells me. I isn't quite ready.'

"I watched the sun drop into the sea while I waited.

"'Now,' says he, 'tell me quick!'

"'Nine eighty-three,' says I.

"'Add t' that,' says he, 'the twelve ninety-three in the sock. Quick, Tumm!' says he.

"I scribbled it out.

"'Wait!' says he. 'Jus' a minute, Tumm, till I gets a better grip.'

"I seed 'twas growin' quite gray in the west.

"'Now!' says he.

"'Uncle Billy,' roars I, ''tis twenty-two seventy-six!'

"'Send for Tom Neverbudge!' cries he: 'for I done it—thank God, I done it!"

"I fetched Tom Neverbudge with me own hands t' trade that grave for the fortune o' ol' Bill Hulk," Tumm proceeded, "an' I seed for meself, as atween a party o' the first part an' a party o' the second, that 'twas all aboveboard an' shipshape, makin' what haste I was able, for Bill Hulk's anchor chain showed fearful signs o' givin' out.

"'Is it done?' says he.

"'All fast,' says I.

"'A plot, an' a penny left over!' says he.

"'A plot an' a penny,' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, with a little smile, 'I needs the plot, but *you* take the penny. 'Tis sort o' surprisin',' says he, 'an' wonderful nice, too, t' be able t' make a bequest. I'd like t' do it, Tumm,' says he, 'jus' for the feel of it, if you don't mind the size.'

"I 'lowed I'd take it an' be glad.

"'Look you! Bill Hulk,' says Neverbudge, 'if them graves is goin' t' trouble you, I'll move un an' pay the cost o' labor. There, now!' says he; 'that's kind enough.'

"Bill Hulk got up on his elbow. '*What* 'll you do along o' my plot?' says he.

"'Move them graves,' says Neverbudge.

"'You leave my plot be, Tom Neverbudge!' says Bill. 'What you think I been wantin' t' lie in that plot for, anyhow?'

"Tom Neverbudge 'lowed he didn't know.

"'Why,' says ol' Bill Hulk, 'jus' t' lie alongside them poor lonely little kids!'

"I let un fall back on the pillow.

"'I'm through, Tumm,' says he, 'an' I 'low I'll quit.'

"Straightway he quit. . . ."

Wind astern, moonlight and mist upon the sea, a serene and tender sky, with a multitude of stars benignantly peeping from its mystery: and the *Quick as Wink* dawdled on, wing and wing to the breeze, bound across from Sinners' Tickle to Afterward Bight, there to deal for the first of the catch. Tumm looked up to the sky. He was smiling in a gentle, wistful way. A little psa'm from his Bible? Again I wondered concerning the lesson. "Wink away," said he, "you little beggars! Wink away—wink away! You been lookin' at this damned thing so long that no wonder you winks. Wink away! I'm glad you've the heart t' do it. I'm not troubled by fears when you winks down, you're so wonderful wiser'n we. Wink on, you knowin' little beggars!"

This, then, it seemed, was the lesson.

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# The Church of Ararat

*BY HENRY W. NEVINSON*

THE old man was sitting up in bed, a gray rug neatly spread over him for counterpane. There was something childlike and appealing in his position, as there always is about a sick man lying in bed in the daytime. One felt a little brutal standing beside him, dressed, and well, and tingling from the cold outside. It was a time for soothing hands and motherly care to put this baby of fourscore years to rest. But his mother was long ago forgotten: even his wife had been dead for half a century; and his only nurse was a stalwart black-bearded bishop of middle age.

It was a long, low room, pleasant in its austerity. The whitewashed walls, the bare floor, the absence of all ornament, told of a clean and devoted mind. The windows looked upon a courtyard, silent but for the murmur and fluttering of pigeons. The old man's hands lay quiet on the blanket, white, and wasted almost to the bone. The nightgown hid a form so thin it hardly made a ripple under the clothes. Through the white and shrunken face every lineament of the future skull was already visible; but on each side of the thin nose, hooked like a round bow, a great brown eye revealed the inward spirit's intelligence and zeal unquenched. On his head was a close-fitting cap of purple velvet.

Thus, near the end of last December, one of a century's greatest men—Mgrditch Khrimian, Katholikos of the Armenian Church, and soul of the Armenian people—slowly approaching to death, lay in the ancient monastery called Etchmiadzin, or "The Only-Begotten is Descended." From the window of a neighboring room he might have looked across the frost bound plain of the Araxes, where the vines were now all cut close and buried for the winter. Beyond the plain stood a dark mass of whirling snow and hurricane that hid the cone of Ararat. And just beyond Ararat lies Lake Van, last puddle of the Deluge. On the shore of that lake, eighty-seven years ago, Khrimian was born. In 1820 the Turkish Empire was still undiminished by sea or land; the Sultan still counted as one of the formidable Powers of Europe. It was four years before Byron set out to deliver Greece from his tyranny, and established for England a reputation as the generous champion of freedom—a reputation which still rather pathetically survives throughout the Near East. Long and stormy had been the life upon which the Katholikos now looked back, but not unhappy, for from first to last it had been inspired by one absorbing and unselfish aim — the freedom and regeneration of his people. It is true he had failed.

From his earliest years, when he had witnessed the terrors of Turkish oppression in the homes of Armenians round Ararat, he was possessed by the spirit of nationality—such a spirit as only kindles in oppressed races, but dies away into easygoing tolerance among the prosperous and contented of the world. He began as a poet, wandering far and wide through the Turkish, Persian, and Russian sections of Armenia, visiting Constantinople and Jerusalem, and recalling to his people by his poems the scenes and glories of their national history. Entering the monastic order after his wife's death, he devoted himself to the building of schools, which he generously threw open to Kurds, the hereditary assassins of Armenians. For many years, while Europe was occupied with Crimean wars, Austrian wars, or French and German wars, we see him ceaselessly journeying from Van to Constantinople and through the cities of Asia, unyielding in the contest, though continually defeated, his schools burned, his printing-presses broken up,

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his sacred emblems of the Host hung in mockery round the necks of dogs. When elected Armenian patriarch of Constantinople (1869), he was driven from his office after four years.

But the cup of Turkish iniquity was filling. The pitiless slaughter of Bulgarians and Armenians alike was more than even the European Powers could stand. With varied motives, Russia sent her armies to fight their way to the walls of Constantinople, and Khrimian found himself summoned to plead his people's cause before the Congress of Berlin. Though he speaks no language but Armenian and Turkish, he visited all the great courts of Europe beforehand, urging them to create an autonomous neutral state for Armenia, as they had done with success for the Lebanon. In London he became acquainted with Gladstone; but Gladstone was then only the blazing firebrand which had kindled the heart of England, and in the Congress itself Khrimian could gain nothing for his people beyond the promises of Article 61, pledging the Powers, and especially England, to hold the Kurds in check and enforce Turkey's definite reforms. It is needless to say that none of these promises and pledges were observed. Beaconsfield returned to London amid shouts of "Peace with Honor," and Armenia was left to stew.

So it went on. Detained in Constantinople as prisoner, banished to Jerusalem for rebellion, and finally chosen Katholikos, or head of his Church and race, by his own people, he maintained the hopeless contest. Year by year the woe increased, till, by the last incalculable crime (1894-1896), the Armenians were slaughtered like sheep from the Bosporus to Lake Van, and the lowest estimate counted the murdered dead at 100,000. Gladstone made the last great speech of his heroic life. England attempted some kind of protest. But rather than join the Liberal demand for action, Lord Rosebery left his party for private leisure, and Russia, France, and Germany combined to secure immunity for the "great assassin." It was the lowest point of Europe's shame.

Blow followed blow. Hardly had the remnant of the Armenian people escaped from massacre when their Church fell under the brutal domination of Russia. Plehve ordained its destruction, and Golitzin was sent to Tiflis as governor-general to carry it out. Church property to the value of £6,000,000 was seized by violence, the Katholikos resolutely refusing to give up the keys of the safe where the title deeds were kept (June, 1903). For two years the Russian officials played with the revenues, retaining eighty per cent. for their own advantage. But in the mean time assassination had rid the earth of Plehve, and the overwhelming defeats of Russia in Manchuria were attributed to the Armenian curse. Grudgingly the Church property was restored, in utter chaos, and for the moment it is Russia's policy to favor the Armenians as a balance against the Georgians, whom the St. Petersburg government is now determined to destroy.

Such was the past upon which the worn old man, stretched on his monastic bed, looked back that winter's morning. Singleness of aim has its reward in spiritual peace, but of the future he was not hopeful. He no longer even contemplated an autonomous Armenia, either on Turkish territory or on Russian. On the Russian side of the frontier the Armenian villages were too scattered, too much interspersed with Georgians and Tartars, to allow of autonomy. On the Turkish side, he thought, massacre and exile had now left too few of the race to form any kind of community. Indeed, for the last twelve years the Armenian villagers have been crawling over the foot of Ararat by thousands a year to escape the Kurds, and every morning they come and stand in fresh groups of pink and blue rags outside the monastery door where the head of their Church and race lies dying. They stand there in mute appeal, as I saw them, possessing nothing in the world but the variegated tatters that cover them, and their faith in their Katholikos. Slowly they are drafted away into Tiflis, Baku, or their Caucasian villages, but nowhere are they welcomed.

Some of the bishops and monks, who form a council round their chief, still look for Europe's interference, and trust that the solemn pledges taken by England and other Powers at Berlin may be ful-

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filled. The Bishop of Erivan, for instance, still labors for the appointment of a Christian governor over the district marked by the ill omened names of Van, Bitlis, and Erzeroum. I also found that even among the Georgians there was a large party willing to concede all the frontier district from Erivan to Kars, where Armenian villages are thickest, as an autonómous Armenian province, in the happy day when the Caucasus wins federal autonomy. But the majority of the Armenian clergy, who hitherto have led the people, are beginning to acquiesce in the hopelessness of political change, and are now limiting their efforts to education and industries. One cannot yet say how far their influence may be surpassed in the growing revolutionary parties of "The Bell" and "The Flag." Of these, the Social Democratic "Bell" follows the usual impracticable and pedantic creed of St. Marx. The "Flag," or party of Nationalist Democrats, is at present dominant, and at a great assembly held in Erivan last August (1906) they adopted a programme of land nationalization, universal suffrage and education, an eight-hour day, and the control of the Church property by elected laymen. If the Russian revolution makes good progress, they will naturally unite with the Georgian Federalists, on whom the best hopes of the country are set.

Whatever may be the political future of the Armenians, they seem likely to survive for many generations yet as a race, held together by language and religion. Except the Jews, there is, I think, no parallel to such a survival. It is a thousand years since they could be called a powerful nation. For almost as long they have possessed no independent country of their own. For six hundred years their ancient capital city of Ani has stood a splendid but empty ruin in the desert between Kars and the great mountain of Alagöz, which confronts Ararat, with nearly equal height. They have been rent asunder and tormented by Persians, Turks, Tartars, and Russians in turn. Even their religion is not nationalistic or distinctly separate from other forms of religion, like the Jewish. Except for metaphysical shades of difference, hardly comprehensible to the modern world, there is little to distinguish it from the orthodox Christianity of the Near East. Yet, through innumerable disasters and attempts at extermination, the race persists, like the Jews, with astonishing vitality, unmistakable in characteristics which may not be exactly heroic, but lead to a certain material success. After all, it is only in harassed and persecuted nationalities that true patriotism ever survives.

The only visible centre for this Armenian patriotism is now the cathedral and monastery of Etchmiadzin, where the Katholikos resides. The foundation of the church is sixteen centuries old, and the main building dates from the early seventh century. It is dedicated to St. Gregory the Illuminator, the apostle of the Armenians, and founder of this earliest established form of Christianity. Among its relics it counts a considerable fragment of the saint's body, together with many other sanctified bones, and a piece hewn from Noah's ark when it was discovered still resting on the dip of Ararat, though seaworthy no more. But of greater interest to me, and more pathetic than these tangible evidences of sanctity, were the relics of men's souls that lie hidden away forever among the shelves of the great library. Many thousands are there, buried in the leaves of manuscripts and printed books. Living men once put their best of life into those books, and now no mortal will ever give them a thought again. It is a graveyard from which there is no resurrection. Many volumes I saw in ancient tongues that few people can now read—many volumes of disquisition upon the attributes of the Divine Essence, and the ambuscades set by the Evil One on each side the razor edge of virtue's path. Here a recluse eremite had poured out his watery speculations; there a father of the Church had tried to build the sand into eternal fortresses for the imprisonment of man's soul. Now, in their deserted oblivion, all had become venerable as the ruins of Ani — shrines where no taper burns, cathedrals unvisited by any worshipper. But there was a time when the human spirit took its form in them, and to other people besides their writers they appeared important.

Among them all, shut in a case by itself, is a volume of very different value—

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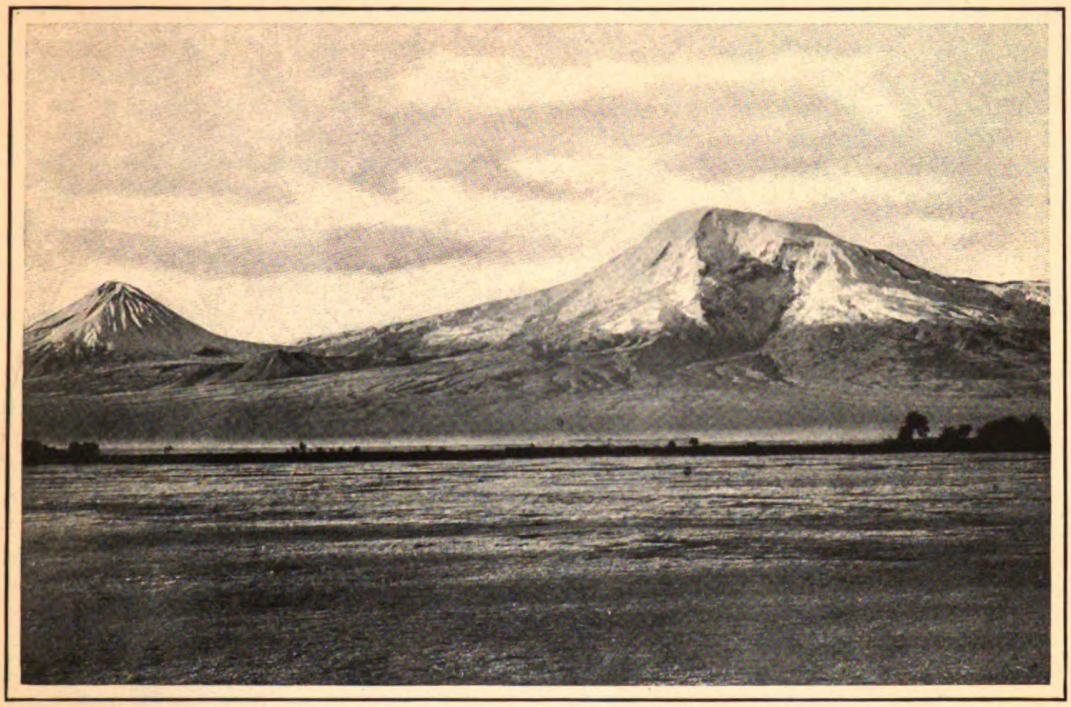

BEYOND THE PLAIN STOOD ARARAT

a text of the Gospels written in large uncials in the year 986, about the time of our Danish invasions and English battles of Maldon on Blackwater. It appears to have been copied from a fifth century manuscript, for illuminated pages of fifth century art have been bodily transferred into the present text. It is bound in ivory boards carved like Byzantine work. But the pride of the monks who showed it to me was not in the painting on the ivory, but in just one little vermilion line, discovered there by the Oxford scholar Mr. F. C. Conybeare, some fifteen years ago. It comes in the last chapter of St. Mark. As has long been known, the passage from the ninth verse to the end must have been written by a different hand from the rest of the book. It is obviously a rough and careless addition, and if we were not so benumbed by familiarity with the words of Scripture, we should all have wondered how it came there. It does not appear at all in the two fourth century Bibles that have come down to us. In them the Gospel closes hurriedly at verse eight, and is left unfinished. The scribe who copied the Etchmiadzin manuscript also intended to conclude the Gospel at verse eight. He has filled up the rest of the line with vermilion flourishes and stars, to show that it really ends there. Then, as though by an afterthought, on the top of his flourishes and stars he has added, also in his vermilion ink, the scrap of casual information that the rest was the work of Ariston, and he has proceeded to copy the remaining passage in the same black uncials as the rest of the text. This Ariston has been conjectured by Mr. Conybeare to be the same as an Ariston mentioned by Papias as one of Christ's disciples. Undoubtedly the tenth century scribe copied both the text and the explanation from the manuscript before him, which appears to have been written five hundred years earlier. This in its turn may conceivably have been copied from the original as St. Mark wrote it, and that original may have been the very one to which Ariston added his hurried and confused conclusion. But, according to very ancient Church tradition, St. Mark wrote under the immediate direction of St. Peter—the same who wept bitterly when the cock crew. And so, as you look at those few scratches in vermilion, they seem to bring you close back to the very people who wit-



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nessed the great event in history, and themselves bore their part in the life of Christ.*

Other manuscripts were there, and other books. A bishop who was with me had studied in Berlin—in fact, most of the leaders in the Armenian Church now spend some years in Germany—and he showed me with pride the forty-five volumes of Goethe upon the shelves, more dangerous than dynamite in any monastery, one would have thought. Tucked away in one corner I saw Heine smiling at me, like a fire in a haunted house, and when the bishop took me to his austere chamber, there was Shakespeare lying open on the table. The bishop was trying to learn a little English by spelling out Shakespeare with an English-German dictionary, and he had begun with *Romeo and Juliet*. I looked at the beloved text again, and as I looked it turned more vermilion than the rubric of Ariston, and became like the lady who so glowed with divine passion that she would have been invisible in flame.

AN ARMENIAN BISHOP

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

I read, and looked around the room. I looked at its tractates of theology and eikons of starveling saints. Turning the pages, I read again:

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo.

Then I looked at the English-German dictionary, and at the bearded bishop in black cowl and long black robe, and at the frozen plain of Araxes below the window, and all seemed very far away from Juliet and me! But I have no doubt the bishop also believed himself to be Romeo at heart, as all men do.

In the evening I drove back to Erivan, having on the north the great mountain of Alagöz, whose Alpine crests stood clear against an open sky, though all the base below the snow-line was reddish brown with dust and cloud. But on the south, over the misty plain, Ararat remained hidden, except when, now and again, a diffused crimson gleam high in the air showed the reflection of sunset from some edge of snow. By the time we reached the bridge over the river's gorge, just outside the town, it was getting dark, and the people were leaving the water-mills which almost cover the rapid stream with ancient walls and tunnels, where the clear, black water rushes under obscure wheels and heavy wooden beams, as in a dream of medieval industry. Erivan itself gathers up the post-diluvian history of the land, for it was one of the two or three cities in this

* The story of this discovery is told in Swete's Gospel of St. Mark, and in the first edition there is a photograph of the page.

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MINARET AT ERIVAN, ONE OF THE CITIES FOUNDED BY NOAH

neighborhood founded by Noah, and it is still celebrated for his vintage. Many intermediate centuries have been lost to man, but for the last thousand years it possesses a turbulent record of raids and counter raids, sieges, invasions, and massacres. For it has stood as the very centre of the Ararat highlands, round which Persians and Turks, Russians, Armenians, and Tartars have converged.

All that is beautiful in the town is Persian still. In the midst, behind the darkened alleys and caverns of the bazaar, stand a Persian mosque and minaret, set with enamelled bricks that gleam like jewels. The place is a great school of the Shiah form of Islam, and is built in a great quadrangle, with the cells of teachers down the sides, and a kind of half mosque at each end, like an open-air theatre in shape, but gorgeously decorated with paintings and mosaics of eighteenth century work. In the open spaces before the cells the reverend mullahs sit, with a white or green cloth wound round their fez, and instruct the youth in the Koran's wisdom—a difficult thing to find, as it has always seemed to me. They also expound Persian or Turkish newspapers, in which one may suppose the wisdom to be more obvious. In summer, like all the townspeople, they sleep on the flat roofs, with the Prophet's vision of immensity for ceiling.

Just outside the town we find the remains of Persia, too. High on the cliff overhanging the river, where these medieval water-mills grind slowly, are chaotic fragments of mud and concrete walls that once served as a fortress to the private mosque and residence of the Persian Sardars, or governors. It is still called the Sardar Palace, and a dog and caretaker live there like the lion and lizard that keep the courts where Jamshid gloried. Long-eyed portraits of Persian knights in brilliant raiment stare from the walls toward Ararat. The bedrooms and women's quarters are still standing, and the flowery traceries of Persia cling to their walls and lintels. But the carved shutters are slowly drop-

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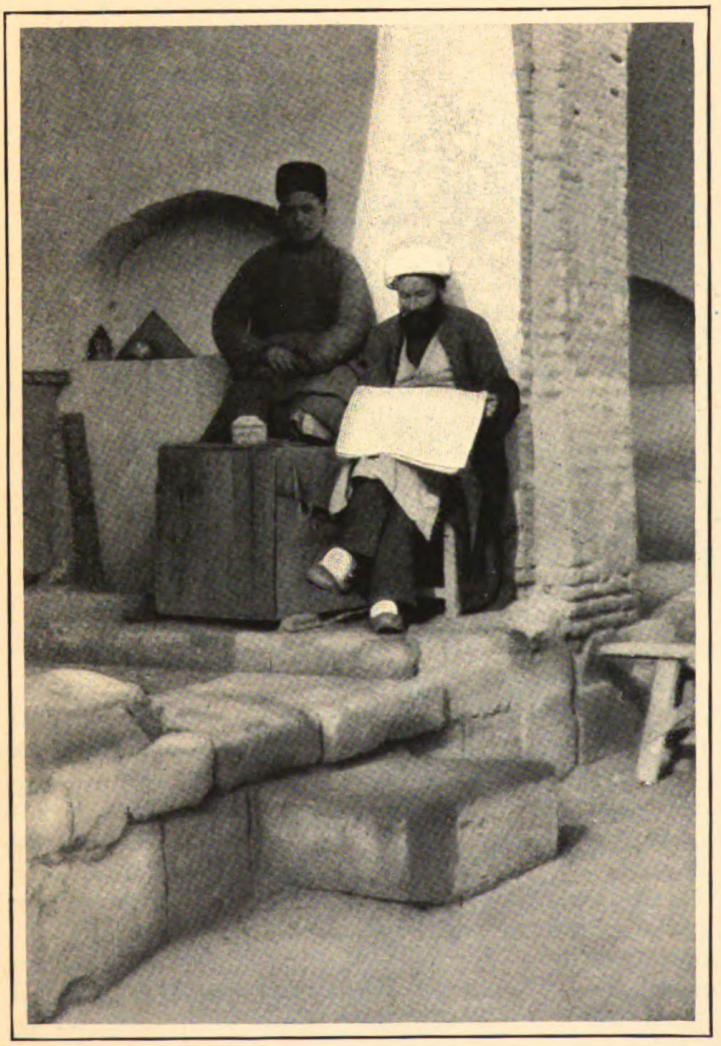
ping in fragments down the cliff; hawks and owls divide the chambers for their habitation, and the marble fountain, sunk in the floor, has long been dry. Close beside the little palace a singularly beautiful mosque, built like the others in an open half-circle, as though it had been cut in half, slowly moulders away. The golden mosaics and bricks of turquoise enamel drop one by one from their places, and no muezzin climbs the crumbling minaret to tell the world that God is great. But near at hand the Russians have just finished their lines of new barracks, and dominating the whole town, like a fortress in black stone, squats the hideous Russian church.



MOSLEM SCHOLARS EXPOUND THE NEWSPAPERS

In that beautiful but decaying palace, side by side with Russian barracks and church, may be read the whole parable of Persia. Only just eighty years ago a Russian general marched into the town without receiving a shot, and was granted the title of "Erivansky" for his prowess. Then the Russian Empire proceeded to swallow up the Persian country around, Ararat and all. So now the strings of camels stalking through this puddle of a world from Tabriz, or, perhaps, through red mountains and desert wastes from Ispahan and the Gulf itself, deliver into Russian hands their cargoes of dried fruits, piles of silk and carpets, or huge bales of cotton that trim the balance on either side the hump. And they return loaded up with Russian goods that Persians want — cotton stuffs and woollens, and candles and iron—a fair and peaceful exchange, as it seems. But follow down the Araxes where it forms the frontier, cross the Julfa ferry, where the Russian railway ends, and from the river bank to Tabriz, Persia's second capital, you find a Russian made road, singularly level, built with bridges and culverts in good condition—a thing unique in Persia. It is only waiting for the steel rails to be a Russian railway. For eighty miles that road runs south—just ten times the length of all the present railways in Persia put together—and from its terminus at Tabriz a fairly level track of only 350 miles leads to the capital city of Teheran. Whenever Russia is at liberty to take two divisions over the Araxes

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HERE CAMELS DELIVER THEIR CARGOES OF DRIED FRUITS, SILKS, AND CARPETS

she can occupy Tabriz as easily as she occupied Erivan, and command the one railway route to the next great "market" of the world. That is the approaching scene in the long and dramatic parable of Persia.

In Erivan itself, as in most of these frontier towns and villages, the Tartars have succeeded the Persians as the representatives of Asia and Islam. Their special quarter stands above the rest of the town, separated from it by an interval of vineyards and garden fields. From that vantage ground they have swept down again and again in the last two years for the slaughter and loot of Armenians. Their last raid had occurred only a month before I arrived, and it was thought unsafe for a Christian to be seen in their streets. But probably they regarded me as too harmless to be religious, for they let me wander as I pleased among their houses and to the very top of their hill.

I have not heard why the middle-aged Tartar likes to dye his beard bright red, exactly the color we used foolishly to despise as "carrots." But I think it likely that the brilliant color is chosen simply for the love of variation, which Darwin has noticed as characteristic of sex attraction. Similarly the Zulu women work their hair up into solid horns with dark red clay, and even smear their bodies with the same color.

The Tartar houses are built of what archæologists call Cyclopean masonry, much as they build field fences in the northern English counties. Large rocks and stones are piled up till they stand alone, somehow, and so they become the side of a house. The residential quarters look like a rough mountainside, but if you are tall enough to get a glimpse over the wall, you will see a clean little courtyard, upon which the rocky chambers open; and if you are free from the love of living, you may even contemplate for a moment some hideous Tartar woman with her black mask laid aside and her cocoon of silk or cotton wrappings partially unwound.

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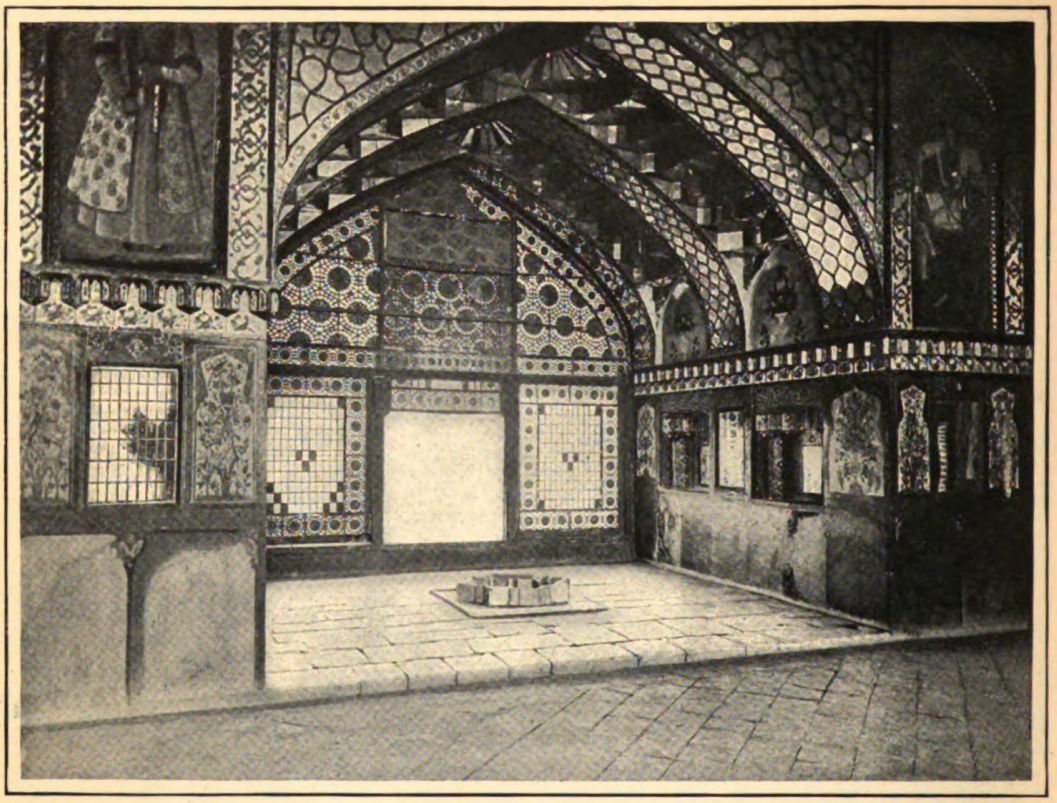

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN THE TOWN IS PERSIAN STILL

But do not look long, if you have any friends to leave behind you in the world. Your own life may not matter, but Tartar vengeance has no limits. As I was driving among Tartar villages near the old German colony of Katherinenfeld, south of Tiflis, the Georgian prince who was with me pointed out the place where his own servant had been killed a week or two before, owing to a vendetta that had arisen in March, because two dogs had barked at a Tartar and he had called them unseemly names. The owner of the dogs avenged their honor by killing him. He was killed in turn. His murderer was killed by my friend's servant, who was next of kin to the owner of the dogs. A youth of seventeen shot my friend's servant and cut his throat as he was riding home from market. The youth was shot by four rural police, who will be killed by the youth's relations. The wonder is that any Tartars are left alive after all these centuries of family honor avenged.

When the Tartar dies, which is often, his body is carefully washed and carried out to a desolate waste of unenclosed land and rocks. A hole is scraped and he is laid in it, naked, and resting on his right side. Why on his right side I do not know, except that it is the natural side for sleep. The washing and naked burial are the same among the Zulus, but their chiefs are buried standing upright, as though their bodies still went marching along.

Only in descending from this Tartar quarter of Erivan did I get my one sight of Ararat. All day it had been hidden in snow and tempest, but just after sunset I saw a zone of purple among the clouds, which was the solid mountain. For a time the base and top remained hidden, but gradually the summit cleared, and the vast cone stood visible there, alone and gray above the world. Then for a few seconds it took the fading flush of sunset, and the snows glowed with rosy crimson. Darkness drew in, and again it vanished in the whirling storms that have beaten upon it all these ages—that great mountain which dominated the history and imagination of young mankind.

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# Versus the Same

*BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE*

"NO good!" said my father. He spoke with his teeth set, and brought his hard fist stamping down on the breakfast table, where he had flung Rupert's letter.

"He is—no good!" he repeated.

"Oh, father—" I cried. "Don't! He's your son—"

"Is he?" said my father.

It was a milder response than I looked for; but the tone spoke sarcastic volumes.

Then he sat gazing at me across the table, and I knew as well what was in his mind as if he were thinking aloud.

Yes, he had spoken his honest estimate of his only son, and I, his daughter, sat there so afraid of him that my knees were shaking, and I spilled the coffee when I tried to pour it into his cup. No strength was in my hands, or my heart either.

My father nodded to the butler, and the man served the coffee, while I miserably choked over a pretended breakfast; so sorry, so sorry for all three of us—my father, my brother, and myself.

Poor father! The worst of it was I understood him. He thought I had no comprehension of anything he ever felt or suffered. If he had only known, if I could have dared to tell him, there was no one on earth I understood so well. To a man of my father's iron force it must have been a ceaseless disgust to have me, and to have Rupert, quail down before him, crouch as we do—always. There was reason for it in Rupert's case. I could see that, and with cruel plainness, even when I was only a little girl, but a few years older than my brother. Rupert had early shown all the traits of a sensitive disposition, and his father hated that kind of—what he called *sandless* boy. He would have disliked it with any lad; he couldn't stand it in his own son.

My father was a selfmade man. I suppose he saw no reason why he shouldn't create yet another man—his son—in his own image, if he decided on that as a good model. It never seemed to occur to him that the *toughening* he applied to Rupert had only the effect of intensifying the little boy's timidity. Rupert was pitifully afraid of his father, and that fear, I really think, almost drove my father insane. The disgust of it was so intense with him. It was hard on him to have a son so unlike him. He had much to bear in every way. Life did not spare my father. My mother, the love of his boyhood, had died when I was born; Rupert's mother, his second wife, had only lived a few years. My father was left the loneliest man I have ever known; for he has few friends and no near relatives. His two children are all he has in this world—and we are almost nothing to him.

Sometimes I fear—in a way, I cannot deny it to myself, he has reason—I fear that Rupert almost *hates* his father. This is not because he was ever physically abused; but any corrections seemed to terrify the very wits away from Rupert, as child, as lad, as young man. My father never disciplined him in any manner that I felt did the boy the least good. Perhaps it was not the punishments themselves that hurt so much; it was that great force back of them.

A giant my father is—and though he has never lifted his little finger to touch me, save in rarest moment of tenderness, there is, why I cannot imagine, that same unreasoning terror always ready to flutter in my throat, choke my voice, hold down my eyelids, whenever he speaks to me on the simplest subjects. I am afraid—afraid I may not understand quickly and displease him, or say or do the wrong thing, and see those brown eyes dart one piercing look at me. That look is the worst punishment I have ever had to endure from my father, and reason constantly asks me what it is I fear. What do I think my father may do to me?

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There is nothing he could, nothing he would do; yet this unreasoning terror is what makes my life in his home—I never think of the home as *ours*—an unhappy life, haunted by a nervous dread of—nothing at all.

I sat thinking my miserable thoughts and shrinking behind the menacing silver pieces of the huge coffee service, that tax all the strength in my hands whenever I try to lift them. My father has always had what I try to think is an affectionate fancy for seeing the mistress of his home pour his coffee for him.

"Have you heard from Rupert earlier as to this affair?" asked my father, presently.

"Yes, sir," I answered, promptly. Here I was on safe ground. Nothing, I know, would persuade my father to go further, to ask to see Rupert's letters, to inquire more closely as to their contents. All that belonged to my private life, what little I lived, was strictly mine, my sole earthly possession, on which he never intruded.

"What shall you do, father?" I ventured.

He lifted his white eyebrows and looked at me.

"Do? What did you suppose? Rupert goes to work in the foundry. If there is anything in him—we'll find it. Master Rupert will know there are one hundred cents in a dollar, when he has earned a few dollars at so many cents an hour. Here's a letter from the dean of his college."

He tossed an opened letter to me. As I read it I had to hide my free hand under the tablecloth to keep my father from seeing how the fingers were clenched to help me hold back the tears. There was something so fatherly, so comprehending of my poor Rupert, in the tone of the letter; the words of a man old in his knowledge of men. The sympathetic touch was what overcame me.

"Your son should be allowed to come back to us," the letter stated. "His rustication is, in a sense, not dishonorable, as the consequence of a boy's prank which cannot be overlooked, but which any spirited lad might have engaged upon. Unfortunately, there is a stronger reason to urge for his being allowed to return. He should not seem to show the white feather, and he is anxious for the chance to live down among his comrades a personal difficulty of which he tells me he will write to you in detail. The boy has no understanding of finance, and small idea of the number of cents in a dollar. One more experienced would have known—in the keeping of several accounts, such as personal and treasurer funds—how vitally necessary it is to depend on some form of bookkeeping. The journey from one pocket to another is not very far; in the making of change, and so on, ensuing confusion is not difficult to understand.

"We are not seeking to excuse your son to you, merely to explain that we regard his ignorance, a kind of financial incompetence, perhaps, rather the cause of this difficulty than any wilful wrongdoing. It is unfortunate that the personal complication and his trouble with the college authorities should have developed synchronously; but the boy retains the affection of his collegemates, with whom he is a favorite, and they have confidence in his integrity of *intention* toward them."

I laid down the letter hopelessly. The dean of the college might—he did—understand Rupert. He was in touch with a world of men made up of others more or less like himself. He knew no more of my father than my father could of him. They were in regions apart—strangers. Every argument this letter set forth would, I knew, only serve to make more iron my father's will to place Rupert at once in the business mill, among men who would look on such pleas as the dean had kindly used in extenuation—not as extenuating circumstances at all, but as augmented sins.

For his son, my father's son, to have used trust funds for any personal expenses—that in my father's eyes would have been horror enough; but for Rupert to have done this thing so unintelligently that he did not know he was doing it, through means of some fantastic, womanish dependence on separate pockets doing his bookkeeping for him—that but added irony to the wrong.

The matter of the rustication was, I knew, an affair of no moment to my father—a detail of college life, for Rupert and the authorities to settle between

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*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY FATHER!"



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them. It was this personal difficulty which had touched him, and where he was most keenly sensitive. But for that Rupert might have come or gone, however he and his advisers desired, almost unheeded.

"He goes to the foundry," said my father. "He starts at the foot of the ladder. His father started there—he can try it."

He had taken up Rupert's letter and was running his eye carefully down the page. "His outstanding bills—hum-m-m—those I pay. The trust deficit . . ." He pondered a moment. "That I assume, to be paid—later—from his savings. No, there's no object in his coming home. Talk over matters? What is there to talk of? He can report at the foundry, to the superintendent—direct."

He was jotting down notes on the back of Rupert's envelope, his custom with business letters. There was no longer even the compliment of remaining resentment in his manner. This was now the first item in his day's work, to be disposed of practically, methodically, no more, no less, to him.

Across the table I reluctantly held out the dean's letter. I hated to part with it. It seemed, so strangely, the one protection for Rupert — protecting him from whom? His own father. Some support from the letter as it left my hand seemed to enter into me, to push me to courage.

"Oh, father," I cried, "won't you listen to me! You've told me I have a little money of my own. May I give it to Rupert? When you answer the dean's letter—"

My father sat looking at me as if with a kind of curiosity. His reply was not unkindly, but more as if he were speaking to some one not quite responsible in mind.

"The dean's letter? I answered it on receipt—yesterday. I telegraphed to him to start the boy for the foundry."

He turned to glance down at a card on the tray which the butler was holding toward him. As he read the name on the card he rose, paused to sort over his mail; then passing my chair, he bent to kiss my brow, as he invariably did each morning when he left the breakfast room. Why he did this I never knew. The kiss was too absentmindedly given—sometimes repeated, the first caress forgotten—to be of any purport to him or to me.

As the door closed I rose swiftly and walked to the farther end of the table, where still lay the card which had been brought in.

It was, as I knew it would be, the card of the dean of the college from which Rupert was rusticated.

"The boy has rights," said the dean. "He has some rights."

He sat by the table in our servants' dining room, while I sat near him, hanging on his words and watching every change in his face. He was treating me not at all as if I were irresponsible of mind, but as one who had the right to know what he told me.

I had done a very bold, almost what I felt to be an immoral thing. Our city house is built on a street corner, and a large bow window commands a view of the front steps. The servants' entrance is on the side street.

Standing in this bow window, I watched my father — he was always punctilious in his own house—escort the dean of the college to the door, where they parted formally, with ceremony, as if after a heated disagreement, anger on both sides. I was so near I could watch the dean's face at closest range. When the door was shut he stood on the steps alone, frowning. His whole expression spoke the discouragement of a kindly man who had gone far out of his way to proffer a service and found the effort worse than futile. It was not the face of a man who would be easily deflected from a purpose; but I had seen faces more powerful by far than that of this elderly scholar pass out of that door wearing the same hurt look of dejection—impotence.

I ran, ran as if a great terror was behind me—as it was. No less impulse could have driven me. It was fear—a fear of seeing this last protection for Rupert pass out of our lives, down into the crowded streets, away from me forever—that sent my flying feet down the long hallways, out through the servants' dining room, to the side entrance of the house.

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The dean stopped in amazement. He might have thought me a madwoman. In house dress, bareheaded, I appeared on the pavement before him, blocking his way, trying to speak. He glanced up at the house and seemed to connect me with the home he had just left.

"You wanted to speak to me?" he asked, pleasantly. He looked straight through his spectacles into my eyes, with a kind of smiling kindness in the very glasses themselves.

"Rupert—" I gasped. "I am—his sister."

"Ah, I thought so," he answered, alertly.

It was he who led the way back into the house, he who placed a chair for me by the scrubbed table. He was so used to conferences of all kinds, so plainly was he expert in talking to the next friends of wayward youth, his ability fairly affronted me. Our situation, which seemed to me so unusual, so momentous, he ignored in a kind of vague yet practical simplicity. We were holding a stolen interview in the servants' quarters. I was, in a way, betraying my father in his own house. These were all non-essentials to him. But in spite of his long experience and these evidences thereof, his work had not become mechanical.

"The boy has some rights," he said, with feeling. "He is without business instincts. What could he do in a foundry? In a profession he may do well. He is of age. Has he no means of his own? Could he educate himself?—pay his own way?" I shook my head.

"You don't understand my father," I cried. "It's not the money. I've seen him lose thousands and thousands and thousands—he's what he calls himself, a good loser—and laugh. I think he *likes* to lose on some investments. You say he told you he 'wouldn't stake any more money on a sinking security.' He didn't mean that."

"That's what he said," stated the dean, briefly.

"He didn't mean it. I can't make you understand! My father cares nothing about money—not as money itself. This morning I begged him to let me pay for Rupert's education. He didn't even hear me."

The dean's spectacles turned on me—two gleaming headlights.

"You offered to pay—"

"Yes; I have—I *think* I have a little, a few thousands of my own my mother left me. Rupert is my half brother. His mother had no property."

"You *think* you have an inheritance. Don't you know?"

He sat looking at me. "You—you are not of age, then?" he suggested, as if afraid the query might be offensive.

"I am twenty-four," I said, bluntly.

I never like my age to be discussed. Not because I am ashamed of my years; I am ashamed of my appearance of youth. Sometimes as I look in the glass at my childish eyes, my immature face, I wonder with disgust how it is possible for any one to have lived twenty-four years in the world and show no marks of having lived at all.

"Twenty-four," said the dean. "No, you don't look it. You have had a sheltered life. May I ask—when do you come into this property?"

I sat considering. When did I, when do I, what is called — come into my rights?

I suddenly appreciated that I had no rights, that all the chances were I never would have any. I was—I saw myself, as my father must always see me, the kind of timid, fragilely built, brown eyed, fair haired creature who would never be much older or wiser or more informed as to her own affairs.

I was, unconsciously, staring straight into the dean's kindly spectacles, and grew aware of a look of the most fatherly pity gathering there.

He leaned across the table and touched my arm as he might have soothed a troubled little child. "Never mind," he said.

For the moment I hated him, I saw so clearly what he believed, and the injustice of his conclusions made me speak before I knew what I said.

"It is not so!" I cried. "I tell you you don't understand my father, not in the least particular. He would die of thirst with liquids he didn't own untouched all around him. He would starve with food at his hand before he would lay a finger on anything not strictly his. *That's* why he's so angry with Rupert.

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You think he's—an ogre. He's only—a giant. He can't, can't understand us because he's so strong. Rupert and I are so weak. You don't know how weak we are."

"Don't I?" said the dean. Under his look, the tone, his smile, I melted.

"Ought I—you think I ought to speak again to my father?" I faltered.

"I—I am afraid you ought," he said, reluctantly. "It has not been an easy thing, you should remember, for the son of a man of known great wealth to live on such a small allowance among his mates. Do you follow me?"

Follow him! Was there anything in Rupert's situation which I had not understood and followed with a sick anxiety—ever since he was born, it seemed to me.

"You say your father did not hear you when you made your offer to him this morning. Would you be willing to-day—now—to try again?—to make sure that he does hear you?"

"I will try," I said, desperately. "But it is quite useless. It is not a question of money," I added, stubbornly.

I had turned to go, when the dean stretched out his hand as if to detain me.

As he hesitated, looking me over, I knew he was thinking that I was perhaps the slenderest reed of a woman he had ever seen—body, soul, and mind. What was I to oppose that oak of a man who by some strange perversion had brought two such feeble wills into being? "Stay," he said; "perhaps it may not be—best."

And then nothing on earth would have stopped me. *Safe* was the word he had almost used, and changed it to one less menacing. There was no danger for me in speaking to my father, no good reason why I should not have said to him anything I pleased to reasonably speak. It was I, my cowardice, that made the expedition seem hazardous. All this, and more, I told myself as I climbed the stairs and slowly dragged along the halls that led to my father's home office. At this hour he would be there with his secretary.

What would my father do to me? What could he do? I asked these questions for the thousandth time, gave to myself again the old scornful answer. He could, he would, do nothing. Why then this panic terror?

But I was not deceiving myself. This was not a simple favor I meant to try to ask. I was not merely to entreat my father to hand over to me certain moneys which he held in my name. I wanted his permission to use those funds, not only as I pleased, but in a direction which must be displeasing to him.

Even so — angered if he was, what could he do?

I stopped at last at my journey's end, the door of my father's office.

"Come," he said, in answer to my knock.

He was alone, sitting at his desk, writing. He glanced up at me, his pen held poised over his paper. That permission to enter was the sole word spoken by him in our interview.

I groped my way from the room down the stairs, through the halls again, and was feeling for the handle of the door of the servants' dining room, when it was opened from within, and the dean, with an exclamation, caught my arm, my shoulder, and supported me to a chair.

I had meant—not to lie to him precisely, but certainly not to tell him how I had faltered out, uninterrupted, all that I had to say; how, in the silence, when at last I forced my eyes to my father's face . . . nothing that he might have replied could have been so awful as that paralyzing stare, that motionless waiting, his hand held above his paper. . .

Everything was still black before me as I sat in the servants' dining room and felt a finger seeking for the pulse in my wrist.

"You're all right," said the dean's voice. "Now—what messages have you for your brother? Something may happen yet. I wouldn't quite give up all hope if I were you." As he spoke I knew that he was hopeless.

I sat up in my chair, the black mists clearing away into floating flecks and dots in the air. So I was not to have even a prevarication to repent of toward the dean. Nothing further was said; there were no questions asked of me concerning my interview with my father. What had, or had not, happened between us was, in substance at least, told to that experience with no words from me. He bade me a rather hurried farewell and left me.

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I was glad to be alone for the few moments remaining before an engagement which I knew I must go out to meet, for nothing angered my father so greatly as carelessness in regard to appointments with masters who must be paid whether the pupil were punctual or tardy. Money without stint, limitlessly, it seemed to me, I might have for any use. I could never wilfully waste the paring of a penny and not incur his censure. My appointment was with my elocution master—a kind of dramatic coach.

In a quiet way, as much and more than I want, I am with young people of my own age, and we were just now rehearsing for a play in which I had been persuaded to take a leading part. I had been dissatisfied with my own acting, and was taking private instruction, in which I was not, I knew, a very satisfactory pupil; for I cannot forget myself and throw myself into a part.

"But you *must*," fumed the fussy little foreign master, of whom no human being could be afraid.

"You must *think* yourself into the part," he scolded. I wrenched my mind away from Rupert, from the sick memory of my father's face as I had last seen it.

"I cannot say the phrases as you say them," I excused myself, childishly. "I cannot become some one other than myself."

"Mademoiselle *can* — she *will* not," raved the tutor.

He had every provocation. I never treated him fairly.

There are so few of whom I have no fear. I meanly enjoyed exhibiting my indifference to his furies.

But at last his real earnestness, his method, caught my interest. I forgot to laugh at his extravagance, forgot to enjoy my lack of fear of him. I ceased to think of other things, as I listened to his explanation of the mastery of the *unspoken word*. It was not needful for an actor, he claimed, to say all that he would express; but it was imperative for him to feel, perhaps even express in words, mentally, all that he would act.

"I enter the room—so—see—" he cried. "I exclaim, 'My wife!' No life is in that cry. Again I enter. Mentally I ejaculate, 'My beloved, my well adored—' aloud I add—'my wife!' Those two *spoken* words, mademoiselle, they have all the storèd passion of those preceding words —*unspoken*. Does mademoiselle see?"

Mademoiselle saw.

It diverted me, the odd little man, the odd little expedient, the more so that on trial I found the experiment surprisingly successful.

Ejaculations came with a curious force, with power, from my lips, informed by mental phrases prefacing.

The trick of this little oratorical device hung by me; and, as I walked home after my lesson, I found myself trying to effect various combinations, murmured under my breath, grave, sprightly, passionate. The result was invariably the same—a singular flexibility of expression.

The first breath of a promise of summer in the spring air had blown into my face and made me dismiss the carriage to stroll home through the broad park that stretched before me.

I was not far from my door when an odd little incident happened, so near me that I could not avoid overhearing the whole episode. I had seen two men, one very young, the other somewhat older, swing at a brisk gait into the earth path ahead of me. They had wheeled so sharply and were so engrossed they plainly failed to note how they had almost brushed me in passing. The soft ground deadened my footfall.

The younger man, as I glanced up into his face, had reminded me of Rupert—or perhaps my mind was so full of him I imagined the physical likeness. There was, undoubtedly, a similar attraction of manner, that same easy, affectionate trick of speech, the fascination that has always been Rupert's charm. The older man was evidently leaving no argument, no persuasion, untried to force his companion to a decision from which the younger man was holding back, in half laughing, easy, good natured way—Rupert's way. It seemed to me that he rather lacked determination; and so his companion estimated him, judging from the manner of his urging; though he hesitated a moment before he went what was plainly a step—a very long step—farther. Just what that departure was I did not know; but there was no possible escape from overhearing the younger man's response. He drew off sharply,

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*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens* Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I MUST HAVE MY MONEY; IT'S MINE, AND I WANT IT"

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almost to the farther side of the path, and stood there, his face crimsoned, his brow black, looking over at his adviser. Every trace of his yielding nature, his good temper, had vanished.

"You can—go to hell," he said, roughly, unexpectedly. "I'll do—you understand me? — exactly what I — damn please."

The older man, as if utterly dumfounded at this outburst, stood still, in speechless astonishment. They waited there, eye to eye. Then the older man burst into a sudden high laugh, a laugh of huge amazement—and of surrender. He crossed over the path to his young friend, hooked an arm into his elbow, and the two walked off together, their difference adjusted. They were laughing as they talked, comrades again.

I walked on to my father's house, under the budding trees, and saw the clear air, the soft golden sunshine, through a blur of tears.

If once, for one moment in his life, Rupert could face his father, so turn on him, so assert a right to any independence of will — the whole of his troubles would be over. It was this—this attitude of mind, at least—that my father imperiously expected of manhood. My poor Rupert never had rendered, he never would be able to render, what his father demanded. It was not in him—that spark, that fire, the power to turn, to rend the aggressor. . . .

As I entered the house I found lying on the hall table a letter addressed to me. It had come in my absence. The superscription was so blurred and irregular I did not recognize whose the writing was until I had opened the envelope. Had I needed renewed assurance that Rupert would never face his father in the one way that might serve his purpose, it was here. The letter was a boy's protest, a child's, a lovable, desperate boy's letter.

What should he do? was its cry. How could he face this life laid out for him? . . . Yes, he had been dishonorable—here I recognized the dean's training—but why should he remain forever dishonored? Why should he be despotically robbed of all chance to prove himself? . . .

Why indeed?

I stood with the letter but half read, too miserable now to weep. It was this kind of treatment throughout all his life that had made of Rupert a weak lad; that would make of him a weak man, wicked perhaps.

I had to ask for the message to be repeated when my father's secretary passed me in the hall and stopped to tell me that my father wished me to know he would lunch at home; he had been detained in his house office.

"He is there—now?" I asked.

Yes, he was in his office, and alone.

I walked up the stairway slowly, again passed through the long hallways, and on to the door of my father's room.

Rupert's letter was still in my fingers, in the hand I lifted to rap upon the door. With a kind of mechanical surprise I saw that my hand was not trembling.

"Come," said my father's voice again. Again I walked into his room, up to his desk, and stood there, and—I was not afraid.

"Father," I said (it was a sleepwalker's voice), "I have come to tell you —to tell you I must have my money. It is mine, and I—I want it."

As he lifted his eyes I thought I caught in them a great surprise, then the first black flakes of that same appalling darkness fell, hiding my father's face from me. My fingers clutched tightly about Rupert's letter, and the blackness slipped away. As it cleared, again I saw my father's face. He was still looking steadily at me, still with that great surprise shadowed in his eyes.

Could I keep my heart from beating up out of my bosom into my throat? my knees from failing me? that old black darkness of terror from descending? Would he sit there silent, say nothing, kill me with that gaze, that awful stillness? But he spoke.

"You want your money," he said, evenly. "Why?"

I had thought silence killing; speech was worse. A quick vision of my odd little foreign coach danced inconsequently before me, his words rang in my ears —"all the storèd passion." What storèd passions were in my father's nature that needed so few words to be conveyed! What was it in his voice, in him? Who could say? Too many had gone down under that glacierlike force for me to query why I sank before it.

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I felt my heartbeats hurry, choking me; my knees went water; the black drops fell again, thickening to a veil. Another moment and I should be grovelling before him or flying that presence. All that was left to me was my eyes. As yet they had not fallen from his; but that, too, would come; already they stared and saw nothing. Presently they must fall. . . .

The black veil was rent before a sudden rush of heat like a red wave. A burning anger had surged through me, lifting me, filling me with a kind of strength. Why—why should I—born of his bone, child of his—cringe before him?

I heard myself cry out, cry wildly. "You—" the voice said—my own, yet not mine. I had heard that ring, metal on metal, in my father's tones—how often!—never before had it been in my voice to hear.

"You," I cried,—"you can. . . . I *will* have my money. I will do with it—you understand me?—exactly what I . . . please."

Through all, my father's features loomed dimly, his still face, those terrible eyes, and I knew that my eyes had never once faltered from his; seeing or unseeing, measure for measure, they held their own.

As my voice died away I think I too died with it; for when I awoke again there was no red wave, no black mist blinding me, and across the table from me sat my father, quietly writing. He tore from his check book the leaf on which he had written, passing it across the table to me. I took the paper and stood staring at it—a check for a small fortune, not the few thousands I had believed I owned.

"You will find that correct," said my father, briefly. "It was a few thousands when you inherited it. I have taken it out, aired it, turned it over now and then. That is principal and interest."

I found my voice. "It—it is far too —much," I faltered,—"too much for any girl."

"Too much for most girls," he corrected, "not for my daughter."

What taught me how to respond?

The longing to throw myself on my knees before him, rest in that iron strength—I was so weary,—lay my cheek against the lips that in that tone had called me *daughter*—all that yearning I resisted.

I walked away from my father, and did not turn until I had reached the door of his room. Then, "Thank you, father," I said. It was not the frightened, reedy tones of a girl; it was the steady voice of a woman—unafraid, wholly unafraid. I knew how nearly I had fled from that room with a spirit broken forever, a broken girl for the rest of my life. I was leaving it a woman, afraid of nothing on the face of this earth. I should never be afraid again.

"You know," I said, clearly,—"I want you to know, father, just what I mean to do with this money."

My father sat looking at me across the length of the room as I waited at his door. There was no smile on his face, no jest in his voice, yet as he spoke I heard again, like an echoed sound, the high laugh, the amused voice of the older man in the park as he had turned to hook his arm in the elbow of the younger.

"You will use it, I suppose," said my father, "exactly as you . . . please."

I went out of the room softly and softly shut the door behind me. I stood leaning against the wide open hall window that looked into the park, on the blue sky, the green fields.

The joys of the birth of children may be mine, the birth of love for a lover; never again shall I be wrapped in ecstasy so keen as in that moment when, standing there alone, I knew myself born at last—my father's daughter.

I leaned far out into the free soft air. In the future I saw before me there were azure skies more glad than those above me; brighter than the emerald of the green fields below were the happy meadows through which we should wander together, comrades, my father and I; arms hooked, laughing, jesting sometimes, perhaps,—one in such a harmony of mind, of heart, that we shall forget, or remember as a dream to smile over, this strange hour in which we have stood measured—eye to eye, his bone *versus* his bone, flesh *versus* flesh; his will—I know it now—*versus* a will that is the same.

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# How the Brain Works

*BY EDWARD A. AYERS, A.M., M.D.*

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THE human brain is the most marvellous machine in the world. It occupies less space in proportion to its capabilities than any machine it ever invented. It sends a special nerve to every ultimate fibre of some five hundred muscles, to many thousand branching twigs of arteries, to every pinhead area of the numerous glands which keep the machine properly oiled, heated, or cooled; to some sixteen square feet of skin, which is the outpost guard of its castle, with such completeness that the point of a pin cannot find an area unguarded. It possesses special quarters for the reception and translation of a constant stream of vibrations that are the product of all things movable or still in the outer world. On the retina of every open eye is a picture of the outer view, a focussed imprint of every ray of light and color; and in the Visual Chamber of the Mental Palace stands a Vibrascope, a magic lantern that receives the retinal picture in its billion speeding series of light waves and throws them upon its mental screen as a living moving picture of light and shade and color. In the Chamber of Sound is a Vibraphone, over whose active wires passes every wave of sound, from the dripping of the dew to the orchestral fortissimo, from the raucous screech of the locomotive to the sighing of the wind through the meadow grass. In the chambers set apart for Scent and Taste and Touch are the secret service guards to report upon the air and food which give sustenance to the palace and upon the solid qualities of the tactile world. And wonder of all wonders, this complex human brain can think in all languages or in no language, and even conceive its own physical mortality.

The human brain contains a network of branching cells, which number somewhere in the billions, so perfectly threaded to one another that all its accustomed acts are done in harmony. It is the most intricate and perfect switchboard that has yet been built.

A city telephone company connects over 200,000 telephones with its central switchboard, and its possible combinations are the figure that expresses the sum of each machine being connected in turn with 199,000 others, plus the number of people possible to each instrument. There is an average of sixteen square feet of skin covering the human body, with an average of over 10,000 little nerve telephones in each foot square, or over 160,000 in all.

The integument is divided into substation areas, as is the telephone system, and when a "tactile corpuscle"—a skin telephone—rings up central it is answered by a substation agent, a little brain, called a ganglion. This clerk attends to all ordinary calls; but if one's foot happens to step on an orange peel, or one sits on a misplaced tack, the commotion is so great that the bells in the main office ring out. In addition to the telephones in the skin are those in every organ of the body. There is one in every little twig of an artery, and when you tell me how many twigs there are in a big tree you will not need to ask how large is the number of twigs in the arterial tree. Here runs a scarlet stream of some twelve pounds of blood through a system of pipes like a city's waterworks, with its central pump and its thousands of pipes — only the water pipes are of iron and the vascular pipes are like pure rubber hose, contracting here, expanding there, to throw a smaller stream to a quiet district and a larger to the one in action. Here is a scarlet stream that completes its circuit through the heart twice in every minute, which requires the pumping of some 34,000 pounds of blood in twenty-four hours, and it is all under the con-



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stant regulation and control of the "vasomotor" telephones.

Then there are the telephones of the great substation of the organs of special sense additional to "touch," the pride of the expert mechanicians. They are those for the eye, ear, nose, and tongue.

The rate of speed of the telephone message is greater—when once it gets started—than is that of the tactile telephone. If one's finger, as Flammarion puts it, could be stretched out to touch the sun, 93,000,000 miles away, the pain would not be felt at the "central" for 127 years; while a cannon ball would make the trip in ten years, and light rays in eight minutes and seventeen seconds. But while the wave over the sensory nerve is so comparatively slow, and while a return message to a group of muscles to remove the burning finger takes additional time, yet the message must travel only a few feet, and a hundred can be despatched while we are "getting central" by the telephone.

By means of the telautoscope a man's features can be sketched in London and be reproduced within ten minutes in New York. The human eye can by a similar use of interrupted and distributed vibrations send a very perfect drawing of a man's features to the brain and *send it in color*. This is a compound telautoscope. By using both eyes the picture becomes "stereoscopic," shows a little more than the front half of the face or picture. The telautograph can send your subscription to relieve distress in excellent forgery over a thousand miles in less than a minute. The human brain has a special centre, or receiver, for written words, another for spoken words, a "central" for each, and a centre for reproducing these words in writing, and another in speech. The telegraphone adds the virtues of the phonograph (or vices if you prefer) to the telephone, and can record a message for one in his absence, which he on his return, or whoever gets there first, can have spoken through the horn. It has great domestic possibilities. The machine is superior to the brain, because it will sing out its message no matter how late your return; while the ear will receive a question, for example, when one's brain is busy ("Central is busy; shall I call you?"), and our conscious self, the final central, be able to pick it up for a few seconds only after it was received. Memory would be the analogue of the wire in the telegraphone, but memory connects with the senses through the conscious centre, and cannot acquire information when the "ego" is busy.

The tongue can telephone the brain the quality, temperature, and chemical properties of soluble substances. Has the inventor evolved a "telautogust"—a machine that would enable the good housewife to sample the grocer's butter over the telephone?

Some animals with weak eyes have wonderful superiority in their ability to taste. The catfish, friend of Mississippi Valley boyhood, has "taste buds" on its projecting barbels, the fringes around the mouth, by which it can discover the bait on the trotline in the darkest night. Nearly half the catfish brain is devoted to taste functions. The human nose can telephone to headquarters the odors of a myriad variety of volatiles. Our wise books state that the nose can recognize the odor of 1-460,000,000 of a milligram of mercaptan—a garlicky smelling compound,—and we are not prepared to deny it. Yet smell is the least developed sense in man compared with animals.

The hound on the run can track his quarry after hours of imprint of the spoor. Smell is obtained by the impact of infinitesimal particles in the air against the olfactory nerve cells. Hence one sniffs the air to draw the volatile particles against the lining membrane of the nose. The most delicate sound wave on the phonograph would drive the recording pin through the foil of a machine built to the scale of gentleness required in olfaction.

*Structure of the Brain Machine.*—It is always easier to comprehend the structure of an intricate machine if we build it in its simpler forms and then extend to its complexities. A switchboard is a puzzle, but two little toy telephone drums united across the street by a string is a very simple system, and when we add one or two more such telephones to a central string and arrange to switch a connection of one to any one of the others only, we begin to get switchboard wise. The brain and nervous system in the lowest

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forms of animal life are like the simplest unit of a telephone circuit, a central which receives a message of sensation, pain, pleasure, from a nerve telephone placed in the skin, or stomach, or elsewhere, and which can send a message over another wire to a set of muscles to act according to the needs—or, to take the primary form in protozoa, to direct secretion. All nerves travel in pairs, one of which carries sensation only from periphery to centre, and is called a sensory or afferent nerve. The other only carries from the centre to a part of the body, and is called a motor nerve because it causes muscular contraction only, and is also called efferent, because it carries from the centre. Every fibre of muscle has one of these nerves.

One class of muscles is in control of the will and the other not. The first are called voluntary, the second involuntary and are automatic.

The evolution of the complex nervous system in man may be likened to the gradual expansion of a manufactory, which at the start can be managed by one man. But business grows, and a clerk must be employed, then others, until we find the work divided among specialists. The lowest form of life only absorbs nutriment. Then instead of a floating sphere of protoplasm it hollows into something of the shape of a thimble and becomes the proud possessor of a stomach. This requires digestion and an outfit of nerves, so a central station is erected. Then more fuel is needed, and a breathing apparatus is brought in and a pump to carry the oxygen, and pipes to assist—heart, blood vessels, and lungs. The factory now requires department superintendents. Increased use of crude materials causes the need of better facilities for removing waste material. Intestines and kidneys are installed. Greater subdivision of the input is demanded. The result is teeth, salivary glands, pancreas, liver, gall bladder, etc. Now the manager cannot give personal attention to all these things. The work must be made automatic as far as possible. This then may be said to be the order of evolution of a complete nervous system, that there is first the simple unit, one central nerve telephone with a sensory nerve connecting a bodyguard telephone with it, and another nerve running from the central to a group of muscles. Then, when a number of these units have been added and mutually connected, they become a spinal cord.

This structure can manage every function that is automatic; but when the factory gets so subdivided that judgment is required to adjust rival departments, something like a brain becomes necessary.

It is scarcely possible to draw a line of distinction between that which is automatic, called instinct, and that which is reason; and, therefore, it is difficult to state just what is our differentiation between brain and spinal cord. Putting a finger on a hot iron and quickly withdrawing it is purely reflex action.

Repetitions of this accident will train this automaton so that the finger will be withdrawn before it touches the iron, so soon as it feels the heat. A frog with the brain removed, when placed in water, may swim, and if it comes in contact with a stick floating, will endeavor clumsily to climb over it. It has no consciousness, but its spinal cord ganglia respond to the sensation received from its collision with the stick as they have been accustomed to do when the brain was intact. This is the primary form of habit, or trained reflex action. The frog will eat if food is placed in its mouth, but will not initiate any action to secure food, as it only responds to outside sensation. Let us add a little more to our nerve system and see if we can get more light on brain distinction.

At the head of the spinal cord, lying at the base of the posterior portion of the human skull, is the part of the brain called the cerebellum. Its function much suggests the orchestral leader. Its particular duty is to sustain co-ordination, or harmony of action, of all the muscles of the "voluntary" class. The newborn babe can cry or kick as well at the start as it ever will, because these actions require no precision, balancing, or harmony of movement. But when it tries to sit up it must learn to keep in the centre of gravity, or it will fall over as would a balanced pole let go. Its skin nerves which are in contact with the floor gradually train it to know when it is leaning out of the perpendicular, and its cerebellum ad-

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justs its muscular contractions accordingly. So with the adult who sits or stands or walks or runs, or walks a tight rope, or stands on his head to the limits of skill of the variety performer. Should one's brain as he sits dignifiedly in a front pew be ever so busy in applying the moral castigations of the preacher to his neighbor's needs, his cerebellum will be always busy and alert in sustaining his physical balance until he falls a-nodding. In the disease called locomotor ataxia the nerves in the soles of the feet are paralyzed and the man cannot tell how he stands. He must either use his eyes or fall. He cannot walk in the dark. Sight is of next importance to touch in the work of the cerebellum. Hence in riding on the cars or tossing in a boat at sea there is a constant contradiction of information given the cerebellum, and the confusion disturbs the harmony of automatism in the work of the heart, arteries, and other parts, producing brain shock and nausea. Under intoxication the cerebellum is directly affected by the alcohol, regardless of outside signs of equilibrium, and its partial paralysis causes the well known staggering gait of the drunkard.

How much of this work is reflex trained to skilful habit, and how much reasoning? All eyes acquire intelligence —that is, the brain cells which the eyes assist,—and there must be in the early forms of cerebellar development the generation of a reasoning faculty.

Habit must be very closely akin to memory, as the impressions of repeated automatic actions upon the brain cells constitute the beginning of memory as a distinct faculty.

But to return to our factory simile. We find the business has developed into a worldwide concern, with all kinds of employees and agents required. Advertisers, drummers, press agents, bookkeepers, cashiers, buyers, a board of directors, trustees, and a president; the faculties of the human brain—memory, mathematics, speech, imagination, invention, judgment, reason, conscience, and will. And on through the list to the *summum mentalis*—the human brain of most intricate construction and functional division, which, as the great department store of life, has yet to find in the outer world a force that it does not represent, a mechanism that it cannot rival, or a subtile fluid whose mysteries it cannot itself produce.

*The Brain King and his Palace.*—The higher faculties of the brain are believed to reside in the part which we call the *cerebrum*, the largest part of the human brain. In its simplest expression the brain may be said to be composed of but two types of nerve structure: *originating* cells—the gray matter, the cells that remember, that imagine, that generate all actions which originate from within the body except certain reflexes; and *conducting* cells, the white matter. The gray cells occupy the outer surface of a sphere, and the white compose the centre. The dipping in of the gray layer, forming "convolutions," is Nature's method of obtaining room for more "originating" cells; just as the bookcases in large libraries are extended towards the centre of the room as the library grows. The brain cells far outnumber all the books that ever were printed, although it is only fair to state that many books contain more than one thought, while a single brain cell probably does not. These brain cells are most interesting little bodies to rub acquaintance with. Compared with ordinary body cells they are rather complicated. An ordinary cell is round or oval or spindle shaped, with a nucleus in the centre.

But brain cells have many fine offshoots, and a special thread through which its essential function is sustained. Every effort of the brain is probably the product of more than one cell's activity, but unless there is a harmonious action by the cells involved chaos would result. These delicate little threads which run from all these cells mainly unite the manifold cells of the brain to one another. But they do not unite with their immediate neighbors. Their actual size varies from 1-3000 of an inch to 1-400. It would take 1700 average sized cells laid side by side to measure one inch. Efforts have been made to estimate the number of these cells in a human brain. One of the lowest estimates is 612,000,000, and the highest 9,200,000,000.

There are many interesting questions suggested by this wonderful collection of

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branching cells. Does each one represent a unit of brain action? Is memory, for instance, a total of units in which each recollection is stored in its individual cell? Are all the cells of the adult brain present in the embryonic condition? Or do they develop with each added item of knowledge? We know that the brains of lower animals are relatively small and their surfaces not convoluted. The brain cells are not created after a child is born.

All that can be developed in adult life are present at birth, but only as the flower is present as a seed. All actions are the products of units, but all mental actions are complex, and probably require the aid of several cells. We know it to be the rule that old cells are constantly wearing out and their places taken by new ones in all animal structures. This is about as far as the cantilever of fact can be projected across this chasm of speculation.

*Government of the Nervous System.*—The brain, like our national government at Washington, is in supreme authority, but is itself subject to certain "constitutional limitations" and statutory restraints. The brain cannot stop the action of the heart by thought, nor take the control of respiration away from its automatic clerks. It might forget to breathe, and certainly would fall asleep, and that would be fatal. Automatism hates to think and never forgets, or gets whipped up in time if it grows sleepy.

The brain can control all voluntary muscles, but special control and automatic action are very much commingled. The absentminded professor may be debating the "nebular hypothesis" as he moves down Broadway, but if he undertakes to cross the street in a "jam" he may find need of active attention by eye, ear, and foot; so he drops his cogitations and takes charge of his muscular squad. In a great corporation the president may not know for what purpose a hundred thousand dollar check was paid; it is too minor a matter. All sorts of checks are paid out in the animal economy by the actuaries without the knowledge of the supreme head, and these fiduciaries are incapable of intentional wrongdoing; but if something does go wrong, the system of organization is so sensitively organized that every officer in the corporation will feel its penalty, including the president. Speaking generally, the brain is in direct and active charge of all functions except respiration, circulation, secretion, and excretion.

*The Location of Brain Centres.*—Although there is a very extensive connection of the various parts of the brain with one another, it has long been believed that each several function possesses an individual habitation if not a name. It was the early endeavor of "phrenologists" to map out these homes and give each its name.

It seems scarcely worth the while to characterize the methods or the results of these geographists of the brain. To those who believe in them we might seem harsh, and to those who do not believe in them consideration would be supererogation. Suffice to state that to the extent that extended study of head contours coupled with judicious observation of brain capacities may permit some generalizations on "localizations," there is interesting field for investigation. But when definiteness of location is undertaken by such deductions, the selections become largely guesses. Phrenologists have constructed charts which define every bit of *surface* of the brain. These charts are rather popular. People love thoroughness, and these charts seem of its essence. That they have found the homes of all the most ethereal functions and left no abiding place for the motor functions, the regions which enable our beautiful machines to run, is unfortunate according to the point of view. As a commercial proposition—no. As a scientific exposition—yes.

Physiologists and physicians have for many years been endeavoring to determine location. They began with a clean slate. They assumed nothing, and only tabulated such demonstrations as hung together in evidence. There have been three methods of investigation possible—by the study of comparative anatomy and physiology, by direct experimentation on animals, and by the tabulation of symptoms exhibited by men suffering localized brain injuries and disease, and their relations to the injuries found on operation or *post mortem*.

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By comparative anatomy and physiology there can be observed in certain animals a very marked preponderance of some particular function, and observation may reveal which parts of the brain are specially developed. Thus, as previously mentioned, the sense of taste is so preponderant that nearly one half its brain is for taste in the catfish. In the microscopic study of the growth and cellular arrangement of this brain the observer can gain some knowledge of its meaning.

In the rabbit's brain the sense of smell is prominent. In the eagle, sight; while in the blind fish and the mole there is corresponding decrease in the seeing part of the brain. Along these lines of observation, and others which it is not here desirable to describe in detail, considerable help has been obtained in determining localization.

*Evidence by Experimentation.* — Most of these tests have been made on dogs and monkeys, their brains most closely resembling the human organ. With the animal anæsthetized and a small portion of the brain surface exposed, a delicate electric current applied to certain parts of convolutions of the brain will cause *certain muscles to contract.* For example, the electric point may be placed at one end of a convolution and cause the toes to contract; applied a little farther, the foot contracts; farther, and the leg muscles act.

If these parts of the gray matter be destroyed, paralysis of the same muscles results. Function is ended. These are the surest tests because muscular action can be observed. Sensation is subjective, and unless there is some action that indicates pain, or pleasure, or seeing, or hearing, etc., the experimenter cannot judge an effect. It may be mentioned here that the brain itself is devoid of feeling of any kind. Stimulation of what is now recognized as the centre of hearing caused an animal to prick up its ears and bark, as if it had heard some sound. Destruction of this centre results in permanent deafness. Removal of the cerebellum—the organ of coordination or harmony of muscular action—from a pigeon caused the bird to fly with greater gyrations than the bat.

It will be seen that electric stimulus tests are largely limited to the upper and outer surfaces of the brain, the inner and under surfaces not being reachable. Neither are the higher faculties of mind to be located by such method.

*Relation of Control Centres to Right and Left Sides of the Body.*—The right half of the cerebrum controls the left half of the body, and *vice versa.* If the right arm is paralyzed by injury of its motor centre, the injury will be found in the left side of the brain. If the hearing centre in the right half of the brain is destroyed, the left ear will be deaf. Both right and left centres have direct connection through nerves where unity of action, as in moving the eyes, is required.

*Evidence by Clinical Observation.*—If a man is struck on the head by a small sharp instrument, he may show, in addition to pain and shock, such symptoms as tingling, convulsive contraction, or paralysis of a group of muscles in the hand or foot of either the right or left side. The surgeon removes the splintered bone which is pressing upon or into the brain, and the man recovers.

There are many other forms of inquiry and disease which afford evidence—localized tumors, abscess, bullet wounds, pressure from localized hemorrhage, many of which have proved fatal. Careful comparison of the symptoms with the *post mortem* findings have afforded sufficient data to help determine certain localizations.

It must not be thought that brain centres are sharply defined like a mosaic, nor that the centres as marked have no other function. There is probably mutual occupation of some of these areas by sensory and motor cells.

The ability to locate by means of the symptoms in cases of injury and disease of the brain the exact site has in a large number of cases enabled surgeons to expose the part affected and successfully treat the condition. Many lives have thus been saved. Knowledge of location is of no special use in wounds such as that of a pointed iron piercing the skull, except to determine the depth of the wound in the brain, as the injury itself locates the place to apply the trephine. When a portion of the

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skull bone is pressing upon the brain or driven into it, a button of bone which includes the fractured part can be removed with a ring saw—called a trephine—and the pressure removed. Should a tumor, or abscess, or accumulation of blood develop, there is no indication on the skull, or in the location of pain felt, which helps to locate the site of injury. This must then be obtained by the symptoms of paralysis, loss of sensation, etc., which may exist. If many wires are down from the mental storm, it may not be possible to locate the injury. Several centres may be included in the injury, or it may be where the nerves cross from one side of the brain to run to the other side of the body. It will always be true that a large proportion of the surgical brain cases will prove beyond the pale of successful result depending upon diagnosis of "localizations"; but to those whose lives have been brought to the brink and have been returned to them again because of what has been done to learn the secrets of the brain, its sites and their symptoms, the achievement will ever be very near their hearts.

*Language—the Expression of Ideas.*—When the brain acquires the ability to express ideas by signs, speech, or writing, it is able to remember that certain signs stand for certain ideas, or certain spoken words, or written words. The blind acquire a knowledge of words through the ear or by touch, and possess the ability to call up the sound and shape of words, but not their appearance. The deaf can see words and signs and call up their appearance in the mind with the eyes closed, but they cannot call up the sound of words. The deaf, dumb, and blind can picture in the mind the shape of raised letters and acquire the meaning of signs as representing words, actions, and sentences, and the ideas which they represent, but they can neither picture the appearance of written words nor the sound of spoken words. A man in possession of all his senses has a visual word centre in addition to the general visual centre, with which he can picture in the dark the appearance of words; an auditory word centre, in addition to that of general hearing, by which he can call to mind the sounds of spoken words; and a centre for recalling the shapes of raised letters.

Cases are occasionally reported in the newspapers of intelligent men who are unable to express certain words. They cannot give their own names, or write these words, etc. Their difficulty is called aphasia—without speech. If some injury occurs to the "writing centre," the individual will be unable to carry out his wish and write the word which the "psychical centre" orders. This is called agraphic aphasia—unable to express ideas by writing. Similarly, if the speech centre is injured, he can think the word he wishes to utter, but cannot put its phonation into execution. This is ataxic aphasia — unable to express ideas by speech—literally awkwardness in speech. If the centre called word seeing be injured, there will be inability to picture in the mind the appearance of words, although the retina still sends the usual information. This is called word blindness. Similarly, injury to the word hearing centre causes word deafness. Inability to recall, in speaking, certain words necessary for full expression of an idea is called paraphasia. Thus I wish to say, This is an intelligent explanation. I cannot "think" of the word "intelligent," and am obliged to content myself with saying, This is an —— explanation. As the word wanted may "come to one" shortly, this portentous name paraphasia need not be considered always a disease any more than a passing headache. All of us experience paraphasia at times.

There are many functions of the brain which have not yet been located, more unknown than known; nevertheless what has been accomplished constitutes one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of science.

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# The Mother Bird

*BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR*

THE kitchen stove had a scarlet heart. It was so red that those about the stove shoved back their chairs, excepting Nan Twiggs herself, who only sat on where she was, shivering as though the shrewd air of the night were chilling the warmth of the room. The light of the scarlet heart shone through her fingers as no earthly light would have shone through the fingers of Abijah Twiggs, had any one lifted them lately to see. Her velvet coat, and her hat with the drooping plume, and her long gloves lay ready with her travelling bag and her furs on the kitchen table. At nine o'clock one of the neighbors, driving his wife to the train, would draw up his horses before the house in the road, thick with snow. There was to be room for Nan Twiggs in the wagon, that she, too, taking the night train, might go back to her work in the city.

It was already a quarter past eight, and there was left only three-quarters of an hour in which to sit together before it was time to say good-by. The three about her, they upon whom in the farmhouse the last years of the life of Abijah Twiggs had laid so dismal a burden, which she alone had made it possible to bear, looked at her longingly. Talking sometimes all together, their faces turned to hers, they were like three little birds in a nest, chirping to her, the mother bird, who, dipping out into the world, had sheltered that nest from cruel winds by the flight of her wings.

She could not look back at her brood—her mother, her hair white like mist from trouble, timid and broken; her stooped sister Phœbe; and her mother's crippled brother, Uncle William Drain, who had had no home but that of the late Abijah Twiggs, because he had not been able to help himself as other men. Her eyes swerved feverishly past them to the dull room with its ugly rows of pots and pans, resting in the end on the door which opened to the north, where, with its welcoming street, her city lay across the fields of snow.

"If ye jest could stay *now!*" Her mother's hands clutched together hardly on her woollen lap. They were seamed with great cracks. All of a noble life was written in those cracks.

"My goodness, ef ye jest could!" Uncle William Drain brought his fist down on the table so lovingly that he had to fall to sucking it.

Phœbe put her hand, fast growing like the woman's, on the girl's, which was soft and white. "Oh, Nannie, can't ye stay?" It was harder even than they thought to let her go.

The little brood had come to self help with Abijah Twiggs's death, for Uncle William Drain could rent out the fields which he could not himself till. There was a home for Nan Twiggs now on the farm.

She stirred in her kitchen chair, her silk skirts rustling about her. The three choked her. Her eyes, widened and bright, filled with tears.

"If I jest could stay *now,*" she said, simply.

Her mother caught timidly at a hope. "O' course 'twould seem quieter, jest at first, 'n livin' in a city—"

The girl drew in her breath unevenly. "Yes!" Her eyes went to the clock.

In the midst of their sorrow at the thought of the parting, Uncle William Drain could understand more readily than the others how the matter lay. The old man, too, had been away from the country fields.

"Five years *air* a turrible long time to stay in a city—an' then want to come back agin."

She assented with an appealing eagerness. "A terrible long time!"

Her mother smoothed her lap, trying for unselfishness. "My! what ye've done to help us in them five years, Nannie!"

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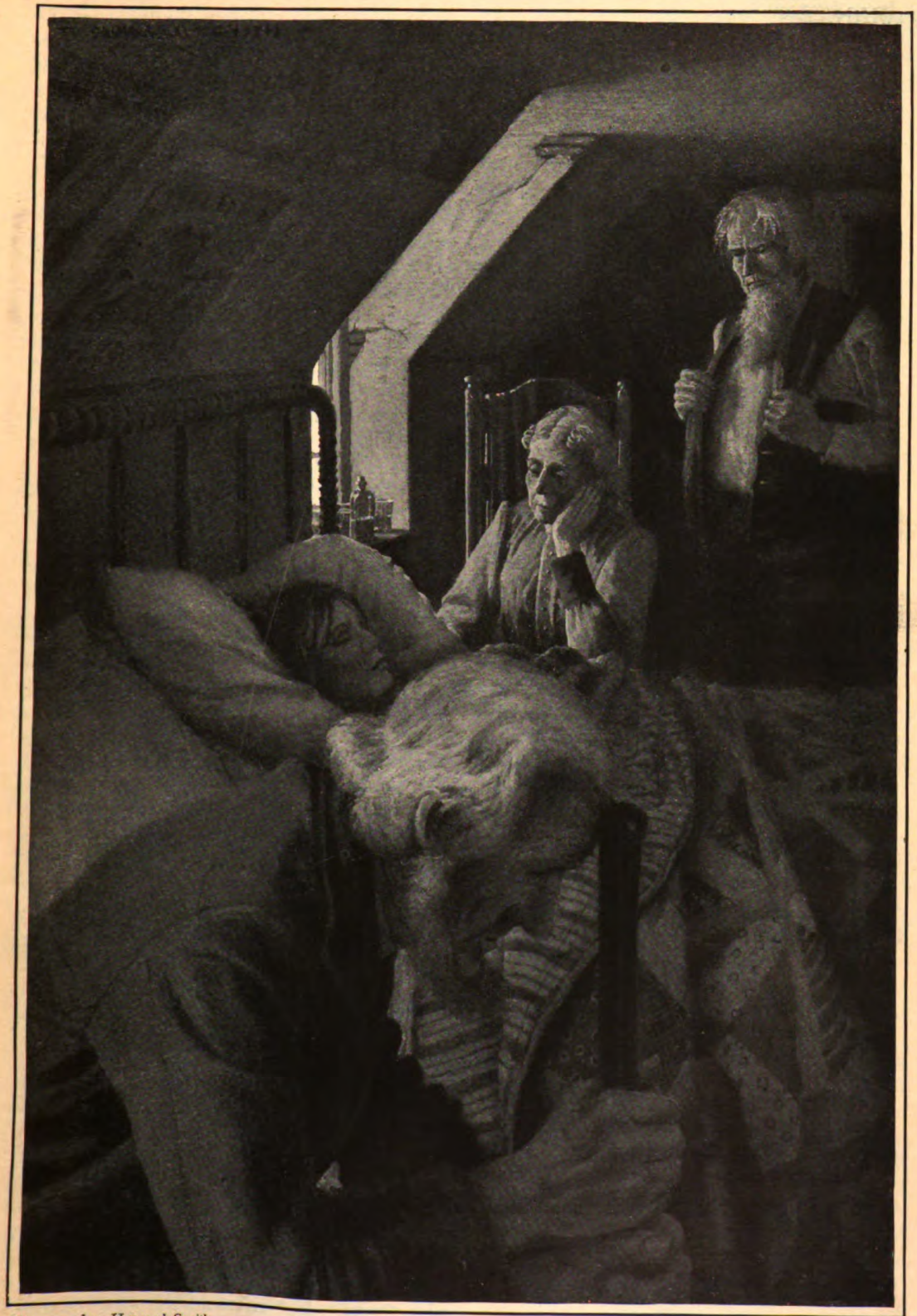

*Drawn by Howard Smith*

THE MONEY SHE SENT HOME HAD SAVED PHOEBE'S LIFE



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She shrank from their gratitude swiftly.

"But ye don't need to help us no more now," said Uncle William Drain.

The shrinking figure trembled. "No, I don't need to help ye no more now." Nan Twiggs stared at the room. "'Tain't because I ain't fond of you that I'm goin'," she choked, helplessly.

Because of her love for them, five years before, she had made a terrible sacrifice, of which she had never told. Yet she had not reached in it her supreme self-denial. There had remained for her the sacrifice of this sacrifice—but in the small, gentle, blighted face was the burning of a strange desire.

Five years before, Abijah Twiggs had insisted upon his eldest daughter going away from home to help support the family, having grown tired of there being about him so many women, besides his brother-in-law. Around the farmhouse his farm stretched in a manner to wound him keenly. Where there should have been goodly fields, were only fields wasted and desolate. From all that his land profited him he could get but few comforts for himself—and he deserved so many. The farmhouse, as though animated by his spirit of injury, gained a look of him, a shabby and unkempt thing in the dooryard. He did not blame himself for the desolation about him, because he was a proud man, not created for work. But he scowled at the women of his household, until he saw perfectly why everything he owned was going to ruin—there were too many of the miserable creatures. No man could have scorned the use of women in the scheme of the universe as exquisitely as Abijah Twiggs.

He was not altogether himself—having lately obtained some of the meagre comforting his farm yielded—when he had ordered Nan Twiggs forth from her home, striking her untenderly across her tender breast on committing her, young and untried, to the world. Very often, indeed, Abijah Twiggs was not himself. The intervals between these modest sinkings of his personality were never long. Early in life Nan Twiggs had stood, white faced, before her mother. "Ma," she had asked, curiously, "what did you marry pa for?"

Mary Twiggs, breaking with overwork, with cruelty and neglect, had put her hand to her head and had tried to think. She recollected finally that he had once been a charmingly masterful man, whose mouth could not mean anything, since his eyes were such a sweet color.

Ordered from home with such a delightful exhibition of that masterfulness which had fascinated her mother, Nan Twiggs had not noticed particularly the color of Abijah Twiggs's eyes, save that around their rims it was preeminently the wrong shade. It had been in much such a winter's cold as was now silently binding the farm that she had gone out of the door, excepting that, young as she was then, and hurt with the bruise on her breast, and bewildered by so slight a knowledge of whither she should go, the weather had seemed somewhat colder. But, standing in the snow, she had smiled, as yet, country bred as she was, scarcely more than a pretty child. She had always had a habit, over any misfortune which seemed chiefly hers, of smiling more on one side of her mouth than on the other, which made her smile a little crooked one. As she smiled, she could see her father running out of the house to make her stop, and falling impotently at the foot of the steps—he never could bear to see her smiling when he had nothing to make *him* smile. In fact, it was Nan Twiggs's gayety in the midst of adversity which had always drawn out the loftiest evidences of his irritation of soul. Her presence in the house had protected the others. Behind him in the doorway was little Phœbe, throwing something bright after her into the snow, and crying very pitifully aloud, her frail shoulders lifted by her grief into a twisted shape; and near was Uncle William Drain, his eyes under his cripple's forehead blazing terribly, as the eyes of a strong man who has arisen and defended some one young and helpless and innocent and weak. Beyond the two was her mother, her face turned gray, not able to cry as Phœbe was crying, nor to smile as she, but only able to stand with that gray face working dryly, as a mill with no grist to grind on.

In her gay, last moment she saw somebody else in the doorway, and this was the Poverty of the house—a tangible and menacing figure. She seldom agreed

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with her father, but, smiling in the bitter wind, she admitted that clearly it was necessary that she should help support the family—the three little birds left defenceless in the nest, with the wind sweeping hardly against them.

She stooped to pick up the object which Phœbe had thrown after her. It was the gold piece which had been given her by an old aunt having yellow teeth and wearing a purple cape over her shoulders, when as a little girl she had shown such aptitude for the ten commandments. The piece had always been kept in the bureau in their room, hers and Phœbe's room, with its walls papered with newspapers, which they read while they dressed in the mornings, and its bed with the broken slat, which tumbled out if they thrust their elbows into the mattress too earnestly when they said their prayers at night.

Her gold piece had taken her to the city lying to the north. She could not but think that the city would be the place where she could help her mother and little Phœbe and Uncle William Drain quickly, rather than the country. For in the house next to their farm were two old sisters who had been trying for years by every means to help an old brother, and had finally settled down to weaving rag carpets, so disheartened that they hardly spoke at all; even to the old brother for whom they had given their lives, and then with extreme harshness, usually only sitting silently and angrily over their looms.

Yet for a whole year Nan Twiggs in the city had found as little at which to smile—her hurt not appearing to be chiefly for herself alone—as Abijah Twiggs on the farm. She had cried quite as anybody else. From her shop girl's wages she could not possibly send a cent to the family. She could barely eke out her own living from them, and that a very mean one. As well as though she were there, she knew how things were going at home. She could see her mother slipping the meat from her own plate to Phœbe's, that the child might keep strong, and Uncle William Drain seeking to eat nothing, because, being crippled, he did not deserve anything; and she saw Abijah Twiggs eating everything he could, because he deserved so much, and daily growing more cruel to the three, because they would insist upon getting poorer and poorer, and because she was not there to distract his attention from them by her crooked smile. Very plainly she could see all the wretchedness and helplessness in the house.

But the period of her tears had only lasted the year. Then she had had a rise in her fortunes. Her feet were weary with searching in vain for higher wages along streets which received her coldly. The rise came miraculously—as Uncle William Drain wrote later, by a "wonderfull koinsidense"—immediately after she had read the letter from her mother asking her, with much unwillingness, if she could lend her two dollars that she might get medicine and comforts for little Phœbe, tossing with fever on the bed under the old newspapers on the walls of their room, and likely to die.

Then Nan Twiggs had found the end of her endeavors. With her mother's letter in her hand she had entered at last that street which alone of all the city streets would welcome her, where only at last she could find wages high enough to help little Phœbe and her mother and Uncle William Drain.

Entering it, she had smiled crookedly.

The money which she had sent home had saved Phœbe's life.

It was the beginning of brighter days for the three in the farmhouse. From that time on the mother bird had always something for her brood in the nest. Bound as they were by their helplessness, they could only take the help eagerly, yet they did not take it without question. Her mother early began to worry, lest in order to help them Nan Twiggs was leading a hard life.

She had spoken reassuringly from the city. "Now, ma, you mustn't bother a bit 'bout me."

She did not explain the nature of her new position. They knew that she had begun life as a shop girl. They dreamt of her promotion along the same line. "I s'pose ye're still sellin' things," her mother had written, proudly.

No one but Abijah Twiggs could have borne great sacrifice on her part. She was so young, and while two years older, was really no bigger than Phœbe, who was very small.

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Upon the news of her father's death she had come home for the first time since she had left, Abijah Twiggs having had a prejudice against her returning before, for he knew how she would go grinning around. The three ran out of the door to meet her as she came again into the dooryard in the wintry afternoon, her mother first, her shawl falling from her white hair, and Phœbe in the middle, wrapped in her gingham apron, and Uncle William Drain hobbling last on his little black staff. Nobody said anything about the death in the house. They only laughed delightedly to see her again.

"Now I know ye ain't been a-skimpin' yourself, Nannie!" her mother said, in an ecstasy at the sight of her fine clothes.

"Ain't her gloves *long*?" cried little Phœbe.

"An' a velvet jacket!" Her mother set her hands on it, fairly trembling with happiness.

Then Uncle William Drain said something very bright, peering at the plume in her hat.

"Did ye git that feather out of a *city* rooster?"

He chuckled to himself. The old man, long dulled by his crippled condition, had developed, by reason of a certain companionship which had come into his life, a brightness which he had never known before that he possessed.

She stood before them, breathing quickly, and a little pale.

"I'm—I'm too cold for you to kiss," she said, gently.

During the five years she had changed very much. Although only a girl yet, and still very pretty, it was a look of age which she had—an age greater than that of her mother or even of old Uncle William Drain; an age without its whitening or its wrinkles, but with young lips and hair — a blighted look of wisdom.

But they, crowding around her, and not minding how cold she was, did not notice anything different about her. They only saw how pretty she was and how grand.

In the parlor, with the blinds closed, was a great dignity, in the midst of which lay Abijah Twiggs like a false saint. The gray house cat crept in after them as they went in, and purred pleasantly about their feet. Uncle William Drain put it out. "Scat!" he whispered, loudly; "don't ye come in *here*." Because of the dark box between the two front windows her mother and little Phœbe drew together and began to cry. But Nan Twiggs did not cry. She pulled off her long gloves slowly beside the coffin. She was a gay figure in the country room. The old man opened a slat in the blind, so that the sunshine shone in on the floor like the light of deliverance. He did not cry, either.

After a while she looked up from the coffin glass and out through the hole in the blind to the spot in the dooryard where five years before she had stood at night in the bitter wind. "I can't get ust to pa's bein' dead," she said. She looked back again into the glass and smiled a little, as though to test that gentleness of Abijah Twiggs which had been diagnosed as death.

"Poor 'Bijy—he's dead now." Her mother spoke in a frozen way, though loosed from her chains.

"Poor nothin'!" whispered the old man, in his fierce voice. His bravery trammelled in his hampered body like a clear flame in a broken lantern, he had come to have a voice like a soldier's with what he had witnessed in his sister's house.

At this moment her mother had cried out suddenly, "Ye look so tired, Nannie."

But her crooked smile had reassured them. She went out of the room nervously, away from the coffin. The old man closed the door.

"Ef he'd do anything to ye agin," he threatened, "I'd knock him clear out to the barn!"

The three, on the day of the funeral, had crept up close to her at Abijah Twiggs's open grave. They had become timid from seclusion in the farmhouse, and they were tired with the strain of the coffin in the parlor, and with the realization that their troubles were over now. Going away from the grave, through the white stones, they had walked by her proudly, in her fine clothes, having borne for years among the neighbors a shame. The two old sisters, living next to them, frowned at them as they passed, scowling jealously at her, the

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wind curling their poor skirts around their knees.

"Ye even give him the clothes *he* was buried in," Uncle William Drain had said, admiringly, hobbling home over the frozen clods in the road, bent over his staff.

She had put her small, warm hands more deeply down into her muff. Before their pride and gratitude she was ashamed and shaken. "Oh, what was the use of bein' a grouch?" she had answered, faintly.

The old man had pricked up his ears at her city speech. The little procession had wound silently along the road. It was soon joined by a young man with rosy cheeks, who walked steadily beside little Phœbe, whose nose was blue with the cold, and whose ears were tied up unbecomingly in a cotton veil. As he walked he had lifted his feet in such a state of deep embarrassment that no one but Phœbe could bear to look at him. The sun was shining against the front door of the empty house when they reached it, and two snowbirds were cheeping on the lintel. Uncle William Drain blew on his fingers, fitting the key into the lock.

"*He* was a turrible *Snouch*," he said, having become very quick.

Emboldened, the young man had spoken finally. "It's—it's cold, ain't it?" he had observed. His cheeks became so much redder and he had gazed before him so straightly and so woodenly that he had had the aspect of a large Christmas toy which Phœbe might have pulled down from a tree.

"'Tain't because I ain't fond of you that I'm goin'," the girl repeated before the kitchen stove, with her choked throat.

Her mother swallowed. "O' course if ye feel that ye must go, Nannie, I ain't a-goin' to be the one to stand in your light." She went back again unselfishly to all the girl had done. "My! how ye helped us in them five years! If ye could hev seen Phœbe in the fever, burnin' hot day after day—"

"Burnin' hot!" threw in Uncle William Drain.

"—An' week after week an' month after month. If it hadn't hev been fur the money ye sent, she'd hev died sure."

Phœbe fingered the edge of her apron, struck with awe. "I was turrible sick."

The girl shivered more deeply. "I couldn't hev let you *die*, Phœbe."

The old man went on with the story of their gratitude. "When the fever was broke ye could hev set a teacup in her cheeks."

"Even your pa was took aback when he seen her. But poor 'Bijy—he's dead now."

Uncle William Drain snorted loudly. "An' as fur ye sendin' us money all this time to git wood and vittles with—we'd hev froze to death and starved 'thout ye, child. *Wisht I could hev starved an' froze him more'n we did.*"

"An' all our clothes, Nannie—we jest didn't hev a thing." The younger girl was cowering with the remembrance of what had been.

"Then dresses o' mine I'd needed always—"

"An' my red flannel underwear!" shouted the old man, interrupting his sister.

"*Oh, how could I hev let you go cold an' hungry, an' 'thout clothes!*"

"Ye always was the best little thing." The cracked hands clutched more tightly on the woollen lap. "My, what ye've done fur us, Nannie!" Her mother paused and rocked back and forth. "But 'twasn't jest the things ye've done that ye've done fur us." She sought reticently to get her meaning forth and fell silent.

Seeing what her meaning was, the old man went to the door and looked out. "Ef John Wright started on time," he said, "he ain't so fur off. Reckon he started on time."

Beyond him through the doorway shone dimly white streaks of snow. As he shut them out again, Nan Twiggs would have ended, hurriedly, that story of their gratitude. "Please don't say no more 'bout it," she begged.

But her mother could get forth her meaning now. She blurted it out.

"Ye guv Him back to us, Nannie."

"Him!" Her eyes were feverishly on the clock.

"She don't mean *him*," shouted Uncle William Drain.

"She means—" said little Phœbe.

Mary Twiggs lifted her broken frame quietly. "I mean ye've guv us back the Lord," she said.

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"*Me!*"

Uncle William Drain poked the fire. "We thought the Lord had forgot us—an' then we knowed He hadn't." He put on another stick of wood to make the room yet warmer. Since Nan Twiggs had seen to it that there was fuel for the house, he had taken care that the wood-box was always nicely filled, that being work he could do.

In the winters, hobbling constantly from the woodshed, he was practically an old forest taking a walk.

She began to fasten and unfasten unnecessarily the pin at her throat with soft, shaking hands.

Phœbe flushed in the firelight. "Them things ye sent extra, too, Nannie." Besides the medicine for her when she was sick, besides the fuel and food and clothes for them all, there had been other things which had helped to bring them back to a belief in the mercy of Heaven, lost in their helplessness. "*He* liked my blue beads awful well," she began.

She was speaking of the young man with rosy cheeks who had joined them in the road after Abijah Twiggs's funeral. The blue beads had given her heart for a young man.

She had told of her lover when Nan Twiggs had gone upstairs from the coffin to lay off her wraps in their room. The two sisters sat together on the bed rail in their old fashion, facing the bureau where had been kept once the gold piece given to Nan Twiggs for learning the ten commandments. Phœbe had drawn closely to the girl's side.

"He's jest an angel, Nannie. Ye never seen a man nothin' like him."

"No," said the girl, slowly. She could not bear the bureau. "Oh, let's go downstairs again, Phœbe!"

She would not sleep with little Phœbe in their room—"I'll jest crowd you." She had asked for the room across the hall with the herbs hanging from the ceiling, which every year Uncle William Drain hobbled out into the fields to gather.

Before Phœbe was quite finished, Uncle William Drain went out of the kitchen into another part of the house, and came back with a thumbed book under his arm, called *The Three Musketeers*.

"This book 'bout them three Mosquiters ye sent me," he interrupted, "was jest the kind o' book I've been a-wantin' fur years."

"I read it onct," she answered, aimlessly, her hands at her throat.

"Onct!" said the old man.

Shut up, a cripple in a lonely farmhouse, he had not had a chance to mingle with men. The only man with whom he had mingled much had been Abijah Twiggs. Through his book he had been able to have a sudden and greater companionship. In a city which had risen before him like a dream—before him who had known nothing but desolate fields—he had met three friends and a friend of theirs. Arm in arm with these heroes he had come upon many gallant adventures. He had been hard by when the muskets roared or pistols were drawn from brave belts. He had seen blood flow and many a villain brought to his just deserts. And he had become a better and happier man for these things. Hereby stimulated, having lain fallow a lifetime, he had developed that brightness which he had not suspected in himself before. Indeed, not until he had read *The Three Musketeers* had his faith in God, returning through Nan Twiggs's help to the family, been actually born anew.

It was singular, too, the effect which the book had upon him, since he had read the Bible for a great many years of Abijah Twiggs, without gaining a stronger spiritual faith.

"I read it so long," he complained to her, "it got to be dreadful dull readin'."

She caught at two words, not listening now to what he was saying: "*Dreadful dull!*"

Still, the Bible had not been the only book without apparent moral effects. There was also *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

"I didn't keer particular 'bout that," he said to her, apologetically, for she had also sent that to him; "'twa'n't nigh so good as the *Mosquiters*." He had grown critical of adventures, since he had now had some. It was something, it was true, with the prisoner of the Château d'If, to cut his way out of a sack fifty feet below water and to swim valiantly away to an island, but it was nothing to going about sociably arm in arm with Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and often D'Artagnan.

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*Drawn by Howard Smith*

"IF YE JEST COULD STAY *NOW*"

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It would not have taken *them* very long to have made hash out of Abijah Twiggs.

The cat stretched itself on the floor and jumped up to his knee. He pulled its ears, his kind face alight with the joy of men and events and the charm of bloodshed.

The mother had been waiting in a patience, which living had taught her, for her turn. She raised her head, with its white mist of trouble.

"Nobody ever thought *I* was a-goin' to hev a new parlor carpet. Them red roses in that yeller ground, Nannie!"

Upon the three was the radiance of redemption.

As often in country rooms at great times, there fell an empty silence.

The girl, watching the clock, did not speak. On her was merely the light of the kitchen fire.

They tried futilely to go on talking—to put their hearts into words.

They did not see her shaking hands.

Uncle William Drain kept going very often to the door and looking out. Each time the lonely night entered the room. When at last he heard the sound of wheels he shouted tremulously back over his shoulder, "Mebbe ye'd better be gittin' yer bunnit on."

For a moment she could make no motion to go.

Her mother stretched out her hands acutely. "If ye jest could stay *now*."

"Oh, Nannie, can't ye stay?"

"I'll go out an' tell John Wright ye ain't a-goin'—"

They waited, touched again with hope.

But again she shook her head. Then in a burning haste she put on her hat with its drooping plume and her velvet coat and her furs. One of her gloves fell unnoticed from her muff with a faint odor of orrisroot.

"Now, Mary,—now, Phœbe—don't ye wimmin git to cryin'." The old man fumbled with his lantern. He hobbled ahead on the path from the kitchen to the wagon, swinging the light of the lantern out over the snow. As she climbed up on the seat, he tucked the neighbor's quilt gallantly about her feet.

"Hev a good time in the city," he said, in his generous sympathy.

"Good-by!" She tried to smile gayly, setting her face from them toward the north.

He stood looking after the wagon, wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

In the dull room little Phœbe was lighting the bedroom candles, and Uncle William Drain was putting the four chairs back against the wall, and Mary Twiggs was brokenly stirring up her sponge for bread when the stumbling came on the steps. The glove was laid on the kitchen table, by *The Three Musketeers*.

Her mother screamed out first over the opening of the door.

"Why, it's Nannie!"

The sponge trickled from the crock down her apron.

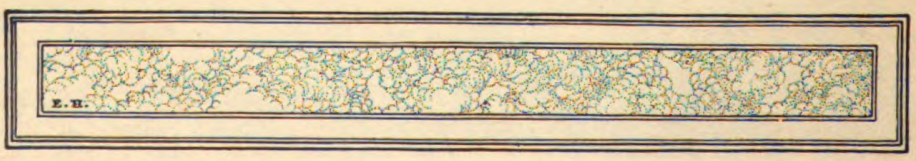
The girl's skirts were draggled with the snow through which she had come. She was white and weary with the supremity of her sacrifice. "I've come back again," she said, thickly. On the ruined face was a blind upliftment.

They were staring at her stupidly. As always with the very poor and those much hurt by life, they doubted joy.

Then the little black staff dropped to the floor. The old man was stooping keenly.

"Ye've come back to stay, Nannie?"

"Yes," she answered him, steadily. She was not looking at the poor room, but at the three whom she had saved.



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# Editor's Easy Chair

IT used to be held among a sort of American, who, if it were not the best sort, was certainly not the worst, though it may not have been the wisest, that the patriot ought first to know his own country well, and then, if he would, go on to acquaint himself with other lands. His knowledge of home was supposed best to fit him for the scenes and events of foreign travel, and in the old days abroad one heard this type of American, on his arrival, rather late, in Europe, boasting that he had stayed to study the United States before coming. His notion might or might not have been mistaken, but there was no doubt of the reproach which it conveyed to the unpatriotic compatriot whom he met on alien shores and convicted of not having been to Chicago or San Francisco, to Niagara or the Yosemite, to Washington or New Orleans. It scarcely distressed the impatriot to the point of making him start home to repair his deficiency, but quite to the point, say, of making him wish to do so. It was only later, when one's self-respect got its second wind, that one conjectured a possible error in the patriot's ideal. America is largely a copy of Europe, in things social and civic; and was not this notion of seeing its cities first a good deal like a certain good American's notion of coming to the great masterpieces of art with a mind prepared by viewing all the copies of them which he could find? With American nature it ought to be, of course, different; they have no prototypal Niagaras or Yosemites in Europe, though they have Alps for the due appreciation of which the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, or even the Rockies hardly form an adequate preparation. If you come to the question of our rivers and great lakes, the patriotic notion of previous study is again disabled, for what is the use of getting yourself up in the Hudson or the Mississippi or the yet lordlier St. Lawrence, or the chain of inland seas, from Ontario to Superior, if there is nothing like them in Europe for the application of your educated taste?

Possibly because he had seen enough of his native landscape before going to Europe, and again enough of the European scene, to know that a sort of generous ignorance is the best qualification for the enjoyment, or even the critical sense of either, our convenient old friend (or call him stalking-horse) Eugenio embarked last summer on a voyage of discovery on the incomparable lengths and breadths of our Great Lakes, which he wishes our readers to repeat after him, in July or August. From Buffalo to Duluth and back, their length was, in time at least, of the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, and he had (if the truth must be owned) a feeling of going abroad which was not the least part of his pleasure. His illusion was heightened by the majestic vision of the steamer he was to take for his voyage; for if not quite of the proportions of the new Atlantic liners it was vast enough in the absence of their competition to look as large, and he was reminded of travel on the European continent by the official ceremony with which his baggage and he were allowed to get on board.

Eugenio looks fondly back to his voyage and only wishes he might make it again. What remains to him of his experience is a sense of the grandeur and beauty of his native land in aspects which if Europe sometimes surpasses it, in others Europe cannot rival or approach it. American in character, it is all eminently and peculiarly practicable grandeur and beauty; there is no waste sublimity in the form of sterile and inaccessible steeps, such as environ, say, the Italian lakes; but the level shores, rising a few feet, or dozens of feet, above the level waters, stretch away illimitably in acreages of wheat and corn and vines, with mighty cities planted on their brinks, smoking and flaming, and rattling to the



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skies with their factories and foundries and railroads, and silently increasing beyond count in riches and men. Little Como alone could supply the borders of Erie and Huron with uplands far beyond their present dreams of altitude and still have Alps to spare for towering high over the modest blue tops that show themselves in the background of Superior's waters. Como could doubtless outdo all our great lakes in history, but not in the men who are now making money and are presently going to make history.

The history, when it is made, will doubtless not be like the history of the Italian past, peopled with tyrants and heroes and martyrs, but it will be the annals of gigantic industries, of miraculous appliances, and of the labor saving devices, which, when their office in the kindlier kingdom yet to come on earth is definitively imagined, will really save labor instead of saving capital as they now mainly do. The first morning out Eugenio found himself confronted with one of the most amazing of the contrivances for equalling man with his opportunities and his exigencies in the new conditions. Although it was a Sabbath day and was a very "bridal of the earth and sky," the unresting spirit of industry was as hard at work as if it were some midweek morning, airily lifting from a railroad track, that ran down to the water, car after car laden with incomputed tons of coal. Somehow the invisible genie caught each arriving car by both ends, and at the required height tilted it over like a little cup and spilled its roaring and smoking contents upon the mounting coal mountain beneath, as if they had been a few grains of rice, then softly set the car down again on its track, and took up another. It never rested, that invisible genie, and neither did he rest, that poor small demon whom Eugenio saw under a wooden shelter midway of the down-thundering torrent of coal directing, through the rolling clouds of black dust, the volcanic streams which way they should run.

Eugenio felt very unequal to the whole mighty spectacle of Western development, and he sometimes liked to let his fancy stray from it to that primitive world which the woods and the waters suggested, the world of the canoe borne savages and the French voyagers who discovered them and mingled their blood and their nomenclature with those of the aborigines. He liked better than the stalwart syllabling of Hancock and Houghton and Cleveland the music of such names as Detroit, and Mackinac, and Marquette, and all the fading touches of picturesqueness in which the soldiers and priests of an alien civilization had left its color on the wilderness. He thought at times that he would have liked better than his swarming fellow citizens, native and adoptive, a few of the French half breeds who had gone the way of the Indian whole breeds; but in the end Eugenio satisfied himself very well with the Eastern and Western Americans who peopled the saloons of the great boat, and too often kept him from getting an early place at the tables of the restaurant. What he had principally to note in all these was their invariable taciturnity and seclusiveness. They did not offer their acquaintance, though they parted with it unreluctantly enough, and in their several family and friendly parties they were no more aggressive or oppressive than when they passed through the day in silent singleness. When he came to know any of them it was knowledge worth having. Though their autobiographies were dear to them, as people's always are, they were modestly enough at his service when he asked for them. Perhaps they showed to the greater advantage because they were in their own air and on their own ground; against that faithless European background which betrays so many of us, or used to betray us, they might not have appeared so faultless. Yet Eugenio would not think that, and he really felt safer with them than with those whole breeds and half breeds of the past whom he pleased his fancy with a feint of regretting; they neither required his scalp of him in battle nor his sobriety in the rude revels of the *coureurs des bois;* and the prodigious freighters which sometimes linked themselves in an unbroken chain the whole horizon round were no bad substitute for the canoes of the painted warriors.

These freighters indeed expressed beyond most things the character of the region through which he was passing all too swiftly. With a stretch of three or

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four hundred feet separating substantial houses (in the sea sense) at the ends, they had a sweep of even deck, for golf or tennis or cricket, covering a mine of ore, iron or copper, or what not, which the chutes had dropped from the cribs at some of those northern wharves, and which would be eventually disgorged at some southern port. But in the mean while the freighters, with an air of friendly leisure, seemed to be engaged chiefly in marking the difference between lake and ocean travel. On the outland sea you voyage whole days and meet or pass no other sail, and the vacant skies and waters yawn at one another in the very highway of commerce; but on the inland sea you are never without the society of these sociable freighters. It is not because of any appreciable difference between the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Superior, for otherwise you are as much at sea on the last as on the first; but it is because of the freighters' number and size that you never feel lonely on the lake. They pour through the canals of Sault Sainte Marie a tonnage greater than that which passes through the canal of Suez, and probably greater than that which will pass through the canal of Panama, if it is ever finished. But they might be of an inferior tonnage and still be the chief glory of those northern waters, whether seen afar with their plumes of smoke thinly trailing along the pale blue sky, or seen anear, rolling out their fumes and steam in braided columns of black and white.

You do not see them so much in the lower lakes as in the upper, or perhaps you do not notice them so much because the other sights and sensations take your mind from them. Eugenio could not feel that the shores were nearer on Erie or Huron than on Superior, but they were more peopled, and they wanted the wildness which imparted its charm to the more northern coasts. There the coasts which the steamer skirted were often deeply and widely wooded, with only here and there a break of tillage and a lonely farmhouse and barn, or a few stores huddling near the lake for the company of its passing life. Farming is not yet one of the Great Interests of the region, and it must be long before it replaces mining and freighting in its development; when the winter comes to that region it is in no playful mood, and the crops must make haste from seedtime to harvest if they would escape the later and the earlier frosts. Here and there were summer cottages, and here and there summer settlements, where the exuberant inhabitants ran up flags and fired guns to the responsive steamer as it passed. One such settlement upon the Huron shore was also in the Huron water, and if it did not quite merit the name of the Northern Venice, was certainly built on small islands with canals between, and boats like gondolas plying to and fro among them, instead of cabs and carts.

Eugenio thought it would have been a short summer there—say, from late June till early September—for somehow the winter seemed everywhere lurking below the horizon, waiting its moment to rise and curdle those blue waters and blanch those green shores. It is said, or perhaps fabled, that the greatest of the lakes is always so cold that if any one falls overboard the boat does not stay for him; the chill of the depth into which he drops is present death, and it is useless to attempt his rescue. But it might have been an opportune storm which heightened for Eugenio a certain dramatic feeling in the transition from the lower lakes to the uppermost. All through Erie and St. Clair and Huron the air had been faint and the sun hot, but when the steamer "burst into that silent sea" of Superior, the air and sun changed qualities and were of the ocean temper, with something more than ocean keenness in the air and something less than ocean fervor in the sun. The despised overcoat and the neglected rug came into eager use, the languishing appetite revived in the face of the New York prices of the restaurant: and the invigorating effects of the trip began to realize themselves as advertised. Eugenio felt a livelier passion for the charms of the scenery and all the incidents of the voyage: the incidents were indeed not many, and perhaps the passage through the "Soo" locks was not so thrilling as he had expected. But it was no mean experience to be indistinguishably photographed at one place among five hundred fellow passengers thronging the bulwarks with expressions as unconscious as they could

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make them: and at another it was undeniably amusing to see the town urchins scrambling on the wharf for the small coin which the passengers threw down among them, as if the passengers were gods and the boys were mortals greedy of their goodness. But presently he sickened of this amusement of the gods as something brutal, and dwelt rather upon the baskets of the noble whitefish of the lakes taking aboard, which he silently resolved not to miss eating of at a single meal thereafter—not that he had to reproach himself for any previous omission. They are not much for looks, these whitefish, but they more than kept the glowing promise of as many sunset tinted salmon or dawn dappled trout.

His boat stopped at some towns going and others coming, so that in the retrospect he was not certain which was which. But he made sure of Mackinac Island in both cases, and of the emotion of pity and regret for the lovely talent which had identified itself with the lovely place so that to see it was to think of that gentle Constance Fenimore Woolson, untimely dead, who had given its memories and associations to literature. Of all the summer sojourns of the lakes it seemed the fairest, spreading its lawns and gardens along the water front, and where it backed up against the heights behind which the long winter was invisibly hovering, losing itself in a Bermudan muse of tropic seas by virtue of the old whitewashed remnant of the military post which once marked the extreme of our northern power and is still the bound of its extent. With the idle population thronging in tropical indolence to the wharf, and the snowy walls of the peaceful fort showing above, Eugenio stood bewildered between warring impressions, and though he knows now that Mackinac was presently locked in icy chains for a whole half year's captivity and more, he still sees it in that laughing shirtwaist guise. In a kindred confusion he sees Marquette, which is possibly not a mere aggregation of mediæval picturesqueness, a line of soaring spires and castellated towers blackening against a red August sunset, but a city of Giant Industries which liked to masquerade in that favoring light as Ecclesiastical and Patrician Leisures. History lends them a shadowy verity from the annals of those soldiers and the priests of an older faith who bore the sword and the cross together into the wilderness and so often left it intact of the hammer and the wheel. What else remained to him of that pleasant voyage in which he renewed the dream of his earliest travel? The sense of tremendous and prevalent development under the wizard touch of the Giant Industries, heaps of coal and interminable cribs of ore waiting to be chuted into freighters; railroads skirting the shores; trolley lines stealing their electric course through the background in the visibly growing towns; stately cities crowding to the brink, like Buffalo and Cleveland and Detroit, and dimming populously away to the smoke blurred horizon; gay parades of yachts and skiffs; cottages set close along the mosquitoey shores or on the mosquitoey islands; forests growing to the waters as the cities grew; a wild canoe shooting the rapids of the Sault, while the leviathans of commerce tamely rise and sink in the locks of the canals; crowds thronging busily the wharves, a lonely farm boy driving home the kine, a wistful girl hanging on a dooryard gate and watching the steamer pass, with a heart full of vague longings and a head full of vain imaginings. There is doubtless a good deal more which will report itself to the end, appearing and disappearing in the caprices of memory, but which will not be remembered from the past at will. Duluth itself, the pivotal point on which the steamer turned for the homeward voyage, is not of firmer tint or tone. What indeed is Duluth as one knows it in that summer night effect? Materially it is a sordid shed in which a thousand trunks are spread that they may be rechecked for Buffalo, and satisfy the rigorous etiquette of the management which will not leave them peaceably aboard. But spiritually Duluth is a constellation: a stream of processional lights, floating upward from the chill deeps, and losing their individuality in a galaxy of nebulous effulgences on the warm heights. It was of course also one of the homes of the Giant Industries which he must needs leave there in its domestic uproar, while he turned his face eastward again.

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# Editor's Study

OUR culture is, in good part, the appreciation of the new realism, in which life is concerned even more than art, philosophy, and literature. The world sense of the imagination, as distinguished from its old earth-bound or provincial sense, has not only created this realism, but has liberalized culture. Often, it is true, realism is spoken of as if it were confined to the near view of life and things, as if, indeed, it were simply the result of close observation and of a feeling for local color. It does very distinctly involve a near sense of life, the feeling of neighborhood which makes it intimacy, the genuinely altrurian miracle of knowing a thing by becoming it; but we lose sight of its chief distinction if we ignore the light of its seeing and the charm of its feeling due to the sense and knowledge of far away things—the cosmopolitanism which makes it always widely and wisely human.

That ancient collocation in the Prayer-book phrase, of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," no longer holds. We have a different world now, which has conquered the other members of that partnership, or at least put them on their good behavior. If not completely renovated, it is so far transformed in its main currents that we would share its fortunes, renouncing only its pomps and vanities, as required by our baptismal vows. There was, indeed, much to renounce—much of vanity, pretence, and falsehood; but the world itself has done a good deal of the renunciation for us, not only helping us in the divestiture, but making it difficult for us to revive the old worldly fashions without seeming unworthy or ridiculous, and our present concern is lest we be not worldly enough, after the new fashion, with which the best of us find it hard to keep pace; and this concern has developed a new conscience in us.

Special organizations do not help us to apprehend or express the world spirit of to-day. They may have legitimate objects not otherwise attainable; but every arbitrary system has its vice, its perversion and limitation of truth, its peculiar shibboleth. There is more of comprehendingly sympathetic socialism outside of socialistic organizations than there is in them. In England and America a political sentiment which is not rigidly partisan determines the critical issues of politics, having a quality which lifts it above the abuses incidental to party organization. The growth of humanism, while it owes much to institutions which have had spontaneous origin and development and has its expression largely through these, is quite independent of all special organizations deliberately planned and conducted and distinctively labelled. The world spirit has moved where it listed, marshalling all human elements—even the passions of men, in the mass, and individual ambition—for its own ultimate issues. The old fashions it has outworn were its garb for their season of service.

Custom has always in its origin expressed as much of the truth of life as human sensibility could at the time apprehend, and thus became the ground of institutions. Isolation tended to preserve in crystalline stability all the outward forms and fashions which at once registered the measure of intelligence and arrested its growth. War, which to-day the world sense justly denounces, was the vehicle of change and progressive movement, and moreover, in its natural course, while beginning in repulsion, ultimately widened the scope of attractions and of the higher amenities. It was the precursor of commerce. The harvests of peace were sown in blood; and the shedding of blood in contention was followed by the blending of the blood of the contestants for broader kinship. The growth of the humanities was an illogical drift, through organized associations that were reconciled antagonisms, harmonies from the resolution of discords.

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The *pax Romana*—the consummation of centuries of warfare—was not allowed to corrupt the world; there were outlying barbarians to harass, to provoke fresh conflicts—enough of them in Europe alone to finally conquer the stablest of empires and to be in turn conquered by its old law and its new faith, whence another blend of races and, after a period of fierce and intimate fusion, another leap in the growth of the humanities—that is, in the growth of the world sense. The wonderful achievements of the thirteenth century in the fine arts and the technical; in education—through the establishment of great universities,—in political organization, as manifest in the Italian cities and in the rise of the British Parliament and the signing of Magna Charta; and in literature, as exemplified in the poetry of Dante and in the shaping of the great national epics, the Cid, the Arthur Legends, and the Nibelungenlied, show what were the possibilities of the human spirit even in the middle ages and at a time when the greater part of Europe was in the clutch of the Tatar. Dr. James J. Walsh has made a striking array of these achievements in his recent book, *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.*

But really the most remarkable distinction of that century was the contest between Pope and Emperor for the temporal sovereignty of the Christian world. The significant fact, irrespective of the merits of the conflict, is that the culmination had been reached of that order of world politics in which the people had no voice or responsibility. All conflicts, for any merit there might be in them or in their issues, awaited a more profound development of the world sense in its peaceful evolution.

The substitution of national for world politics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though it restricted and intensified patriotism, was not a reversion to isolated provincialism. Like the growing tendency to individualism, it indicated a deeper and more pervasive world sense; but there were difficulties which this sense had to meet and overcome—such as class privilege and prejudice and the narrowness of sectarianism in religion.

It is only within a generation that we have had that clarified world sense of which Matthew Arnold was a true apostle, and against which no Philistinism can prevail. Arnold perhaps laid too much stress upon the healing virtues of conformity; whereas in the toleration of dissent is the surer path to better agreement. It is the progress of science which has really led the way to a culture the full meaning and value of which is in seeing things as they really are, or at least above all things to desire such vision. Science, in its largest sense, the knowledge of real procedure in natural and human phenomena, has not only given a firm basis to our contemporary realism in historical interpretation, creative criticism, and imaginative literature, but has suggestively determined its method. It has extended the limits of human thought beyond its mundane scope, so that the world sense has widened into a cosmic sense, including the feeling of the unity of all life and the recognition of universal kinship, thus making provincialism forever impossible by the destruction of its "hole and corner" refuges and of the notions and fancies bred in these. This enlargement of the imagination, giving it the freedom of the universe, is its full emancipation.

But, in the field of art and literature, the world sense of realism, the true feeling of Nature and humanity, is sufficient without availing of those wonderful disclosures which are strictly scientific, and which by themselves more than compensate in psychical value and interest for the fabulous wonders they have displaced. The scientific specialist has often himself narrowed and minified the truth in his own department of investigation by a kind of provincialism incident to specialization, or by an atrophy of vision, making him blind to a living Nature and to the natural miracle of a continuous creation, and thus shutting him in to a mechanical universe. Imagination, in literature, owing much to the clarified atmosphere of the world prepared for it by modern science, yet takes its own open way, always in contact with the main currents of human life.

It is especially fortunate—but only recently so—in its freedom from alliances with special causes and therefore from polemics of every sort. As, in our new and redeemed world, war is no longer an

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organ of movement, but, outside of partially civilized races, an anachronism, so from imaginative literature all contentions are excluded, relegated to their peaceful resolution in the natural and inevitable course of things. This kind of literature takes no label. It is not specially socialistic, democratic, didactic, or even realistic. Thus it entirely escapes provincialism.

The world sense is a very different thing from what is called common sense, which, in its genesis and in its obstinate survivals of old notions and habits, is essentially provincial. We are not considering the reactionary eddies, or even the flood tides of Philistinism, but the main current of human thought and feeling which has already become dominant, to which every critical change in history has been tributary, and of which all changes to come will be the reassuring triumphs.

The aristocratic régime of life and literature passed more than a century ago, and now its vestiges have disappeared—all its masks, heroic, dramatic, and rhetorical; behind which lurked old stock notions, with impressive suggestions of majesty, appealing to their counterparts in the minds of those who witnessed the spectacle. Of course these phantoms are still on parade outside the culture camp, but they do not appeal to the general intelligence.

The world sense implies the true historic sense which distinguishes between ideas and facts, between reality and the perfunctory actuality which survives it, and which an aristocratic régime seeks to perpetuate—the meaningless token of past majesty, surviving from idle habit aristocracy itself. But this world *geist* which has created for our time a new sensibility, and thus the new realism, looks forward rather than backward.

Our real literature has therefore no stock in trade accumulated from old stores. It has even dismissed old locutions. This renovation of speech is in itself an interesting feature to the reader who is observant enough to detect subtle changes in phraseology—the displacement of overworked introductory and conjunctive clauses and the departure from traditional syntactic forms. These are mere details, but they show the surface drifts of thought, apparent in the craftsmanship of an artist like Mr. Howells.

Writers of this order may have mannerisms, but these are at least individual; they have for the reader who is familiar with them the consistency which is noted and expected in the expression of a friend's face and in his gestures, original and free from pose. The manner, distinctively real and true in the novelist himself, loses these qualities when, as in some of the most striking of R. D. Blackmore's fiction, it becomes the manner of speech of the characters in the novel. The authorship of a paragraph written by Henry James, speaking for himself, would be detected at once, but the conversations in his stories are detached from his individuality, thus sustaining the reality of the characterization. The dramatic poem, or drama in poetic form, has always been at a disadvantage in this respect, compelling the absolute detachment of the writer from his work. Henry James keeps the personalities he creates quite within the reach of his constant and pervasive individual interpretation.

In the writer's scheme, before the new realism was possible, his detachment, like that of a showman, was necessary, since the spectacle must go on in its own very much predetermined way — predetermined, that is, by the limitations of the audience for which the entertainment was provided. The traditional legends, fancies, and prejudices already stored in the minds of that audience, along with elemental passions, fixed within narrow channels the author's theme and procedure, from Homer to Addison. The sense of actuality, concentrated upon certain fixed facts, memorially cherished, and upon events, personalities, and circumstances of time and place associated with them, was keenly developed. Some authors of transcendent genius, accepting the limitations and the precise leverage upon the human mind afforded them, made palaces of these prisons, as some artists bound to fixed symbols yet realized the everlastingly beautiful. Those who, like Plato, rose to the realm of ideas, addressed the few and, in their discourse, were still entangled in the meshes of inveterate fancies which they could not wholly escape.

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Not before our own time has there been an absolutely clear and transparent medium of communication between the writer and an audience which for extent may be called general, and which may be said to have general intelligence. It is the imaginative author's supreme advantage to have no preconceived vantage-ground to stand upon and, on the part of his readers, no prepossessions in his way. No accommodation is expected of him. His path lies clear of possible collisions and of occasions for allusive coquetry with vanished illusions. He need waste no time or energy in mental athletics or in clever conceits, need have no epigram in waiting or even a conciliating anecdote. The sensibility of a large audience, developed by the world sense, awaits his disclosure of truth as he sees and feels it. This audience is upon his own level; it is not necessary for him to write down to it, and any didacticism on his part would be an impertinence, as any showman's trick would be an insolence. What part could the old-fashioned plotting of a story have in meeting the high curiosity of such an audience? What has high pitched rhetoric, overwrought passion or pathos, any forced exaltation or depression, to do with its proper satisfaction?

All this is by way of negation—a reference to elements excluded from the advanced imaginative literature of to-day. If our readers want a positive example of the extreme advance in fiction, there is fortunately right at hand Henry James's story, concluded in this number. It will reward the reader's patience, if he will give it full consideration in every detail. Other examples, not involving the same keen vivisection of our modern life, would serve for illustration, but this is ultimate in its exposition of the possibilities of a high psychical entertainment—so different from that furnished in the literature of the last generation that it belongs to a newly discovered continent of genius.

This particular story by Henry James happens to be about the best that could be selected for the justification of his peculiar style, which is not, as many who are baffled by its complexity and involution suppose, an affectation either carelessly or wilfully assumed by the author, but precisely adapted to his method and purpose; and this spontaneous adaptation has developed with the culture of his art. He lets nothing pertinent to a given psychical moment slip away from his flashlight illumination of that moment. That is the extreme opposite of the narrative style, where incident follows incident *in tandem,* and separate sentences convey circumstances that belong to a single view. This disjunction does not mar the story whose interest depends upon incident, but in the delineation of a pregnant psychical situation it dissipates an effect which depends upon perfect co-ordination. This story also shows to advantage the author's effective use of metaphor—which is not casual but a continuing illumination. If the study of such a writer is severe, it is but the complement of what has first been the writer's difficulty, and it is part of a liberal education. It is the more worth while because the situation presented, however complex, is from first to last plainly and appealingly human. This difficulty which the reader has to overcome arises out of the real situation and finds solution there—very different therefore from such difficulties as George Meredith often arbitrarily puts in the reader's way, through conceits referable only to the author's mental caprice.

The complexities in the imaginative field of the new realism are those which belong to the reality itself of our life in its extreme modernity, and they lead to the plainest simplicities of our literature — such simplicities as have been brought into our practical economies by complex scientific adaptations of physical forces, giving us the electric light, telephone, automobile, and motor car. Through what seemed like an irrecoverably broken integrity of life, the life of the world has been assembled into a new harmony and has found its psychical integrity. If we could realize for ourselves what was formerly styled the simple life, if we could return to Nature and be again immeshed in her web, we should have no comprehension of humanity or of Nature.

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# Editor's Drawer

## A Social Promoter

*BY WILBUR NESBIT*

COLONEL ABEL GINN mopped his brow and glared at nobody in particular and went on:

"Here I am—a selfmade man; selfmade and remodelled as rapidly as was necessary to keep up with the times. I invent a ginger snap that never loses its freshness; I'm just as much a benefactor of humanity as if I wrote poetry or painted pictures or carved statues. I'm an artist, all right enough, when you get to the truth of the matter. I didn't corner anything but my own common sense. I worked as hard as anybody ever did; hard enough to make up for the fact that I haven't time to waste looking up a string of ancestors. I make my pile. I come here and buy a half block right in the middle of the best district. I rip out the old buildings on that half block and I put up a marble palace that would have made Julius Cæsar howl with joy. And then my wife can't understand why we aren't taken into society. I can't, either."

Leyburn smiled pleasantly. He had a way of always smiling at the right time. He always smiled with Ginn, never at him.

"Now," said the Colonel, "what's the best way to go about it?"

"I believe the custom is to get some letters of introduction and become acquainted gradually," Leyburn replied.

"Tried all that," Colonel Ginn said. "Had plenty of letters. Presented them. Not much force. Leyburn, you've been in society—hang it! you're in it yet if you want to be. There ought to be a short cut."

"Some folks have broken in through eccentricities—but you are not eccentric. And, really, Colonel, the game isn't worth the candle."

"I've got plenty of candles. Say!" He leaned across the table and smiled. "I've got it. I'll advertise."

"Advertise?"

"Sure. How did I make a success of Ginn's Ginger Snaps? Advertising. You remember that long before you were on my payroll there was something doing that made people realize they couldn't keep house without my ginger snaps?"

"I remember. That was great advertising. But ginger snaps and getting into society are two different propositions, Colonel."

"Advertising is the same thing, no matter what you advertise. I'll show them a few kinks they never dreamed of."

"I'LL SHOW THEM A FEW KINKS THEY NEVER DREAMED OF"



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Colonel Ginn took a sheet of paper, gnawed his cigar, and presently handed Leyburn the following, scrawled in the vigorous chirography of the man who made ginger snaps for the wide world:

"Col. Abel Ginn, president of Ginn's Ginger Snap Corporation, has built the finest, most beautiful residence in the city. It occupies the sites of four famous old colonial mansions on Bent Street. It cost him four millions to put up and another million to decorate. The paintings and furniture can't be duplicated, or even imitated. Col. Ginn is going to have a housewarming in the form of a dinner dance next Wednesday night. The Biltneys, the Cross-Fillinghams, the Schoolers, and all the leaders of society will be invited. Col. Ginn will welcome them with open arms."

Leyburn read it over twice, then looked up.

"Get that in every paper to-morrow," said the Colonel.

"But the society columns will not print—"

"Who's talking about society columns? I want that set in thirty-two-point type across three columns and half a page deep. Same space we use for the ginger snaps."

"Hadn't you better give this a little more thought, Colonel?"

"If I think it over again I'll do something worse."

The advertisement created excitement. Some of the papers got out extras, and put the advertisement on the first page in spite of their rules. Reporters came to interview the Colonel, but Leyburn warded them off. This was easy, because the Colonel did not come to his offices until late in the day.

"Say, Leyburn," he began as soon as he came in, "you should have been at my house this morning. I got more criticism than the author of a play. Mrs. Ginn said I was making a laughing stock of us. I told her we were almost that normally, and it was up to us to choose what sort of laughing stock we would be."

"Just so."

"But the funniest part is Laura. Instead of being angry over it, she is half way between hurt and tickled. Takes after me. Don't care a rap for the society game either, but I believe she agrees with me that now I'm in for it I'd best play the game out."

"Another advertisement?" asked Leyburn.

"Not to-day. Never overplay advertising after you've made your impression. Wait for results."

Colonel Ginn stopped at the door of his office and called back:

"Get your invitation? I told Laura to send you one. Hope you can come. I've got cigars and things in my room for you and me, if we want to get off by ourselves."

"IT WAS COMMENTED ON BY ROYALTY"

It is as well to pass lightly over that housewarming. Colonel Ginn said grimly, late in the evening, that this was the first time in his life advertising had not paid. He was about to say more to himself, when Leyburn was announced.

"Hello, Leyburn! Make yourself at home. You've practically got the whole house to yourself, if you don't count the servants and that gang of Hungarians sawing fiddles behind the palms. What do you think of this?"

"Beautiful. It's the first time I've seen it, you know."

"I don't mean the house. I mean the party."

"Well, you know, just now every one in society is terribly busy, and—"

"And I'm getting the busy signal."

Colonel Ginn led

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the way to his wife and daughter. Instead of the fat and florid dame and gawky girl Leyburn had feared to meet, he saw a tall, slender woman, with motherly blue eyes, and beside her a stately young woman of grace and self possession, perfectly gowned, and winsomely good looking. He found it easy to talk with Laura. A few guests came, and their chat was interrupted, but one bantering speech of Laura's lingered in Leyburn's memory next day. It was:

"You will enjoy the dinner to-night; we won't serve ginger snaps."

And next morning he gasped when he saw this spread across three half columns of the paper he bought on the way downtown:

"ISN'T THIS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL LITTLE AFFAIR?"

"Colonel Abel Ginn entertained an exclusive number of guests at his palatial marble residence on Bent Street last night. The Schoolers, the Cross-Fillinghams, the Milvanes, and others of the leaders of society were absent. They missed it. Colonel Ginn, who is president of the Ginn Ginger Snap Corporation, is planning a few more fêtes and functions that are calculated to rattle the dry bones of arbitrary restrictions. It may be well to watch for his next announcement."

"I sent that copy to the papers late last night," the Colonel explained to Leyburn. "Only two of them printed it. The others said it was too late to receive advertisements."

Leyburn breathed more freely after a week had passed with no further advertisement experiments by the Colonel. Once during that time he had called at the Ginn palace and had spent an hour with Laura. He carefully avoided mention of the advertising, as there were other subjects to discuss. When he rose to go she laughed:

"When are you and papa going to print another invitation in the papers?"

"I—really I don't know."

"Mr. Leyburn, if papa wants to go in for that sort of thing, I wish—"

"I would discourage him? Certainly, I—"

"No, indeed. Help him all you can. I've known him longer than you have, and I know that when he sets his head or his heart on anything he'll get it if he must fight day and night. Papa is all right. I've always believed in him—and I'm going to keep right on."

Naturally, Leyburn vowed unfailing allegiance to the Colonel.

That is why he expressed approval of the next advertisement, which read:

"Colonel Abel Ginn, inventor and purveyor of Ginn's Ginger Snaps, who owns what is conceded to be the handsomest home in the city, will once more throw open that palatial place to society. Next Wednesday night he will give a musicale. Nobbelik will play, and Nelbica and the three de Ruspkes will sing. In addition to these, Dumrich's entire orchestra will render a classic and popular programme. There will be a little supper. The menu comprises every meat, bird, fruit, fish, and vegetable that is out of season here. If anything has been overlooked that will gladden the eye, please the ear, or tempt the palate Colonel Ginn would like to know of it. Invitations have been sent to the Cross-Fillinghams, the Schoolers, the Biltneys, and all of the other three hundred and ninety-seven. Colonel Ginn doesn't care a rap about getting into society. He is doing this because a principle is involved. He does his part: the question is, will society do its part? The affair will begin along about ten o'clock and will last until the guests are satisfied."

"By ginger!" the Colonel declared. "If I can make the Esquimau and the Hottentot believe he cannot live without my ginger snap, then I can make society believe life is a hollow mockery if it doesn't know my house."

This advertisement started the tidal wave of editorial and other comment. Colonel Ginn's picture was in demand in the newspaper offices. The text of the advertisement was cabled to Europe and it was alleged that it was commented upon by royalty and

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nobility. Nay, more. It was stated that kings and queens instructed their purveyors to send Ginn's ginger snaps to their palaces. When all the world shakes, society feels the quiver.

Mrs. Cross-Fillingham cancelled her engagements for that evening and went in state to Ginn's, and society filed in her wake. It was a living society column that marched through the doors and clasped the hand of Colonel Abel Ginn.

"We fetched 'em," Ginn whispered to Leyburn, in a corner not far from the madding crowd. "Mrs. Cross-Fillingham is here, hyphen and all, large as life and twice as natural. The Biltneys, the Schoolers, the Perronbys—all of 'em are here."

Leyburn looked dumbly over the crowd. Ginn was right. There was Mrs. Cross-Fillingham flicking a jewelled hand at him. Here and there others of his acquaintance nodded, or called jovially to him. He edged through.

"Well, Laurence Leyburn!" chirped Mrs. Cross-Fillingham. "Where ever have you been hiding? And isn't this the dearest, most delightful little affair you ever knew? Fancy finding you on earth again! And, oh, Miss Ginn, I am so happy your dear, deliciously absurd papa has given us all this chance to know you."

So it was chirp and chatter and chatter and chirp for the next hour, one after the other praising everything and everybody, and Colonel Ginn tossing back repartee as though, to quote Pudgy Futter, the wit of society, "he were full of his own ginger snaps."

After that night Leyburn was discontented and preoccupied. The Ginns had been caught into the whirl and he found Laura not at home an astonishingly high percentage of the times he called. In the end he tore a leaf from her father's book.

"I am going to advertise for something," he told her.

"I wish you success," she smiled.

"I'm going to advertise for a wife."

"How silly! But then you have been a successful advertiser, haven't you?"

"I don't know."

"Just what do you mean?"

"It begins to look as though, if I want to see you long enough to propose to you, I'll have to announce it through the papers, because I never find you to—"

"How absurd! I'm right here now. So propose, Laurence."

At the end of that year Colonel Abel Ginn said to his new son-in-law:

"Laurence, the sales of Ginn's ginger snaps have about doubled this past year. Advertising, done right, pays."

"It does," quickly agreed Leyburn.

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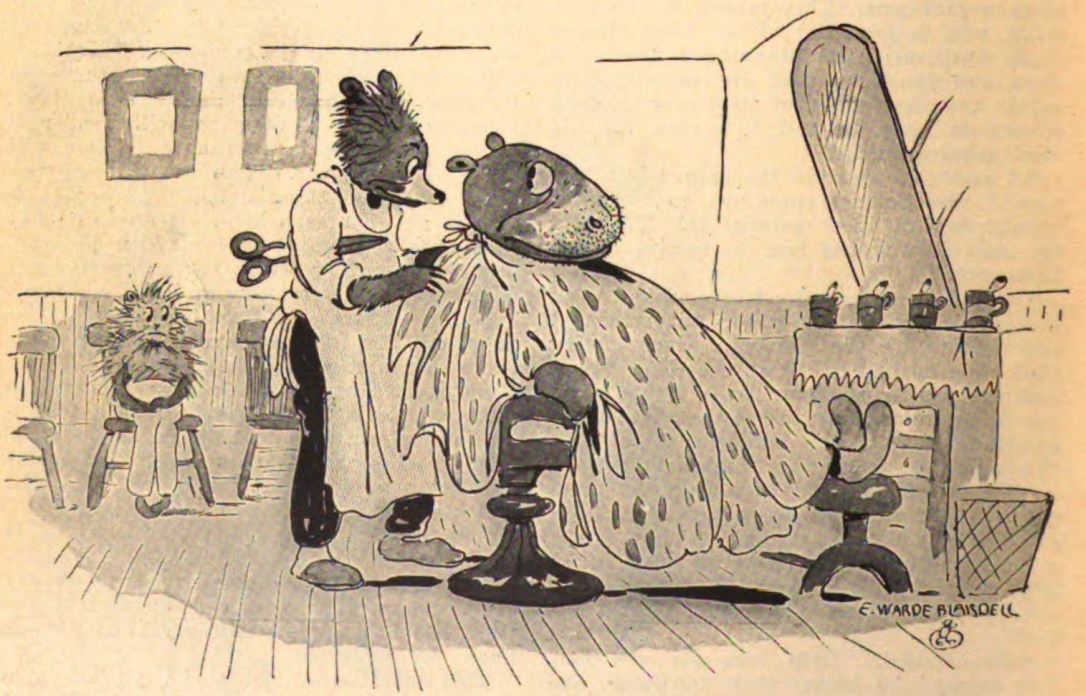


BARBER. "*Which will you have—a hair cut or shave?*"
CUSTOMER *(tartly)*. "*I'll give you three guesses.*"

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SUITOR. "*Why are you looking so happy to-day, Penelope?*"
PENELOPE. "*Oh, I just received a wireless from Ulysses. He safely passed Scylla and Charybdis.*"

### With the Sun

IN Harrisburg there is a certain business man who delights to inculcate in his offspring the love of order and method. To this end he not long ago presented to his twelve-year-old son Reginald a handsome diary, which the lad promised faithfully to fill out, neatly and fully.

On the second day the methodical parent took a look at the book, wherein the youthful diarist had started off with, "Got up at seven,"—which was followed by a record of the most trivial incidents of the day.

"I don't like the phrase 'Got up,'" said the father. "It's not an elegant expression. The sun doesn't get up; it rises."

The criticism was not forgotten by Reginald, for that night when he closed the day's entry in his diary, he did so with this remarkable statement:

"Set at eight."

### Professional

THE little daughter of a homœopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office.

"Papa," she sobbed, "Papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

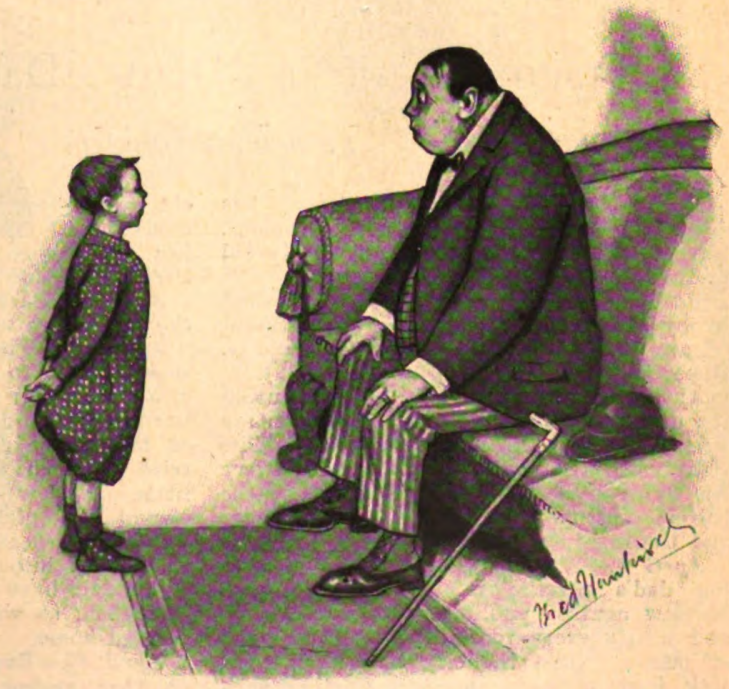
---

### Her Experience

MRS. X and her three-year-old son were eating lunch one day in a café when the Jap waiter dropped a huge tray of dishes.

After the débris had been cleared away and the noise subsided, the youngster piped out,

"Mother, who will spank him?"



"*Well, Willie, I suppose when you grow up you will follow in your father's footsteps.*"
"*No, sir, I can't; he's a balloonist.*"

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A Questionable Invention

*Dc Smythe devised a camera that looked just like a gun,*
*But when he tried to snap his friends they couldn't see the fun!*

---

# Fragment of a Diary Dated 1950

BY BURGES JOHNSON

*March 28.*—My birthday. Father has given me a ninety auto-power Dumont. Have promised my light flyabout to my kid brother.

*March 30.*—Can't seem to gauge the wind in my machine. Slid up on a stiff current of air and tipped out a lot of supplies. Hope they did no harm below.

*April 1.*—Too many high speeders using the upper air, and father has forbidden my going. It's hard luck, for the middle stratum is getting pretty tame with every one flying these days. Most as bad as the bottom stratum with the nurses and babies and the invalids out for an airing.

*April 5.*—Went to Denver without asking dad's permission. Interesting place. No law against public display advertising, and nearly every roof advertises some pill or other. Gives the city an odd mottled look from a decent height. Coming back met dad in his touring-plane. He saw me, but, thank goodness, couldn't stop on same stratum. The angle he was on ought to land him about Omaha. Hope he has business there to keep him till he has forgotten.

*April 6.*—Baby Sue has been given the old garage for a playhouse. Mother had it fixed up. The baby has been operating her old French baby carriage by herself. Pretty good for a child of three.

*April 8.*—Back to college. Took some of the fellows up with me in my machine.

*April 12.*—Flew over to Wellesley with some cronies to see Bill's cousin. Dickens of a scrape over there. Village has no landing receivers. It's mighty hard to get up off the ground again in my machine, so we tried to drop anchor and view things a little. Anchor dragged in village streets, caught in a girl's belt, and a breeze lifted us a bit just at that minute and the girl was pulled into a fountain. Just my luck. 'Twouldn't have done any good to go down just then, so we cut the anchor wire and speeded home.

*April 13.*—Deuce to pay. My name was on that anchor. Girl was Bill's cousin. We're given till Saturday to go over and apologize.

*April 15.*—Prexy talked in chapel this morning about the growing disregard of human life. It seems a student named Pug Winters flew low over town to-day,—he was

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studying for an exam. and didn't think how low he was,—and his propeller cut off a village man's head. They are thinking of firing Pug from college. He told me he shouted an apology so quick he is sure the man heard it. Prex is an old fogy anyway.

*April 18.*—Got up nerve enough to go back to Wellesley to-day. Heard there was a landing receiver on side of hill to south. Flew low over village, and saw that all the college girls in the street had printed signs on the tops of their hats that said, "Use no hooks!" Awful grind on us. But we were forgiven after a while. Helen (that's her) says it was an aerated fountain, and she swallowed so much that she took the matter very lightly. I often think she is only half serious in what she says.

*April 25.*—Got into wireless talk with kid brother to-day. He says an epidemic has struck the Bronx herd of horses. Glad I saw them before they were all gone. Father remembers when you could see them often on the streets.

*April 26.*—Bill's folks are going to move to Seattle. Bill's from Jersey City, of all places. They've lived in same house for about twelve generations, but they've got to go. Since the ærocab lines have been running between New York and Philadelphia, Jersey hasn't been fit to live in. The aero corporations own the State, and none of the ordinary police laws, even, are enforced. At night people in the street have been killed by falling bottles. Bill says a merry theatre party hung a couple of hundred feet above his house the other night and played some kind of a game chucking coins down the chimneys.

*April 26.*—Down to New York to get my summer clothes. Shopping is more fun now that all the good stores have landing receivers. And with the new scheme of having display windows set in the roofs facing upward, one can get a good idea of things without stopping. I'm told that a lot of the new window trimmers have broken their necks.

*April 30.*—Queer accident to-day that will end my fun for a while. Dad's chauffeur went speeding with me in upper air. Ran into a flock of those new salted milk advertisements that you see around—drifting balloons shaped like cows, you know. Punctured two of them, and the gas sort of asphyxiated Victor, who was at the wheel. Before I could reach him we plunged and impaled the whole machine on the pinnacle of the Civic Building in Baltimore. I got down without injury. Dad can get a new chauffeur, but my machine will never be as good as it was.

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## At the Academy

SHE. "*Now I consider that a work of art.*"
HE. "*Which one?*"
SHE. "*The one in black, with the lorgnette.*"

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*"I sprinkled water on the floor," said little Sammy Doubts*
*"Behold the carpet flowers grow! I guess they're Brussels sprouts."*

### Non Over Sed Ova

A MEMBER of the University faculty one day dropped into a quick-lunch room and, in response to the question of the waiter as to what he would have, said:

"Fried eggs."

"Over?" came from the laconic servitor.

"*Ova?*" repeated the guileless professor, astonished at the man's apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly! That is what I ordered: *Ova gallinæ*."

### When Critics Agree

ONE night, during the recent engagement of a well-known actor, there were two boys in the gallery; plain boys. It was early. One of them asked, "Is the play to-night any good, Jim?"

Jim picked up his programme, and read: "Hamlet, A Tragedy by William Shakespeare." He laid down his programme, and turning to the other boy, said, "I don't know anything about 'Hamlet,' but some of the best plays I have ever seen have been by this William Shakespeare."

### Educated

THE teacher of one of the rooms in a school in the suburbs of Cleveland had been training her pupils in anticipation of a visit from the school commissioner. At last he came, and the classes were called out to show their attainments.

The arithmetic class was the first called, and in order to make a good impression the teacher put the first question to Johnny Smith, the star pupil.

"Johnny, if coal is selling at $6 per ton, and you pay the coal-dealer $24, how many tons of coal will he bring you?"

"Three," was the prompt reply from Johnny.

The teacher, much embarrassed, said, "Why, Johnny, that isn't right."

"Oh, I know it ain't, but they do it anyhow."

### Experimental

QUITE recently an old friend of the Browns went to see them at their new country home. As he approached the house a large dog ran out to the gate and began barking at him through the fence.

As he hesitated about opening the gate, Brown's wife came to the door and exclaimed: "How do you do! Come right in. Don't mind the dog."

"But won't he bite?" exclaimed the friend, not anxious to meet the canine without some assurance of his personal safety.

"That's just what I want to find out," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I just bought him this morning."

### Grandfather's Love

THEY said he sent his love to me,
They wouldn't put it in my hand,
And when I asked them where it was,
They said I couldn't understand.

I thought they must have hidden it,
I hunted for it all the day,
And when I told them so at night,
They smiled and turned their heads away.

They say that love is something kind,
That I can never see or touch.
I wish he'd sent me something else;
I like his cough-drops twice as much.

SARA TEASDALE.

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*Painting by Howard Pyle*

Illustration for "The Scabbard"

THE COMING OF LANCASTER

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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVI MAY, 1908 No. DCXCVI

SUNSET ON THE NILE

# The Nile

*BY MARIE VAN VORST*

THE source of the Nile, its direction and mastery, have occupied Europeans for two thousand years. But thousands of years earlier the question of the birth of this phenomenal river awakened so much mystery in the ancient mind that the solving of the problem was effectually relegated to those secrets which eternity alone should reveal. In 1858 Captain Speke determined that the Nile originated from Victoria Nyanza, and thus the mystery was lifted from the source of the greatest and one of the longest rivers of the globe.

From Cairo to Khartoum the deltas of Egypt, Nubia, and Soudan are dependent for existence on the Nile, as the provinces are corrugated with canals, by means of which the inundation is directed. All the fertile country is veined by tiny miniature ditches and gutters, where the water penetrates and infiltrates as the *shaduf* is emptied by hand over the fields in the dry season. Swollen by Abyssinian floods, fecundated by the silt from Abyssinian mountains, expanded and enriched by the thundering Atbara, whose sudden yearly appearance over a dry desert bed is one of the interesting phases of river history, the Nile, thus

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enriched, rises from June until September, and by January has subsided, leaving over Egypt a deposit of fertile soil, precious as gold. Nilus, Nahal, "The River," aptly so called, springing from the Ruanda Mountains, the third of a degree south of the equator, begins its four thousand miles' jaunt to the sea.

Past volcanoes, traversing plains with snowy peaks for background, through a wilderness of tropical jungle, between shores where dwarf and pygmy humans see their distortions in the stream; giving drink to zebras, gazelles, and giraffes; floated over by moon moths and the curious lepidoptera of the south; bushed in these regions by bizarre plants; passing through sealike lakes whose area is more than 20,000 square miles,—the Nile (here called the Bahr-el-Gebel) plunges over the Ripon Falls, passes over the equator, and below Gondokoro meets the Bahr-el-Gazoul.

Crocodiles lie like logs in its waters; the stream is turgid with the swash of the hippopotami. Elephants, lions, and panthers drink at night by the brink, and through the heart of the tropics, the life and sustenance of savages and wild beasts, the White Nile comes to Soudan. The genesis of the river Nile is superb: out of the mountains of Abyssinia, by the way of wilderness and desert, cold, profound, and intensely blue, comes the torrent to whose properties Egypt owes her life. This body of water, known as the Blue Nile, meets the White Nile at Khartoum, and the two branches flow alongside for many miles in distinct bands of color, white alongside of blue. From here on to the Mediterranean, over eighteen hundred miles, the Nile proper receives but one tributary—the Atbara. At Khartoum the voice of the river is first comprehensible; there the barbarian, as it were, has learned a civilized tongue.

A sea wall topped by an avenue of acacias, a palace from whose turret the British flag flies, is the sight from the stream of the first city on the Nile. Product of determined civilization—witness of Great Britain's organizing force and autocracy, which, over carnage, rape and famine, slavery and every degree of Moslem horror, has planted a city on the desert's edge,—Khartoum, its back to the wastes, deaf to the clamor threatening new warfare—Khartoum faces the blending Niles. The present Government House has been built on all the dervishes left of Gordon's palace; within the long corridors the walls bristle with crude, picturesque weapons taken from Mahdi and dervish dead. A few English soldiers, countless Soudanese in white uniforms, green sashes, and black ostrich plumes nodding in their turbans, guard the palace. The blood of Gordon has been spilled upon the stones where they stand. The British government outwardly expresses so much law and order that one easily loses sight of the fact that Khartoum is eighteen hundred miles from civilization, with the desert between. But the Sirdar's garden, beautiful with tropical plants, does not hide Gordon's rose tree, and the palace towers still give up and down the river, as did those fallen towers when Gordon's eyes daily strained northwards, looking for a sign—for just one redcoat to show that England remembered. Khartoum keeps her watch over Omdurman, once the seething hotbed of slavery and revolt. She keeps her eye on the populous Soudan, and guards three Niles and twin deserts. Caravan and tribe are all numbered. England is ready to make the Soudan a garden, and so to fertilize the desert. Meanwhile native boats, brown, lean, and stealthy, with slim oars and pointed sails, slip up and down the rivers. They fetch their succulent cargoes of date and sugarcane, crystal piles of gum, manned by half naked blacks whose skin shines with oil, whose muscles are iron, whose memories are slavery and hatred; whose present is a sort of reverie, a harmless, reflective, barbarous peace. The Soudanese make good servants and good soldiers. But Khartoum? Protected by one British regiment, reached by a desert train travelling single tracked for five hundred miles, one is constrained to ask, remembering its history, "What, should the natives rise, would be the fate of this desert city, where once before England came too late?"

From Khartoum to Wadi-Halfa the course of the Nile is so desolate that hippopotami have ventured to the river again. Three minor cataracts congest the Nile along this interval, and the

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*Drawn by Andre Castaigne* Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

A MARKET SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

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floods even at the Second Cataract are nothing more majestic than the turgid rush of angry water over a few giant stones.

Below Halfa, along the river bank, the garden country of Nubia lies like a savage Arcadia. Every group of trees and orchard, every border of green round the mud huts, suggests a native farm. Formal lines of palms, hedges of castor-oil plant, barley, maize, and sugarcane; three crops of corn after a generous inundation, and the strips of yellow country, some quarter of a mile between water and waste, are mines of wealth.

Behind the blue stems of the palms, the mountains, violet and amber in tone, wall away the windy stretch of desert and the routes to the Red Sea. In the sparkling air every object sharply cuts its silhouette: the native Nubian at his *shaduf*, dipping his bucket in the stream, spilling out the water over his little field; palm and feathery mimosa clump stand out soft and bright in the limpid atmosphere. Farther along the scene alters to a desolation not less charming. Barren and sterile, without sign of life, the shores offer the spectacle of ruined towns and despoiled villages, marking the route of the Mahdi's raid, the march of British troops.

Supplementing this panorama of the ways of war, Nubia's own gold pours down to the Nile. For the sandbanks of this Upper Nile Valley flow like liquid sunlight. They change their color with every variation of the day. They are silver under the moon, a snow of rippling indented waves, as though the wind had ruffled their sea. Then they are pure gold, with a depth of yellow that makes the fingers itch to pick the treasure up. They lie like masses of orange fruit, profound in glorious vermilion. Beautiful beyond description, they roll their waves to the swart, muddy stream. Still farther along, these sands rise up into hills of great height, and their crevices are nests for multicolored shadows.

The Nubian is a splendid advertisement for the simple existence. His dwelling of Nile mud baked in the sun may be washed away once in a decade; he builds it anew in thirty-six hours. Strong, magnificent, black as ebony, and simple as a child, he has a passionate love for his golden hills. Although the brutality of Mahdism massacred these savages until the race was almost exterminated and the survivors sold into slavery, still Cambyses could not intimidate them in the older, freer times.

"We eat *durra* [corn], we drink milk, we live a hundred years. Tell the Persian to come to me when he can break my bow. And, moreover," the Nubian King told the messenger, "let Cambyses thank his gods that it has not occurred to me to go down into Egypt."

If *durra* and milk need supplementing, the Nubians find intoxicating sweetness in their desert air. Over their huts, round which on a mild January night they group in black nudity, the moon hangs its silver thread, the golden sandbanks ripple to the Nile, and the burnished face of the desert gleams in the intense sunset.

All along the western bank the heights of serrated rock suggest the site of a giant temple, and the eye is naturally prepared for Abu-Simbel. On the bank, against the pink sandstone of the hills, Rameses II. carved out four colossi, and behind them cut his temple into the solid rock. These serene statues of the Pharaoh have gazed for ages upon the Nile's swift current, as it carried down the stream from these Nubian quarries giant masses of rock for obelisk, architrave, pyramid, and colossus.

Pyramidal rocks, whose forms again suggest the Egyptian monuments, black basalt monoliths and mastodonlike masses, lift their heads out of the water above the First Cataract. Palms spreading their fronds rise like visionary forms directly from the river. These singular apparitions mark the shores and islands of the submerged district where the Nile, held back by the Shellal Dam, has overflowed its old bed. The Barrage and its sluices regulate the inundation of Egypt, and the country is no longer victimized by flood or scarcity. Progress has outdone the schemes of the ancients in the mastery of the river, and Civilization at the First Cataract has put her hand across the Nile. Masses of snowy spray foam and dash about the rocks, where, hemmed in by these gloomy sentinels of stone, devoured by the cruel river, the temple of Philæ still rises. The sight of this lovely

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*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST

building on its green island stimulated in the ancients a religious and sensuous ecstasy. The legend of Osiric worship centred round the idea that "the Best Beloved of the Gods" rested within the softly brilliant walls, and the Faithful bound themselves with the oath, "By him who sleeps in Philæ!" The palm grown island, where the temple rested like a concrete thought of the gods, has been destroyed by the dam, and the most beautiful construction of any age has been submerged by the artificial flooding of the region. The river has already gained the centre of the columns—in some places only the architraves lie like wrecks cast on the waters. The Nile has captured Philæ, gorged itself with loveliness. As the Nile slowly rises, lily pillar after lily pillar disappears, and here and there the lotus capitals lie like blossoms scattered on the surface of the stream. Progress has an ugly face here, where Philæ is being obliterated. For the interior of the temple with its rippling flow of water has remained perfect; the color has kept its *éclat;* and scarlet and blue pillars and rose colored moulding glow like flowers long preserved in the damp gloom. Lovely with a bloom which thousands upon thousands of years have not availed to efface, Philæ will eventually sink into the Nile, and it must be to the dishonor of the twentieth century that it has obliterated this remnant of art and this historic monument.

After the First Cataract and Assouan are passed, the gateway of the desert and

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the far south opens into Egypt, the richest agricultural country in the world. All this wealth is concentrated in twin bands of verdure that lie between the Libyan and the Arabian deserts and the Nile. The edge of the river is a living thing. It is gay with the garments of the fellaheen—gentian blue robes, white turbans, and the beautiful bodies of those who in heat and in work have laid aside their white clothes. A group of Arab women, their blue veils and garments fluttering in the wind, fetch their jars to the river, and carry them full upon their heads up the bank to the mud village. The Moslem washes five times a day, and his ablutions are all performed on the banks of the Nile. After bathing, he prostrates himself on the sand and turns towards Mecca in the East. Little children play like ducks in the water. Black as ebony or brown as Nile mud, the fishermen wade out into the stream and drag their boats to shore. Buffalo and horse and donkey are led to be watered and washed in the river.

From a high cliff Kom Ombos, sacred to the gods of night and day, sacred to the hawk and the crocodile, presents its golden columns to the river. There is a low entrance wall to this Ptolemaic ruin, whose pylon gate has been destroyed. In the corner of the court a small pink temple nestles like a rose, and over the low door outspreads the harmonious symbol of the phœnix wings. The superb columns of the greater hall are examples of Ptolemaic art at its best. The broad lotus leaved capitals, iris flowered, the fine palm frond, seed and branch, retain their colors to a marvellous extent. The perspective, cleverly graded, carries the eye past peristyle and architrave and propylon, whose lintels are all flanged by the widespread phœnix wings and fan. There are several portraits of Cleopatra among the bas-reliefs of fine-breasted, slim-limbed women, the goddess's crown on their heads, the key of immortality in their hands. Between the columns the Nile is seen as a foreground, and from the little temple on the cliff's extreme edge the expanse towards Assouan in the south and Luxor to the north the river lies like Venice glass: a clear color blurred upon until a thousand iridescences sparkle on its surface. On the wall of the little temple, deeply cut in the soft stone, the sacred boat of Horus lifts its graceful prow. One's fancy can imagine a galley such as this with the sons of Pharaoh for its crew.

To speak of the flat Nile country is to give a false impression of the valley, whose bed is the current of the agitated river, whose shores are the Libyan and Arabian hills. These mountains—their greatest height is six thousand feet—owe their beauty to the rock, limestone, crystal, granite, and porphyry formations, as well as to the African sun and atmosphere. Without verdure, barren and sterile, they create a canyon pass into which the Nile at certain points flows as through a gorge. Sheer walls of palest rose and delicate yellow, milk white and opal or amberlike in tone, these mountains border the Nile for more than a thousand miles. The eyes never tire of following this sterile range, whose corrugated sides terminate in waves of ephemeral color against the intenser sky. From the base of the Arabian hills on the east and the Libyan hills on the west all there is of fertile Egypt extends. Strips of land drink thirstily from the river, and as soon as the fertilizing moisture ceases they melt into the deserts, which extend, unbroken, to the farther seas. The incidents of Egyptian pastoral life have retained their antique character. In these fields, in the habit and fashion of the Hyksos' time, the sower to-day goes out to sow. His portrait, with the lineaments little altered, may be traced in the bas-reliefs of the nearest temple's walls. Brown and golden figures, always barefooted and barelegged, scantily clothed, goatherd, farmer, and shepherd, pass across the fields. Grain is winnowed, chaff is separated from the corn, by the aid of humble implements whose like is found in the dust of tombs and which figure in hieroglyphs.

The fragrance of the Nile fields is brought all day to those who go in boats on the river. The sweetness of the bean blossom, the perfume of mimosa and acacia, lifted by the fresh winds; and from the east (when the sirocco blows) one can fancy—knowing that beyond is the famous myrrh and cardamon—that there comes, blended with the meadow-sweet, the spice of Araby.

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*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

CLEOPATRA'S GALLEY

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*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

IN THE TIME OF THE PTOLEMIES—THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

Caravans of dignified camels, where the Bedouin crouches and sways on his seat, the sheik on his ass or stallion; little girls in the dress of the fellaheen with the delicate wrists and ankles of the pure breed; women who draw their veils closely that the stranger's evil eye shall not harm them; merchants with their wares; small stone villages, collections of mud huts, roofless to the sky; palm grove and palm border, the long dusty river road over which files of donkeys, camels, sheep, and buffalo pass in countless repetition of the same silhouette, distinct against the horizon,—this is the panorama of the Nile's shores, where no false note of color, no inharmony of scheme and form, shocks the eye. The men at the *shaduf* are nude, or else naked to the waist. Their golden

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bodies glisten in the sun; their muscles run like iron under silk. The Egyptian clay is brown, the *shaduf* and the buckets and the Egyptian at his task are all golden brown, and the Nile as well, as it washes its shores and delivers itself into the very hand of its children of the thirsty fields.

At Esneh the little mosque glows like a jewel above the gruesome stews of market, bazar, and dwelling. Sheik and scribe in black gowns, with snowy turbans, sit crosslegged before a wineshop door playing draughts. A water carrier, bent double beneath his pigskin inflated with the weight of the fluid, cries: "Nile water! Nile water!" Crosslegged before their mats, venders display their wares: cakes of *nougat,* colored paste, piles of dates, figs, and pistache nuts; while a woman with face closely veiled calls out the barter of her store of parched corn. In the centre of this noisy multitude a boy with a loincloth his only covering, up to his knees in mud and filth, makes bricks with his hands. But this Egyptian has straw. Hemmed in, surrounded by this town, half buried by the huddling hovels, the lotus and papyrus columns of Esneh lift their pillars from the lower earth; for the village has been built above the temple and upon its ruins.

From Esneh to Luxor the desert, the fields, the magical ethereal hills, palm and acacia grove, border the Nile, until round the bend of the stream the buildings of Luxor break the spell, and the precincts of the half European, half Egyptian town are reached. Hotels and bazars cluster on the banks of what was once Thebes, and the columns of Amenhotep's temple are jostled by bazar, hut, and glaring stucco. Thebes, whose "walls were to the sealike stream," whose name is as an incantation that brings back the magnificence of gods and Pharaohs, is only a jumble of native and modern houses. But nothing spoils the sweep of the opposite western shore. From the river's bank, mellow and yellow, across broad fields bright with the flowers of the bean and shining with colza, the moonlight finds and clothes the broken vistas of Medinet Habu; it folds as a garment round the figures of the Memnon, towards whose feet roll the desert and the flowering fields, while back of these colossi, height upon height, rises the honeycomb of the sacred tombs. From the elevation of these hills the Nile has the aspect of being a series of lakes fallen upon the valley—lakes that are caught and held between the emerald circles of the verdant fields.

The Nile boats are one of the river's loveliest charms, and it is doubtful if even the ancient craft, manned by slaves of the Pharaohs and with the sails of the old dynasty, ever made more brilliant pictures than these boats of the nineteenth century. The very same curve and sweep are repeated in their workmanship: long and graceful, with high curving prows brightly painted from keel to bow, with two slender masts, from which flutters the lateen sail, these boats ply up and down the stream: here and there gathered like flocks of birds, here and there swelling under the breeze, of which the river is never long deprived. These craft are manned by Egyptians in their dark blue mantles, by Copts in their snowy turbans and small skull-cap. The cargoes that thus are transported upon the windy Nile are varied. One boat will be piled high with dates; the sides of another are sheer and shining with the corn known as *durra;* another bristles with the purple stems of the sugarcane. Barley, rice, cotton, and grain, figs, dates, and sugar—all go floating down the river, finally to find the slow canals towards Alexandria and the sea. History so jewels every mile of the shores that the bright flotilla of the Nile in the twentieth century could easily be transformed, as one looks at it, into the boats of those early dynasties. The fascinated eyes can fancy the muddy river parted by the lip of *The Dewy Aten,** with its Tyrian dyed sails. Alongside these boats, whose bright prows curve up from the water, and whose breasts repeat the same antique design, a famous galley may be imagined to ply its many oars. It will be silver lined, odorous with cedar brought from Lebanon. It will be made strong with withes brought from up Nile country and covered with gold. Its dull sails will be damascene purple, and the river rippling, singing at its keel, before

* Which lovely name the King Mena, four thousand years ago, gave to his bark.



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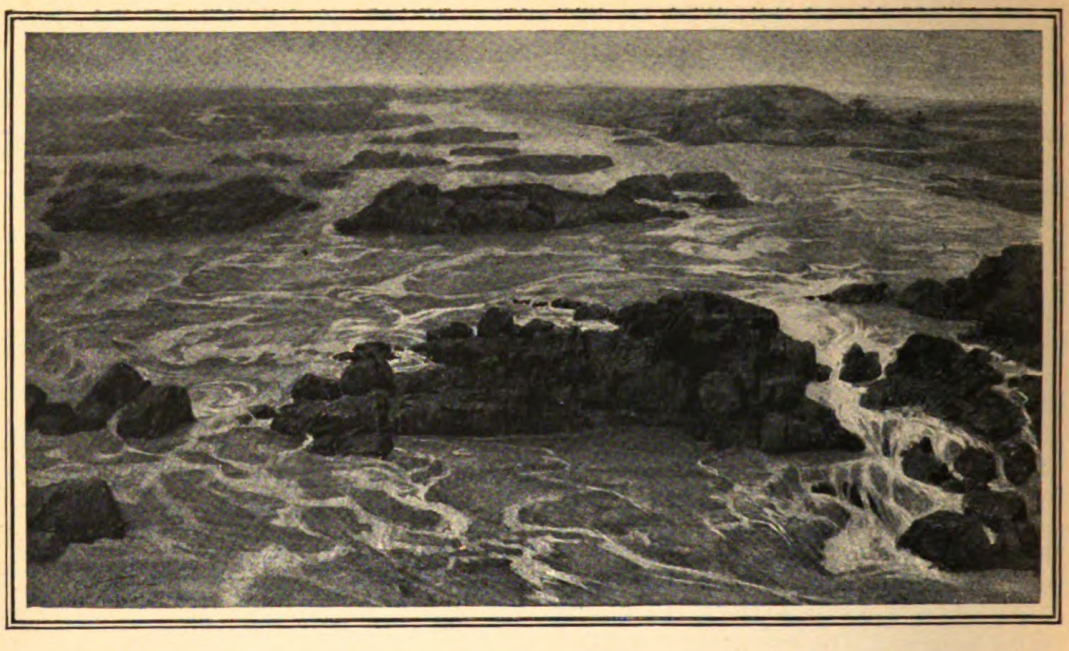

CATARACT AT WADI-ALPHAT

our entranced vision, brings again the fine-browed Queen to Antony.

Two Ptolemaic temples lie in the desert at a little distance from the river between Luxor and Assiût.

Dendera, remaining almost perfect under the golden stroke of time; temple which seems only to wait until the famous Queen shall pass between its lotus dadoed walls; Dendera's broken cornices cut sharp against the hard deep blue of the sky. Swelling capitals and the solemn shadow of the forest formed by the columns, hieroglyph and statue of sacrifice and jubilee—all colors bright as yesterday, and written history little defaced by time,—all in Dendera seems more clearly than anywhere to speak of Cleopatra. "Honey lipped, strange, sweet Queen." In this temple, where she used to worship, there is no sound to-day but the drone of the drowsy bees who float in swarms, and the twitter of swallows and the call of the doves who make their nests in the warm niches of the sunny stones.

All the way along the river to Cairo run the companioning lines of the Libyan and Arabian hills, and between them the river takes its turbulent and difficult course. There is always a vista whitened by the wings of the fellah boats. They struggle with the current, tack and twist; and round the charming bends and breaks of the stream they are revealed between strips of verdure and little emerald promontories and wide green capes of land like islands. Thus mastering the difficult navigation, skirting bank and shoal, these pretty craft seen from the shores seem flocks of doves against the horizon as their pointed wings fly down the Nile. So peopled, the river becomes social and gay. Its borders are brilliant and full of life and occupation. In populous Lower Egypt it is hard even to remember the desolation of Nubia and the deserts of remote Soudan.

"To what," some one asked an Egyptian, "would you liken the Nile?"

"You have seen the treasures of the Queen Nephatari," he replied; "you remember her necklaces? Yes, the Nile is like an amber necklace, for which the temples are the pendants, the palms and the flowers and the fauna are the minor ornaments."

To understand this figure one should be familiar with the patterns of these ornaments, raped by modern discovery from the necks of the long-sleeping queens.

So much for the esthetic presentation of the river, on whose bounty and vitality thousands of miles of country depend.

At Memphis, some four thousand years

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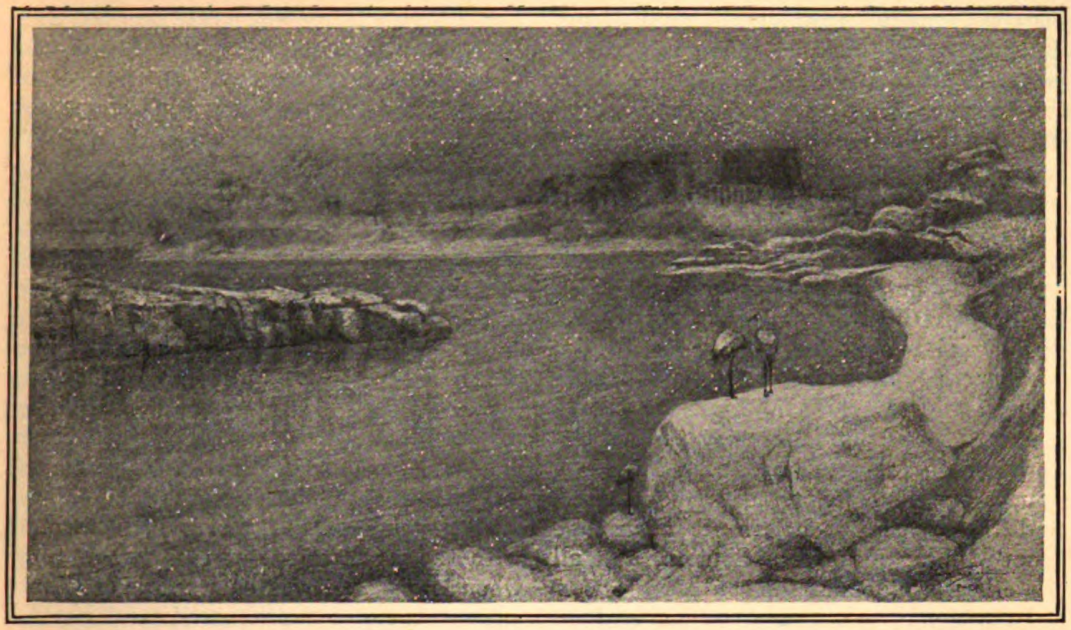

PHILÆ AT NIGHT

before Christ, Mena, dimmest and ghostliest of kings, turned the course of the Nile from its channels under the Libyan hills to a more westerly direction, and on the dry land thus secured he constructed "Memphis of the White Nile." A handful of fragments, a couchant statue of Rameses, mark the place where the terraces of Memphis came down to the river. The luxury of this capital astonished Herodotus, in whose time its apotheosis was past. Palaces with golden lintels, doors of polished cedar, portals hung with curtains of brilliant stuffs; painted temples, and inland lakes where the King fished for "fruits of the Mediterranean." The city whose delights Helen of Troy came to taste, bringing the fable of her seductive perfection into Africa, Memphis, whose foundation is older than the story of Eden, makes to-day part of the dust that lips the Nile.

The squalor of an Arab village stews upon the ancient site; and in the palm grove, sole thing above the desert dust left of the city where Cambyses killed the Apis bull, the colossal statue of Rameses lifts its serene face to the sky.

Below Memphis the clustering masts of little ships that hug the shores rise like a forest of naked trees or sterile rushes. Below the outline of the Libyan hills range clustering palms and groups of velvet sycamores, against whose green the monotone of the huts makes a soft umber shadow. And here and there on the western plain the pink cones of the Pyramids cut their triangles. Medum, Sakkarah, and Gizeh, inverted sacks of gold, stand like sacks whose treasure is the rolling yellow desert pouring out its brilliant rain.

A little below Gizeh, Cairo—city of mosque, hotel, barrack, palace, and bazar—throws itself like a white garment along the river's shores.

Under the English bridge, with its four lion heads, the Nile appears like a muddy sea round the walls of the capital. Cairo is modern, in spite of its thousand years of history. And the heterogeneous history of Arab, Turk, and European struggle for rule manages to present but two salient figures: Mehemet Ali, with the perpetually drawn sword, and Napoleon, whose code of laws remains the foundation of present government. Cairo is eclipsed in interest by Alexandria, toward which the Nile makes a divided way.

In olden times the river found the sea through the channels of seven different branches. Now, north of Cairo, the bifurcation of the waters' trunk separates the river into two channels, sharply divergent, and by these the Nile flows to its

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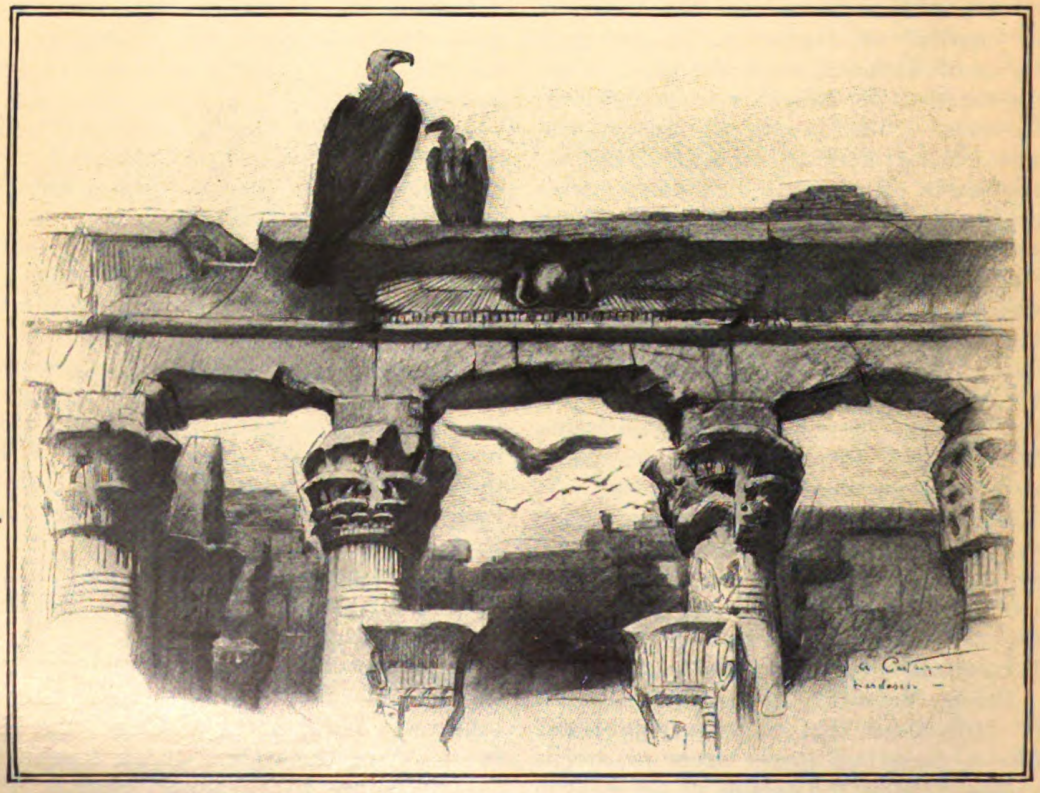
*embouchures* at Damietta and Rosetta, entering the Mediterranean at these ports. Near the village of Rosetta, Nelson fought the famous battle of the Nile in 1798 in the Bay of Abukir, and here Casabianca gave his name and obedience down to history. Rosetta itself is famous because of the discovery of the trilingual stone cut in Greek, hieroglyphics and demotic characters, by which key the writings on the monuments were deciphered. This portion of the delta is richly pastoral, intersected by the twin divisions of the Nile and veined by the canals. The boatmen bring their craft down these many waterways. They tell you, "We come from the far countries," and their cargoes declare it: sugarcane from Nubia, gum from Soudan, and all the other products of the south.

In 332 B.C. Alexander set his seal on this entrance into Africa; and Alexandria, city of a million souls, extreme with the pleasures of Greece, fine with Attic art, rich with the goods and trades of Egypt and the south and east, more learned than any city of the period, for a thousand of years this seaport colored the East with its dawn. At the harbor's mouth stood one of the wonders of the world, a lighthouse on the island of Pharos, a graduated tower of purest marble, costing the city £300,000. But the history of this disputed entry into Africa, the subsequent wars of nations, marine disasters and victories, Moslem treachery and massacre, the final British triumph, lose their interest in the conglomerate and kaleidoscopic facts in which, aside from the Napoleonic figure, personal notes are lacking. But one famous figure stands out in the history of Egypt and the Nile, giving river, country, and seaport a lasting charm. All along the river, from Philæ, above all at Dendera, the shores are personal with the recollections of the woman than whom no queen was ever more brilliant, whose charm, seduction, wit, and human fascination have been made immortal by the masterpieces of the world. Antony, as did her subjects, called her *Egypt*. And the country, whose shape is a lotus, whose emblems are the serpent and the papyrus, is instinct with the grace of this empress. Alexandria, her capital and



THE KING'S GATEWAY

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playground, was a garden, a pleasure park for her, a banquet hall where beside her on her couch Mark Antony delivered up Cæsar, Italy, fame, and honor into her beautiful hands, giving all the treasures of his life that she might dissolve them in the winecup from which he drank to her. In Alexandria, Cleopatra's temples filled the squares; through the streets at night, touching elbows with Roman, Greek, and Egyptian, with slave and noble, the Queen and the mad Antony made sport of the etiquette that hedges royalty. Here, where she had originally bewitched Cæsar, she held Antony, until kingdoms and his old glories were nothing to him; and here in Alexandria she lifted him, defeated, broken, into his tomb; and here, beside him, she herself died. So intense is the *cartouche* that Cleopatra has left on Egyptian history and on this marine city that the ugly bustle of commerce, where Jews, Greeks, and Egyptians fight to-day for stocks and bonds and land speculations in the modern cosmopolis, is lost and forgotten as the old capital rises like a mirage on the edge of the desert and, as one thinks of Cleopatra, shines again with something of its old glory. The Queen's pink obelisks (one of which is now in the New York Central Park) are seen again in their old place, and the shouts and cries tremble upon the air as the people call to her. Cleopatra is going to Cydnus in the golden barge hung with purple! The people kiss the ground her feet have trod; she is a goddess; she is Isis—Hathor; she is Empress of Upper and Lower Egypt, Mistress of the Nile. But she is, above all else, a woman whom Antony has named his "Serpent of Old Nile." Her ship puts out for sea, and the seaside crowded with citizens is black like a pall. As she sails away, the heart of Egypt goes with her, and the great river and the land have in all their history no more sumptuous memory than the memory of her.

# Love in Autumn

*BY SARA TEASDALE*

I SOUGHT among the drifting leaves,
The golden leaves that once were green,
To see if Love were hiding there
And peeping out between;

For through the silver showers of May
And through the summer's heavy heat,
In vain I sought his golden head
And light, fast-flying feet.

Perhaps when all the world is bare,
And cruel winter holds the land,
The Love that finds no place to hide
Will run and catch my hand.

I shall not care to have him then,
I shall be bitter and a-cold,—
It is too late for frolicking
When all the world is old.

Then, little hiding Love, come forth!
Come forth before the Autumn goes
And let us seek through ruined paths
The garden's last red rose.

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# The Squall

*BY NORMAN DUNCAN*

TUMM of the *Quick as Wink* kicked the cabin stove into a sputter and roar of flame so lusty that the black weather of Jump Harbor was instantly reduced from arrogant and disquieting menace to an impression of contrast grateful to the heart. "Not bein' a parson," said he, roused now from a brooding silence by this radiant inspiration, "I isn't much of a hand at accountin' for the mysteries o' God; an' never havin' made a world, I isn't no critic o' creation. Still an' all," he persisted, in a flash of complaint, "it did seem t' me, somehow, accordin' t' my lights, which wasn't trimmed at no theological college, that the Maker o' Archibald Shott o' Jump Harbor hadn't been quite kind t' Arch." The man shifted his feet in impatient disdain; then laughed—a gently contemptuous shaft, directed at his insolence: perhaps, too, at his ignorance. It fell to a sigh, however, which continued expression, presently, in a glance of poignant bewilderment. "Take un by an' all," he pursued, "I was wonderful sorry for Arch. Seemed t' me, sir, though he bore the sign o' the Lord's own hand, as do us all, that he'd but a mean lookout for gracious livin', after all.

"Poor Archibald Shott!

"'Arch, b'y,' says I, 'you got the disposition of a snake.'

"'Is I?' says he. 'Maybe you're right, Tumm. I never knowed a snake in a intimate way.'

"'You got the soul,' said I, 'of a ill born squid.'

"'Don't know,' said he; 'never *seed* a squid's soul.'

"'Your tongue,' says I, 'is a flame o' fire; 'tis a wonder t' me she haven't blistered your lips long afore this.'

"'Isn't *my* fault,' says he.

"'No?' says I. 'Then who's t' blame?'

"'Well,' says he, 'God made me.'

"'Anyhow,' said I, 'you've took t' the devil's alterations an' improvements like a imp o' hell fire.'"

Tumm dropped into an angry muse. . . .

We had put in from the sea off the Harborless Shore, balked by a screaming Newfoundland northwester, allied with fog and falling night, from rounding Taunt Head, beyond which lay the snug harbor and waiting fish of Candlestick Cove. It had been labor enough, enough of cold, of sleety wind and anxious watching, to send the crew to berth in sleepy confusion when the teacups were emptied. Tumm and I sat in the companionable seclusion of the trader's cabin, the schooner lying at ease in the shelter of Jump Harbor. In the pause, led by the wind from this warmth and peace and light to the reaches of frothy coast, I recalled the cliffs of Black Bight, upon which, as I had been told in the gray gale of that day, the inevitable had overtaken Archibald Shott. They sprang clear from the breakers, an expanse of black rock, barren as a bone, as it seemed in the sullen light, rising to a veil of fog, which, floating higher than our foremast, kept their topmost places in forbidding mystery. We had come about within stone's throw, so that the bleak walls, echoing upon us, doubled the thunder of the sea. They inclined from the water: I bore this impression away as the schooner darted from their proximity — an impression, too, of ledges, crevices, broken surfaces. In that tumultuous commotion, perhaps, flung then against my senses, I had small power to observe; but I fancied, I recall, that a nimble man, pursued by fear, might scale the Black Bight cliffs. There was imperative need, however, of knowing the way, else there might be neither advance nor turning back. . . .

"Seemed t' be made jus' o' leavin's, Arch did," Tumm resumed, with a little

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*Drawn by George Harding*

SHE WAS PROMISED TO SLOW JIM TOOL

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twitch of scorn: "jus' knocked t'gether," said he, "with scraps an' odds an' ends from the loft an' floor. But whatever, an a man had no harsh feelin' again' a body patched up out o' the shavin's o' bigger folk, a lean, longlegged, rickety sort o' carcass, like t' break in the grip of a real man," he continued, "nor bore no grudge again' high cheek bones, skimped lips, a ape's forehead, an' pale green eyes, sot close to a nose like a axe an' pushed a bit too far back, why, then," he concluded, with a largely generous wave, "they wasn't a deal o' fault t' be found with the looks o' Archibald Shott. Wasn't no reason ever *I* seed why Arch shouldn't o' wed any maid o' nineteen harbors an' lived a sober, righteous, an' fatherly life till the sea cotched un. But it seemed, somehow, that Arch must fall in love with the maid o' Jump Harbor that was promised t' Slow Jim Tool—a lovely lass, sir, believe *me:* a dimpled, rosy, towheaded, ripplin' sort o' maid, as soft as feathers an' as plump as a oyster, with a disposition like sunshine an'—an'—well, *flowers*. She was a wonderful dear an' tender lass, quick t' smile, sir, quick as the sea in a sunlit southerly wind, an' quick t' cry, too, God bless her! in sympathy with the woes o' folk.

"'Arch,' says I, windbound in the *Curly Head* at Jump Harbor, 'don't you *do* it.'

"'Love,' says he, 'is queer.'

"'May be,' says I; 'but keep off. You go,' says I, 'an' get a maid o' your own.'

"'*Wonderful* queer,' says he. 'T'wouldn't s'prise me, Tumm,' says he, 'if a man falled in love with a fishhook.'

"'Well,' says I, ''Lizabeth All isn't no fishhook. She've red cheeks an' blue eyes an' as soft an' round a body as a man ever clapped eyes on. Her hair,' says I, 'is a glory; an', Arch,' says I, 'why, she *pities!*'

"'True,' says he; 'but it falls far short.'

"'How far?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'you left out her muscles.'

"'Look you, Arch!' says I; 'you isn't nothin' but a mean man. They isn't nothin' that's low an' cruel an' irreligious that you can't be comfortable shipmates with. Understand me? They isn't nothin' that can't be spoke of in the presence o' women an' children that isn't as good as a Sunday school treat t' you. It doesn't scare you t' know that the things o' your delight would ruin God's own world an they had their way. Understand me?' says I, bein' bound, now, to make it plain. 'An' now,' says I, 'what you got t' give, anyhow, for the heart an' sweet looks o' this maid? Is you thinkin',' says I, 'that she've a hankerin' after your dried beef body an' pill of a soul?'

"'Never you mind,' says he.

"'Speak up!' says I. 'What you got t' *trade?*'

"'Well,' says he, 'I'm clever.'

"''Tis small cleverness t' think,' says I, 'that in these parts a ounce o' brains is as good as a hundredweight o' chest an' shoulders.'

"'You jus' wait an' see,' says he.

"Seems that Jim Tool was a big man with a curly head an' a maid's gray eyes. He was wonderful solemn an' soft an' slow—so slow, believe *me,* sir, that he wouldn't quite know till to-morrow what he found out yesterday. If you spat in his face to-day, sir, he might drop in any time toward the end o' next week an' knock you down; but if he put it off for a fortnight, why, 'twouldn't be so wonderful s'prisin'. I 'low he was troubled a deal by the world. 'Twas all a mystery to un. He went about, sir, with his brows drawed down an' a look o' wonder an' s'prise an' pity on his big, kind, pink an' white face. He was *always* s'prised; never seemed t' *expect* nothin'—never seemed t' be ready. I 'low it shocked un t' pull a fish over the side. 'Dear man!' says he. 'Well, well!' What he done when 'Lizabeth All first kissed un 'tis past me t' tell. I 'low that shootin' wouldn't o' shocked un more. An' how long it took un t' wake up an' really feel that kiss—how many days o' wonder an' s'prise an' doubt—'twould take a parson t' reckon. Anyhow, she loved un: I knows she did—she loved un, sir, because he was big an' kind an' curlyheaded, which was enough for 'Lizabeth All, I 'low, an' might be enough for any likely maid o' Newf'un'land."

I dropped a birch billet in the stove.

"Anyhow," said Tumm, moodily, "it didn't last long."

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The fire crackled a genial accompaniment to the tale of Slow Jim Tool. . . .

"Well, now," Tumm continued, "Slow Jim Tool an' Archibald Shott o' Jump Harbor was cast away in the *Dimple* at Creep Head o' the Labrador. Bein' wrecked seamen, they come up in the mail boat; an' it so happened, sir, that 'long about Run-by-Guess, with the fog thick, an' dusk near come, Archibald Shott managed t' steal a Yankee's gold watch an' sink un in the pocket o' Slow Jim Tool. 'Twas s'prisin' t' Jim. Fact is, when they cotched un with the prop-e'ty, sir, Jim 'lowed he never knowed when he done it—never knowed he *could* do it. 'Ecod!' says he; 'now that s'prises *me*. I mus' o' stole that there watch in my sleep. Well, well!' S'prised un a deal more, they says, when a brass buttoned constable come aboard at Tilt Cove an' took un in charge in the Queen's name. '*In the Queen's name!*' says Jim. 'What's that? In the Queen's name? Dear man!' says he; 'but this is awful! An' I never knows when I done it!' 'Twas more s'prisin' still when they haled un past Jump Harbor. 'Why,' says he, 'I wants t' go home an' see 'Lizabeth All. Why,' says he, 'I got t' talk it over with 'Lizabeth!' 'You can't,' says the constable. 'But,' says Jim, 'I *got* t'. Why,' says he, 'I always *have*.' 'Now,' says the constable, 'don't you make no trouble.' So Jim was s'prised again; but when the judge give un a year t' repent an' make brooms in chokee t' St. Johns, he was *so* s'prised, they says, that he never come to his senses till he landed back at Jump Harbor an' was kissed seven times by 'Lizabeth All in the sight o' the folk o' that place. An' even after that, I'm told—ay, through a season's fishin'—he pondered a deal more'n was good for un. Ashore an' afloat, 'twas all the same. 'Well, well!' says he. 'Dear man! I wonders how I done it. Arch,' says he, 'you was aboard; can't *you* throw no light?' Arch 'lowed he might an he but tried, but wouldn't. 'Might interfere,' says he, 'atween you an' 'Lizabeth.' 'But,' says Jim, 'as a friend?'

"'Well,' says Arch, ''riginal sin.'

"''Riginal sin!' says Jim. 'Dear man! but I mus' have got my share!'

"'You is,' says Arch. ''Tis plain in your face. You looks low and vicious. 'Riginal sin, Jim,' says he, 'marks a man.'

"'Think so?' says Jim. 'I'm sorry I got it.'

"'An' look you!' says Arch; 'you better be wonderful careful about unshippin' wickedness on 'Lizabeth.'

"'On 'Lizabeth?' says Jim. 'What you mean? God knows,' says he, 'I'd not hurt 'Lizabeth.'

"'Then ponder,' says Arch. ''Riginal sin is made you a thief an' a jailbird. Ponder, Jim,—ponder!'

"Now," cries Tumm, in an outburst of feeling, "what you think 'Lizabeth All done?"

I was confused by the question.

"Why," Tumm answered, "it didn't make no difference t' she!"

I was not surprised.

"Not s'prised!" cries Tumm. "No," he snapped, indignantly, "nor neither was Slow Jim Tool."

Of course not!

"Nobody knows nothin' about a woman," said Tumm; "least of all, the woman. An', anyhow," he resumed, "'Lizabeth All didn't care. Why, God save you, sir!" he burst out, "she loved the shoulders an' soul o' Slow Jim Tool too much t' care. 'Tis a woman's way; an' a woman's true love so passes the knowledge o' men that faith in God is a lesson in A B C beside it. Well," he continued, "sailin' the *Give an' Take* that fall, I was cotched in the early freeze-up, an' us put the winter in at Jump Harbor, with a hold full o' fish an' every married man o' the crew in a righteous rage. An' as for 'Lizabeth, why, when us cleared the schoolroom, when ol' Bill Bump fiddled up with the accordion 'Money Musk' an' '*Pop* Goes the Weasel,' when he sung out, 'Balance!' an', 'H'ist her, lad!' when the jackets was throwed aside an' the boots was cast off, why, 'Lizabeth All jus' fair *clinged* t' that there big, gray-eyed, pink an' white Slow Jim Tool! 'Twas a pretty sight t' watch her, sir, plump an' winsome an' yellow haired, float like a seagull over the schoolroom floor—t' see her blushes an' smiles an' eyes o' love. It done me good. I 'lowed I wished I was young again—an' big an' slow an' kind an' curlyheaded. But lookin' about, sir,



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it seemed t' me, as best I could understand, that a regiment o' little devils was stickin' red-hot fish forks into the vitals o' Archibald Shott; an' then I 'lowed, somehow, that maybe I was jus' as well off as I was. I got a look in his eyes, sir, afore the night was done; an' it jus' seemed t' me that the Lord had give me a peep into hell.

"'Twas more'n Archibald Shott could carry. 'Tumm,' says he, nex' day, 'I 'low I'll move.'

"'Where to?' says I.

"'Low I'll jack my house down t' the ice,' says he, 'an' haul she over t' Deep Cove. I've growed tired,' says he, 'o' fishin' Jump Harbor.'

"Well, now, they wasn't no prayer meetin' held t' keep Archibald Shott t' Jump Harbor. The lads o' the place an' the crew o' the *Give an' Take* turned to an' jerked that house across the bay t' Deep Cove like a gale o' wind. They wasn't nothin' left o' Archibald Shott at Jump Harbor but the bare spot on the rocks where the house used t' be. When 'twas all over with, Arch come back t' say good-by; an' he took Slow Jim Tool t' the hills, an', 'Jim,' says he, 'you knows where my house used t' be? Hist!' says he, 'I wants t' tell you: is you able t' hold a secret? Well,' says he, 'I wouldn't go pokin' 'round in the dirt there. You leave that place be. They isn't nothin' there that you'd like t' have. Understand? *Don't go pokin' 'round in the dirt where my ol' house was.* But if you does,' says he, 'an' if you finds anything you wants, why, you can keep it, and not be obliged t' me.' So Jim begun pokin' 'round; being human, he jus' couldn't help it. He poked an' poked, till they wasn't no sense in pokin' no more; an' then he 'lowed he'd give 'Lizabeth a wonderful s'prise in the spring, no matter what it cost. 'Archibald Shott,' says he, 'is a kind man. You jus' wait, 'Lizabeth, an' *see.*' And in the spring, sure enough, off he sot for Chain Tickle, where ol' Jonas Williams haves a shop an' a store, t' fetch 'Lizabeth a pink ostrich feather she'd seed in Jonas's trader two year afore. She 'lowed that 'twas a wonderful sight o' money t' lay out on a feather, when he got back; but he says, 'Oh no, 'Lizabeth; the money wasn't no trouble t' get.'

"'No trouble?' says she.

"'Why, no,' says he; 'no trouble t' speak of. I jus' sort o' poked around an' picked it up.'

"About a week after 'Lizabeth All had first wore that pink feather t' meetin' a constable come ashore from the mail boat an' tapped Slow Jim Tool on the shoulder.

"'What you do that for?' says Jim.

"'In the Queen's name!' says the constable.

"'My God!' says Jim. 'What is I been doin'?'

"'Counterfeitin',' says the constable.

"'Counter-fittin'!' says Jim. 'What's that?'

"They says," Tumm sighed, "that poor Jim Tool was wonderful s'prised t' be give two year in chokee t' St. Johns for passin' lead shillin's; for look you! Jim didn't *know* they was lead."

"And Elizabeth?" I ventured.

"Up an' died," he drawled. . . .

"Well, now," Tumm proceeded, "'twas three year later that Jim Tool an' Archibald Shott an' me was shipped from Twillingate aboard the *Billy Boy* t' fish the Labrador below Mugford along o' Skipper Alex Tuttle. Jim Tool was more slow an' solemn an' puzzled 'n ever I knowed un t' be afore; an' he was so wonderful shy o' Archibald Shott that Arch 'lowed he'd have the superstitious shudders if it kep' up much longer. 'If he'd only talk,' says Arch, 'an' not creep about this here schooner like a deaf an' dumb ghost!' But Jim said nar a word; he jus' kep' a gray eye on Arch till Arch lost a deal more sleep 'n he got. 'He *irks* me!' says Arch. ''Tisn't a thing a religious man would practise; an' I'll *do* something,' says he, 't' stop it!' Howbeit, things was easy till the *Billy Boy* slipped past Mother Burke in fair weather an' run into a dirty gale from the north off the upper French shore. The wind jus' seemed t' sweep up all the ice they was on the Labrador an' jam it again' the coast at Black Bight. There's where we was, sir, when things cleaned up; gripped in the ice a hundred fathom off the Black Bight cliffs. An' there we stayed, lifted from the pack, lyin' at fearsome list, till the wind turned westerly an' begun t' loosen up the ice.

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"'Twas after noon of a gray day when the *Billy Boy* dropped back in the water. They was a bank o' blue black cloud hangin' high beyond the cliffs; an' I 'lowed t' the skipper, when I seed it, that 'twould blow with snow afore the day was out.

"'Ay,' says the skipper; 'an' 'twon't be long about it.'

"Jus' then Slow Jim Tool knocked Archibald Shott flat on his back. Lord, what a thump! Looked t' me as if Archibald Shott might be damaged.

"'Ecod! Jim,' says I, 'what you go an' do that for?'

"'Why,' says Jim, 'he said a bad word again' the name o' 'Lizabeth.'

"'Never done nothin' o' the kind,' says Arch. 'I was jus' 'bidin' here amidships lookin' at the weather.'

"'Yes, you did, Arch,' says Jim; 'you done it in the forecastle—las' Wednesday. I heared you as I come down the ladder.'

"'Don't you knock me down again,' says Arch. 'That *hurt!*'

"'Well,' says Jim, 'you keep your tongue off poor 'Lizabeth.'

"By this time, sir, the lads was all come up from the forecastle. We wasn't much hands at fightin', in them days, on the Labrador craft, bein' all friends t'gether; an' a little turn up on deck sort o' scared the crew. Made un shy, too; they hanged about, backin' an' shufflin', like kids in a parlor, fair itchin' along o' awkwardness, grinnin' a deal wider'n was called for, but sayin' nothin' for fear o' drawin' more attention 'n they could well dodge. Skipper Alex he laughed; then I cackled a bit—an' then off went the crew in a big he-haw. I seed Archibald Shott turn white an' twitch lipped, an' I minds me now, sir, that he fidgeted somewhat about his hip; but bein' all friends aboard, sir, shipped from near by harbors, why, it jus' didn't jump into my mind that he was up t' anything more deadly than givin' a hitch to his trousers. How should it? We wasn't *used* t' brawls aboard the *Billy Boy*. But whatever, Archibald Shott crep' for'ard a bit, till he was close 'longside, an' then bended down t' do up the lashin' of his shoe: which he kep' at, sir, fumblin' like a baby, till Jim looked off t' the clouds risin' over the Black Bight cliffs an' 'lowed 'twould snow like wool afore the hour was over. Then, 'Will she?' says Arch; an' with that he drawed his splittin' knife an' leaped like a lynx on Slow Jim Tool. I seed the knife in the air, sir—seed un come down point foremost on Jim's big chest—an' heared a frosty tinkle when the broken blade struck the deck. It didn't seem natural, sir; not on the deck o' the *Billy Boy*, where we was all friends aboard, raised in near by harbors.

"Anyhow, Slow Jim squealed like a pig an' clapped a hand to his heart; an' Arch jumped back t' the rail, where he stood with muscles drawed an' arms open for a grapple, fair drillin' holes in Jim with his little green eyes.

"'Ouch!' says Jim; 'that wasn't *fair*, Arch!'

"Arch's lips jus' lifted away from his teeth in a ghastly sort o' grin.

"'Eh?' says Jim. 'What you want t' do a dirty trick like that for?'

"Arch didn't seem t' have no answer ready: jus' stood there eyin' Jim, stock-still as a wooden figgerhead, 'cept that he shivered an' gulped an' licked his blue lips with a tongue that I 'lowed t' be as dry as sandpaper. Seemed t' me, sir, when his muscles begun t' slack an' his eyes t' shift, that he was more scared 'n any decent man ought ever t' get. But he didn't say nothin'; nor no more did nobody else. Wasn't nothin' t' *say*. There we was, all friends aboard, reared in near by harbors. Didn't seem natural t' be stewin' in a mess o' hate like that. Look you! we *knowed* Archibald Shott an' Slow Jim Tool: knowed un, stripped an' clothed, body an' soul, an' *had*, sir, since they begun t' toddle the roads o' Jump Harbor. Knowed un? Why, down along afore the *Lads' Hope* went ashore on the Barnyard Islands, I slep' along o' Jim Tool an' *poulticed Archibald Shott's boils!* Didn't seem t' me, sir, when Jim took off his jacket an' opened his shirt that they was anything more'n sorrow for Arch's temper brewin' in his heart. Murder? Never thunk o' murder; wasn't used enough t' murder. I 'lowed, though, that Jim didn't like the sight o' the cut where the knife had broke on a rib; an' I 'lowed he liked the feel of his blood still less, for he got white an' stupid an' disgusted when his fingers touched it, jus' as if he

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might be seasick any minute, an' he shook hisself an' coughed, sir, jus' like a dog eatin' grass.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'you got a knife?'

"'Don't 'low no one,' says I, 't' clean a pipe 'ith my knife.'

"'No,' says he; 'a sheath knife?'

"'Left un below,' says I. 'What you want un for?'

"'Jus' a little job,' says he.

"'What *kind* of a job?' says I.

"'Oh,' says he, 'jus' a little job I got t' do!'

"Seemed nobody had a knife, so Jim Tool fetched his own from below.

"'Find un?' says I.

"'Not my bes' one,' says he. 'Jus' my second bes'.'

"Skipper Alex 'lowed 'twould snow like goose feathers afore half an hour was out, but, somehow, sir, nobody cared, though the wind was breakin' off shore in saucy puffs an' the ice pack was goin' abroad.

"Jim Tool feeled the edge of his knife. 'Isn't my bes' one,' says he. 'I got a new one somewheres.'

"I 'lowed he was a bit out o' temper with the knife; an' it *did* look sort o' foul, sir, along o' overuse an' neglect.

"'Greasy,' says he, wipin' the blade on his boot; 'wonderful greasy! Isn't much use no more. Wisht I had my bes' one. This here,' says he, 'is got three big nicks. But, anyhow, Arch,' says he, 'I won't hurt you no more'n I can help!'

"Then, sir, knife in hand an' murder hot in his heart, he bore down on Archibald Shott. 'Twas all over in a flash: Arch, lean an' nimble as a imp, leaped the rail an' put off over the ice toward the Black Bight cliffs, with Slow Jim in chase. Skipper Alex whistled 'Whew!' an' looked perfeckly stupid along o' s'prise; whereon, sir, havin' come to his senses of a sudden, he let out a whoop like a siren whistle an' vaulted over-side. Then me, sir; then the whole bally crew! In jus' a wink 'twas follow my leader over the pans t' save Archibald Shott from slaughter: scramble an' leap, sir, slip an' splash—across the pans an' over the pools an' lanes o' water.

"I 'low the skipper might o' overhauled Jim an he hadn't missed his leap an' gone overhead 'longside. As for me, sir, wind an' legs denied me.

"'Hol' on, Jim!' sings I. 'Wait for *me!*'

"But Jim wasn't heedin' what was behind; I 'low, sir, what with hate an' the rage o' years, he wasn't thinkin' o' nothin' 'cept t' get a knife in the vitals o' Archibald Shott so deep an' soon as he was able. Seemed he'd do it, too, in quick time, for jus' that minute Archibald slipped; his legs sailed up in the air, an' he landed on his shoulders an' rolled off into the water. But God bein' on the watch jus' then, sir, Jim leaped short hisself from the pan he was on, an' afore he could crawl from the sea Arch was out an' lopin' like a hare over better goin'. Jim was too quick for me t' nab; I was fetched up all standin' by the lane he'd leaped—while he sailed on in chase o' Arch. An' meantime the crew was scattered north an' south, every man Jack makin' over the ice for the Black Bight cliffs by the course that looked best, so that Arch was drove in on the rocks. I 'lowed 'twould be over in a trice if somebody didn't leap on the back o' Slow Jim Tool; but in this I was mistook: for Archibald Shott, bein' hunted an' scared an' nimble, didn't wait at the foot o' the cliff for Jim Tool's greasy knife. He shinned on up—up an' up an' up—higher an' higher—with his legs an' arms sprawled out an' workin' like a spider. Nor neither did Jim stop short. No, sir! He slipped his knife in his belt—an' up shinned *he!*

"'Jim, you fool!' sings I, when I come below, 'you come down out o' that!'

"But Jim jus' kep' mountin'.

"'*Jim!*' says I. 'You want t' fall an' get hurted?'

"Up comes the skipper in a proper state o' wrath an' salt water. 'Look you, Jim Tool!' sings he; 'you want t' break your neck?'

"I 'lowed maybe Jim was too high up t' hear.

"'Tumm,' says the skipper, 'that fool will split Archibald Shott once he gets un. You go 'round by Tatter Brook,' says he, 'an' climb the hill from behind. This foolishness is got t' be stopped. Goin' easy,' says he, 'you'll beat Shott t' the top o' the cliff. He'll be over first; let un go. But when Tool comes,' says he, 'why, you got a pair o' arms there that can clinch a argument.'

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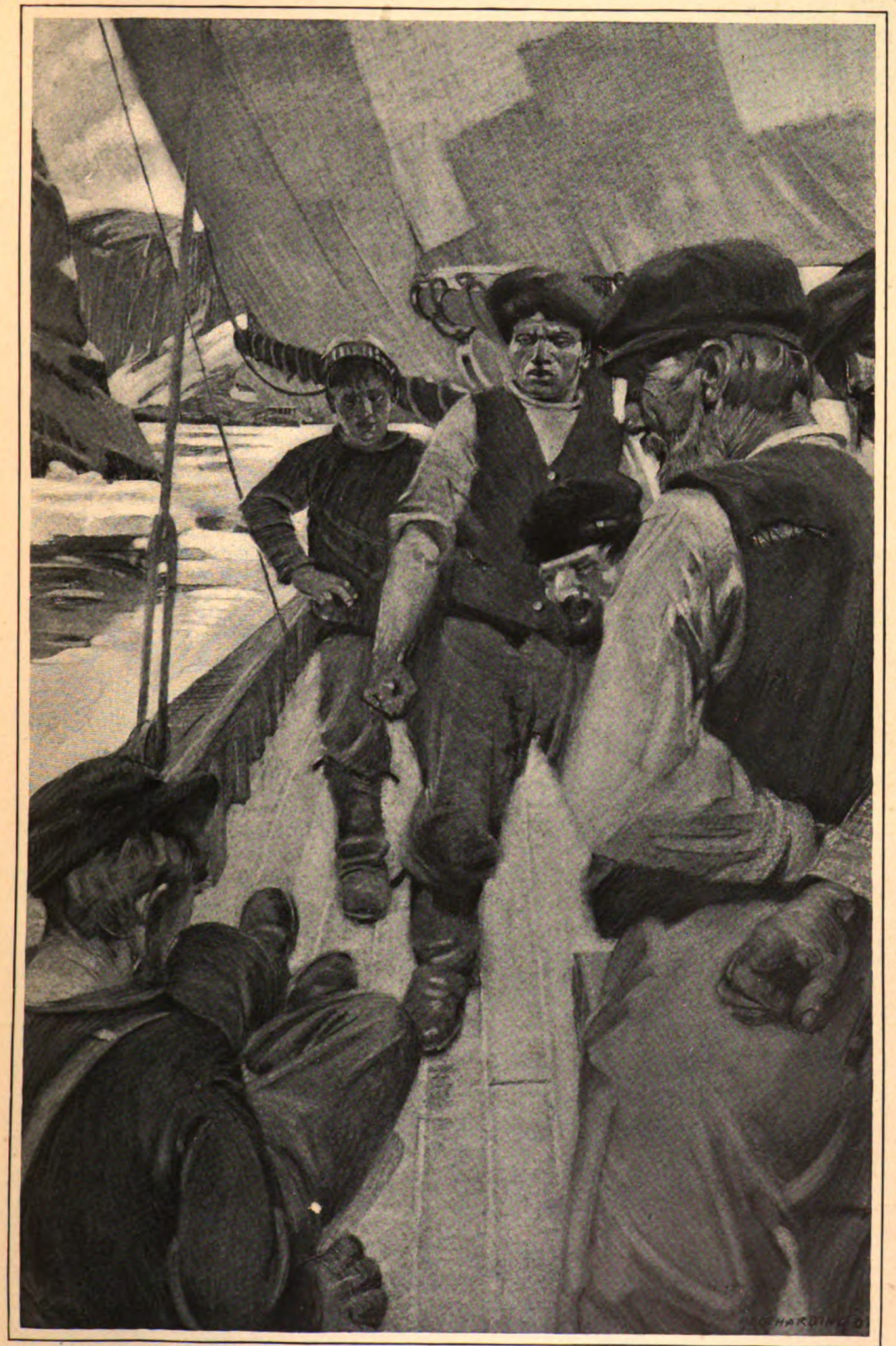

*Drawn by George Harding* Half tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"YOU KEEP YOUR TONGUE OFF POOR 'LIZABETH"

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"'Ay,' says I; 'but what 'll come o' Archibald?'

"'Well,' says the skipper, 'it looks t' me as if he'd be content jus' t' keep on goin'.'

"In this way, sir, I come t' the top o' the cliff. They *was* signs o' weather—a black sky, puffs o' wind jumpin' out, scattered flakes o' snow—but they wasn't no sign o' Archibald Shott. They was quite a reach o' brink, sir, high enough from the shore ice t' make a stomach squirm; an' it took a deal o' peepin' an' stretchin' t' spy out Arch an' Jim. Then I 'lowed that Arch never *would* get over; for I seed, sir—lyin' there on the edge o' the cliff, with more head an' shoulders stickin' out in space than I cares t' dream about o' these quiet nights—I seed that Archibald Shott was cotched an' could get no further. There he was, sir, stickin' like plaster t' the face o' the cliff, some thirty feet below, finger nails an' feet dug into the rock, his face like a year old corpse. I sung out a hearty word—though, God knows! my heart was empty o' cheer—an' I heard some words rattle in Shott's dry throat, but couldn't understand; an' then, sir, overcome by space an' that face o' fear, I rolled back on the frozen moss, sick an' limp. When I looked again I seed, so far below that they looked like fat swile on the ice, the skipper an' the crew o' the *Billy Boy,* starin' up, with the floe an' black sea beyond, lyin' like a steep hill under the gray sky. Midway, swarmin' up with cautious hands an' feet, come Slow Jim Tool, his face as white an' cold as the ice below, thin lipped, wolf-eyed, his heart as cruel now, sir, his slow mind as keen, his muscles as tense an' eager, as a brute's on the hunt.

"'Jim!' says I. 'Oh, Jim!'

"Jim jus' come on up.

"'Jim!' says I. 'Is that *you?*'

"Seemed, sir, it jus' *couldn't* be. Not *Jim!* Why, I *nursed* Jim! I tossed Jimmie Tool t' the ceilin' when he was a mushy infant too young t' do any more'n jus' gurgle. Why, at that minute, sir, like a dream in the gray space below, I could see Jimmie Tool's yellow head an' fat white legs an' calico dresses, jus' as they used t' be.

"'Jim,' says I, 'it can't be you. Not you, Jim,' I says; 'not *you!*'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'is he stuck? Can't he get no further?'

"Jim!

"'If he can't,' says he, 'I got un! I'll knife un, Tumm,' says he, 'jus' in a minute.'

"'Don't try it,' says I.

"'Don't you fret, Tumm,' says he. 'Isn't no fear o' me fallin'. *I'm* all right.'

"An' this was Jimmie Tool! Why, sir, I knowed Jimmie Tool when he was a lad o' twelve. A hearty lad, sir, towheaded an' stout an' strong an' lively, with freckles on his nose, an' a warm, kind, white - toothed little grin for such as put a hand on his shoulder. Wasn't nobody ever, man, woman, or child, that touched Jimmie Tool in kindness 'ithout bein' loved. He jus' couldn't help it. You jus' be good t' Jimmie Tool, you jus' put a hand on his head an' smile, an' Jimmie 'lowed they was no man like you. 'You got a awful kind heart, lad,' says I, when he was twelve; 'an' when you grows up,' says I, 'I 'low the folk o' this coast will be glad you was born.' An' here was Jimmie Tool, swarmin' up the Black Bight cliffs, bent on the bleedin' o' Archibald Shott, which same Archibald I had took t' Sunday school, by the wee, soft hand of un, many a time, when he was a flabby-fleshed, chatterin' rollypolly o' four! Bein' jus' a ol' fool, sir—bein' jus' a soft ol' fool hangin' over the Black Bight cliffs—I wisht, somehow, that little Jimmie Tool had never needed t' grow up.

"'Jimmie,' says I, 'what you *really* goin' t' do?'

"'Well,' says he, 'jus' a minute.'

"'Very well,' says I; 'but you better leave poor Arch alone.'

"'How's his grip?' says he.

"'None too good,' says I; 'a touch would dislodge un.'

"'If I cotched un by the ankle, then,' says he, 'I 'low I could jerk un loose.'

"'You hadn't better *try,*' says Arch.

"'Jim,' says I, 'does you know how high up you really is?'

"Jim jus' reached as quick as a snake for Archibald Shott's foot, but come somewhat short of a grip. 'Shoot it!' says he, 'I can on'y touch un with my finger. I'll have t' climb higher.'

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"Up he come a inch or so.

"'You try that again, Jim,' says Arch, 'an' I'll kick you in the head.'

"'You can't,' says Jim; 'you dassn't move a foot from that ledge.'

"'Try an' see,' says Arch.

"'I can see very well, Arch, b'y,' says Jim. 'If you wriggles a toe, you'll fall.'

"Then, sir, I cotched ear o' the skipper singin' out from below. Seemed so far down when my eyes dropped that my fingers digged theirselves deep in the moss and clawed around for better grip. They isn't no beach below, sir, nor broken rock, as you knows; the cliffs rise from deep water. Skipper and crew was on the ice; an' I seed that the wind had blowed the pans off shore. Wind was up now: blowin' clean t' sea, with flakes o' snow swirlin' in the lee o' the cliff. It fair scraped the moss I was lyin' on. Seemed t' me, sir, that if it blowed much higher I'd need my toes for hangin' on. A gust cotched off my cap an' swep' it over the sea. Lord! it made me shiver t' watch the course o' that ol' cloth cap! Blow? Oh, ay—blowin'! An' I 'lowed that the skipper was nervous in the wind. He sung out again, waved his arms, pointed t' the sea, an' then ducked his head, tucked in his elbows, an' put off for the schooner, with the crew scurryin' like weak-flippered swile in his wake. Sort o' made me laugh, sir; they looked so round an' squat an' shortlegged, 'way down below, sprawlin' over the ice in mad haste t' board the *Billy Boy* afore she drifted off in the gale. Laugh? Ay, sir! I laughed. Didn't seem t' me, sir, that Jim Tool really *meant* t' kill Archibald Shott. Jus' seemed, somehow, like a rough game, with somebody like t' get hurted if they kep' it up. So I laughed; but I gulped that laugh back t' my stomach, sir, when I clapped eyes again on Archibald Shott!

"'Don't do that, Arch,' says I. 'You'll *fall!*'

"'Well,' says he, 'Jim says I can't kick un in the head.'

"'No more you can,' says Jim; 'an' you dassn't try.'

"Arch was belly foremost t' the cliff—toes on a ledge an' hands gripped aloft. He was able t' look up, but made poor work o' lookin' down over his shoulder; an' I 'lowed, him not bein' able t' see Jim, that the minute he reached out a foot he'd be cotched an' ripped from his hold, if Jim really wanted t' do it. Anyhow, he got his fingers in a lower crack. 'Twas a wonderful strain t' put on any man's hands an' arms; I could see his forearms shake along of it! But safe at this, he loosed one foot from the ledge, let his body sink, an' begun t' kick out after Jim, jus' feelin' about like a blind man, with his face jammed again' the rock. Jus' in a minute Jim reached for that foot. Cotched it, too; but no sooner did Arch feel them fingers closin' in than he kicked out for life an' got loose. The wrench near overset Jim. He made a quick grab for the rock an' got a hand there jus' in time. Jim laughed. It may be that he thunk Arch would be satisfied an' draw up t' rest. But Arch 'lowed for one more kick; an' this, sir, cotched Slow Jim Tool fair on the cheek when poor Jim wasn't lookin'. Must o' hurt Jim. When his head fell back, his face was all screwed up, jus' like a child's in pain. I seed, too, that his muscles was slack, his knees givin' way, an' that his right hand, with the fingers spread out crooked, was clawin' for a hold, ecod! out in the air, where they wasn't nothin' but thin wind t' grasp. Then I didn't see no more, but jus' lied flat on the moss, my eyes fallen shut, limp an' sweaty o' body, waitin' t' come to, as from the grip o' the Old Hag.

"When I looked again, sir, Archibald Shott had both feet toed back on the ledge, an' Slow Jim Tool, below, was still stickin' like a barnacle t' the cliff.

"'Jim,' says I, 'if you don't stop this foolishness, I'll drop a rock on you.'

"'This won't do,' says he.

"'No,' says I; 'it *won't!*'

"'I 'low, Tumm,' says he, 'that I better swarm above an' come down.'

"'What for?' says I.

"'Step on his fingers,' says he.

"Then, sir, the squall broke; a rush an' howl o' northerly wind! Come like a pack o' mad ghosts: a break from the spruce forest—a flight over the barren—a great leap into space. Blue black clouds, low an' thick, rushin' over the cliff, spilt dusk an' snow below. 'Twas as though the Lord had cast a black blanket o' night in haste an' anger upon

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the sea. An' I never knowed the snow so thick afore; 'twas jus' emptied out on the world like bags o' flour. Dusty, frosty snow; it got in my eyes an' nose an' throat. 'Twasn't a minute afore sea an' shore was wiped from sight an' Jim Tool an' Archibald Shott was turned t' black splotches in a mist. I crabbed away from the brink. Wasn't no sense, sir, in lyin' there in the push an' tug o' the wind. An' I sot me down t' wait; an' by an' by I heard a cry, a dog's bark o' terror, from deep in the throat, sir, that wasn't no scream o' the gale. So I crawled for'ard, on hands an' knees that bore me ill, t' peer below, but seed no form o' flesh an' blood, nor got a human answer t' my hail. I turned again t' wait; an' I faced inland, where was the solemn forest, far off an' hid in a swirl o' snow, with but the passion of a gale t' bear. An' there I stood, sir, turned away from the rage o' hearts that beat in breasts like ours, until the squall failed, an' the snow thinned t' playful flakes, an' the gray clouds, broken above the wilderness, soaked crimson from the sun like blood.

"'Twas Jim Tool that roused me.

"'That you, Jim?' says I.

"'Ay,' says he; 'you been waitin' here for me, Tumm?'

"'Ay,' says I; 'been waitin'.'

"'Tired?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'not tired.'

"There come then, sir, a sort o' smile upon him—fond an' grateful an' childlike; I seed it glow in the pits where his eyes was. 'It was kind,' says he, 't' wait. You always *was* kind t' me, Tumm.'

"'Oh no,' says I; 'not kind.'

"'Tumm,' says he, kickin' at a rock in the snow, 'I done it,' says he, 'by the ankle.'

"'Then,' says I, 'God help you, Jim!'

"He come close t' me, sir, jus' like he used t' do, when he was a lad, in trouble.

"'Keep off, Jim!' says I.

"'Why so?' says he. 'Isn't you goin' t' be friends 'ith me any more?'

"I was afraid. 'Keep clear!' says I.

"'Oh, why so?' says he.

"'I—I—don't know!' says I. 'God help us all, I don't *know!*'

"Then he falled prone, sir, an' rolled over on his back, with his arms flung out, as if now he seed the blood on his hands; an' he squirmed in the snow, sir, like a worm on a hook. 'I wisht I hadn't done it! Oh, dear God,' says he, '*I wisht I hadn't done it!*'

"Ah, poor little Jimmie Tool!

"I looked away, sir, west'ard, t' where the sky had broken wide its gates. Ah, the sun had washed the crimson blood drip from the clouds! 'Twas a flood o' golden light. Colors o' heaven streamin' through upon the world! But yet so far away—beyond the forest, and, ay, beyond the farther sea! Maybe, sir, while my eyes searched the far off sunlit spaces, that my heart fled back t' fields o' time more distant still. I remembered the lad that was Jimmie Tool. Warm hearted, sir, aglow with tender wishes for the joy o' folk; towheaded an' stout an' strong, straight o' body an' soul, with a heart lifted high, it seemed t' me, from the reachin' fingers o' sin. Wasn't nobody ever, sir, that touched Jimmie Tool in kindness 'ithout bein' loved. 'Ah, Jimmie,' says I, when I looked in his clear gray eyes, 'the world 'll be glad, some day, that you was born. Wisht I was a lad like you,' says I, 'an' not a man like me.' An' he'd cotch hold o' my hand, sir, an' say: 'Tumm, you is wonderful good t' me. I 'low I'm a lucky lad,' says he, 't' have a friend like you.' So now, sir, come back t' the bleak cliffs o' Black Bight, straight returned from the days of his childhood, with the golden dust o' that time fresh upon my feet, the rosy light of it in my eyes, the breath o' God in my heart, I kneeled in the snow beside Jim Tool an' put a hand on his shoulder.

"'Jimmie!' says I.

"He would not take his hands from his eyes.

"'Hush!' says I, for I had forgot that he was no more a child. 'Don't cry!'

"He cotched my hand, sir, jus' like he used t' do.

"'T' me,' says I, 'you'll always be the same little lad you used t' be.'

"It eased un: poor little Jimmie Tool!"

Tumm's face had not relaxed. 'Twas grim as ever. But I saw—and turned away—that tears were upon the seamed, bronzed cheeks. I listened to the wind

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blowing over Jump Harbor, and felt the oppression of the dark night, which lay thick upon the roads once known to the feet of this gray-eyed Jimmie Tool. My faith was turned gray by the tale. "Ecod!" Tumm burst in upon my musing, misled, perhaps, by this ancient sorrow, "I'm glad *I* didn't make this damned world! An', anyhow," he continued, with a snap of indignation, "what happened after that was all done as *among men.* Wasn't no cryin'—least of all by Jim Tool. When the *Billy Boy* beat back t' pick us up, all hands turned out t' fish Archibald Shott from the breakers, an' then we stowed un away in a little place by Tatter Brook, jus' where the water tumbles down the hill. Jim 'lowed he might as well be took back an' hanged in short order. The sooner, he says, the better it would suit. 'Lizabeth was dead, an' Arch was dead, an' he might as well go too. Anyhow, says he, he *ought* to. But Skipper Alex wouldn't hear to it. Wasn't no time, says he: the crew couldn't afford to lose the v'y'ge; an', anyhow, says he, Jim wasn't in no position t' ask favors. So 'twas late in the fall, sir, afore Jim was give into the hands o' the Tilt Cove constable. Then Jim an' me an' he an' some o' the crew put out for St. Johns, where Jim had what they called his trial. An' Jim 'lowed that if the jury could do so 'ithout drivin' theirselves, an' would jus' order un hanged as soon as convenient, why, he'd be 'bliged. An'—"

Tumm paused.

"Well?" I interrogated.

"The jury," Tumm answered, "*jus' wouldn't do it!*"

"And Jimmie?"

"Jus' fishin'."

Poor little Jimmie Tool!

# In the Garden

*BY RHODA HERO DUNN*

IN the garden the phlox are blowing,
Red and white, for summer's going.
Lifting honey-cups full freighted
To slow bees already weighted
With the loves of vanished roses.
Ever so the season closes!
Overplied with syrup sweetness;
Ripe, alas, in too completeness
For the hour of falling glories,
Fading beauties, finished stories.

In my heart late love is springing.
Sweets of later blisses bringing
To a life long since made golden
With love-honey sweet, and olden.
Ever so for loves belated!
They, as later flowers, are fated
Sweets to offer where old sweetness
Has brought joy, in its completeness,
To the hour of falling glories,
Fading beauties, finished stories.

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# The Story of a Street

## II.—WALL STREET IN COLONIAL TIMES

*BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

HAD Captain Kidd revisited Wall Street some three-and-forty years after he had become one of its pioneer proprietors, he would have found himself in strange surroundings, and it is not at all probable that he would have realized the dignity or importance of the thoroughfare from any external evidence. Indeed, the street presented in 1734 a decidedly ragged and unattractive aspect. At its eastern end or slip, in front of the Long Island Ferry, stood the flimsily constructed Meal Market, whose transactions in corn and similar merchandise had been supplemented by a more profitable traffic in negro slaves, who were daily displayed in its stands for the benefit of those desiring to buy, sell, or hire such commodities, and on either side of this unsavory mart stretched a broken line of mean little wooden buildings extending as far west as William Street. From this point the prospect gradually improved, the Broadway end boasting some dwellings of neat and attractive appearance, but the north side remained entirely vacant save for four wholly dissimilar structures. The first of these, on the northwest between William and Nassau streets, was the property of Gabriel Thompson, a tavernkeeper, beyond which loomed a huge barnlike affair erected by the Bayards, in 1729, for what they termed "the mystery of sugar refining"—a mystery which Wall Street has not wholly fathomed to the present day; and adjoining this crude factory stood the most pretentious building on Manhattan Island—the City Hall, whose foundations had been laid in 1699 with the stones taken from the bastions of the old palisade. Beyond this, and almost adjoining it, lay the Presbyterian church, a substantial brick edifice; and at the head of the street on Broadway squatted the ugly, square little wooden building with a disproportionately tall steeple which had sheltered the congregation of Trinity Church since 1696.

Such was the condition of the street which had in less than half a century acquired political if not social ascendency over all other thoroughfares of the city, which now boasted a population of nearly ten thousand souls. The most potent influence effecting this result had, of course, been the selection of the street as the site of the City Hall, for that building was not only the seat of government, but the social centre, New York in those days being ruled by an aristocracy whose nod made the laws and set the fashions. The presence of Trinity Church had likewise given the street a certain social prestige, for it had almost immediately become the semi-official place of worship, with a pew reserved for the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and other dignitaries, and its list of parishioners included many of the most notable people in the community. In fact, when Messrs. De Peyster and Bayard, who had purchased most of Governor Dongan's queerly acquired holdings of the northern frontage, enabled the Presbyterian Church to obtain a broad foothold, practically all the spiritual and temporal power of the city lay concentrated on the narrow, unlovely highway. Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising that well to do families soon began to establish comfortable residences in proximity to the churches, that the mercantile and financial exchanges clustered along the site of the old canal to the very steps of the City Hall, and that that building became the scene of almost every event associated with the early history of the rising city.

There was very little evidence of Wall Street's prosperity or popularity, however, at high noon on the 6th of November,



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1734. Indeed, a more silent and deserted highway could scarcely be imagined. Not a coach rumbled up or down its cobbled roadbed, no pedestrians were astir, and its houses showed no sign of life. In fact, the whole street from the water's edge to Trinity appeared to be in the possession of two men, who stood near the pillory, whipping post, stocks, and cage at the head of Broad Street, opposite the City Hall. One of these lonely individuals, however, was a person of some consequence in the community, whose presence betokened a public function of no ordinary importance; for Jeremiah Dunbar, the Recorder, was a dignified gentleman whose offices could be required only for affairs of state, and the paper which he proceeded to read in stentorian tones demonstrated that he was attending in his official capacity. For a time it seemed as though the worthy Recorder would have no auditor except the negro slave who stood at his elbow, but, before he concluded, a little group of officers sauntered up Broad Street from the direction of Fort George and paused to learn the occasion of this proclamation to an empty street. Solemn indeed was the occasion as disclosed by the Recorder, who with due form and ceremony recited an order of the Council, dated October 17, 1734, wherein and whereby it appeared that one John Peter Zenger had set up, printed, and published divers and sundry nefarious matters defamatory of the government and his Excellency Governor Cosby, in a news sheet or paper known as the *New York Weekly Journal;* wherefore it was decreed that certain issues of said paper, numbered 7, 47, 48, and 49,* should be burned near the pillory at the hands of the Common Hangman or Whipper as a public warning to the writer and other evil minded persons, and that the printer should be duly prosecuted for the injurious statements contained in his sheet. Very little of all this was sufficient to put the Recorder's slim audience in touch with the situation, for Governor Cosby's recent encounter with the local authorities over the case of the *Weekly Journal* was unpleasantly familiar to all the powers that were. Indeed, every one in town knew that his Excellency had overreached himself by ordering the Mayor and city magistrates to attend the destruction of Zenger's paper, and that those functionaries, quick to resent any infringement of their liberties, had instantly denied his right to impose any such duty upon them, and flatly refused to lend their presence to the scene. This angry clash of authority had been followed by a petition from the sheriff praying that the public whipper be designated as the person to apply the torch, and when his request had been denied, the coerced official had appointed a negro slave to act as his deputy, and the public had decided by common consent to support the local authorities by shunning the scene of action at the appointed hour.

Such was the explanation of Wall Street's deserted aspect; but Recorder Dunbar was equal to the occasion, and the four offending papers were duly burned by the sheriff's humble substitute, to the thorough satisfaction of the spectators, who gravely watched the flames until the last scrap was reduced to ashes, and then turned on their heels with an exchange of formal salutes, Dunbar retiring to the City Hall and the officers to their local barracks.

It would be difficult to imagine a more childish performance than this whole proceeding, and even from a childish standpoint it was far from a success, for the fire was not a good one, and its flames were poorly fed. Yet of this tiny blaze started in Wall Street in the fall of 1734 came a mighty conflagration which well-nigh lit a world.

John Peter Zenger, whose editorial pages were thus cleansed with fire, was not the ablest journalist of New York, and Governor Cosby, whose administration he attacked, was not its worst Executive. The whole history of the city, however, had long been an inglorious recital of greed, corruption, incompetence, and arrogance, the royal governors having included a gentleman who made the seaport the most desirable of all piratical resorts; a noble personage who took pleasure in masquerading in women's clothing and exhibiting himself in this

* These and subsequent details are derived from a rare publication in possession of the New York Bar Association, entitled *Narrative of the Case and Trial of John Peter Zenger*, issued in London in 1752.

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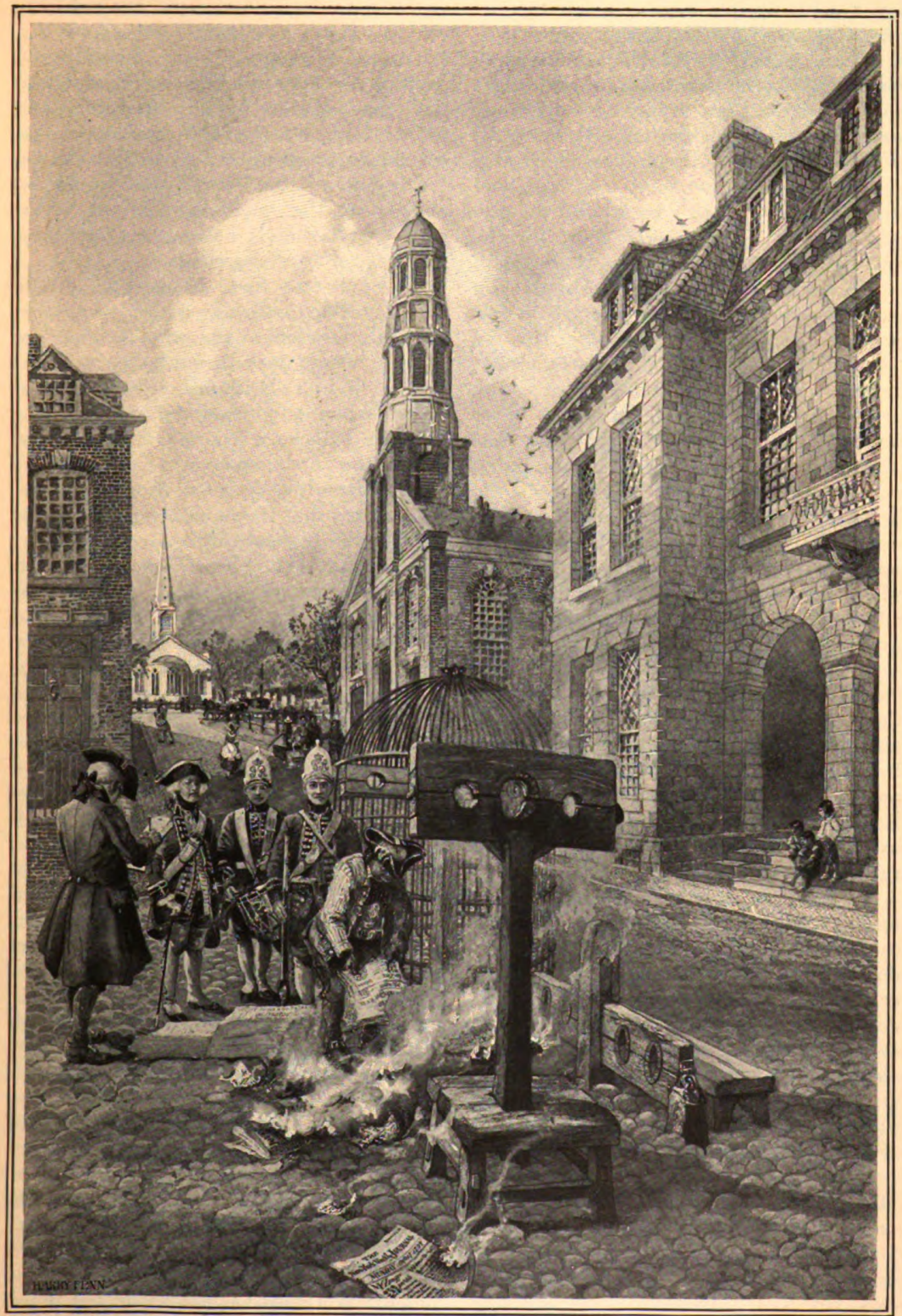

*Drawn by Harry Fenn*

BURNING OF ZENGER'S "WEEKLY JOURNAL" IN WALL STREET, NOVEMBER 6, 1734

Based on original records and prints in Lenox Library and New York Historical Society. The buildings to the right are the City Hall and the Presbyterian Church. The original Trinity Church is indicated in the distance. The stocks, whipping-post, cage, and pillory are shown at the head of Broad Street

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guise, with the pleasing delusion that he might be mistaken for Queen Anne; and a solemn nonentity who took himself so seriously that he exacted more deference and reverence than would have been accorded to his royal master. In fact, all the powers that were, including the landed gentry and the personal and political favorites of the provincial court, displayed an undisguised contempt for the masses, affecting an elegance of attire in which dress swords, ruffled shirts, silk stockings, and short clothes served to emphasize the class distinctions. Not all the members of this little aristocracy, however, were Englishmen, for no more proud or exclusive dignitaries ever strutted than the Dutch patroons, and when the ponderous travelling coach of one of those lords of the manor lumbered down Wall Street's cobbled roadway, on official business bent, there were few who disdained to court recognition, while the populace frankly stared with admiring wonder, many of them cap in hand.

It was this condition of affairs that had brought Zenger to the front as the nominal editor and publisher of the *Weekly Journal*, which had really been established and was mainly supported by James Alexander and William Smith, two able lawyers, under whose active leadership a popular party was rapidly forming.

Zenger himself was a young man of more courage than education, whose boldest utterances read very mildly in these days of unbridled denunciation, but any criticism of official actions was then regarded as presumptuous, and his shafts evidently hit the mark, for the destruction of his pages had been planned as a most impressive ceremony, and the humiliating fiasco which resulted, virtually forced the government to take further proceedings in defence of its dignity. Within ten days, therefore, Zenger was arrested at the instance of Governor Cosby and lodged in jail, where he remained for many months in default of excessive bail. Meanwhile the public began to take an unprecedented interest in the affair, and under the energetic leadership of Alexander and Smith such a strong sentiment was aroused in favor of the accused that the Grand Jury refused to find an indictment against him, and the Attorney-General was compelled to resort to extraordinary measures to prevent his release. This merely intensified the popular feeling, however, and before long all the scattered opponents of the government rallied to the slogan, "Freedom of the Press!" and united in supporting the imprisoned editor, whose cause immediately became a political issue of far reaching effect.

Never before had the general public been identified with any determined effort to secure freedom of the press in America, and far seeing men throughout the country, including Benjamin Franklin and other aspiring journalists, watched the struggle with keen interest, while in New York the opening moves of Zenger's counsel resulted in such sensational developments that the public excitement was kept at the highest pitch.

The City Hall, where Zenger had been confined, was far from a triumph of architecture, but it was dignified and spacious, affording accommodations for a court room, a jury room, a Council chamber, a common jail, a library,* and a debtor's prison, to say nothing of space reserved for the fire department, whose water supply was partially obtained from two Wall Street wells; and it was here that the lawyers for the defence began the proceedings which were destined to assume historic importance. These public spirited advocates were no other than Messrs. Alexander and Smith, under whose covert patronage the *Weekly Journal* had been established, and their appearance in the cause was particularly obnoxious to the government, which rightly suspected them of having personally contributed some of its most offensive material. Moreover, only a few years earlier they had virtually abolished the Court of Exchequer expressly convened by Governor Cosby for the destruction of Rip Van Dam, a popular official, and to punish Chief Justice Morris for his decision in that case the angry Executive had removed him and appointed James De Lancey in his place.

* Wall Street was never a literary centre, but it housed the first collection of books known to the city. This library subsequently became the Corporation Library, and eventually the New York Society Library, which exists to-day.

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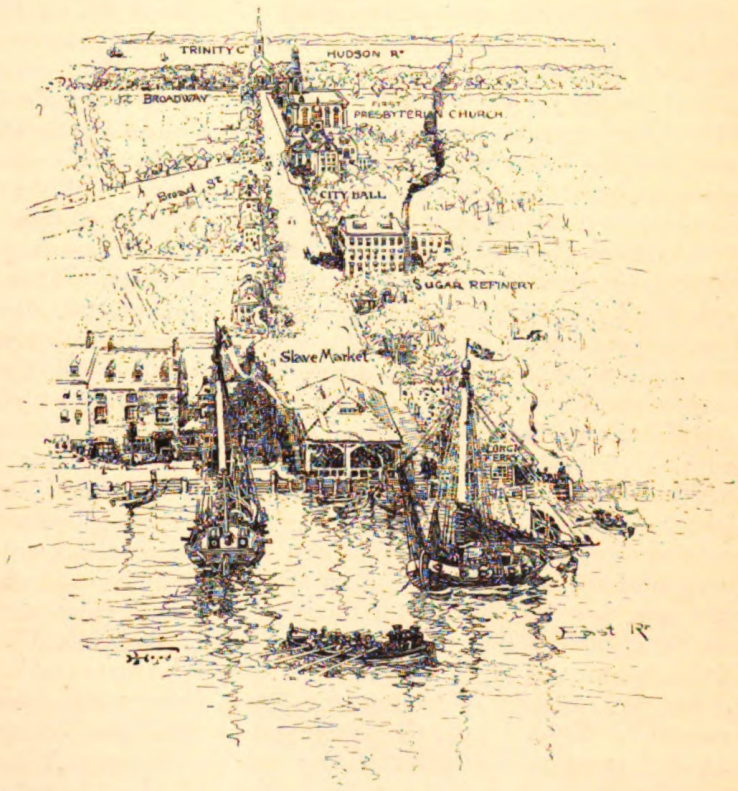
De Lancey was a jurist of exceptional ability, but a thorough partisan of the government, and Zenger's counsel had good reason to know that their client would receive very little consideration at his hands. Their first move therefore was to challenge his and the associate justice's* right to sit upon the bench, and regardless of consequences the petition for their removal was presented to the very men they were seeking to depose. Both the Chief Justice and his associate had been appointed during the pleasure of the Governor and not during good behavior, and this illegality, it was claimed, absolutely disqualified them from holding court. There was no little shrewdness in thus appealing directly to De Lancey's sense of propriety, but it was too much to expect that a man of his character would scruple to judge his own case, and if the audacious attorneys entertained any such hope they were speedily undeceived. Indeed, they had no sooner filed their application than the indignant jurist met their defiance by significantly offering them an opportunity to withdraw it, and upon their refusal he made short work of them and their attack.

"You thought to have gained a great deal of applause and popularity by opposing this court as you did the Court of Exchequer," he exclaimed to the presumptuous counsel, "but you have brought it to this point, that either we must go from the bench or you from the bar!" Whereupon he struck the names of both offenders from the rolls of practising attorneys, and the prisoner was thus left unrepresented at the very outset of his cause. This sensational development, however, merely served to intensify the popular feeling, and John Chambers, another attorney, was almost immediately retained for the defence, and at the last moment Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, the most distinguished advocate of his day, volunteered his services in behalf of the accused.




BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WALL STREET ABOUT 1735

Such was the situation on the 4th of August, 1735, when the greatest crowd which Wall Street had ever harbored gathered at the City Hall clamoring for admission, and before it dispersed a long step had been taken toward American independence.

The little court room, to which only a small percentage of the crowd gained admittance, presented a brilliant picture when the prisoner was called to the dock, for the judges wore the rich robes and long judicial wigs familiar to English courts, the lawyers were arrayed in the picturesque wigs and gowns officially prescribed for barristers, and all the functions and ceremonies of English

* Frederick Philipse.

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legal procedure were carefully observed.* Moreover, the audience included almost all the prominent government officials, appropriately attired for an affair of state, and many army officers, whose smart uniforms contrasted sharply with the sombre but effective dress of the popular party. Never before had Wall Street witnessed a similar gathering, and it was never to see its like again, for a new era was dawning when the people opposed their rulers in that crowded court of law.

Hamilton opened the proceedings by admitting his client's authorship of the papers in question, and announcing that he would rest his defence on the truth of the statements they contained. Thereupon an extraordinary legal battle ensued, the Attorney-General and the Chief Justice joining in an attack upon the eminent Pennsylvanian and endeavoring to ride roughshod over his contentions. But Hamilton, though enfeebled by old age and ill health, more than held his own, and when he at last acquired the right to address the jury he rose to the occasion with the most powerful plea for freedom of the press that the New World had ever heard. So masterful indeed was his argument that the Chief Justice felt constrained to counteract its influence by virtually directing the jury to convict. Nevertheless, the twelve good men and true† promptly returned a verdict of acquittal; and the moment the foreman announced this result the audience leaped to its feet and burst into a storm of cheering which De Lancey was powerless to suppress. Again and again he attempted to restore order, but one of the popular leaders practically defied his authority, and with renewed cheers the exultant victors poured into Wall Street, where the roaring crowd instantly surrounded Hamilton and attempted to carry him off in triumph on its shoulders. That night the whole city was ablaze with enthusiasm, a grand banquet was given in Hamilton's honor, and all the popular leaders were cheered to the echo. Indeed, the public rejoicing continued throughout the following day, and when the successful advocate started for Philadelphia his barge was accompanied by an enormous throng and his departure honored by a salute of cannon. Nor was this the end, for some weeks later the Common Council awarded him the freedom of the city in recognition of his disinterested services to the people, and the address conferring this distinction was conveyed to him* in a gold box ornamented with the arms of the city. Thus ended an event which Gouverneur Morris called the dawn of American liberty, and many of the scenes which Wall Street witnessed in later years can be clearly traced to the influence of this *cause célèbre*.

Indeed, from 1735 to 1770 the history of the city is a record of constant collisions between the popular party and the royal Executive, and he was a strong man indeed who more than held his own. Governor Clark proved unequal to the task, Clinton fought fiercely for ten years and then retired exhausted, Osborn killed himself on the eve of conflict, Sir Charles Hardy virtually surrendered all authority into the hands of Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, Major-General Monckton practically abdicated in favor of Cadwallader Colden, and Sir Henry Moore was far from the ruling power. Thus in thirty-five years the representative of the King was transformed from an autocrat into a figurehead, and further changes were already in prospect.

Meanwhile Wall Street, which had acclaimed the gorgeous inaugural processions of the incoming governors and speeded most of the retiring officials with jeers, had been altering its appearance for the better by abolishing the old slave market, which vanished in 1762, and in the same year street lamps were introduced. These public betterments were soon followed by the complete renovation of the City Hall and the removal of the whipping post, pillory, stocks, and cage, and with its house thus put

* This is probably the first case in New York ever tried before a "struck" jury. Order of July 29, 1735. Judge Smith states in his *History of New York* (Vol. I., p. 316) that the New York judges and lawyers never wore gowns in colonial days, but there is evidence to the contrary at the date of Zenger's trial.

† Several well known New York families were evidently represented on this jury, which included such names as Rutgers, Holmes, Man, Bell, Keteltas, Hildreth, and Goelet.

* By Alderman Stephen Bayard.

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in order Wall Street welcomed the first and perhaps the most notable assemblage recorded in the history of the United States.

It was with no blare of trumpets or any official ceremonies that this distinguished company convened in the City Hall on the 7th of October, 1765, but on that day and in that building the American Revolution may fairly be said to have started, for the Stamp Congress was the first representative body organized for the common protection of all the colonies, and in it the Continental Congress was plainly foreshadowed. No less than nine colonies were represented at this famous Congress, and among the delegates who journeyed to Wall Street were Robert and Philip Livingston, James Otis, William Samuel Johnson, John Rutledge, Thomas McKean, and others,* whose names were to become household words and whose deeds were to enroll them among the founders of the nation. These men of unsuspected powers conducted their proceedings behind closed doors, but during their deliberations, which lasted three weeks, the interest of the whole country was centred on the narrow highway, and the address to the King and the memorials to the Houses of Parliament—the first of those remarkable state papers which won the admiration of Europe—were composed almost within shadow of Trinity Church.

This dignified assemblage was still in session when the first ship bearing the obnoxious stamps arrived in the harbor,

* Full list of the delegates is to be found in New York *Mercury* issue of October 14, 1765.

ANDREW HAMILTON DEPARTING FROM THE CITY HALL, AUGUST 4, 1735

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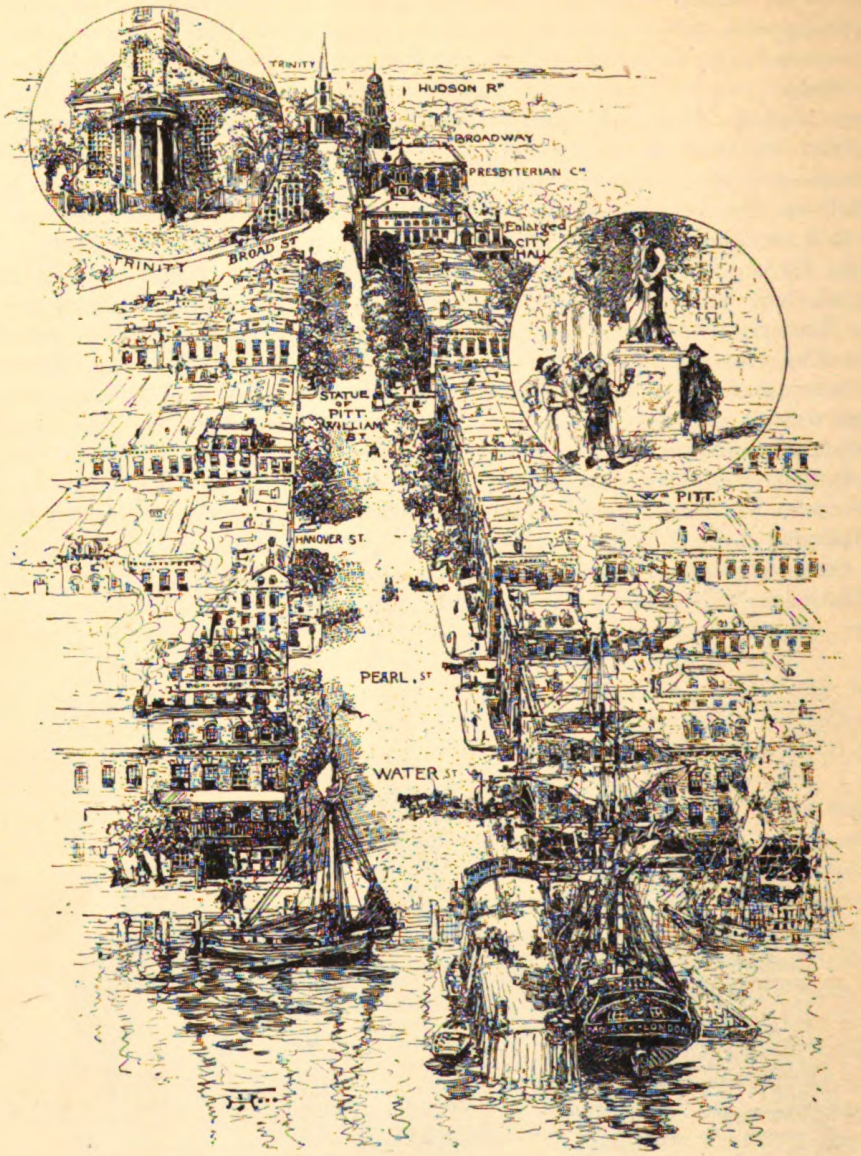


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WALL STREET ABOUT 1774

and from that moment the calm deliberations of the visiting statesmen ceased to interest the excited city. Action and not argument now seemed imperative, and for several days turbulent crowds thronged the streets, and notices advocating violence were posted at every public meeting place. Finally on the evening of November 1 the storm broke, and the residents of Wall Street, aroused by the sound of a tumult in the direction of the Fields,* rushed from their houses, and then hastily retreated to bar their doors against the strangest mob which ever invaded a peaceful thoroughfare. Down Pearl (Queen) Street a torchlight procession was advancing with shouts and shots and other alarming demonstrations, and at its head rumbled a gallows on wheels bearing an effigy of Lieutenant-Governor Colden, followed by another similar figure carried in a chair on the head of a stalwart negro. Hooting, jeering, and occasionally shooting at these effigies, several hundred sailors and rough waterside characters bearing torches and lanterns swung into Wall Street,

* Now the City Hall Park.

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and on their heels followed a great throng of boisterous men. Suddenly, to the dismay of the householders, anxiously watching the wild scene from behind their shuttered windows, the paraders halted before the house of one James McEvers; but their leaders immediately called for three cheers for this gentleman, who, through prudence or patriotism, had resigned his position as stamp distributor, and the crowd, responding with an approving roar and a flourish of lanterns and torches, swept on toward the City Hall.* Brief as this delay was, it had enabled the panic-stricken authorities to organize some slight resistance, and by the time the mob reached Broad Street its progress was opposed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and a squad of constables, who boldly attacked the bearers of the effigies and actually succeeded in tumbling their burdens into the street. Surprised by this vigorous assault, the rioters halted in confusion; but the moment they perceived that only a handful of men stood before them they pressed forward, carrying the officials off their feet, and in another moment they had gained the City Hall and were swarming up the narrow incline leading past the Presbyterian church to Trinity. Here the leaders swung to the left, and with an exultant roar the mob followed, heading straight for Fort George, where the hated stamps had been deposited, and in a few minutes it was massed before the entrance, clamoring for admission. No response being given to this angry demonstration, some of the more adventurous spirits broke into the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage house, and seizing one of the coaches, bundled the effigies into it and dragged it off in triumph, the others following with shouts of exultation.

Again Wall Street was invaded, but this time the crowd assembled at the Merchants' Coffee House received the crude pageant with cheers as it passed on to the Fields, where a junction was formed with another mob, and the whole force again headed for the Battery. Once more a half-hearted attempt was made to gain admittance to the fort, but after hammering on the gate with their cudgels the ringleaders again turned their attention to the coach house, and dragging out the Lieutenant-Governor's sleighs and carriages, heaped them together on Bowling Green, threw the effigies on top, and quickly turned the whole mass into a roaring bonfire, around which hundreds of men capered in a wild and sinister dance.

Thus ended this night of terror, but for the next two days the city remained in comparative quiet. Then anonymous placards and notices began to reappear warning the authorities of further trouble if the stamps were not surrendered, and hasty conferences were held between the Mayor, the acting Governor, and the leading citizens to concert measures for maintaining order. At first Colden was for meeting force with force, but finding little support for this policy, he finally compromised by sanctioning a semi-official promise that no use should be made of the stamps until further orders from England. But the "Sons of Liberty," who had undoubtedly organized the hostile demonstrations, were in no mood to accept such empty concessions, and the only response to the Governor's proclamation was a notice calling another meeting in the Fields for the night of November 5.

At this juncture the city magistrates hurriedly convened in the City Hall, and an enormous throng gathered outside the building to learn the result of their deliberations. Finally a committee was appointed to urge that the stamps be surrendered into the custody of the local authorities, and the moment the men entrusted with this mission appeared on the street the crowd closed in and escorted them to the threshold of Fort George, where they halted in a silent but menacing mass. Very little would have sufficed at that critical moment to precipitate a violent conflict. Behind the feeble ramparts were gathered a few hundred armed but not overreliable troops, and facing them an overwhelming army of determined and not too orderly citizens. Had either side provoked the other, or even had the parley between the Executive and the committee been unduly prolonged, the first bloodshed in the cause of independence would undoubtedly have occurred near Bowling

* New York *Weekly Gazette* and the *Weekly Post Boy*, November 7, 1765.



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Green. It was not long, however, before the committee reappeared and announced, amid a scene of wild rejoicing, that the acting Governor had yielded and would surrender the stamps to the Mayor. Welcome as this news was, the crowd did not disperse, but hung about the fort waiting the fulfilment of the official promise, and before long the gates opened and a strong guard marched out escorting the hated documents.

Then followed a triumphant return to Wall Street, the victorious populace surrounding the bearers of the captured papers and accompanying them to the very steps of the City Hall, where the Mayor receipted for them, their surrender being the signal for an outburst which recalled the demonstrations accorded Hamilton's first victory for the people, on the same spot, thirty years before.

Some four months later the Stamp Act was repealed, largely through the efforts of William Pitt, in whose honor a marble statue was erected in Wall Street, which was rapidly becoming the centre of fashion and was soon to be the scene of many memorable events in the founding of the nation.

# The Soul of the House

*BY BURGES JOHNSON*

LOCUST timbers, brick and stones
Are its bones;
And I saw them wrought together
In the keen autumnal weather,
Joint by joint and bone by bone to fit a plan,
As sages build of fossil forms some unremembered man.

Lath and shingle for a skin
Clad it in;
And it took on form and feature
As of some familiar creature,
Standing silently in dull, repellent guise,
And soullessly it looked on me from staring window-eyes.

My own soul-seed, deep in earth
At my birth
Lay as lifeless and as hidden,
By the sun and rain unbidden,
Until Love had fed it smiles and tears and toil,—
Then green and gracious buds of it came forcing through the soil.

So my house there reared its head,
Cold and dead,
With a chill to linger always,—
Till Love breathed along its hallways,
Laughed and wept there, toiled and dreamt there in the gloam;
Now those window-eyes are brimming with the wakened soul of Home.

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# The Scabbard

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

*BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL*

HERE we have to do with the eighth tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1399 (Nicolas begins) King Richard, the second monarch of that name to rule in England, wrenched his own existence, and nothing more, from the close wiles of Bolingbroke. The circumstances have been recorded otherwhere. All persons, saving only Owain Glyndwyr and Henry of Lancaster, believed King Richard dead at that period when Richard attended his own funeral, as a proceeding taking to the fancy, and, among many others, saw the body of Edward Maudelain interred with every regal ceremony in the chapel at Langley Bower. Then alone Sire Richard crossed the seas, and at thirty-three set out to inspect a transformed and gratefully untrammelling world wherein not a foot of land belonged to him.

Holland was the surname he assumed, the name of his half-brothers; and to detail his Asian wanderings were both tedious and unprofitable. But at the end of each four months would come to him a certain messenger from Glyndwyr, whom Richard supposed to be the devil Bembo, who notoriously ran every day around the world upon the Welshman's business. It was in the Isle of Taprobane, where the pismires are as great as hounds, and mine and store the gold the inhabitants afterward rob them of through a very cunning device, that this emissary brought the letter which read simply, "Now is England fit pasture for the White Hart." Presently was Richard Holland in Wales, and then he rode to Sycharth.

There, after salutation, Glyndwyr gave an account of his long stewardship. It was a puzzling record of obscure and tireless machinations with which we have no immediate concern; in brief, the very barons who had ousted King Log had been the first to find King Stork intolerable; and Northumberland, Worcester, Douglas, Mortimer, and so on, were already pledged and in open revolt. "By the God I do not altogether serve," Owain ended, "you have but to declare yourself, sire, and within the moment England is yours."

More lately Richard spoke with narrowed eyes. "You forget that while Henry of Lancaster lives no other man will ever reign out a tranquil week in these islands. Come then! the hour strikes; and we will coax the devil for once in a way to serve God."

"Oh, but there is a boundary appointed," Glyndwyr moodily returned. "You, too, forget that in cold blood this Henry stabbed my only son. But I do not forget this, and I have tried divers methods which we need not speak of—I who can at will corrupt the air, and cause sickness and storms, raise heavy mists, and create plagues and fires and shipwrecks; yet the life itself I cannot take. For there is a boundary appointed, sire, and in the end the Master of our Sabbaths cannot serve us even though he would."

And Richard crossed himself. "You horribly mistake my meaning. Your practices are your own affair, and in them I decline to dabble. I design but to trap a tiger with his appropriate bait. For you have a fief at Caer Idion, I think?—Very well! I intend to herd your sheep there, for a week or two, after the honorable example of Apollo. It is your part merely to see that Henry knows I live alone and in disguise at Caer Idion."

The gaunt Welshman chuckled. "Yes,

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Bolingbroke would cross the world, much less the Severn, to make quite sure of Richard's death. He would come in his own person with at most some twenty followers. I will have a hundred there; and certain aging scores will then be settled in that place." Glyndwyr meditated afterward, very evilly. "Sire," he said, without prelude, "I do not recognize Richard of Bordeaux. You have garnered much in travelling!"

"Why, look you," Richard returned, "I have garnered so much that I do not greatly care whether this scheme succeed or no. With age I begin to contend even more indomitably that a wise man will take nothing very seriously. You barons here consider it an affair of importance who may chance to be King of England this time next year; you take sides between Henry and myself. I tell you frankly that neither of us, that no man in the world, by reason of innate limitations, can ever rule otherwise than abominably, or, ruling, create anything save discord. Nor can I see that this matters, either, since the discomfort of an ant village is not, after all, a planet-wrecking disaster. Nay, if the planets do indeed sing together, it is, depend upon it, to the burden of *Fools All.* For I am as liberally endowed as most people; and when I consider my abilities, performances, instincts, and so on, quite aloofly, as I would those of another person, I can only shrug: and to conceive that common sense, much less omnipotence, would ever concern itself about the actions of a creature so entirely futile is, to me at least, impossible."

"I have known the thought," said Owain,—"though rarely since I found the woman that was afterward my wife, and never since my only son was murdered. You are as yet the empty scabbard, powerless alike for help or hurt. Ey! hate or love must be the sword, sire, that informs us here, and then, if only for a very little while, we are as gods."

"Pardie! I have loved as often as Salomon, and in fourteen kingdoms."

"We of Cymry have a saying, sire, that when a man loves *par amours* the second time he may safely assume that he has never been in love at all."

"And I hate Henry of Lancaster as I do the devil."

"I greatly fear," said Owain, with a sigh, "lest it may be your irreparable malady to hate nothing, not even that which you dislike."

So then Glyndwyr rode south to besiege and burn the town of Caerdyf, while at Caer Idion Richard Holland tranquilly abode for some three weeks. There was in this place only Caradawc, the former shepherd, his wife Alundyne, and their sole daughter Branwen. They gladly perceived Sire Richard was no more a peasant than he was a curmudgeon; as Caradawc observed: "It is perfectly apparent that the robe of Padarn Beisrudd would fit him as a glove does the hand, but we will ask no questions, since it is not wholesome to dispute the orderings of Owain Glyndwyr."

They did not; and later day by day would Richard Holland drive the flocks to pasture near by the Severn, and loll there in the shade, and make songs to his lute. He grew to love this leisured life of bright and open spaces, and its long solitudes, grateful with the warm odors of growing things and with poignant bird noises; and the tranquillity of these meadows, that were always void of hurry, bedrugged the man through many fruitless and incurious hours. Each day at noon would Branwen bring his dinner, and sometimes chat with him while he ate. After supper he would discourse to Branwen of remote kingdoms, wherethrough he had ridden at adventure, as the wind veers, among sedate and alien peoples who adjudged him a madman; and she, in turn, would tell him many curious tales from the *Red Book of Hergest,*—as of Gwalchmai, and Peredur, and Geraint, in each one of whom she had presently discerned a pale forerunnership of Richard's existence.

This Branwen was a fair wench, slender as a wand, and in a harmless way of a bold demeanor twin to that of a child who is ignorant of evil and in consequence of suspicion. Happily, though, had she been named for that unhappy lady of old, the wife of King Matholwch, for this Branwen, too, had a white, thin, wistful face, like that of an empress on a silver coin which is a little worn. Her eyes were large and brilliant, colored like clear emeralds, and her abundant hair was so much cornfloss, only more brightly

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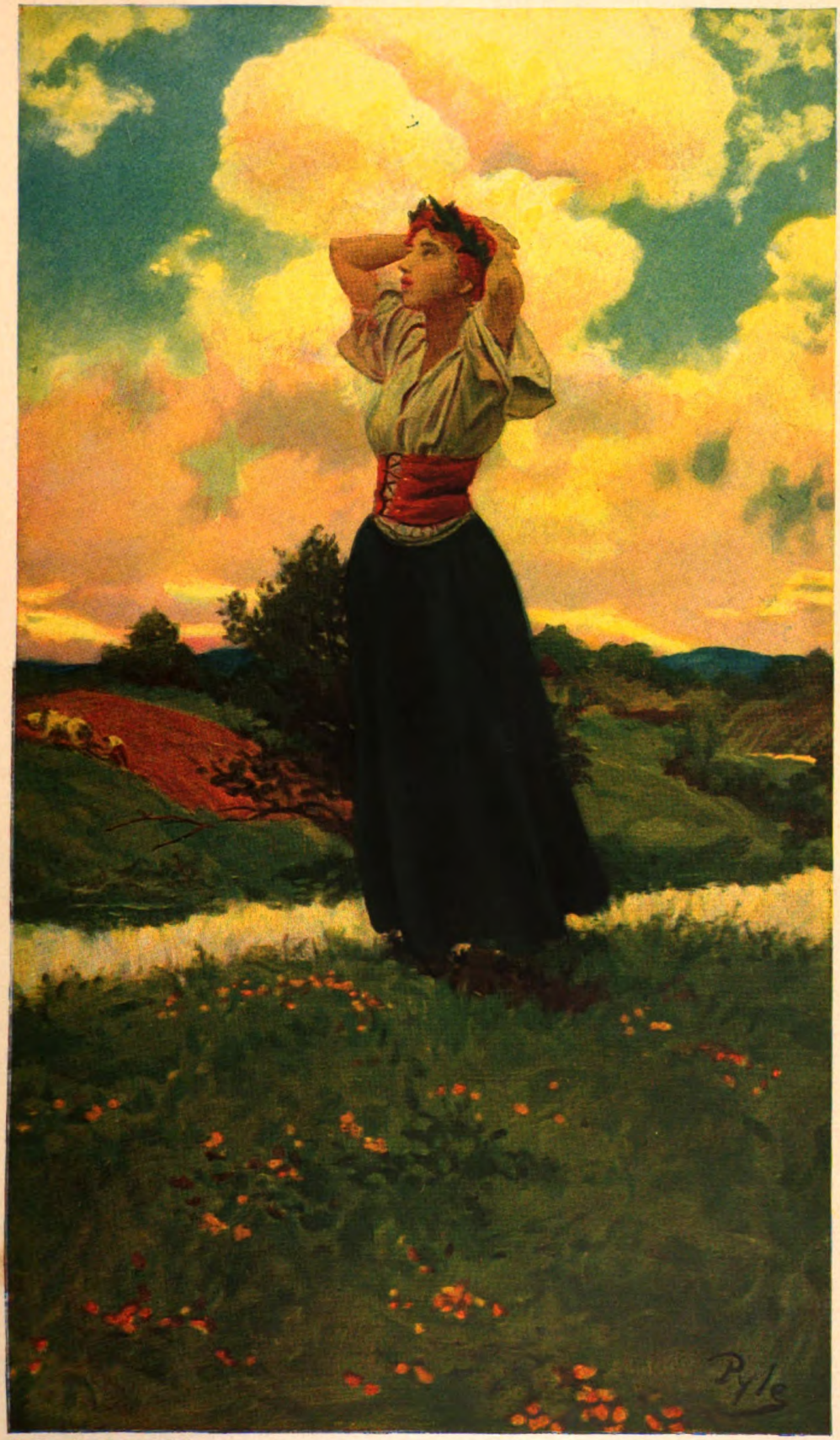


*Painting by Howard Pyle*

BRANWEN

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yellow and of immeasurably finer texture. In full sunlight her cheeks were frosted like the surface of a peach, but the underlying cool pink of them was rather that of a cloud, Richard decided. In all, a taking morsel! though her shapely hands were hard with labor, and she rarely laughed; for, as in recompense, her heart was tender and ignorant of discontent, and she rarely ceased to smile as over some peculiar and wonderful secret which she intended, in due time, to share with you alone. Branwen had many lovers, and preferred among them young Gwyllem ap Llyr, a portly lad, who was handsome enough, for all his tiny and piggish eyes, and sang divinely.

Presently this Gwyllem came to Richard with two quarter-staves. "Saxon," he said, "you appear a stout man. Take your pick of these, then, and have at you."

"Such are not the weapons I would have named," Richard answered, "yet in reason, messire, I may not deny you."

With that they laid aside their coats and fell to their exercise. In these unaccustomed bouts Richard was soundly drubbed, as he had anticipated, but throughout he found himself the stronger man, and he managed somehow to avoid an absolute overthrow. By what method he never ascertained.

"I have forgotten what we are fighting about," he observed, after a half hour of this; "or, to be perfectly exact, I never knew. But we will fight no more in this place. Come and go with me to Welshpool, Messire Gwyllem, and there we will fight to a conclusion over good sack and claret."

"Content!" cried Gwyllem, "but only if you yield me Branwen."

"Have we indeed wasted a whole half hour in squabbling over a woman?" Richard demanded; "like two children in a worldwide toyshop over any one particular toy? Then devil take me if I am not heartily ashamed of my folly! Though, look you, Gwyllem, I would speak naught save commendation of these delicate and livelily tinted creatures so long as one is able to approach them in a proper spirit of levity; it is only their not infrequent misuse which I would condemn; and in my opinion the person who elects to build a shrine for any one of them has only himself to blame if his divinity will ascend no pedestal save the carcass of his happiness. Yet have many men since time was young been addicted to the practice, as were Hercules and Merlin to their illimitable sorrow; and, indeed, the more I reconsider the old gallantries of Salomon and of Constantine and of Samson, and of other venerable and sagacious potentates, the more profoundly am I ashamed of my sex."

Gwyllem said: "That is all very fine. Perhaps it is also reasonable. Only when you love you do not reason."

"I was endeavoring to prove that," said Richard, gently. Then they went to Welshpool, ride and tie on Gwyllem's horse. Tongue loosened by the claret, Gwyllem raved aloud of Branwen, like a babbling faun, while to each rapture Richard affably assented. In his heart he likened the boy to Dionysos at Naxos, and could find no blame for Ariadne. Moreover, the room was comfortably dark and cool, for thick vines hung about either window, rustling and tapping pleasantly, and Richard was content.

"She does not love me?" Gwyllem cried. "It is well enough. I do not come to her as one merchant to another, since love was never bartered. Listen, Saxon!" He caught up Richard's lute. The strings shrieked beneath Gwyllem's fingers as he fashioned his rude song.

Sang Gwyllem:

"Love me or love me not, it is enough
That I have loved you, seeing my whole life is
Uplifted and made glad by the glory of Love—
My life that was a scroll all marred and blurred
With tavern catches, which that pity of his
Erased, and writ instead one perfect word,
O Branwen!

"I have accorded you incessant praise
And song and service long, O Love, for this,
And always I have dreamed incessantly
Who always dreamed, *When in oncoming days*
*This man or that shall love you, and at last*
*This man or that shall win you, it must be*
*That loving him you will have pity on me,*
*When happiness engenders memory*
*And long thoughts, nor unkindly, of the past,*
*O Branwen!*

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"I know not!—ah, I know not, who am sure
That I shall always love you while I live!
And being dead, and with no more to give
Of song or service!—Love shall yet endure,
And yet retain his last prerogative,
When I lie still, through many centuries,
And dream of you and the exceeding love
I bore you, and am glad dreaming thereof,
And give God thanks therefor, and so find peace,
O Branwen!"

"Now, were I to get as tipsy as that," Richard enviously thought, midway in a return to his stolid sheep, "I would simply go to sleep and wake up with a headache. And were I to fall as many fathoms deep in love as this Gwyllem has fallen without any astonishment I would perform—I wonder, now, what miracle?"

For he was, though vaguely, discontent. This Gwyllem was so young, so earnest over every trifle, and above all so unvexed by any rational afterthought; and all desires controlled him as varying winds sport with a bit of paper, whose frank submission to superior vagaries the boy appeared to emulate. Richard saw that in a fashion Gwyllem was superb. "And heigho!" said Richard, "I am attestedly a greater fool than he, but I begin to weary of a folly so thin-blooded."

The next morning came a ragged man, riding upon a mule. He claimed to be a tinker. He chatted out an hour with Richard, who perfectly recognized him as Sir Walter Blount; and then this tinker crossed over into England.

And Richard whistled. "Now will my cousin be quite sure, and now will my anxious cousin come to speak with Richard of Bordeaux. And now, by every saint in the calendar! I am as good as King of England."

He sat down beneath a young oak and twisted four or five blades of grass between his fingers what while he meditated. Undoubtedly he would kill Henry of Lancaster with a clear conscience and even with a certain relish, much as one crushes the uglier sort of vermin, but, hand upon heart, he was unable to protest any particularly ardent desire for the scoundrel's death. Thus crudely to demolish the knave's adroit and year-long schemings savored of a tyranny a shade too gross. The spider was venomous, and his destruction laudable; granted, but in crushing him you ruined his web, a miracle of patient malevolence, which, despite yourself, compelled both admiration and envy. True, the process would recrown a certain Richard, but then, as he recalled it, being King was rather tedious. Richard was not now quite sure that he wanted to be King, and in consequence be daily plagued by a host of vexatious and ever squabbling barons. "I shall miss the little huzzy, too," he thought.

"Heigho!" said Richard, "I shall console myself with purchasing all beautiful things that can be touched and handled. Life is a flimsy vapor which passes and is not any more: presently is Branwen married to this Gwyllem and grown fat and old, and I am married to Dame Isabel of France, and am King of England: and a trifle later all four of us will be dead. Pending this deplorable consummation a wise man will endeavor to amuse himself."

Next day he despatched Caradawc to Owain Glyndwyr to bid the latter send the promised men to Caer Idion. Richard, returning to the hut the same evening, found Alundyne there, alone, and grovelling at the threshold. Her forehead was bloodied when she raised it and through tearless sobs told of the day's happenings. A half hour since, while she and Branwen were intent upon their milking, Gwyllem had ridden up, somewhat the worse for liquor. Branwen had called him sot, had bidden him go home. "That will I do," said Gwyllem, and suddenly caught up the girl. Alundyne sprang for him, and with clenched fist Gwyllem struck her twice full in the face, and, laughing, rode away with Branwen.

Richard made no observation. In silence he fetched his horse, and did not pause to saddle it. Quickly he rode to Gwyllem's house, and broke in the door. Against the farther wall stood Branwen fighting silently in a hideous conflict; her breasts and shoulders were naked, where Gwyllem had torn away her garments. He wheedled, laughed, swore, and hiccoughed, turn by turn, but she was silent.

"On guard!" Richard barked. Gwyl-

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lem wheeled. His head twisted toward his left shoulder, and one corner of his mouth convulsively snapped upward, so that his teeth were bared. There was a knife at Richard's girdle, which he now unsheathed and flung away. He stepped eagerly toward the snarling Welshman, and with either hand seized the thick and hairy throat. What followed was rather brutal.

For many minutes Branwen stood with averted face, shuddering. She very dimly heard the sound of Gwyllem's impotent great fists as they beat against the countenance and body of Richard, and the thin splitting vicious noise of torn cloth as Gwyllem clutched at Richard's tunic and tore it many times. Richard uttered no articulate sound, and Gwyllem could not. There was entire silence for a heartbeat, and then the fall of something ponderous and limp.

"Come!" Richard said. Through the hut's twilight, glorious in her eyes as Michael fresh from that primal battle, Richard came to her, his face all blood, and lifted her in his arms lest Branwen's skirt be soiled by the demolished thing which sprawled across their path. She never spoke. She could not. In his arms she rode presently, passive and incuriously content. The horse trod with deliberation. In the east the young moon was taking heart as the darkness thickened about them, and innumerable stars awoke.

Richard was horribly afraid. He it had been, in sober verity it had been Richard of Bordeaux, that some monstrous force had seized, and had lifted, and had curtly utilized as its handiest implement. He had been, and in the moment had known himself to be, the thrown spear as yet in air, about to kill and quite powerless to refrain therefrom. It was a full three minutes before he got the better of his bewilderment and laughed, very softly, lest he disturb this Branwen, who was so near his heart. . . .

Next day she came to him at noon, bearing as always the little basket. It contained to-day a napkin, some garlic, a ham, and a small soft cheese; some shalots, salt, nuts, wild apples, lettuce, onions, and mushrooms. "Behold a feast!" said Richard. He noted then that she carried also a blue pitcher filled with thin wine and two cups of oak bark. She thanked him for last night's performance, and drank a little wine to his health.

"Decidedly, I shall be sorry to have done with shepherding," said Richard, as he ate.

Branwen answered, "I too shall be sorry, lord, when the masquerade is ended." And it seemed to Richard that she sighed, and he was the happier.

But he only shrugged. "I am the wisest person unhanged, since I comprehend my own folly. And so, I think, was once the minstrel of old time that sang: 'Over wide lands and tumbling seas flits Love, at will, and maddens the heart and beguiles the senses of all whom he attacks, whether his quarry be some monster of the ocean or some wild denizen of the forest, or man, for thine, O Love, thine alone is the power to make playthings of us all.'"

"Your bard was wise, no doubt, yet it was not in similar terms that Gwyllem sang of this passion. Lord," she demanded, shyly, "how would you sing of love?"

Richard was replete and quite contented with the world. He took up the lute, in full consciousness that his compliance was in large part cenatory. "In courtesy, thus."

Sang Richard:

"The gods in honor of fair Branwen's worth
Bore gifts to her,—and Jove, Olympus' lord,
Co-rule of Earth and Heaven did accord,
And Venus gave her slender body's girth,
And Mercury the lyre he framed at birth,
And Mars his jewelled and resistless sword,
And wrinkled Plutus all the secret hoard
And immemorial treasure of the earth,—

"And while the puzzled gods were pondering
Which of these goodly gifts the goodliest was,
Dan Cupid came among them carolling
And proffered unto her a looking-glass,
Wherein she gazed and saw the goodliest thing
That Earth had borne and Heaven might not surpass."

"Three sounds are rarely heard," said Branwen; "and these are the song of

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the birds of Rhiannon, an invitation to feast with a miser, and a speech of wisdom from the mouth of a Saxon. The song you have made of courtesy is tinsel. Sing now in verity."

Richard laughed, though he was sensibly nettled and perhaps a shade abashed; and presently he sang again.

Sang Richard:

"Catullus might have made of words that seek
With rippling sound, in soft, recurrent ways,
The perfect song, or in the old dead days
Theocritus have hymned you in glad Greek;—
Not I, dear heart—not I, that may not speak
Of you unworthily, nor strive to praise
Perfection with imperfect roundelays,
And desecrate the prize I dare to seek.

"I do not woo you, then, by fashioning
Vext similes of you and Guenevere,
And durst not come with agile lips that bring
The sugared periods of a sonneteer,
And bring no more,—but just with lips that cling
To yours, and murmur against them, *I love you, dear!*"

For he had resolved that Branwen should believe him. Tinsel, indeed! then here was yet more tinsel which she must and should receive as gold. He was very angry, because his vanity was hurt, and the pinprick spurred him to a counterfeit so specious that consciously he gloried in it. He was superb, and she believed him now; there was no questioning the fact, he saw it plainly, and with exultant cruelty; and curt as lightning came the knowledge that she believed the absolute truth.

Richard had taken just two strides toward her. Branwen stayed motionless, her lips a little parted. The affairs of earth and heaven were motionless throughout the moment, attendant, it seemed to him; and his whole life was like a wave, to him, that trembled now at full height, and he was aware of a new world all made of beauty and of pity. Then the lute snapped between his fingers, and Richard shuddered, and his countenance was the face of a man only.

"There is a task," he said, hoarsely—"it is God's work, I think. But I do not know—I only know that you are very beautiful, Branwen," he said, and in the name he found a new and piercing loveliness.

More lately he said: "Go! For I have loved so many women, and, God help me! I know that I have but to wheedle you and you, too, will yield! Yonder is God's work to be done, and within me rages a commonwealth of devils. Child, child!" he cried, in agony, "I am, and ever was, a coward, too timid to face life without reserve, and always I laughed because I was afraid to concede that anything is serious!"

For a long while Richard lay at his ease in the lengthening shadows of the afternoon.

"I love her. She thinks me an elderly imbecile with a flat and reedy singing voice, and she is perfectly right. She has never even entertained the notion of loving me. That is well, for to-morrow, or, it may be, the day after, we must part forever. I would not have the parting make her sorrowful—or not, at least, too unalterably sorrowful. It is very well that Branwen does not love me.

"How should she? I am almost twice her age, an old fellow now, battered and selfish and too indolent to love her—say, as Gwyllem did. I did well to kill that Gwyllem. I am profoundly glad I killed him, and I thoroughly enjoyed doing it; but, after all, the man loved her in his fashion, and to the uttermost reach of his gross nature. I love her in a rather more decorous and acceptable fashion, it is true, but only a half of me loves her; and the other half of me remembers always that I am aging, that Caradawc's hut is leaky, that, in fine, bodily comfort is the one luxury of which one never tires. I am a very contemptible creature, the handsome scabbard of a man, precisely as Owain said." This settled, he whistled to his dog.

The sun had set, but it was not more than dusk. There were no shadows anywhere as Richard and his sheep went homeward, but on every side the colors of the world were more sombre. Twice his flock roused a covey of partridges that had settled for the night. The screech-owl had come out of his hole, and bats were already blundering about, and the air was more cool. There was as yet but one star in the green and cloudless heaven,

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but it was very large, like a beacon, and it appeared to him symbolical that he trudged away from it.

Next day the Welshmen came, and now the trap was ready for Henry of Lancaster.

It came about just two days later, about noon, that while Richard idly talked with Branwen a party of soldiers, some fifteen in number, rode down the river's bank from the ford above. Their leader paused, then gave an order. The men drew rein, while he cantered forward.

"God give you joy, fair sir," said Richard, when the knight was at his elbow.

The newcomer raised his visor. "God give you eternal joy, my fair cousin," he said, "and very soon. Now send away this woman before that happens which must happen."

"You design murder?" Richard said.

"I design my own preservation," King Henry answered, "for while you live my rule is insecure."

"I am sorry," Richard said, "since in part my blood is yours."

Twice he sounded his horn, and everywhere from rustling underwoods arose the half naked Welshmen. "Your men are one to ten. You are alone. Now, now we balance our accounts!" cried Richard. "These persons here will first deal with your followers. Then will they conduct you to Glyndwyr, who has long desired to deal with you himself, in privacy, since that time you stabbed his only son."

The King began: "In mercy, sire—!" and Richard laughed a little.

"That virtue is not overabundant among us Plantagenets, as both we know. Nay, Fate and Time are merry jesters. See, now, their latest mockery! You the King of England ride to Sycharth to your death, and I the tender of sheep ride into London, without any hindrance, to reign henceforward over all these islands. To-morrow you are worm's meat; and to-morrow, as aforetime, I am King of England."

Then Branwen gave one sharp, brief cry, and Richard forgot all things saving this girl, and strode toward her. He had caught up either of her hard, lithe hands, and to his lips he strained them close and very close.

"Branwen—!" he said. His eyes devoured her.

"Yes, King," she answered. "O King of England! oh, fool that I had been to think you less!"

In a while Richard said: "Now I choose between a peasant wench and England. Now I choose, and, ah, how gladly! O Branwen, help me to be more than King of England!"

Low and very low he spoke, and long and very long he gazed, and neither seemed to breathe. Of what she thought I cannot tell you, but in Richard there was no power of thought, only a great wonderment. Why, between this woman and aught else there was no choice for him, he knew upon a sudden, and could never be! He was very glad. He loved the tiniest content of the world.

Meanwhile as from an immense distance came the dogged voice of Henry of Lancaster. "It is of common report in this country that I have a better right to the throne than you. As much was told our grandfather, King Edward of happy memory, when he educated you and had you acknowledged heir to the crown; but his love was so strong for his son the Prince of Wales, that nothing could alter his purpose. And indeed if you had followed even the example of the Black Prince you might still have been our King; but you have always acted so contrarily to his admirable precedents as to occasion the rumor to be generally believed throughout England that you were not, after all, his son—"

Richard had turned impatiently. "For the love of Heaven, truncate your abominable periods. Be off with you. Yonder across that river is the throne of England, which you appear, through some hallucination, to consider a desirable possession. Take it, then; for, praise God! the sword has found its sheath."

The King answered: "I do not ask you to reconsider your dismissal, assuredly.—Richard," he cried, a little shaken, "I perceive that until your death you will win contempt and love from every person."

"Ay, for many years I have been the playmate of the world," said Richard; "but to-day I wash my hands, and set about another and more laudable business. I had dreamed certain dreams, in-



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deed—but what had I to do with all this strife between the devil and the tiger? Nay, Glyndwyr will set up Mortimer against you now, and you two must fight it out. I am no more his tool, and no more your enemy, my cousin.—Henry," he said, with quickening voice, "there was a time when we were boys and played together, and there was no hatred between us, and I regret that time!"

"As God lives, I too regret that time!" the King said presently. He stared at Richard for an appreciable while. "Dear fool," he said, "there is no man in all the world but hates me saving only you." Then the King clapped spurs to his horse and rode away.

More lately Richard dismissed his wondering marauders. Now were only he and Branwen left, alone and yet a little troubled, since either was afraid of that oncoming moment when their eyes must meet.

Then Richard laughed. "Praise God!" he wildly cried, "I am the greatest fool unhanged!"

She answered: "I am the happier. I am the happiest of God's creatures," Branwen said.

And Richard meditated. "Faith of a gentleman!" he declared; "but you are nothing of the sort, and of this fact I happen to be quite certain." Their lips met then, and afterward their eyes; and either was too glad for laughter.

# The Signal

*BY ALICE BROWN*

WHEN I awoke and it was morning time,
I said, "I cannot stay.
This is a goodly place to walk or rhyme,
Yet I would fain away.
For loving Death, he wears so kind a face.
Sweet, sighing, sadheart Death—he hath all grace."

Now full sun taps the dial, and too soon,—
And turning toward the west,
I see the shadows of mid-afternoon.
Henceforth I may not rest.
I rather work, and while I work I pray,—
"Lord, let me dig Thy ground another day!"

The Lord of gardens then He answers me:
"Why, thou insatiate child!
Thou hast had fellowship of plant and tree
And grass and thicket wild.
Pass on therefore and leave the enchanting earth
To babies entering at the gate of birth.

"Why shouldst thou gather all the dear bouquet
Bloomed out of love and grief?
Others, dawn-lighted, dance this very way,
For lingering as brief.
Leave my fair garden weeded, and come see
What sweet, still coverts I have sown for thee!"

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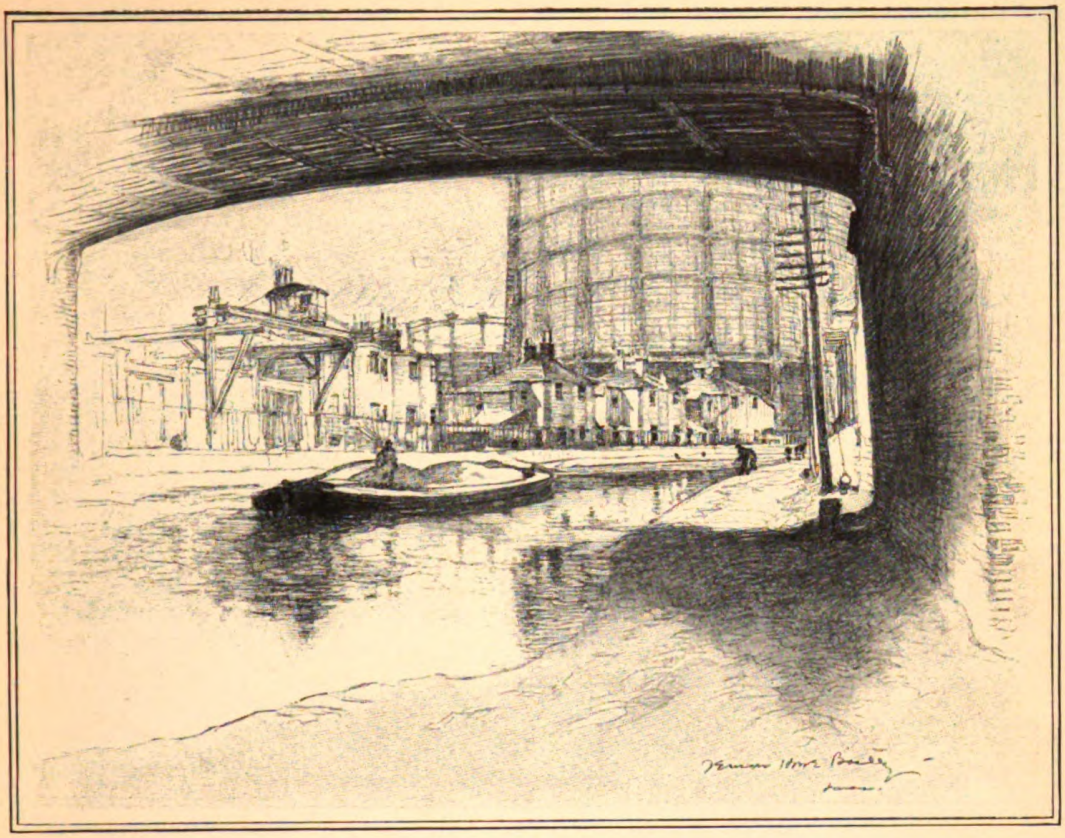

"THE PACE OF LIFE HAS SLACKENED TO A GLIDING CRAWL"

# Through London by Canal

*BY SYDNEY BROOKS*

IF you look at the map of London you will see, besides the blue curvings that mark the course of the Thames, another thread of blue, shorter indeed and narrower, but not without its provocation to inquiry. It begins at the heart of the world's shipping in the neighborhood of the London docks, and you trace it meandering for a mile or two northwards through a forest of brick and districts — Stepney, Mile End, Bethnal Green, Hackney, and so on—that to the Londoner of clubland and the West End are mere names, until it heads decisively westward, and after some four or five miles of further perseverance achieves a brief but joyous contact with the world, if not of fashion, at least of a "residential gentility," like some footsore child of the slums that has dragged itself to glimpse the arrivals at a function of the wealthy. Then, as though its happiness had all been attained and there was nothing more worth living for, the thin blue thread grows thinner and straggles off the map.

It is the Regent's Canal. Most Londoners and most visitors to London will have seen its waters once; very few will have seen them more than once. And the occasion of this single vision is in nearly all cases the same—a visit to the Zoo in Regent's Park. I have myself no earlier recollection of London than of looking down on the canal from a bridge close by one of the entrances to the Zoo and within earshot of the din and bellowings and screechings of the great menagerie. For a moment it positively com-

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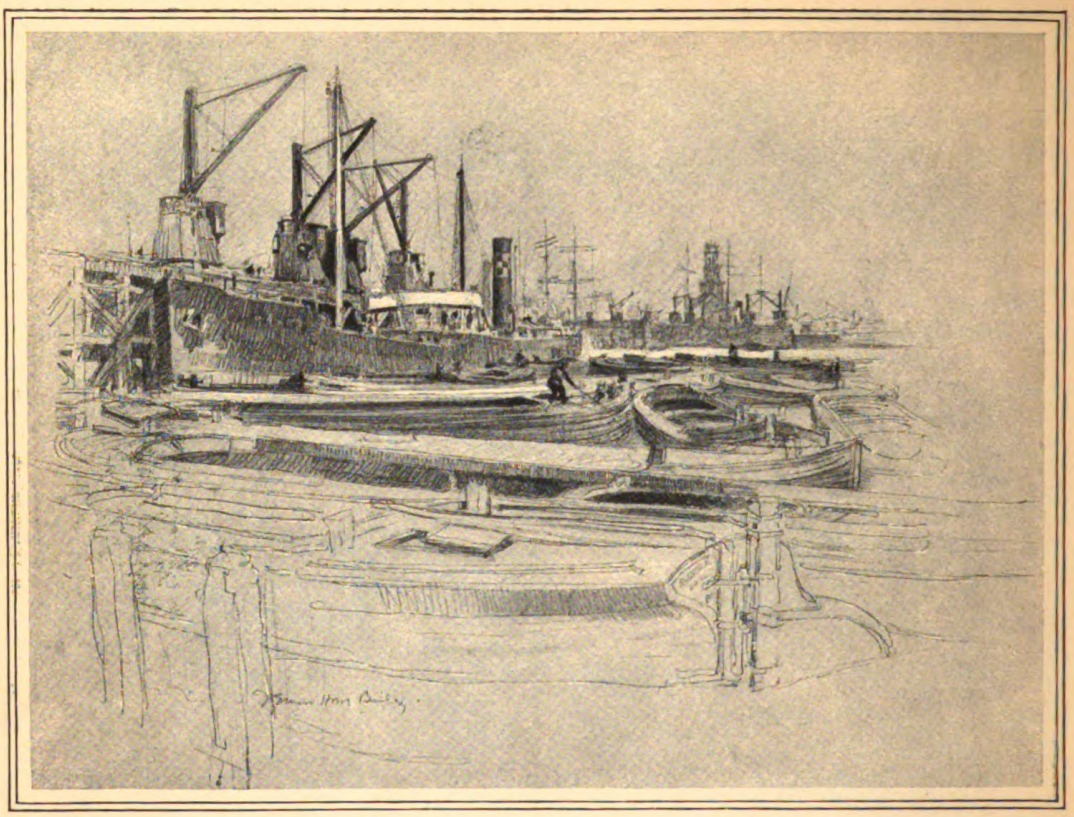

WHARVES AND JETTIES, CRANES AND WAREHOUSES

peted with the thrill of that alluring bedlam. One came upon it from the streets with their commonplace traffic so unexpectedly. There it lay, placid and benignant, curving with a riverlike nobility between trees that shaded the towpath on one side and dipped into the water on the other—an umbrageous, verdant stretch. And looking between the latticework of the bridge, one saw and envied one's contemporaries, the untrammelled marauding sons of the poor, free of officious nurse and every other form of attendant elderly protectorship, fishing in encouraging bands of six or eight with the utmost infectiousness of noise and an enticing equipment of widemouthed glass bottles. Nor was it that alone that held me to the bridge unmindful of the coming joys of the Zoo. For round the bend glided into view a barge, gay, resplendent, spotless, with everything about it, from the unconcerned horse on the towpath to the lazily smoking man at the helm, the neat curtains at the cabin windows, the whiff of smoke from the little chimney, and the browned child playing with the terrier, carrying to the youthful onlooker an unequalled sense of spaciousness, romance, detachment, and ease. To watch that panorama of delectable life till the horse's feet echoed under the bridge, and the barge withdrew itself inch by inch from beneath one's vision, was a fascination that even the subsequent ride on the elephant might compete with but could not obliterate.

Such, or something like it, I fancy, must be most Londoners' first experience of the Regent's Canal, their first and their only one. They see it, in other words, between those fortunate milestones of its journey when huddling factories and warehouses and poverty have been left behind, and the canal, rising above its base beginnings like a costergirl translated to the *bourgeoisie*, wins to an almost sylvan setting, with high wooded banks on either hand and drooping foliage, and is positively cheated for a while into thinking its surroundings rural and itself a river. But it is only for a little while. Of its eight and a half miles the beguiling stretch takes up no more than one—the one where the canal runs

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round the northern side of Regent's Park. All the rest remains unrelentingly and unescapably commercial, with chimneys for trees and brick walls for banks. But of these its normal aspects the Londoner of Kensington and Mayfair knows nothing. He is—all Londoners are—an intensely localized person, with a "beat" in the labyrinthine city little more extensive than a policeman's, to which he confines himself with scarcely a thought of what may lie beyond and around. One of the reasons why no one ever knows London is that no one ever wants or tries to; and though Regent's Park, as the home of the Zoo, lies within the radius of the West-Ender's explorations, and the Regent's Canal is thus brought for a moment beneath his eyes in its most seductive and least representative guise, its lower reaches and their adjacent districts are almost as remote from his experience as those of the Congo. Indeed, if you were to cross-examine the company that gathers any evening for dinner at the Carlton or Savoy, you would probably extract more personal and precise information about the Congo than about the Regent's Canal. The Irishman who declined to migrate to the next county on the ground that it was too far from home and went instead to America showed, after all, an exact sense of proportion. To the Londoner of the West End almost any spot would seem more accessible and familiar than those unthinkable districts that answer to the names of Islington, Shoreditch, Hackney, and Mile End. That they exist he does not deny, but it is in the unrelated, unrealized, intangible sense that Harlem and the tenement districts of the East Side exist for the dwellers on Fifth Avenue. He would most miserably fail to satisfy any inquiries as to the nature of their inhabitants, the conditions of their life, their business, or their pleasures. There is nothing to establish any tie of interest or communion between him and them. He knows that there are such places, just as one knows that such a place as Hoboken really exists, but there his knowledge stops, and stops without any impulse to widen its boundaries. A drear, undistinguishable grayness of mean streets, base-looking crowds, and struggling affairs would probably be his nearest approach to a conception of the areas that lie so physically near, in every other way so incredibly remote from, his own mechanical course. So that of the Regent's Canal he is quite cheerfully unaware of all but a fraction. Striking northwards in his motor to escape through Hampstead into the open country, he may learn with surprise that the muddied water he flashes over in the depressing

OLD FORD BRIDGE

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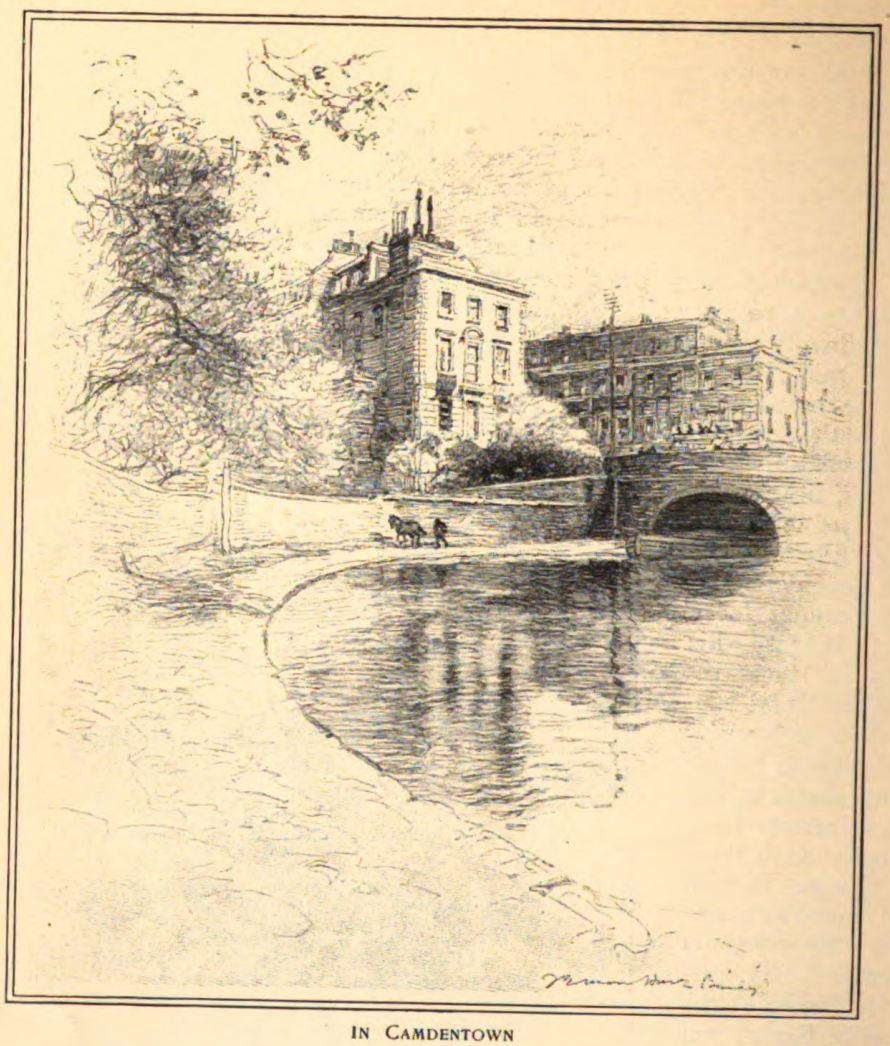

IN CAMDENTOWN

neighborhood of Chalk Farm is part of the same Regent's Canal he has encountered near the Zoo. But he may pass a lifetime in London and never see it again, either there or anywhere. A glimpse at Chalk Farm, a somewhat less casual picture of its aspect in Regent's Park, are really all of the Regent's Canal that the average West-Ender carries in his consciousness. Of all that lies between, beyond, and before, he is both ignorant and incurious.

Nor is there anything, or at least not very much, to fill in the hiatuses of his personal acquaintance. A reader of the papers, he hears once in a while that somebody has committed suicide in the canal. Or he sees the report of some official analyst who has been sampling its waters, and has found them rather below than above the average purity of a Highland stream. Or a paragraph catches his eye describing a new race of men who live on the fish caught in the canal, sleep under the bridges, and earn their pocket-money by stealing the telegraph wires. Or the police courts report a Sunday scuffle between the police and the loafers who seek the banks and bridges of the canal for a quiet gamble. But these are hardly incidents to raise the waterway to a commanding place in the West-Enders' interests. Occasionally, it is true, some whiff of commercial enterprise, if not of "high finance," ruffles the slumbering waters, and the canal for a brief, exciting moment finds itself a "City" topic. For as a canal its dividends and its prospects are equally modest, and from time to time it occurs to the promoting mind that its usefulness needs supplementing, and that a canal flowing as this does through nearly nine miles of the most populous parts of Lon-

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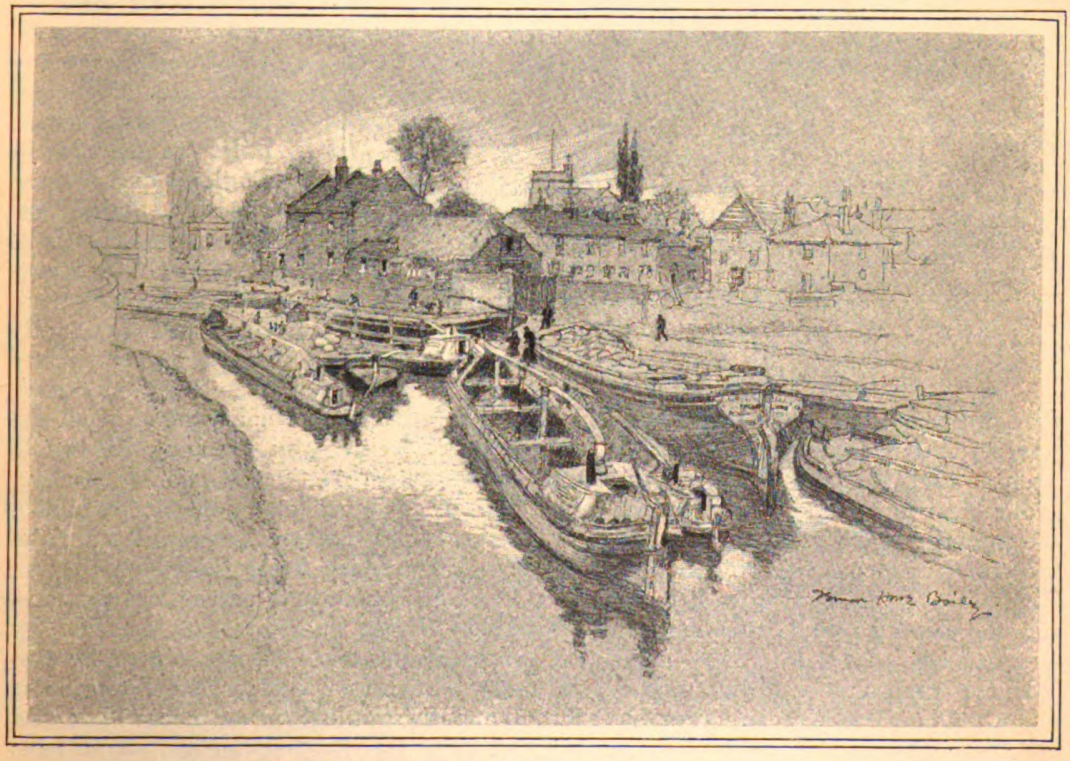
don has a future before it, if not for barges, then for a more vehement form of traffic. With its towpath and the strip of land alongside, a canal is in reality a spacious thoroughfare. Eliminate the water, and it might even be an expeditious thoroughfare. Drain it and fill it up, and you have a roadway that might sensibly relieve the congestion of London's traffic. Better still, build an elevated railway over it, like that over the Wüpper in Rhenish Prussia, and you keep the canal intact and navigable, and gain in addition a new line of communications between East and West, and a system of rapid transit that would have the threefold advantage of being needed, effective, and hidden. Projects such as these have been broached; syndicates have even been formed for carrying them out; but the negotiations have never got beyond the stage of talk, and the Regent's Canal is still at its best a canal and nothing else.

And its best, I fear, for those who know what has been accomplished on the Continent, in America, and in India in works of this kind, is not very good. I have mentioned that just before it straggles off the map of London the wavering blue line that traces the course of the Regent's Canal grows thinner. The point where it grows thinner marks the point of its union with the Grand Junction Canal. And if you examine a map not only of London but of all England, you will find that the Grand Junction Canal, heading northwards in a determined fashion, joins on with other canals that ramify to the Wash on the east coast, to Manchester and Liverpool on the northwest, and even as far north as Leeds, clustering round the Midlands in a veritable web of waterways. So that it is a physical possibility to enter the Thames, pass through the Regent's Canal, and without disembarking visit nearly every town of any consequence in the country, until York itself is reached. It looks a most efficient and imposing system. One sees these interlacing and converging waterways reaching down from the manufacturing Midlands and the north towards the dominant London market. One sees the Grand Junction Canal ideally placed on the map to take all they can send and to hand it on to the Regent's Canal. One imagines an endless sliding proces-



BRENTFORD, WHERE THE CANAL RE-ENTERS THE THAMES

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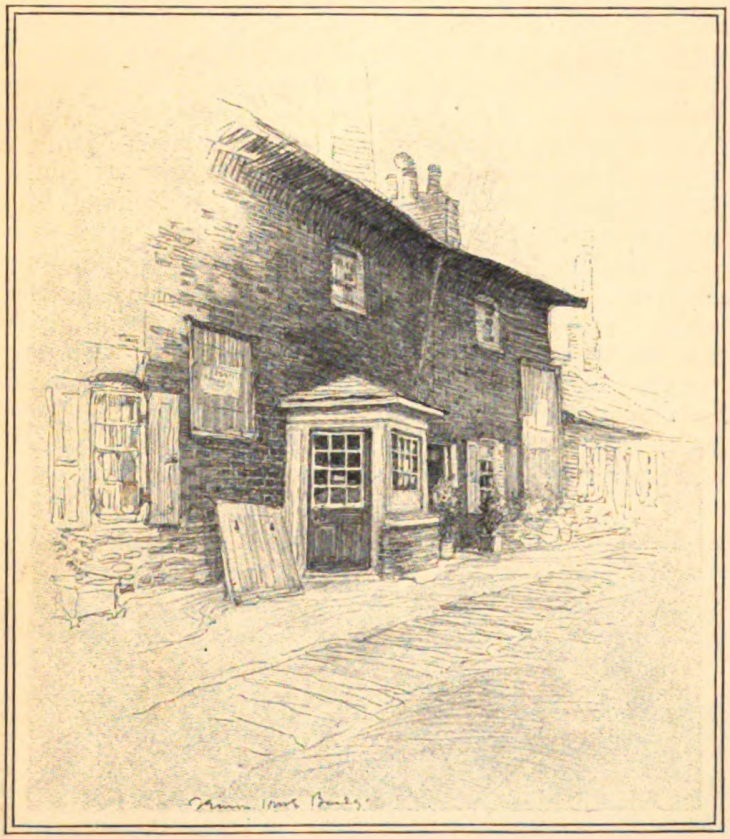
sion of barges cheaply and tranquilly beginning or ending their voyage in the Regent's Canal, snatching at the imports that pour in from the North Sea and distributing them at ease through the country, receiving in return from the great industrial centres the goods and products intended both for London and for export abroad. To judge by the map one would say that the prosperity of the Regent's Canal was assured by the mere fact of its existence, and that its obvious and most profitable function was to be at once the main entrance and the main exit for the canal traffic of the kingdom, to feed England and to be fed by her with all the merchandise that an inland waterway can bear.



LOCK-KEEPER'S HOUSE

But a map is one thing, reality another. The English canal system that looks so well on paper, so neatly connected, so admirably distributed, is, in fact, but a strangled, semi-bankrupt parody of what a canal system should be, might be, and perhaps again will be. A socialist in need of some overwhelming demonstration of the messyness and disorder of individualistic enterprise could not do better than take the waterways of England for his text. Among the farces or the tragedies of commerce their place is pre-eminent. Built, of course, in the pre-railway era, it was not so much the railways as the national turn for improvidence, the national lack of prevision, the national incapacity for large co-ordinated schemes, that vanquished them. Faced with the prospect of ruin when the steam engine arrived to revolutionize transit, the holders of canal shares, by the simple expedient of "holding up" every railway bill in Parliament until their demands were complied with, forced the railway companies to buy them up. There are to-day some 4000 miles of canals in England, and of these about a third are owned by the railways, who by starving and neglecting them and habitually sacrificing them to the railways have succeeded, through their control of all the strategic centres, in reducing the whole canal system of the kingdom to a stagnation of impotence. As an available means of transit and communication the canals have practically faded out of the English business man's calculations. Their defeat and total supersession by the railways have been accepted by two generations as irretrievable. But even if the railways had never come, I doubt whether the English canals could have kept pace for long, without a gigantic

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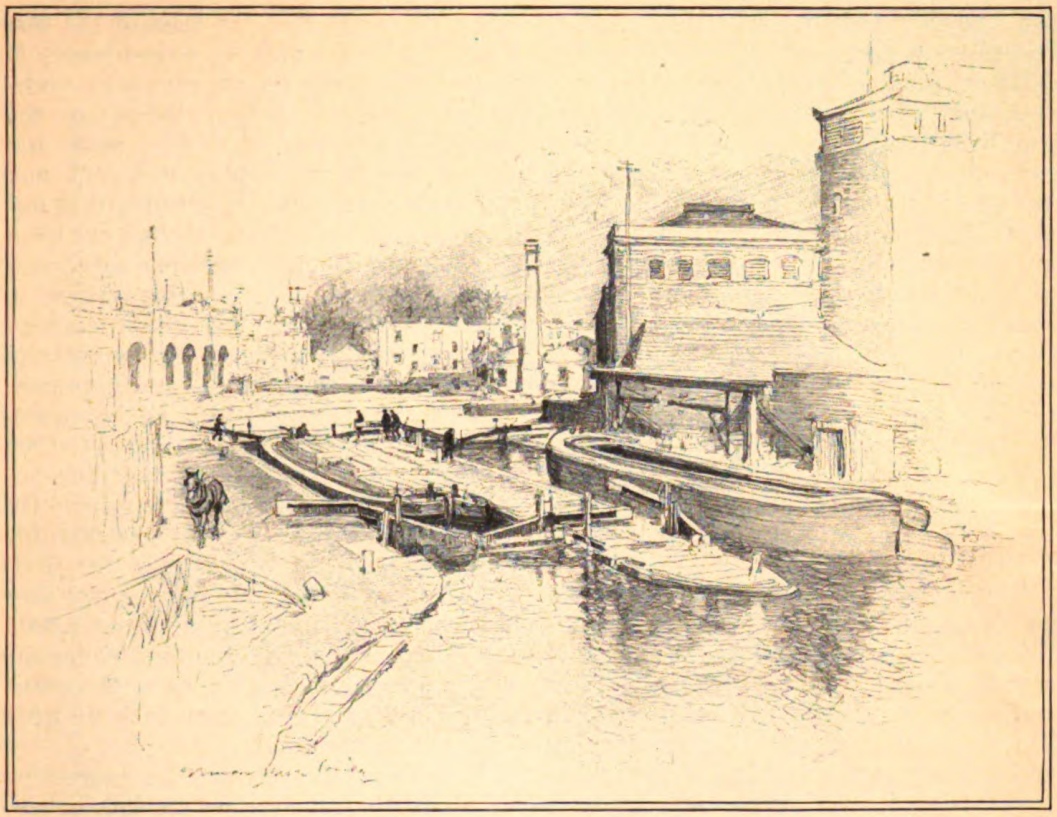

LOCKS NEAR CHALK FARM ROAD

policy of reconstruction, with the requirements of modern commerce. The English spirit of local patchwork entered altogether too largely into the principles and details of their building and development to permit of any such hope. Devised in haphazard, independent sections to satisfy local and immediate needs, with no uniformity of depth or width or carrying capacity, or the size of the locks, or the headway under bridges, and owned by a hundred-odd competitive companies, they represented individualism in its absurdest, most bungling and chaotic form. And with a single exception, that of the Manchester Ship Canal, practically nothing has been done to add to or improve them in the last eighty years. While France in the last quarter of a century has spent two hundred million dollars in developing her canals, and now possesses seven thousand miles of them, state owned and toll free; while Germany has spent even more and can now boast of nine thousand miles of inland waterways and is still planning for their further extension — England has done nothing. That is putting it almost too mildly. She has done worse than nothing. One-third of her canals she has placed at the strangulating mercies of the railways; two hundred miles of them she has allowed to become derelict; and among the remainder you find dilapidated banks and foul bottoms, a grotesque shallowness, a needless profusion of locks, the archaic system of horse haulage, and, as I have already said, an almost inspired lack of intercommunications — canals, for instance, that bear barges of ninety tons connecting with canals that carry no more than forty tons. On the Continent, on the Rhine, Neckar and Danube Canal, for example, barges of 600 tons, driven by steam or electricity, ply up and down, and craft with a tonnage of from 250 to 500 are a common sight. In England I doubt whether there are 200 miles of canal that can accommodate boats carrying more than 100 tons. Half of the English waterways have no room for barges of a greater capacity than from forty to sixty tons, and the remainder find their maximum at thirty tons. One



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can hardly, indeed, call the English waterways a system at all. They are the shiftless issue of little men with little pottering minds asserting their inalienable British right to torture the odds and ends of what should have been a national undertaking into some semblance of a plan. The result, as usual, is a hopeless muddle of shreds and patches, without unity or cohesion or any of the orderly signs of a supreme directing intelligence. One of the effects of the fiscal controversy and of England's renewed interest in the fundamentals of commercial prosperity has been the appointment of a royal commission, which, as I write, is inquiring into the canals to see if anything can be done to remedy the neglect of eighty years.

One cannot therefore blame the Regent's Canal if there are desolating gaps between the barges on its waters and if a walk along its towpath offers but few and casual reminders that its purpose in life is not that of affording free fishing and bathing to the urchins of the underworld, but of carrying merchandise at a profit. It is ready for its part to do the work, and is by no means badly equipped for its undertaking. Its plant is sound and in good repair; barges of 100 tons may traverse its entire length, whereas the Grand Junction Canal, with which it connects, cannot handle a boat of more than sixty tons; its dock, which opens from the Thames and covers an area of ten acres, has every facility in the way of wharf, jetties, cranes, and warehouses that could tempt a vessel with a London cargo on board; and though the locks are numerous—there are thirteen of them to negotiate a fall of ninety feet—the journey from beginning to end of the nine miles can be accomplished, with a little luck, in less than seven hours. But it is hard pressed by the competition of the railways; the Thames itself is another formidable rival; and it suffers from the general blight that has fallen upon the entire canal system of the country. It is the first link and the last in an otherwise faulty chain, and though adequate itself to the task it has assumed, it has to pay the penalty for the shortcomings of those other links that should support and be supported by it. Moreover, when it started out in life eighty-seven years ago some at least of the districts through which it flowed were, if not precisely rural, at any rate undeveloped, and in their building up the canal, as a carrier of timber, sand, and bricks, was able to play a useful and profitable part. This is a traffic that has automatically ceased, and though one bank of the canal is most encouragingly lined with warehouses, storehouses, yards, mills, and factories, and the goods termini of five trunk railways, the prosperity of its youth declines to be recaptured. The total receipts of the company amount to barely more than $450,000 a year, and of this sum the item of "Rents, etc.," yields all but a third. On a capital of slightly over $10,000,000 this does not leave much margin for dividends. The annual tonnage passed over the canal and dock averages about 1,800,000, but I should imagine that by far the larger portion of this stands to the credit of the dock, and that comparatively little of it enters the canal.

I dwell on this because its suggestion of placidity just verging on indolence—the proper suggestion for a canal to give out—is the first, as it is the last, impression that one receives from a tour of the towpath. There is bustle enough, indeed, at the dock, under the shadow of the old historic Limehouse church, where colliers from Hull, timber ships from the Baltic, and ice ships from Norway unload with that precision and despatch which on a small scale always strikes me as the top notch of efficiency in action. But once on the towpath of the canal itself, the "note" is changed, and quietude and a leisurely contemplative progression rule the scene. The London that crowds in upon one seems somehow curiously remote and still. The pace of life has slackened to a gliding crawl, and its clamor to a murmurous hush.

What contributes to, and indeed makes half the sum of, the tranquillity of the canal is that it catches life on its blank side, the back doors and back yards of houses, the featureless obverse side of factories and warehouses. Industry and domesticity in undress mark on either bank the progress of the canal through the poorer districts—grim storehouses, timber yards, gasworks, and marble depots on the left, and on the right little

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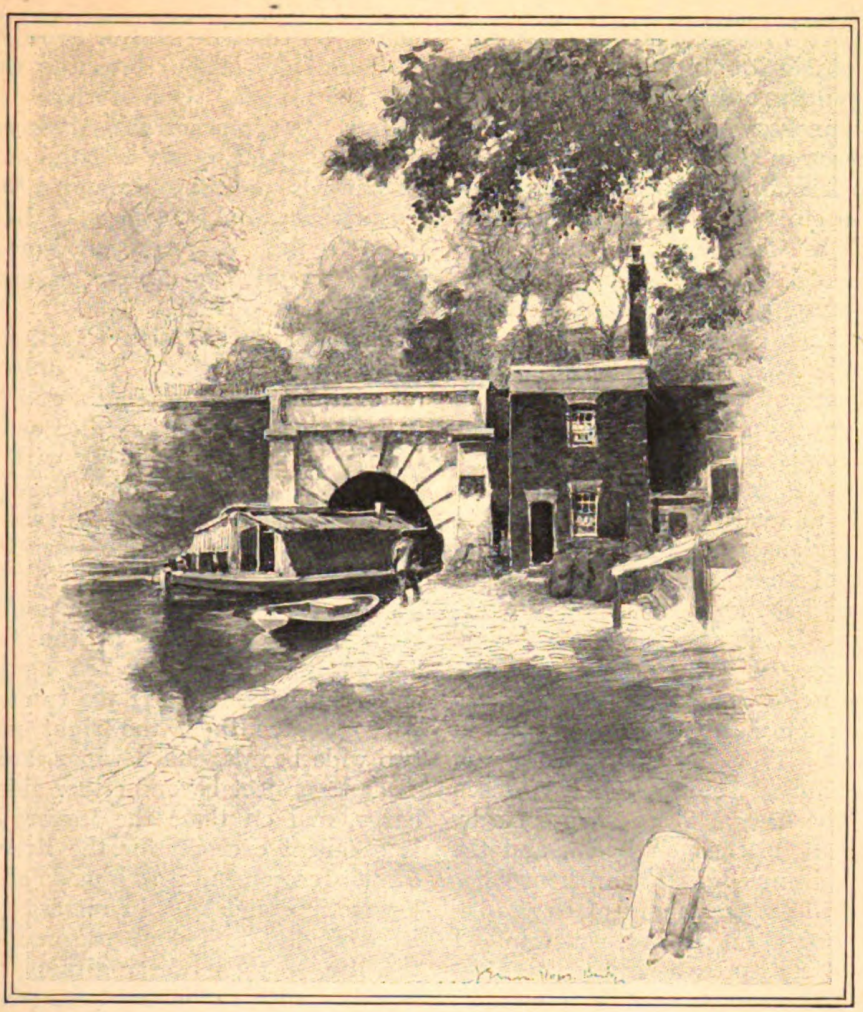

ENTRANCE TO THE ISLINGTON TUNNEL

strips of garden, often pathetically cultivated, fluttering with the week's washing, vocal with the caged bird that no East-Ender is too poor not to own and cherish and back against the trills of his neighbor's songster, and adorned as to the fence by the edge of the towpath with the happy grime of children's faces. That is its Limehouse aspect, and it varies only when the canal runs parallel with the road, separated from it by an iron railing, or flows past the green of Victoria Park, the great pleasure ground of the East End. How far it is from being merely a canal to the dwellers on its banks you may see when you come to the parts where the road and the towpath are divided only by a railing. At such points you would think a fishing competition was in progress. Seated on the road with their long rods thrust in between the bars of the railing and over the towpath, so that they have to be raised when a barge or a pedestrian passes, are half a dozen, a dozen, at times a score, of men and youths, with a cohort of friends to keep their spirits up, angling for roach and perch. The boys you will find farther on, bathing—bathing and trespassing on the towpath being alike forbidden. A parcel of boys diving off the towpath and swimming over to the opposite bank, just where a pipe, pierced with many holes, emptied the hot brown water from a factory with a profusion of jets like those of a magnified watering cart, was by far the most natural and cheerful sight I encountered between Stepney and Paddington. And the friendly stone that is thrown at you from the bridges and the scurrying of little figures to incredible places of safety when you

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turn a sudden corner help on the comfortable conclusion that the millionaire with his punts, rowing boats, canoes, and electric launches on the upper Thames gets no more in the way of pleasure and infinitely less in the way of adventure than these children of the slums extract from their beloved canal.

At the end of four miles the canal comes apparently to an abrupt stop. A sight confronts one like the ghost of one of Doré's horrific illustrations to Dante. A huge embankment spans the canal, pressing down on the opening to a tunnel; the towpath ends; a keeper's lodge nestles at the foot of the embankment as though to guard the entrance to the infernal regions; and from the abysmal blackness of the tunnel, to the noise of distant pantings, swirl clouds of sulphurous smoke. It is the Islington tunnel, three-quarters of a mile long; and the throbbing noise and the choking smoke come from the steam tug that alone can navigate it. In a few minutes the tug emerges, hauling behind it half a dozen barges. The horses, which have come by the road, are hitched on again, and the journey is resumed. Half an hour later the tug with another chain of barges behind it starts on its return trip. I stepped on to its prow as it re-entered the tunnel. Three-quarters of a mile away a pin of light shone with the comforting assurance that a dark and cavernous chill was not to be the remainder of one's portion in life. The tug fits the tunnel, or rather the tunnel the tug, like a glove. A submerged chain helps it on a level course, its funnel a foot or two below the roof, its sides all but brushing the sides of the tunnel. One forbore to ask, though the impenetrable darkness and the dank, sweating air and the enfolding walls might well have prompted the question, what would happen if half way through this subterranean voyage the machinery were to get out of order and the tug to stop dead.

There is another tunnel farther along, also without a towpath. It is only a quarter of a mile or so in length, and through it the barges are either legged or shafted. Shafting is merely punting with a pole. Legging is lying on one's back on the cabin and pedalling on the roof of the tunnel with one's feet. A narrow empty barge can be taken through in this way by one man. With broader and loaded boats two men, lying at the fore end and pushing with their feet against the sides, are necessary. If the tunnel is too wide to give them the right purchase, two wide boards, called wings, are placed so as to project beyond either side of the barge, and on these the leggers lie. It is excellent exercise for the liver, but I cannot recommend it as a mode of aquatic locomotion, and even in retrospect I feel it, candidly, to be an irksome blot on the life of these water gipsies. But it is a life with its eminent compensations, for the children especially. They, indeed, living all day in the open air, nomadic but tranquil, beguiled by an inexhaustible panorama, and innocent of all schooling, are the fortunate ones of the human race.

# A Sunset Song

*BY JOHN B. TABB*

FADE not yet, O summer day,
For my love has answered "Yea."
Keep us from the coming Night,
Lest our blossom suffer blight.

"Fear you not: if love be true,
Closer will it cleave to you:
'Tis the darkened hours that prove
Faith or faithlessness in love."

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# The Expatriates

*BY EMERY POTTLE*

WHEN the letter came—and in a sense it had been twenty years coming — Peter Arnold fell into a state of excitement, of eager pleasure, of nervous sentiment, of extravagant imagining, not dulled in the least by his eight-and-forty years. Indeed, Peter was not a creature of the age suggested by the sum of his years —to himself, in any case; and that, after all, is the only consideration. His life was so delightfully lucid and simple, his thoughts so ageless, his world so devoid of modern complexity, it was not to be wondered at that Peter's emotions, after reading the brief, rather constrained letter, leaped joyously and that his kindly soul kindled and glowed with a fire quite beautifully young and clear.

Three times Peter read the three thin sheets, each time gravely adjusting his eye-glasses on his recalcitrant nose. Then, with the patient dignity of research, he got out his calendar, and going to his desk, made exhaustive calculations with pencil and paper. The papers that held his neat tiny figures he folded carefully and put away in a drawer. Next came the time-table; this, too, was scanned minutely and the results tabulated. The practicality of the hour being well attended to, he felt then at liberty to dwell on the ideal. With the letter on his knee, Peter Arnold leaned back in his chair to an angle which had a semblance of ease—he was never given to the lax attitudes of indolence—and allowed that excitement, that pleasure, sentiment, and imagining, of which we have spoken, to have their way.

The letter was from Peter's sister Henrietta, who lived in Palmer, Massachusetts. That in itself was not wonderful. Nor was its precise, spare look different from the dozens of other letters she had sent to her brother in the last twenty years. The wonder of it, the miracle, lay in the opening paragraph: "Dear Brother,—I have not been very well lately, and the doctor thinks I ought to have a change. He says I ought to go to Europe. Charles wants me to go. He has made quite a good deal of money lately from a piece of real estate and can afford it. I myself don't feel like leaving the children and Charles, but they are all bound to have me go; so I suppose I'd better do it, but I must say I hate to think of putting all that water between me and my home. If anything should happen! . . . Charles has got me a nice cabin, he says, on the steamer *Republic*, that leaves New York the 2d of April and gets to Naples the . . ." So the letter ran on.

Peter, faded and blond and dry of skin; hair scant and thin, gone entirely from his forehead; lean and meagre of body, apologetic of carriage; clothes shabbily neat and clean, with a tuck here, a line there, an effect of trousers, an irregularity of waistcoat and cravat, certainly not American, yet not frankly foreign—Peter sat gently rubbing his small, dry, blond hands in delight and smiling like a child. "So she is coming at last—so Ettie is coming. And after twenty years. Dear me, dear me!" he continued to murmur. "Little Ettie, coming to see me. Only think of it! She ought to be in Naples next week—Tuesday if the boat is not late. Monday morning I'll leave at nine to meet her at Naples. Dear, dear, dear, how nice it will be to see Ettie again!"

So his thoughts ran on, as innocent, as gay, as tenderly warm and healing as the spring sun lying gold on the pansies and budding rose vines of his little terrace just outside the open windows. He sat thus, half in the past, half in the present, for an hour or more, smiling to himself and staring dreamily out over the roofs of Rome, fantastically massed beneath, or beyond to the hint of blue mountains in the far distance.

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When he was twenty-eight years old, Peter Arnold had come to Italy. Before that he and his sister had lived with their widowed mother in the placid New England town. Then the mother had died, and the two had gone on alone—Henrietta, a capable creature, fresh of face, sensible, practical, always mothering her brother; and Peter himself, solemn, precise, gentle, studious Peter, with a touch of some artistic instinct that put him rather at odds with the relentless spirit of gain which dominated his fellows. So when Charles Lathrop appeared and finally won away Henrietta, Peter, to hide his disappointment and loneliness—unworthy as he knew such feelings to be—insisted that Henrietta and her husband live on in the homestead, while he should give up his position as teacher of Latin in the public school and indulge himself in that great and surpassing dream of his—a year's study in Rome.

Henrietta and Charles had demurred properly, but Peter had insisted. And one day, amid the distractions of last farewells and half ashamed kisses, sensible admonitions, and wavings of hands and handkerchiefs, a steamer had actually torn Peter Arnold from his own country.

What he had expected to find in Italy, in Rome, it is difficult to say. But what he did find he loved. At the end of the first year he had only begun to realize the joy of deciphering ancient inscriptions. He wrote—timidly, it must be confessed—to Henrietta, asking if she and Charles would mind too much if he stayed perhaps another sixmonth. Henrietta's reply was confused and vague—she was in the last imminent weeks of her first baby; but Peter gathered that she did not greatly require his presence in America. Another year slipped by. Henrietta's baby had come, and she had named it Peter. He must hurry home to see it, she wrote. But that was the year he had regularly enrolled himself as a student under a famous archæologist and could not leave an opportunity so wonderful. Then there was an excursion to Greece the following spring. He was studying Italian, too. Henrietta and Charles must come to see him, he wrote, eagerly; and they had replied, amusedly, "Some day—some day, when the business, when the children—"

How it happened Peter never accurately knew, yet year after year went by and still he was living on in Rome, always meaning to go back to America, and every year shrinking from the journey and from severing the ties with Italy. He grew in time to feel that if once he returned to America he would never again be allowed to come back to his beloved Rome.

Gradually his expatriation dominated. There was the little apartment with the terrace and the flowers high above the street, and so modest in price, which held his books, his pictures, his modest collection of antique treasures. There was Giuseppe, his servant, who cared for him like a baby; and his few quiet, staid, respectable friends. Above all there was Rome. Peter in the lapse of years had come to consider himself, with naïve conceit, half a Roman. Born and gifted of God for a sightseer, there was not a stone, a stray ornament, a mouldy effaced inscription, not a church, a fresco, a statue, a picture, that Peter had not hunted down and tabulated in brain and notebook. He had left no guidebook unturned, no "walks and talks about Rome" untried. Now he himself was a guidebook, a compendium, an encyclopædia.

Peter loved his life. He appreciated the importance of it to himself, regarded it solemnly and with dignity. The very feeling of the Italian tongue in his mouth was a luxury. Some one once asked his servant if his master spoke Italian well. Giuseppe had reluctantly replied: "Signore, truly he *understands* as well as I, but to *speak* it—no, signore." Through it all Peter had remained faithful to his own in America. For twenty years not a week had passed on which he had not written a letter to Henrietta; there was never a birthday or a holiday which he did not celebrate with simple rites alone in his apartment; not a moment when his love of his sister waned or bedimmed. It was this love of her, together with the love which he put into Italy, that kept Peter's nature still childlike, sweet, unspoiled. So sure was he of his possessions that he scarcely gave thought to whether or not his life was a lonely one.

So, then, Peter Arnold, staring out over

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the sun-stained roofs of what he had come to regard as his own city, let his heart wander affectionately through the fields of the years down to the beautiful present. "Only think of it! Henrietta really coming. What a wonderful time we shall have together, going about Rome! I must show her everything. Ettie used to be very good at her Latin, too. How she'll enjoy it all! Then we'll go to Siena, to Perugia, to Florence—there's so much for her to see. Dear, dear, dear! How splendid it will be! . . . Giuseppe!"

He called his servant and told him the remarkable news. Giuseppe also frankly rejoiced.

"So then we shall make a festa for the signora," he declared, delightedly.

"Yes, yes, and all must be in order, all very clean. The signora loves cleanliness above all. And she shall have her dinners here. You must make for her your best dishes, Giuseppe."

"That is understood, S'er Peter."

"Now I must go out at once to search for rooms for my sister, Giuseppe. She must have a comfortable bedroom and a *salotto*. There is much to be done before she comes. And on Monday I shall go to Naples to meet her."

"*Si*, S'er Peter! All must be most ready for her coming."

Peter put the letter in his pocket, and taking his hat and stick, hurried away, his face more solemn than ever under the stress of the vast importance of his delightful duties.

For Peter Arnold the great, the ultimate moment had arrived. With reverence in his nervous fingers he touched the two women lightly on the sleeve. His voice subdued to a note of joyous awe. "There!" he cried softly, leaning out of the carriage window, "there! That is *Rome!*"

Henrietta adjusted her glasses and peered out with patronizing curiosity. "That? Over there? I suppose that's St. Peter's? Well, I must say it's about time we got there. Of all the railroads I ever rode on in my life, these Italian ones are the beat. Now, it's two hours late already, and whistling and tooting along just as foolish as if it hadn't any idea of getting anywhere. Mercy, Lida! what's the matter with you?"

The third member of the party—a tiny, frail, pale, thrushlike woman, with big, wistful, patient eyes—sat with her gray cotton-gloved hands huddled tensely in her lap, lips parted as if she had paused in the act of breathing; trickling down her cheeks were unheeded tears.

"I can't help it," she whispered. "To think of its being Rome—Rome! Oh, I never thought I'd see it!"

Henrietta laughed good - naturedly. "You're worse than Peter, Lida. Now, aren't you foolish! I'd be a good deal more excited if some one would tell me that was Boston out there and the dome of the State-house."

Lida Sterrett flushed apologetically and turned away to the open windows. Peter caught her eyes and smiled understandingly at her. For his own part he was struggling with an overwhelming disappointment, to which he would not admit, even in the secret places of his heart. But for the moment the eagerness was gone out of his face and he seemed an old and worn man.

Henrietta had been in Italy nearly a week. Peter had, as he intended, gone down from Rome to Naples to meet his sister. The night before her arrival he had not closed his eyes, so excited was he. Early in the morning he had gone down to the port, and at the first signs of the approach of the steamer had leaped into a little boat and had himself rowed out from shore. Later, when the great hulk was anchored and towering grimly above him, Peter had hurried up the landing-stairs in a tumult of anxiety. If, after all, she had not come! In vain he scanned every face, tramping up and down the decks, and getting himself wretchedly in the way of every one. Then suddenly he had literally been snatched into the arms of a large, gray-haired, capacious-bosomed woman, who held him, laughing. "Well, Peter Arnold, don't you know your own sister?"

Presently she had turned to her retreating companion. "Lida, you remember Peter? Peter, don't tell me you have forgotten Lida Sterrett—you used to play with her years ago. Charles wouldn't let me come alone—and so I brought her with me. Now you've got two lone women on your hands."

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"Forgotten Lida? I should think not," asserted Peter, his eyes moist and lambent with his emotions. "Lida Sterrett—dear, dear, dear!"

"I should have known you anywhere," chirped the little lady. "You were so nice to me when I was a wee girl—nicer than any of the others. You always showed me things."

They both laughed heartily.

"Now, let's get off this boat right away," broke in Henrietta, decidedly. "You can talk all that over later. I want to get my feet on land. I hate this boat. And I want to see if Charles has sent the cable about the children and himself. I don't do anything but think about them and worry all day long and all night long. Peter, this is the first time in twenty years that I have been away from Charles for more than one night. It seems to me sometimes I shall have a fit when I think of being so far away. If I could only look in on them for ten minutes to know if everything is—"

"Now, Ettie, don't you worry," Peter had encouraged.

"To think of seeing Vesuvius!" Lida Sterrett had murmured, unconsciously. "Oh, I never expected—"

"Well, it isn't much," was Henrietta's brisk comment. "I'm disappointed. Come, Peter, get us off."

The days in Naples were so confused —everything was so new and strange to Henrietta, who had never before been out of her own country; Peter had constantly to remind himself of this, and to reason away the little increeping doubts which, try as he might, would assail him. His great comfort, unexpectedly enough, was Lida Sterrett. She was very silent, very timid, fearing always to spoil the intimacy of Peter and his sister. It was only when Peter began to explain the sights that her shyness vanished, and she stood rapt and breathless at Peter's elbow, hanging on his words. Gradually Peter felt himself talking to those big gray eyes, and though he kept scrupulously to his, "Now, Henrietta, we have here one of the oldest and most famous—" yet it was, after all, from Lida he expected the right word, the right question. Henrietta's comments became, as time went on, slightly annoying to Peter. It disconcerted him to hear in the middle of a long, careful explanation, for instance, of one of the temples at Pæstum, "By the way, Peter, did I tell you that the new Congregational church at home was dedicated two months before I came away?" Also Henrietta's hearty, careless, full-lunged, "I think that's lovely—don't you, Lida?" caused him to shrink inwardly.

The keenest regret of all was at Pompeii. Peter had kept this *pièce de résistance* until the last day of their stay, that they might go fresh from this dead antiquity to the more living grandeur of Rome. The day was hot and Henrietta was tired. She gave no heed to Peter's eloquence. Stolidly she tramped the empty shell of the ancient city, glancing indifferently from one object to another. Her brother's heart sank, and his own joy would have become ashes and dust, too, had it not been for Lida Sterrett. She clung to him in a half-stupor of awe and wonder. When she spoke it was in a sort of whisper. Yet her words were the words of intelligence. For in her home in New England she had read and reread of Pompeii, had dreamed of it even, till its history was as the history of her own town. She had never suffered her knowledge of Latin to lapse, and to her amazed delight —and to Peter's admiration—she could translate many of the old inscriptions.

"What on earth you two can find in those dirty old signs," Henrietta would say, impatiently, "I can't imagine. Do come along."

So with a sigh they would follow the rigid, uncompromising figure marching on ahead.

"But, Henrietta," ventured Peter, "don't you remember any of your Latin? You used to be so good at it."

"Goodness earth, Peter, no! When you have given birth to four children and have a house and a husband to look out for, you don't have any time or thought to waste on Latin, I can tell you."

On their way back to Naples, Peter had asked apologetically of Henrietta if she liked the day's excursion, if she enjoyed Pompeii. And she, exhausted and homesick, had replied with a certain dull impatience:

"I can't say I did. Though it must have been very fine in its day."

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*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

"WHAT ON EARTH YOU TWO CAN FIND IN THOSE OLD SIGNS"



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In a sense, after Naples, Peter had staked all on Rome. In his moments of doubt—or at least of the premonitions of doubt—his solace was always: Henrietta will like Rome so much. He assured himself that it was not unusual for one to dislike Naples—many people he knew cared not at all for that city. Yet he had to admit that little Lida Sterrett—in spite of her forty years she seemed to him still "little Lida"—had wonderfully caught the spirit of Europe—of Italy. He had never met a more enthusiastic, more intelligent, indefatigable sightseer. If only Henrietta—But then, Henrietta was tired and worried about affairs at home; presently, when the strangeness wore off, she would realize how inspiring all of it was; presently she would be her old self, he reasoned.

Peter Arnold sat back in his seat then, in a mood verging on the disconsolate, when Henrietta had made her response to his triumphant "There! That is Rome!" Even the sympathizing eyes of Lida Sterrett gave him no heart. Like a child amazed and resourceless that his wonderful story has no charm for some prosaic grown-up, Peter shrunk into himself silently, scarcely speaking until the train had shrieked itself finally into the Roman station.

Once outside the station, in the warm April sunshine, driving through well loved streets, past memorials made familiar and personal to him in his twenty years of association, Peter's joy once more irresistibly welled up in him. He fairly forgot his sister—forgot at least to reckon on her attitude toward his Rome—and took it quite for granted that his accurate cataloguing—so given in the warranted pride of possession—of historic landmarks fell upon fertile ground. Perhaps it was the wide-eyed, breathless Lida Sterrett, flushed of thin cheek and tumultuously forgetful of self, that so unwittingly stimulated and rewarded Peter. At any rate, the ride to the hotel was of tremendous moment. Even Henrietta's brusque interruptions—"What's that? A ruin? Is it old? Is that so? Well, it doesn't look it!"—failed to mar the intimate innocent pleasure of their advent into Rome.

And even after Peter had left his charges at their hotel pension, where he had, so it seemed to him, seen them installed in great comfort, and had come back importantly to his own apartment, the edge of his satisfaction was not appreciably blunted. Giuseppe's respectful joy at sight of him, the goodness of being once more at home—all combined to make his staid, detailed brain and his warm affectionate heart radiant with pleasure and hope.

He would not ask himself whether Henrietta was going to "like Rome."

Peter Arnold sat with his sister in the unventilated artificiality of the salon of the pension where the two women had their rooms. Outside, the afternoon air was mild and mellow, full of the warm golden glamour which the early spring twilights cast over Rome. But within the sombre apartment there was a stuffy chill. The large hideously gilded mirrors, the depressing wall decorations—frescoes done in a naïve semblance of life on the Venetian canals,—the rude, almost blood-curdling juxtaposition of reds and yellows and greens in curtains, furniture, and ornaments, combined to rob even Peter and his sister—not too sensitive to color schemes—of their sense of intimacy and familiarity. Henrietta had been with her brother nearly a fortnight now. To-day they had just come in from the fatigue of four hours of sightseeing, and were waiting, stiffly and unnaturally, for their tea.

Peter essayed a beginning of conversation. "Did you enjoy the Catacombs, Ettie?"

"No." The reply was uncompromising.

"I—I'm sorry. The relics of the Early Christians, their symbols, their—" he hesitated nervously.

"Oh yes, I suppose so, Peter. But for my part I prefer the modern Christians—such as they are—to the remains of dead ones in a cold, smelly hole in the ground."

Peter sighed and fell silent. Henrietta herself shifted fretfully in her chair, opening and shutting with irritating snaps the large, shiny black bag which depended from her stout waist. She seemed in the following uneasy moments about to broach a new and experimental subject, but for some reason forbore. Finally the dam gave way.

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"I may as well tell you, Peter—" she began, defensively.

Peter regarded her askance.

"I'm not one to waste words. I'm going home."

"Go— What, Ettie?"

"Go-ing home. I can't stand it any longer. I don't want to seem disagreeable, Peter, but I tell you frankly I can't stand it any longer. I don't sleep a wink nights, and when I do doze off I dream perfectly awful things of Charles and the children—I see the house burning up, or everything covered with dirt, or little Mabel down with typhoid—she's very delicate. I'm so nervous I can't sit still. And I might as well say that this country doesn't appeal to me. The people are all so lazy and I can't bear their monkey kind of language. I feel as if I were at a play all the time. I'm American clear through, and I'd give everything I've got to get back there this minute. I don't approve of staying away from your own country, anyway."

Peter Arnold in a stupor of bewilderment sat and stared helplessly at his sister. "But—" he murmured.

"No. You let me have it all out. I'll feel better. I'm not any kind of traveller, I suppose. My own home is good enough for me. Oh, law! I wish I were there. I miss Charles and the children so, I could *cry*. I do cry every night. I can't help it."

"But—Ettie, I'm so sorry you feel so —but don't you like *Rome?*" Peter asked, anxiously.

"No, I don't. It seems big and lonesome and empty to me. I hate ruins anyway. What do they amount to? You can't really see anything—just old piles of stones and bricks, with a dirty statue on top, maybe, without any arms or legs, and especially without any clothes. I'm a good Congregationalist, and I don't feel right being here, in the middle of this—this Popery. Besides, this hotel is dirty. I've looked all over, and it's *dirty*. I found a—I might's well tell you—a *flea* in my clothes last night. I don't know what Charles would say if he knew that I had *fleas!*" She went on more decisively. "So I'm going home. The man at the hotel told me there is a boat that goes from Naples in four days—and I'm going on it."

Peter's mind swam with protestations, but for some reason his tongue could not formulate them. He eyed her with hopeless despondency, remembering of old the fatuity of opposing Ettie once her mind was set on doing a thing. The little castle of his imagining, that should hold Ettie and himself in Italy, fell in toppling, terrible ruins about his heart. "But you have seen so little of Italy. There is Florence and Venice and Milan and—and you wanted to see Paris too, Ettie, you said." His voice was patiently persuasive.

"Well, I've seen enough. I can say I've been to Italy and seen Rome. That's enough for me. I wouldn't go across the road to see the whole of Europe. I tell you I want to go home."

For some time Peter did not speak. His pale, faded eyes fluttered absently behind his glasses, his little, dry sallow hands made patterns—ancient inscriptions perhaps—on the legs of his trousers. There was a new factor come into his brain for consideration. A factor, the very unexpectedness of which put him into a kind of mental perspiration and flushed his thin cheeks to pink. The outcome of it — the partial outcome, rather—reduced itself to—"And Lida?"

Henrietta roused with a start. "Lida? What about her?"

"She will go too?"

"Naturally. I'm paying for her. I guess she can't stay without me."

"She'll be — ah — disappointed, I'm afraid."

"Well, I can't help it if she is. I don't know why she should be. It's a good deal to have your expenses paid to Europe and see Naples and Rome for nothing—not that I begrudge Lida a penny. I don't know why Lida should be so disappointed."

"She seemed to enjoy it all so—but maybe you are right, Ettie. Have you told her yet?"

"No, I haven't. I shall to-night."

Peter nodded.

"Before Lida comes for her tea," began Henrietta, with a fresh note of importance in her voice, "there's something else I want to say, Peter."

He interrupted. "Ettie, are you determined to go? Won't you wait till you get a little more rested, less nervous,

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before you decide? It has been so nice for me to have you here. I'd counted so on making the trip through Italy with you. Now to have you go—"

"Peter, I've *got* to go. I'm sorry, but I've got to do it. And speaking of our being together—that's just what I was going to talk to you about. Charles and I both feel that you'd better come home. You've been away twenty years from us and from your own country. You haven't seen any of your nephews and nieces nor your family. It isn't right. We're getting old, and we ought to be together now. I don't say that you've neglected us—of course you've had your studies. But it seems to me and Charles that twenty years ought to be about enough to study most things. And another thing, Peter, you're an American just as much as any of us. And I say it's a man's duty to live in his own country, with his own people. 'Tisn't decent to go off in a foreign land and not vote or take any part of the nation's—ah—progress. America is a great country, Peter Arnold." Henrietta paused to catch breath. "Now what I want to say is this: you ought to come home with me. Charles says so too. You said the other day that there was a man who wanted to rent your apartment. Well, then, you rent it and come home with me. It's your duty, as I see it. I could wait maybe a few days longer if you would come."

Henrietta eyed her brother steadily. As she sat before him, large, convincing, impenetrable, Peter felt that he had no force in him to combat her. His heart sank miserably.

"I—I—I—" he stammered, aghast at the awful turn events had taken. "I—there would be so many things to be done, to—to—"

"Fiddle! You could do it all in a week. Don't tell me. Of course, Peter, you are your own master. You can do as you like. I only tell you frankly what Charles and I think."

"Yes, yes, Henrietta, I know. You—you both are—very—very wise and right. But I—"

"Then you'll come?"

"I—I must see what—what I can do. What I could arrange, what— Oh, I must think, Henrietta. I—"

Just then Lida Sterrett stole into the rooms. "I'm not interrupting, am I?" she asked, shyly. "I thought I'd come for tea, but if—"

"No, no, not at all," cried Peter, in great relief. "Come right along, Lida." He was astonished to realize how glad he was to see Lida.

"Wasn't it wonderful to-day?" sighed Lida, over her tea. "I've thought so much about the Early Christians and read of them—they had such a terrible time. Then to see, actually see, the Catacombs! Oh, I never expected to have that wonderful thing happen to me! I never expected to be here. Italy is so splendid. To think of *being here!* Ettie, Mr. Peter, I'm so grateful to you. You'll laugh, but every night I have to cry for joy just at *being here.*"

Henrietta and Peter avoided each other's eyes. The little student's heart was twisted with pain. He could not speak. So it happened that through the tea hour it was Lida Sterrett who twittered as musically and unconsciously as a thrush, unmindful of the preoccupation of the other two.

His sister drew Peter aside when he arose to go. "You can tell me to-morrow morning, when you come, what you are going to do. Don't be foolish, Peter. . . . We'll eat here to-night. I'm too tired to stir another step outside this place. And, anyway, I don't much care for your man's cooking—it tastes queer to me." She laughed good-naturedly.

Peter nodded dumbly, his eyes full of the hurt she had unthinkingly done him that day. He went again and said "*A rivederci*" to Lida, taking her hand. She was a suffusion of smiles and pleasure.

"Oh, the Italian language is so musical!" she cried. "*A rivederci*, Mr. Peter."

Peter's night was a bad one. He slept not at all. Indeed, he did not seek his bed until after two in the morning. Instead he wandered about his little apartment, smoking an entire package of cigarettes—a thing unheard of for Peter Arnold—touching with devoted fingers his books, his souvenirs, his simple antiquities and *objets d'art.* From time to time he would step out on his tiny terrace, gracious with potted plants and bamboos, to gaze long and earnestly

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down upon sleeping Rome—Rome, in the dark softness of the starry air, for the instant almost cognizant of his yearning, almost tender, gentle. Then back into the faithful, familiar rooms, searching through old chests and boxes for forgotten mementos, bringing them to light, and reimagining their charming significance.

After all, the sum of his mental processes came down to two reiterated balances: "Ought I to go?" and, "I can't go. I can't *go*." Henrietta's uncompromising outlay of his duty to her and to his country dogged his mind feverishly. Henrietta was so assured, so competent. Perhaps—yes, no doubt she was right. He had neglected too long his duties. Then the pale, eye-starved face of Lida Sterrett would evolve from the clouds of his brain, and he would hear again, "Oh, it is so wonderful, just *being here!*" Poor little Lida, how it would hurt her to go back so soon, he thought. Yes, it was wonderful, just being here. And he had been here for twenty years. How should he go back to America, which had forgotten him, had rushed on miles beyond him, had begotten ten thousand young students to take his place? No, he could not go back now. It was too late. He would tell Henrietta— Ah, but perhaps he *ought* to go back. . . . Poor Lida Sterrett, so intelligent, so sympathetic, so adapted to his life here! If only Henrietta were more like Lida. . . . No, he could not go home! Home? Rome was home. . . . So ran on the tangling coil.

When morning came, Peter Arnold dressed himself, ate his food, and went out to find his sister—as dignified and neat and outwardly composed as was his wont. Inwardly he was a drenched mass of indecision. So with a great guilty feeling of relief he heard from a servant that Henrietta had a headache and would not go out that morning, but that Lida would come with him to make what excursions he liked.

Presently Lida Sterrett appeared. She greeted Peter with a pathetically forced chirp of a "*Buon giorno*," smiling bravely. Her eyes, Peter had to note, were blue-shadowed underneath and haggard, as from much sobbing—Peter guessed, too facilely, not from sobbing for joy. His heart contracted with pity for little Lida. At the moment they seemed strangely akin—an over innocent Adam and Eve unjustly driven from Eden by an angel of a woman with a flaming sword. Quite simply and gravely Peter took her under his wing, and they set forth for a morning on the Aventine. At first Peter's explanations and disquisitions lacked the true spirit of the teacher, came absently and halting; later he warmed to his work, the joy of the chase was upon him. For two hours he and Lida forgot their imminent misery and revelled in the silent peace of dead centuries.

It was only when they had come into the Garden of the Knights of Malta—that wonderful, vaguely sad spot, as delicately and cleanly cut on the Roman hill as a cameo—and had sat down to rest in the grateful sunshine, all about them the gayety of early flowers, rioting against the green and dark stateliness of the high hedges, that Peter and Lida reverted to the personal.

Peter began. "I suppose Ettie has—ah—told you how—what—"

"Yes, last night. I'm so sorry for Ettie. She's so homesick," sighed his companion.

"Yes," murmured he, abstractedly,—"yes, poor Ettie." After a long pause, "It's very hard for you, Lida."

Her lips quivered, but she was very plucky. "For me? Oh no! I—I have had so much more than I ever expected, hoped for. Ettie is so good to bring me—at her own expense, too. And I've seen a great deal—Naples, Rome. Oh no, it is not hard for me."

"Yes," affirmed Peter, "I know you are very disappointed. I understand."

"I am disappointed," she admitted, with courage enough to laugh. "Of course; but that doesn't matter. I'm used to it by this time."

"Has it been hard for you, Lida?" asked Peter, gently, "these last years?"

She looked at him gratefully. "I've tried not to make it any harder than it was. One does so much by thinking. For whole days, when things weren't quite—quite pleasant—now, you'll see how foolish I am—I'd *think* myself abroad. And sometimes I'd almost *be* here." She laughed apologetically.

Peter nodded. "I wish Ettie cared—like that—for being here."

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"Ettie is different," defended Lida, promptly. "She is splendid, Ettie is. You don't know how splendid she is. You haven't seen her at home in her family. We aren't all made alike. And, Mr. Peter—"

"Peter, please."

"And—and—you won't mind if I say something? I've noticed how hurt and disappointed you have been often when Ettie didn't quite care so much for some things as you—"

"And you too."

"Well, as you and I do. And I've been so sorry. But you mustn't mind. It's Ettie's way. She's—different."

Lida sat back, nervous and flushed at the temerity of her speech.

"Yes, yes. Dear, dear, dear! You know I've counted so on Ettie's coming over here with me. For years I've dreamed about it—all the things we would do and see together. Now—well, it is as you say. But I'm very disappointed. You understand? I don't blame her. I'm glad to hear you say such nice things about her. It makes me feel better."

"Yes, I understand."

After a silence Peter said, "You're all alone now in America?"

"Yes—quite. Mother is dead. Yes, I live alone in a little place—two nice rooms—just an old maid, that's all." Lida made the jest as gayly as she could.

"I'm glad you could come over here."

She drew a long breath and caught her hand against her heart. "Ah—it will last me all my life. I shall never see it again. But this I'll keep always."

A white cat strolled lazily from the porter's lodge and leaped into Lida's lap. It was a relief to her to busy her nervous, trembling hands in the petting of the animal. "Yes, I am content," she finished, "like this cat."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," broke out Peter. "You ought to stay longer. There's so much to see. Florence is most interesting—most famous. The churches, the—"

"Don't tell me," she cried, with a catch in her voice. "I know."

"*Can't* you stay?"

"No— I—haven't the money." She said it quite without embarrassment. "Don't tempt me. I'm too weak to bear it."

"She wants me to go back with her," he began, some moments later. There was interrogation in his voice. "You know that?"

"Yes—so she said."

"I don't know what to do—to say. I—"

"Do you want to go back?" she demanded, her voice sharp and distinct.

"I—I—perhaps I ought—but—"

"Do you?"

"Lida, I don't. I can't think about it. All my life is here now. I'm an old man. My interests are all here. I'm too far behind them all at home to catch up. It—it sort of frightens me when I think of being hurried on with them all. They don't want an old useless man like me in America. I don't belong there any more. Maybe I don't belong to Italy—modern Italy—but there's a part of ancient Italy that I've become associated with, and—I can't leave it. Do—do you think I ought to go?" he finished, anxiously.

She hesitated a long time, stroking the white cat mechanically. Then at last: "No—you'd better stay. Stay! Stay! It's better here."

Peter reached out and touched her hand as it lay on the soft fur. "Thank you," he said.

Perhaps it was the new hand that disturbed; at any rate the white cat suddenly departed. Lida, free of her burden, rose too, and wandered uncertainly down an arched green pathway that led to a vantage point sweeping Rome. Peter did not immediately follow. Instead he sat, rather bewildered and vague in mind, yet strangely relieved. The decision had been made—made for him. He would stay on in Rome. He did not know why he so trusted Lida Sterrett's judgment, but she seemed right—more right than Henrietta, or even himself. Lida understood. He believed her. His thoughts, oddly enough, strayed back to the days when he had known her as a child—a frail, sweet-faced, big-eyed child—and they had played together. And they had never quarrelled. He had been the father and she the mother in the perennial game of "keeping house." Dear, dear, dear! One got on so well with Lida. How sad her life was! She was so alone. He fairly felt guilty now to remain selfishly happy in Rome and let Lida go back.

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*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

SLOWLY HER LIPS FLUTTERED INTO A SMILE

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If only he were younger—if he had known Lida ten years ago—dear, dear, dear, if every one could be happy! . . .

The porter came to him and regretfully whispered that he could not let him sit longer in the garden. Already they had been there an hour.

"Yes, yes, yes, of course," said Peter. "I'll go at once." He went off to find Lida.

She was sitting on the stone bench of a terrace that jutted out boldly into the air. Rome drowsed beneath her in the languid noon heat. Lida's head was hidden in her arms that rested on the stone coping. Peter came softly, so softly that she did not hear him until he was at her side. Startled, she raised her face quickly; then hid it again. But not so quickly that Peter did not see the red eyes and the tears, thick and staining on her cheeks.

"Lida," he stammered.

She dashed her handkerchief across her face angrily, forcing back her hair with fierce hands. "Oh, why did you come?" she cried.

Peter hardly knew his own words as they came. "To tell you you needn't go back—you needn't leave Rome if you don't want to," he whispered.

Lida pulled herself up and stared at him, her face burning, disordered with tears.

"You shall stay, too," Peter continued, "if you will."

"What — what do you mean?" she breathed.

"I mean — stay with me—as — as— Lida, will you marry me, old Peter, and stay?"

She turned on him with a wild flash of anger, like a helpless bird caged and captured.

"Oh, you *pity* me!"

Peter's misery was equal to hers. He could not utter his protestations. Somehow he found himself beside her on the bench. "I want you to stay—for—for —my sake, Lida."

Her head was down on her arms again. Peter touched her hair with unaccustomed fingers. "I want you to stay and play 'keeping house' with me," he pleaded. "Will you, Lida?"

It was the longest time in Peter Arnold's life before Lida raised her head. She did not look at him even then. Her eyes turned toward Rome, dozing imperially beneath her, golden and gracious and glamoured. Slowly her lips fluttered into a smile, a faint reflection of the April sunshine on the Eternal City. . . . And Peter understood.

# Spring-time In England

*BY MILDRED HOWELLS*

HERE, in a foreign land, with symbols new
The spring-time brings her miracle to pass,
Hastening in spendthrift lavishness to strew
A primrose galaxy across the grass.

With painted may she hangs the thorn-trees bare,
And over the laburnum reckless flings
A shower of dripping gold, while everywhere
The hyacinth beneath her footstep springs.

So strange she seems, yet strangely wonted too,
As though some tender voice we loved when young
Should speak again the greeting that we knew,
In the changed accents of an alien tongue.

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# The Whitherward of Matter

*BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN*

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

" . . . melted into air, into thin air:
. . . . . .
. . . the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve. . . ."

THE beautiful old words forming the context of this quotation, spoken before Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book, convey to us a belief that is held by many of the great contemporary workers in discovery. It is not that stone and mortar crumble into dust, that "the lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamsyd gloried and drank deep," and many another court and fane beside, it is that the dissolution to which the wizard referred, and which is now being divined anew through the wizardry of science, is a dissolution not of towers and temples, but of the very elements of matter of which they are comprised. It is that copper and gold, sulphur, carbon, and oxygen, and all the eighty-odd elements whose various combinations comprise the visible universe, are belike under the tooth of time, that slowly, inevitably, and altogether independently of us, they seem to be undergoing a progressive degeneration to some condition of Nirvana—"melted into air, into thin air."

Our medieval forefathers saw nothing unreasonable in the thought that one element might be changed into another, that silver might be changed into gold or lead into silver; they called it *transmutation*. Our immediate fathers, however, believed in it not at all. To them the elements of matter were irrefragable, eternal substances; iron was iron, and gold was gold forever and forever. This was not with them so much a matter of dogmatic statement as of assumption; an assumption, too, that was wholly natural, for it was based on the fact that, do what they would, they could not transmute one element into another; they left out of account the consideration that what *they* could not do, the elements of matter might be doing of themselves. Now the sons of our fathers, through careful experiment, observation, and deduction, are beginning to suspect that this unthought-of consideration portrays a fact, that the elements of matter are not eternal, but temporal, that there exists in every form of matter the process of its own decay, and this suspicion is gradually being crystallized into belief, into a new philosophy. But it is a philosophy that is so important to future generations of men in the way in which it will affect their actions and thoughts and beliefs, that I am going to collect its present-day evidence, so that the reader, too, may be conscious of its force.

It is some ten years ago, that memorable night when Becquerel found on a photographic plate the faint but legible signature of a new kind of rays that testified to the birth of a new science—the science of Radioactivity. The science is thus so new that there has been much wondering and some scepticism as to whether it would *stand*—as to whether its theories were not fantasies and its "facts" but distorted interpretations of phenomena that would soon find a commonplace, dreary, and every-day explanation. Since the subject matter of this paper lies wholly within this new science, it is expedient to say at the outset, advisedly and emphatically, that Radioactivity has stood, though, as will probably appear from the new and remarkable facts to be adduced, it has not stood *still*. The fact is that Radioactivity is singularly fortunate in the character of her devotees. The worker in this science must of necessity have so high a training, mathematical, physical, and chemical, that the science is hopeless of entrance



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to the tyro. The result is that there is little "fool's gold" in radioactivity; its facts are the pure metal.

The reader understands at least this about radioactivity: that there are certain substances that have the power of emitting, spontaneously emitting, peculiar rays. There are thus concerned with the subject two separate phases: there are the rays that are emitted, and there are the substances that emit them. Each phase has much to tell us concerning the whitherward of matter.

The substances that emit these strange rays are, so far as is known to-day, some twenty-five or so in number. While, with the exception of one or two, they exist, literally, in infinitesimal quantities which have never even been seen, much less handled, we have every reason to believe, first, that they *are*, and, next, that they are *elements* in the accepted sense of the term—elements as much as is gold or copper or oxygen. Considering what is known of radium and one or two of the others, the evidence for this is such that there is practically no peg left to hang a doubt upon. Concerning these ray emitting elements, and owing to the fact that there have appeared in this Magazine several articles on radioactivity, and owing, too, to the limitations of space, I am going to make this sweeping statement: that the innumerable facts of radioactivity in its vast literature throughout are explicable and correlatable only on one hypothesis, and that is that these ray emitting elements owe their bizarre powers to their own decay, that they are transient, temporal elements, that their being is dying.

It is proper to make so large a statement only because of the character of the work and of the workers in radioactivity, and because, too, of the fact that while in the past these workers have been desperately assaulted they have practically silenced opposition, and that to-day there is among them a comprehensive unanimity of belief: radioactivity is due to elemental decay. Still, the conviction that some elements are transient is so concerned, as the first cause, with the growing suspicion that all elements are transient, that I shall try to enforce it by giving the reader a glimpse of the correlating power of this conception. He will be impressed with this conviction in direct proportion to the time he expends in examining the diagram on page 879. This figure illustrates the summation of our contemporary knowledge of radioactivity; all radioactivity, it might almost be said, went to the making of this diagram. Here the reader will see that the radioactive elements are not isolated, unrelated substances, but, on the contrary, exist in several families. Next he will see that each family consists of a genealogical sequence of decaying elements, and in this connection he will look with particular interest at the horizontal arrows which are the most significant signs in radioactivity; they signify parenthood. Finally, and speaking generally, when with each one of these elements he can see what it decays out of, what it decays into, how long it lives, the kind of rays it emits, and when, in addition, we say that with most of them there is a pretty definite knowledge of their chemical characteristics, he will see that there is little in the way of a fulcrum for the lever of doubt to rest upon: *some* elements are transient. Between the thesis, however, that some elements are transient and that wholly different one that all elements are transient there is a wide hiatus. Can we build a bridge? The radioactive substances, were it not for their ray emitting power, would be in no sense extraordinary or peculiar; radium, for example, is so like the common barium that the cost of radium is in large measure due to the difficulty of separating one from the other. Still, they *are* queer substances, and had we nothing else to go upon, it would be quite unjustifiable to extend our deduction of their transiency to the ordinary forms of matter. But if we could prove that any one of these bizarre substances decomposed into an element of the ordinary type, if we could prove that one of the commonest of elements was capable of a degradation into another equally common, if we could show that radioactive substances and ordinary substances alike held constituents in common, that radioactivity is a mere accident, that ordinary substances, too, were radioactive, that ordinary substances, too, seem to undergo widespread degenerative changes, then

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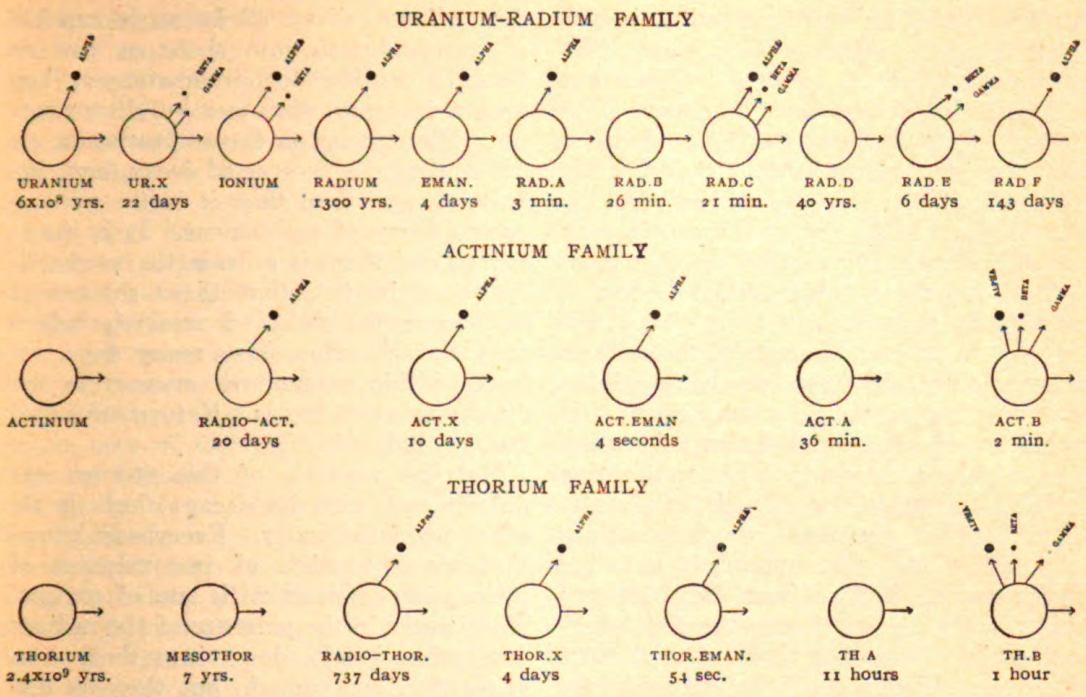


THE DECAYING SEQUENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS

with each increase of evidence our suspicion would cumulatively build itself up into conviction and belief.

This introduces the relation of a momentous research, the details of which are not even yet published in full, but the conclusions of which have been announced in advance—the story of the degradation of copper.

Away back in what might be called the medieval days of 1894 Rayleigh discovered in the atmosphere a hitherto unsuspected element, argon, and Ramsay subsequently and quickly followed this up with the discovery of four others. These new elements — helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon, all of them won out of the hidden places of the air—are definite gases that since that time have been prepared many times by many men; they have become as elements an integral part of science. They are all of one family, and are curious in this fact that, except at a white heat, they appear to be incapable of existing in chemical combination with any substance whatever. The very word argon, the name of one of them, means lazy; they were all of them seemingly useless. Still, Ramsay headed his paper on the extraction of these substances with the old significant words of Sir Thomas Browne: "*Natura nihil agit frustra* is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces." How prescient was this quotation will now appear. Not long after the isolation of these substances Dorn discovered that radium broke down or decayed into a substance which turned out to be a gas, and which has since been called the radium emanation. This gas out of radium belongs to the very family of rare gases in the air that Ramsay was so instrumental in discovering. This is shown in the fact that no matter to what drastic and powerful agents the radium emanation is subjected, it is impossible to destroy it or to alter it; in this fact it perfectly resembles these rare gases. Unlike them, however (and it is a strange thing to say, but perfectly true), while it is impossible to decompose it or to alter it, it is decomposing of itself. Half of it has died some four days after its birth, and during its short but strenuous life it *evolves nearly three million times as much heat proportionately as arises from any chemical action known to man.* This is a tremendous fact, determined by strict experiment, and quite apart from any

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theory. The radium emanation is the most potent substance in nature. Its enormous store of energy is given out through its decay, and it decays into what? Into *helium,* the first of these curious, inert elements that Ramsay discovered. This was proved in 1903 by Ramsay and Soddy; since then their work has been repeatedly verified by other men, and to-day there is simply no shadow of doubt but that it is a fact. This discovery that the gas known as the radium emanation breaks down into helium initiates the beginning of a new epoch. It takes us out of the radioactive substances into a substance which is not radioactive at all, and which is a well known element. The spectrum of the radium emanation had been mapped, and the spectrum of helium was well known; and, consequently, it was the first thoroughgoing demonstration of the fact that one element could be changed into another that was common, that transmutation of matter was proceeding, and that the alchemists were right.

But the possession on the part of the radium emanation of so enormous a store of energy suggested to Ramsay that even though it could be collected and handled only in the most minute quantity, it might be utilized, nevertheless, to bring about chemical changes in matter with which it was in contact; and so he placed it in—*water.* The results have shaken science the world over. First, something happens to the emanation: it appears that the emanation, instead of decaying into helium, as it does when dry, in the presence of liquid water decays into *neon,* the second of this interesting series of gases discovered in the air, and a form of matter wholly distinct from helium. Furthermore, when in the water containing the radium emanation there is dissolved some copper sulphate (blue vitriol) the resulting gas is neither helium nor neon, but the third member of this family, *argon.* It appears, then, that this gas, this radium emanation, which it must be said has a good claim to the name of element, decays or becomes transmuted not into one other element, but into three, according to its surrounding circumstances.

Matter is capable not only of transmutation, but of selective transmutation. Grass, as we all know, is capable of transmutation into sheep or cow or horse according to circumstances, but such a transmutation is a building process. The emanation transmutation is, on the contrary, a process of decay, and, infinitely more than this, it is the process of the decay of an element. It is interesting, and there is a dramatic consistency about it, too, that these substances cast upon the flood of research before 1895 should, after these many days, return in this momentous manner to the discoverer's own hands. *Natura nihil agit frustra,* indeed!

But the vagaries of this strange gas do not end with its decay; there is its effect upon the water. Everybody knows that water consists of two volumes of hydrogen combined with one of oxygen. Now, water in the presence of the radium emanation breaks down into these constituents right enough, but there is discovered in the resulting gas *too much hydrogen:* there is a greater amount of hydrogen in the gas than the water proportionately contains; sometimes from ten to twenty per cent. too much. Whence the excess? This is a mystery still to solve; it is an unquestionable fact that has been verified by several men, and I cite it here as highly remarkable, though I shall refer to it again in another connection.

Again, there is the action of the emanation upon the water that contains, dissolved in it, the copper sulphate. One hesitates almost to state the result, but here it is: in the solution of copper sulphate in contact with the minute quantity of the gas from radium there appear both sodium and lithium. The sodium, it is barely possible, though by no means probable, is derived from the substance of the glass containing vessel, but the *lithium* is undoubted. It is not in the glass, the air, the water, the emanation, or the copper, to begin with; and yet, to end with, there it is in small but indubitable quantities. The conclusion seems forced upon us that it is a product of the decay of the copper.

If the degradation of the radium emanation into helium opened a new scene in the drama of the world's advance, the discovery of the degradation of copper opens a second, for it is the discovery

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that a common element of every-day experience can decay into another almost equally common. It leads us to ask whether the potent radium emanation may not simply accelerate, by catalysis, a process that is always and everywhere in operation—that copper is always decomposing—and that since copper is in no fashion a peculiar or esoteric element, whether what happens to copper may not be taking place with lead, carbon, sulphur, and every element known to man. It is particularly interesting in this connection to note that some of the uranium copper ores of Colorado contain minute traces of lithium.

It is for future research to establish the whether or no of this idea of the universal degradation of matter into simpler forms, but there is much in recent radioactivity to suggest that it is veritably a fact. So far, only the substances that emit the rays have been considered, but the rays themselves have something also to tell us.

The alpha rays, for example, are streams of positively electrified particles of atomic dimensions that are continuously and persistently expelled by most of the substances appearing in the diagram. They are accepted as little projectiles that are shot out from radioactive substances at the rate of from 10,000 to 20,000 miles a second, and the energy by which they travel at this amazing rate apparently arises from the breaking down of the atoms of which they are a part; in other words, the transmuting degradation of radioactive substances is due to the expulsion of these particles; they are thus the *evidence* of elemental decay. It is by means of their effects that they can be strictly followed in their flight.

It seems, and we did not know this before, that these little particles, shot out from whatever radio substances there may be, are all *alike,* that their sole difference seems to be one of mere velocity —that no matter what gun is shooting them, so to speak, the bullets are all of one calibre and one make. This is sufficiently interesting, for it leads us to see that there is a constituent common to all radioactive substances; if now we could prove that these same particles, which, as we have said, are the evidence of elemental decay, occur as well in ordinary substance, our suspicion of a universal decay would be just so much enforced. The interest thus deepens and becomes highly significant when the fact is associated with the results of a research recently published by Professor J. J. Thompson. He has shown that in the intense electrical field generated in a Crookes tube substances give off particles charged with positive electricity, that these particles are independent of the nature of the gas from which they originate, and that they are of two kinds: one apparently identical with the hydrogen atom, and the other with these very alpha particles that are projected normally from radio substances. What is the teaching? Substantially this: stated in plain terms, he means us to infer that all the elements with which he experimented broke down, or were decomposed, in part, into the well known element hydrogen. His work is thus not only just as wonderful in its nature as that of Ramsay, but, however different were his methods, it leads to the same conclusion —that the every-day, ordinary elements of matter are capable of a transmuting devolution into simpler forms. Furthermore, it is directly confirmatory of Ramsay's result; for, as I have stated above, Ramsay found that pure water in contact with the radium emanation yielded an *excess* of hydrogen—this same element. But Thompson's research has a wider scope. He shows us that the ordinary forms of matter can emit, in addition, the very same particles (alpha rays) that were thought to be a constituent peculiar to radioactive substances. So far, then, as the possession of alpha particles is concerned there is nothing peculiar in radioactive substances; they are contained potentially in matter of every kind. But if they are the product and evidence of elemental decay, then, since they occur in ordinary matter, we should be justified surely in suspecting that this decay is universal. If, now, we could prove that matter of every kind not only contains them, but emits them, we should, in accordance with our present ideas, no longer suspect, but *know,* the universal degradation of matter. This to-day can be done only presumptively, but the presumption is strong.

The loss of effective range suffered by

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the alpha particles is determined by the distance from the emitting body at which they cease to affect a photographic plate or a phosphorescent screen, or at which they cease to render the gas a conductor of electricity. It is interesting that they cease, all of these effects, *at the same distance*. In this cessation of the action of these rays upon the foregoing detectors there is much that is significant. For, think of it! Flying out through matter, at a certain distance, at the very culmination of their powers to affect these detectors, they lose them. Phosphorescent, photographic, and ionizing powers alike absolutely, abruptly cease, and the alpha rays assume the mantle of invisibility. Whither they go and what becomes of them no man at the present day can tell. Through 0.0037 of a centimeter of aluminum they will affect a photographic plate; through 0.004 of a centimeter they will affect it not at all. The whole present-day interest in the alpha rays concentrates in this additional and truly significant fact that at the instant of their vanishing beyond the power of man to pursue, they still possess sixty-four per cent. of their initial velocity and forty-one per cent. of their initial kinetic energy. The critical velocity below which they cannot be detected is some fifteen billion centimeters a second—a very considerable pace. Now for conclusions: Were these particles not possessed of an initial velocity a trifle greater than this value we should not have been able to find them; and to-day we should not only be ignorant of their existence, but ignorant as well of radioactivity. Furthermore, were ordinary substances, matter of every kind, emitting these particles at any velocity below this very considerable pace, they would be wholly beyond the power of present-day apparatus to detect. Now for inferences: We know that ordinary matter potentially contains these particles; we know that they are detected flying off from radioactive substances solely through this slight excess of velocity; and we know that, with the exception of their ray emissions, radioactive substances are chemical elements in no wise peculiarly different from ordinary matter. There is, therefore, a strong presumption that ordinary matter is continuously emitting these particles, that, in consequence, it is undergoing degradation, and that we are in ignorance of it only through the limitations of our apparatus. Finally, it leads us also to think that the only essential difference between radio substances and ordinary substances lies in the velocity of the particles they eject.

This is supported by a very curious and interesting fact that the reader may discover by re-examining the elements in the diagram on page 879. He will notice that some of the elements in these decaying sequences change without the *perceivable* emission of rays; they are undergoing so-called "rayless changes." In this table he may thus see, changing yet "rayless," thorium, thorium A, actinium, actinium A, radium B, and radium D. The discovery that some forms of matter may undergo degradation without the perceivable emission of rays is due to the mere accident that in a decaying sequence of elements they happen to lie sandwiched in between those that do emit perceivable rays. The strong probability is that this "rayless" condition is only apparent, not actual, and due to our lack of means to detect the rays. At any rate, the fact that ordinary matter does not perceivably emit these rays is no sign that it is not degrading, for here are certain substances that do not and yet are.

From still other contemporary sources there arrive similar hints of universal degradation. Thus, there are the delta rays, about which probably the reader now hears for the first time. It is likely that these rays will in the future play a preponderating rôle in radioactive investigations. In their nature they appear to be slow moving electrons (slow beta rays) that fly out from ordinary matter of whatever sort when it is struck by other radiations; they are thus *secondary* rays, target emitting rays. Among the many interesting facts connected with these radiations is one of extreme significance. The rays that are bombarding any mass of substance may be of any type—alpha, beta, gamma rays, X rays, or even light rays; it makes no difference—the rays which the substance under bombardment emits are its own rays, delta rays. And these rays all proceed out at practically the same speed, and at

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a speed, too, which is quite independent of the character and energy of the impinging particles that cause them. The delta particles, then, cannot be simply particles torn off from matter by the particles that strike it; if they were, their energy would certainly be in some way proportional to the particles that did the tearing. What, then, can they be? Let me illustrate this by an analogy: Suppose that there is a piece of paper slowly smouldering into decomposition, and suppose that I touch a lighted match to it. The smouldering paper is destroyed with a sudden whiff of flame. Now it is obvious that the flame of the paper does not depend on the kind of a match I use, nor, if it is a lighted match, on how big is the flame of the match. The flame of the paper is due to the energy of its combustion, which is slowly proceeding, anyhow. The lighted match is simply a "trigger" that lets it suddenly loose. So it may be with the delta rays: they are the "flame" of an ordinary atom which, anyhow, is slowly decomposing; the impinging particles are "the lighted match." But how do we know that the atom in the first place is "smouldering"? We have evidence for this in a research by Professor J. J. Thompson, which has proved that common substances, such as the alkali metals, the liquid alloy of sodium and potassium, and ammonium amalgam all emit these delta rays to a small but definite amount without any ray bombardment whatever; they will emit them even in the dark and, in certain cases, in a vacuum. The ray emitting power of the common metal potassium is actually one one-thousandth of uranium. The delta rays, then, tell the same story in a different way—the story of the universal decomposition of matter. The lithium that Ramsay obtained from copper, on facing it with the radium emanation, appears to be just the "ashes" of the copper. An interesting contemporary discovery that is confirmatory of this elemental decomposition, as it is exemplified in the energy emitted through it, tells us that when a plate of lead and a plate of zinc are respectively exposed to the same shower of X rays there is twice as much heat produced in the lead as in the zinc. The only apparent solution of this interesting fact lies in the supposition that the heat is due to the internal store of the atom's energy as it is liberated through the atom's disintegration under the bombardment of the X rays.

So, as the conclusion of our paper, it appears that Ramsay's notable achievement in degrading copper into lithium need not be received with incredulity, need hardly excite surprise, for it is supported by many diverse facts of modern knowledge. It appears that the elements of matter that we have taken for granted were so immutable and enduring, are transmutable into simpler forms.

That the elements are not only transmutable but transmuting is not so plain, but there is much to be said for it. Those rare gases, helium and its congeners, that we have found to be the by-products of this elemental decay, are found in the air to the extent of nearly one per cent.; they have been found, likewise, in all the places in the earth where gas collects. They are found in the gases collected from mineral springs and from volcanoes; the very rocks of the world on being heated expel them; they may be extracted from the pores of the soil, and recently they have been discovered as a general constituent of natural gas. It is reasonable to suppose that they appear in all these diverse places as a by-product of the earth's decay. We are additionally ready to accept this when we find that the gases so collected, together with the earth itself, are radioactive, for radioactivity is the very sign and seal of disintegration. Finally, when we find that, through the radioactivity of the materials of the earth, there is continuously being evolved an amount of heat far, far in excess of that required to maintain the earth's loss of heat by radiation, and to keep its temperature constant, we perceive not only the disintegrating dissolution of matter, but we begin to suspect as well a fatally determined acceleration of it to some one time "in the which," to use the words of the apostle Peter, "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and (στοιχεῖα δὲ καυσούμενα λυθήσεται) the elements intensely heated shall be broken up, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

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This seems to be the logical ultimate end of things, unless, perchance, there is going on simultaneously with this process of devolution a compensating process of evolution by which the energy let loose through atomic unbuilding is being absorbed and utilized in some process of atomic upbuilding. Virtually the only reason we have for imagining such a counter process is the indisputable geological fact of the constancy of the earth's temperature through a period estimated in hundreds of millions of years.

However much or little these ideas will affect the philosophy of future generations, they will, we may be sure, affect their actions. Outside of all speculation, we are now aware that matter is possessed of transcendent energies — energies of which, so far, we have been living but on the fringe. Since we know that there is enough radiant energy in one ounce of radium to lift 10,000 tons one mile high, since we know, too, that radium as a chemical substance is in no wise peculiarly different from ordinary matter, since we have shown that even to-day men have actually devised "trigger" arrangements by which the existence of this intra-elemental energy in ordinary matter has, at any rate, been proved and made manifest, it does not surely unduly strain the imagination to foresee for a future generation that some day some man, somehow, will win forth these superterrific energies, and will guide them into the work of the world, and that then— there will be a new day.

# Ceylon

*BY A. HUGH FISHER*

I HEAR a whisper in the heated air—
"Rest! Rest! give over care!"
Long level breakers on the golden beach
Murmur in silver speech—
"Sleep in the palm-tree shadows on the shore—
Work, work no more!
Rest here and work no more."

Where half unburied cities of dead kings
Breed poisonous creeping things
I learn the poor mortality of man—
Seek vainly for some plan—
Know that great empires pass as I must pass
Like withered blades of grass—
Dead blades of Patna grass.

"Breathe—breathe the odorous sweetness that is ours,"
Cry Frangipani flowers.
"Forget! Forget! and know no more distress,
But languorous idleness:
Dream where dead leaves fall ever from green trees
To float on sapphire seas—
Dream! and be one with these."

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# The Pack

*BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL*

"I CALL it living a lie." That is what the minister's wife said, and she bit off her words the same way she bit off her thread. "A *lie*;" she repeated it, as if once was not enough! There wasn't time between the lies for me to protest even if I had dared to. But I am afraid of the minister's wife. Oh, I don't know why, only she is so—knowing. She knows all the things I don't know, besides the few I do. I am sure if I were the minister I should look up all my "points" and arguments, not in the encyclopedia, but in the minister's wife.

She meant Judith Pride, the woman who has "moved into" our church. "'You ask my advice, Mrs. Pride,'" she reviewed for my benefit, "'and I advise you to tell the child at once. Twelve years old is not a minute too soon.'"

I caught at that straw. Twelve years old—that would be a reprieve of two years for me. In two years I could go into his little room so many nights and sit on the edge of the bed, just in the old way, without any shadow between us,—put out my hand and feel for him in the dark and find his little warm body. After I tell him there will be a shadow—I feel certain there will be a shadow between us. Perhaps in the dark I shall hear the little warm body shrinking away from me. If I do—

I did not get any farther last night. —Yes, yes, of course I went into Nathan's room. I lighted the lamp and looked at him a long time. He looks so little in his sleep! Even when he is twelve I am sure he will look little, and it will be hard to tell a *little* boy!

But to go back to the minister's wife and her advice to Judith Pride. I was calling on the minister's wife, and she was mending her children's clothes. The way she drew her needle in and out irritated me; it said so plainly that they were *her* children's clothes. The minister's wife has six,—I tell you she doesn't love the whole six any better than I do Nathan!

"Twelve years is not a minute too soon," she said. And I agreed with her because of the two years' reprieve.

"Yes, of course," I said, "twelve years. He—she ought to know by then." Judith Pride's is a little girl.

"By then! My dear, she ought to have known years before!" the minister's wife bit off severely. "But what was the use, then, of telling the poor woman at this late day? All I could do was, rouse her to her duty *now*. But I pitied her, my dear,—I pity all such mothers."

She need not pity me! I suppose she would pity Nathan, too,—oh, she need not pity Nathan! I will not have *that!* Probably last night, when she tucked her children in, she thanked the Lord because they were hers—well, every night I thank the Lord for Nathan, when I tuck him in and feel round with my lips for his little freckled face. I tell you I love every browny gold freckle! *They* have always been mine, anyway—from the very beginning! I remember the first one, and I kissed it so often Nathan called it the kiss spot.

I have said right along that I would tell him before he grew up. I could not bear to have any one else tell him. But the minister's wife has unsettled me. It is "living a lie," she says, *not* telling him now. She meant Judith Pride, but she would have meant me if she had known. *I* am living a lie, she would think. Well? Well? Well? What would you have?—what would *she?* Am I to go into Nathan's little dark room tonight and wake him up and tell him? "Don't love me any more. I'm not what you think I am,—you're not what you think you are. You're not what the minister's wife's children are to her. You'd better stop loving me." That is



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what haunts me—for fear he will stop. We've lived the beautiful lie so long together! It's woven into the woof and warp of us. If we stop living it, it will be like unravelling us.

Twelve years, perhaps, but not ten! Nathan's ten is so little! I patched his little trousers to-night, and when I held them up they were so small!—I wonder if the minister's wife ever kisses her little patches? Or is it only "such mothers" that do?

If John were living, I think I should get him to do it. He would be willing—John was always willing. It is queer how I can never realize Nathan is not as much his as mine—I know he is! I know nights John goes into the little dark room with me! If my fingers were delicate enough I should put them out and feel his white soul in the room. When I light the lamp and look down at Nathan, John looks down too. Nathan's little round face on the pillow, I *know*, is dear to John. And so—and so perhaps I should not ask him, after all, to do it, knowing that it would hurt.

Once, when we were new to being married, we used to talk about going into a little room and looking down together. We said, just softly to each other, how beautiful it would be. It was always a little daughter John looked down on, but I looked at a little son. We used to laugh because we disagreed. And sometimes I yielded John the little daughter, and sometimes he let me have the little son—John yielded oftenest. Still, I know he likes looking down at Nathan. He likes his little straight legs, and his fine way of clutching off his little cap, and his laugh and his hair and his freckles. John likes all of Nathan, I am sure.

We would have felt the same about the telling, I know. John would have wanted to put it off, too. "Not yet," he would have said. "Not to-day nor to-morrow—nor next day." But he would not have wanted to live a lie. If some one had put it to him like that—some minister's wife—

I have decided to tell Nathan very soon.

He is not very well to-night. I have just been in again to feel of his cheeks, and they are hot. I know what the trouble is, and Nathan knows. I wish he would tell me, though,—perhaps next time I go in he will. It is not like Nathan not to tell things.

But it is like me. I do not tell things. I say, "To-morrow I will—or next day," but I never do. Now, to-night, I say that I will as soon as Nathan gets well. Even the minister's wife would not have me tell a little boy that is sick.

He has told me,—I have been in again. He pulled me down to his hot little face and whispered it: "I went in wading, and you said not to. I'm sorry, mother,—the water was so cold!"

I wonder why little sinners are so dear? Does the minister's wife hug hers? And love him better than before? "Nathan," I whispered, "always—always tell mother!" But "mothers" do not always tell Nathans. Perhaps I will tell him next time I go in. Perhaps starting up suddenly like that will be easier.

But he was asleep. His cheeks are quite crimson—I am going to send Ann for the doctor.

She has gone. I have brought my journal in here and shaded the lamp from the bed. Nathan breathes so hard! He has never been sick in his life before, since I—since he was a tiny. It frightens me.

It is two weeks since I have written a word. Nathan is getting well now, but he has been very sick. Ann says I am to go away now every night and sleep, but I haven't promised to. The minister's wife says I must, too, but Anns or ministers' wives can't make me!

It has been such an anxious time. I thought Nathan was going to John. How could I bear to lose them both? I remembered the terrible empty rooms after John died—I couldn't have borne this little empty one, too. Oh, ministers' wives may say no—all the ministers' wives in the land,—but I know better! I know I should have mourned like mothers of the little sons and daughters John and I never had! It would have broken my heart as much as their hearts. I tell you I know!

I know another thing. That I am glad I did not tell Nathan before he was sick. Every time his little hot lips have said "mother" I have been glad. He has

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*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

I HAVE SAID RIGHT ALONG I WOULD TELL HIM BEFORE HE GREW UP

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said it so many times—so many, many. He might have said it just as much the other way, in his poor little tossings and burnings, but it would have sounded different,—I am glad he did not know.

But I shall tell him when he gets well.

To-day Nathan went to school again. It is six weeks since he was taken sick, and I have been all this time helping him get well. I could not stop to write in a journal. Getting well is a serious matter to a ten year old! But we've had a beautiful time together, even on the crossest days. As Nathan says, we've been very "int'mate together." He liked being waited on and tended and played with, and I—I liked it. Every day I could see his little white face grow a little less white. Nathan has a beautiful little face. When he is grieved or disappointed it still keeps its baby trick of breaking up into little piteous puckers. I suppose it will do it when I tell— Oh, why must I tell until he is twelve? Two years is not much more to ask for. I am going —to wait—two years! I think I am. But I wish I knew what John would say. Not the minister's wife, but John. It isn't as if I had more than one and were young—I'm old, and I only have Nathan. Forty is old to women whose Johns are dead—and old women take things hard. I know it will break my heart if Nathan stops loving me. After we've been so "int'mate together"—

Judith Pride's little girl is dead. I walked home from the funeral with the minister's wife, and I wish I hadn't. She said things — that she wondered Judith took it so hard, it not being her own little girl,—that nobody but real mothers knew what sorrow meant,—that Judith could take another child,—that—that—that—till I wanted to start and run to get away from her. I could not bear it, but I had to. I had to walk,—oh, we *crept!* Poor Judith Pride!—poor Judith Pride! *I* knew. When I got home to Nathan I caught him in my arms and could not let him go. I could not take my face away from his face—it was warm against mine. Oh, I thanked God it was warm! And all my heart ached for poor Judith Pride with her little face that was cold.

What right have ministers' wives to talk like that? What right has any one's wife? How do they know? They hold their little new-borns tight and look over the little bald crowns at us denied women —perhaps they don't mean to, but I tell you they gloat! They kiss and kiss the little crumpled faces. I don't blame them—*I* would gloat and kiss. But I blame them for pretending they can measure our love for the little children we borrow—or our grief when the little children die. How do they know? Their arms have always been full. They have never envied a tenement mother her tiny, sweet, soiled baby. How do they know the joy we feel when at last we rock a little child to sleep? When we go in at night and look down at him in his little bed? When we wash him and brush him and *mother* him—oh, *we* are mothers then! We have come into our own. We wake up happy and go to sleep happy. I tell you I know! I tell you we forget we borrowed our little sons and daughters,—they are ours. Nathan is mine.

I have not told him yet. He comes home from school and calls, "Mother," at the foot of the stairs, and I can't. Or I go to meet him and he sees me and races down the road to me. "Mother! Mother!"—can I tell him then? Can I ever tell him?

But to-day he came home in a different way. I think he had stopped at the brook to wash the blood away, but I saw what was left. His eyes were swollen, but he had not been crying. He walked along very straight and whistled a tune, but his little tremolo stops were all out; it was only a wreck of a tune. "Nathan!" I cried.

"It's all right,—I beat."

"Nathan! Nathan!"

"He looks worse 'n I. You oughter see *him!*"

I had him in my arms, the little fighter! I was ashamed of him—and proud. It seemed to me I had always known that some day he would come home to me, a little battered boy like this. If it had been in a good cause—I knew it had been in a good cause. I felt like the Indian mother of a brave. Yet in my arms he felt so small—the little papoose!

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*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

I FELT LIKE THE INDIAN MOTHER OF A BRAVE

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"Tell me, Nathan," but I did not let him go. I think I was trying to look stern.

"I said he told lies 'n' he said pooh everybody did 'n' I said no sir I knew somebody that never. He said pooh I couldn't prove it 'n' I hit him 'n' he hit me—I beat."

I think my breath stopped for a fragment of an instant. I did not need to ask him, but I asked:

"Who—who was it, Nathan, that you meant?"

"You." The little word was whispered like a soft breath against my ear. I did not need to hear it to know. It was I, *I* who never! I felt suddenly sore as though the little doughty fighter had hit *me*. The minister's wife seemed to be sitting opposite us mending her children's clothes and biting off words with her thread: "I call it living a lie."

I put my little brave out of my arms and went out of the room to get away from the minister's wife.

Dreams are disquieting things. Mine that I had that night disquiets me now. But it was a dear little dream. I thought I went into Nathan's room to rid myself of the lie at last—I thought it was a heavy lie that bowed me over like Christian under his pack. In the dark hall I stumbled against something soft and warm. It was Nathan in his little night-gown coming to me. "Nathan, Nathan," I cried, glad it was dark and he could not see my pack, "I was not always yours, dear,—you were not always mine! You had another mother once, but I never had another son—I never had another son! I could not bear to tell you for fear you would stop loving— Nathan, what shall I do if you stop loving me!"

In the dream his little face shone out of the dark. It was keeping on loving! I thought I felt straight and light, for the pack was gone. But the queerest, dearest part of the dream was what Nathan said:

"I knew it all the time. Nobody told me, but I knew. When you were rocking me an' brushing me an' mothering me,—I always knew. But I hoped you wouldn't find out,—I was afraid *you'd* stop."

I caught him up—in the dream—and I can feel his little warm body now. We were so happy. I thought when I went back to my room John was with me. John is always with me when I am happy.

Such a queer little, dear little dream—but it disquiets me. The pack is still on my back; it was only in a dream it fell off. I have thought so much about it that it is getting a heavy pack to carry. I suppose lonely women whose Johns are dead dwell on things more, especially things to do with a little borrowed son who is all there is to love and live for. I suppose I shall never be easy until I get rid of the pack.

I might tell him to-night. I will tell him to-night.

I have told him. I have been in, in the dark. He was not coming to me; I did not meet him in the hall. I had to go all the way. But John came back with me.

My heart beat foolishly fast. It hurt me, trip-hammering against my ribs. "Nathan," I called, softly, at the door. I heard him nestling in his bed. Perhaps he was waiting to have me feel for him in our childish-frolic way. But I began to tell at once. It was odd how my voice sounded! He did not say a word, but lay and listened. I seemed to talk on and on endlessly, though there was so little to say.

Some women have vivid fancies. Something seemed to drop with the tiniest thud when I finished, and it was the pack, I knew! I thought he would cry out something—answer something—but I think now I am glad he didn't. *I* cried out: "Nathan! Nathan!" I put my face down and found his little face in the dark. It was close and warm, and I seemed to feel his arms tighten a little round my neck—arms do not tighten when little sons have "stopped." He did not speak one word, but I am sure—I don't know how I know, but I tell you I know he will not stop loving me! I thought I should be unhappy, and here I am happy! I think I have been singing over this little patch I am setting in.

I stayed quite a while in his little room; then John and I came back. We left him asleep, and of course I can't be quite sure— I am glad I don't *know* he was asleep when I told him. I like it better this way.

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# The Testing of Diana Mallory

## A NOVEL

*BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD*

### CHAPTER XIII

OWING to the scantiness of Sunday trains Markham did not arrive at Beechcote village till between nine and ten at night. He left his bag at the village inn, tried to ignore the scarcely concealed astonishment with which the well known master—or reputed master—of Tallyn was received within its extremely modest walls, and walked up to the manor-house. There he had a short conversation with Mrs. Colwood, who did not propose to tell Diana of his arrival till the morning.

"She does not know that I wrote to you," said the little lady in her pale distress. "She wrote to you herself this evening. I hope I have not done wrong."

Markham reassured her, and they had a melancholy conversation. Diana, it seemed, had insisted on getting up that day as usual. She had tottered across to her sitting-room and had spent the day there alone, writing a few letters, or sitting motionless in her chair for hours together. She had scarcely eaten, and Mrs. Colwood was sure she had not slept at all since the shock. It was to be hoped that out of sheer fatigue she might sleep, on this the second night. But it was essential there should be no fresh excitement, such as the knowledge of Markham's arrival would certainly arouse.

Mrs. Colwood could hardly bring herself to speak of Fanny Merton. She was of course still in the house—sulking—and inclined to blame everybody, her dead uncle in particular, rather than herself. But mercifully she was departing early on the Monday morning—to some friends in London.

"If you come after breakfast you will find Miss Mallory alone. I will tell her first thing that you are here."

Markham assented and got up to take his leave. Involuntarily he looked round the drawing-room where he had first seen Diana the day before. Then it was flooded by spring sunshine—not more radiant than her face. Now a solitary lamp made a faint spot of light amid the shadows of the panelled walls. He and Mrs. Colwood spoke almost in whispers. The old house, generally so winning and sympathetic, seemed to hold itself silent and aloof; as though in this touch of calamity the living were no longer its masters, and the dead generations woke. And upstairs, Diana lay perhaps in her white bed, miserable and alone, not knowing that he was there, within a few yards of her.

Mrs. Colwood noiselessly opened a garden door and so dismissed him. It was moonlight outside, and instead of returning to the inn he took the road up the hill to the crest of the encircling down. Diverging a little to the left, he found himself on the open hillside, at a point commanding the village, and Beechcote itself, ringed by its ancient woods. In the village two dim lights, far apart, were visible; lights, he thought, of sickness or of birth?—for the poor sleep early. One of the Beechcote windows shone with a dim illumination. Was she there, and sleepless? The sky was full of light; the blanched chalk down on which he stood ran northwards in a shining curve, bare in the moon; but in the hollow below, and on the horizon, the dark huddled woods kept watch, guarding the secrets of night. The owls were calling in the trees behind him; some in faint prolonged cry, one in a sharp shrieking note. And at whiles a beetle whirred past; a train rushed upon the ear, held it, and died away; or a breeze crept along the dead beech leaves at his feet. Otherwise not a sound or show of life; Markham was alone with night and himself.

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Twenty-four hours—little more—since on that same hillside he had held Diana in his arms in the first rapture of love. What was it that had changed? How was it—for he was frank with himself—that the love which had been then the top and completion of his life, the angel of all good fortune within and without, had become now, to some extent, a burden to be borne, an obligation to be met?

Certainly, he loved her well.—But she came to him now, bringing as her marriage portion, not easy joy and success, the full years of prosperity and ambition,—but poverty, effort, a certain measure of disgrace, and the perpetual presence of a ghastly and heart-breaking memory. He shrank from this last in a positive and sharp impatience. Why should Juliet Sparling's crime affect him?—depress the vigor and cheerfulness of his life?

As to the effort before him, he felt towards it as a man of weak unpractised muscle who endeavors with straining to raise a physical weight. He would make the effort; but it would tax his whole strength. As he strolled along the down, dismally smoking and pondering, he made himself contemplate the then and now, taking stock as it were of his life. In this truth-compelling darkness, apart from the stimulus of his mother's tyranny, he felt himself to be two men—one in love with Diana; the other in love with success and political ambition, and money as the agent and servant of both. He had never for one moment envisaged the first love—Diana—as the alternative to or substitute for the second love—success. As he had conceived her up to twenty-four hours before, Diana was to be indeed one of the chief elements and ministers of success. In winning her, he was in fact to make the best of both worlds. A certain cool analytic gift that he possessed put all this plainly before him. And now it must be a choice, between Diana—and all those other desirable things.

Take the poverty first. What would it amount to? He knew approximately what was Diana's fortune. He had meant—with easy generosity—to leave it all in her hands, to do what she would with. Now, until his mother came to her senses, they must chiefly depend upon it. What could he add to it? He had been called to the Bar, but had never practised. Directorships, no doubt, he might get, like other men; though not so easily now, if it was to be known that his mother meant to make a pauper of him. And once, a man whom he had met in political life, who was no doubt ignorant of his private circumstances, had sounded him as to whether he would become the London correspondent of a great American paper. He had laughed then good-humoredly at the proposal. Perhaps the thing might still be open. It would mean a few extra hundreds.

He laughed again as he thought of it; but not good-humoredly. The whole thing was so monstrous! His mother had close on twenty thousand a year! For all her Puritanical training she liked luxury—of a certain kind—and had brought up her son in it. Markham had never gambled or speculated or raced. It was part of his democratic creed and his Quaker ancestry to despise such modes of wasting money, and to be scornful of the men who indulged in them. But the best of housing, service, and clothes; the best shooting whether in England or Scotland; the best golfing, fishing, and travelling: all these had come to him year after year since his boyhood, without question. His mother of course had provided the majority of them, for his own small income and his allowance from her were absorbed by his personal expenses, his Parliamentary life, and the subscriptions to the party, which—in addition to his mother's—made him, as he was well aware, a person of importance in its ranks, quite apart from his record in the House.

Now all that must be given up. He would be reduced to an income—including what he imagined to be Diana's—of less than half his personal spending hitherto; and those vast perspectives implied in the inheritance at his mother's death of his father's half million must also be renounced.

No doubt he could just maintain himself in Parliament. But everything—judged by the standards he had been brought up in—would be difficulty, where everything till now had been ease.

He knew his mother too well to doubt her stubbornness; and his feeling was bitter indeed. Bitter too against his father, who had left him in this plight.

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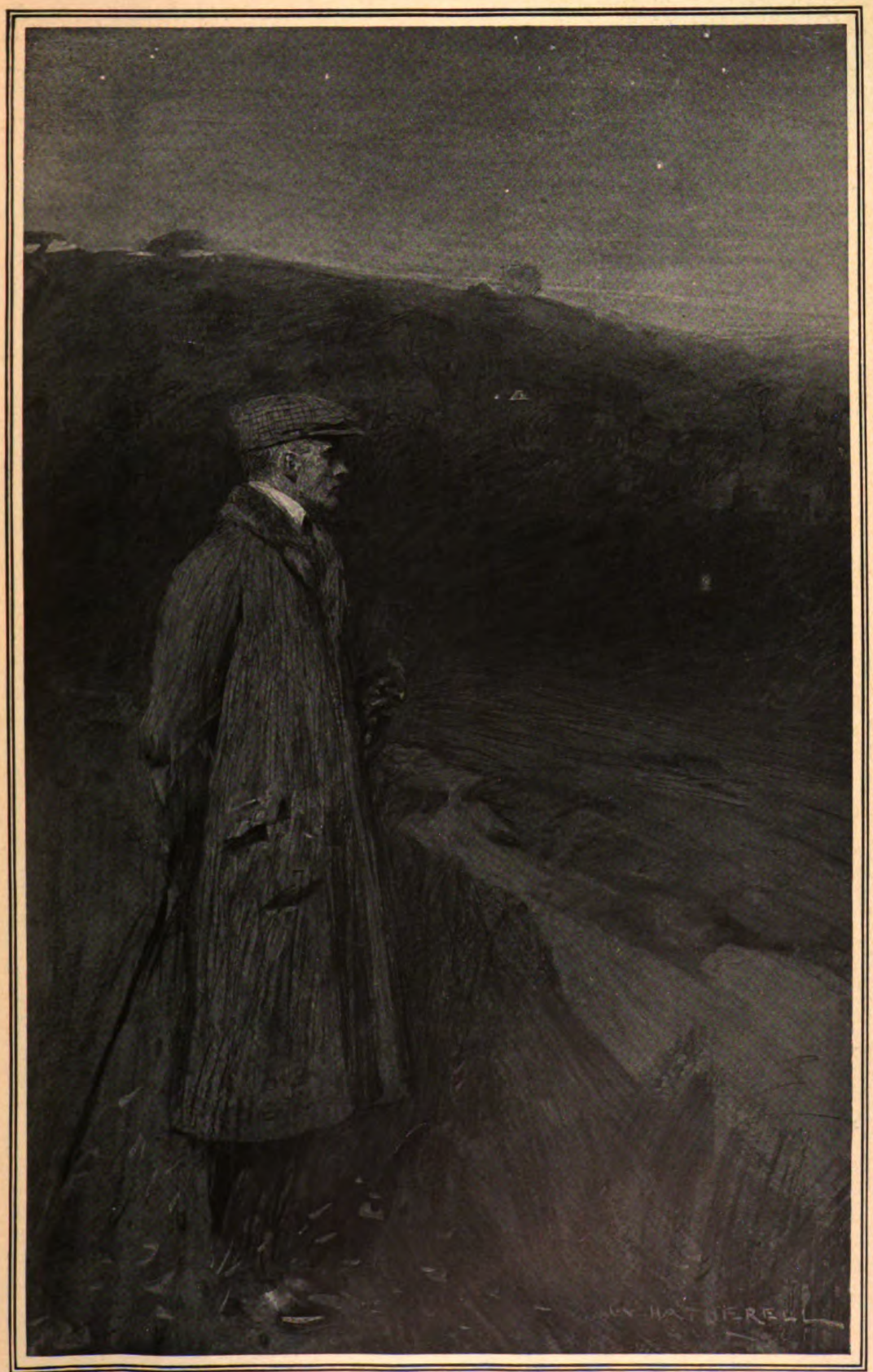

*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

THE DIM LIGHT OF BEECHCOTE INSISTENTLY REMINDING HIM OF DIANA

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Why had his father distrusted and wronged him so? He recalled with discomfort certain collisions of his youth; certain disappointments at school and college he had inflicted on his father's ambition; certain lectures and gibes from that strong mouth, in his early manhood. Absurd! If his father had had to do with a really spendthrift and unsatisfactory son, there might have been some sense in it. But for these trifles—these suspicions—these foolish notions of a doctrinaire—to inflict this stigma, and this yoke on him all his days!

Suddenly his wanderings along the moonlit hill came to a standstill. For he recognized the hollow in the chalk—the gnarled thorn—the wide outlook. He stood gazing about him—a shamed lover; conscious of a dozen contradictory feelings. Beautiful and tender Diana!—"Stick to her, Oliver!—she is worth it!" Chide's eager and peremptory tone smote on the inward ear. Of course he would stick to her. The only thing which it gave him any pleasure to remember in this nightmare of a day, was his own answer to Ferrier's suggestion that Diana might release him—"Do you imagine I could be such a hound as to let her!" As he said it, he had been conscious that the words rang well; that he had struck the right attitude, and done the right thing. Of course he had done the right thing. What would he, or any other decent person, have thought of a man who could draw back from his word, for such a cause?

No!—he resigned himself. He would do nothing mean and ungentlemanly. A policy of waiting and diplomacy should be tried. Ferrier might be of some use. But if nothing availed, he must marry and make the best of it. He wondered to what charitable societies his mother would leave her money!

Slowly he strolled back along the hill. That dim light, high up on the shrouded walls of Beechcote, seemed to go with him, softly, insistently reminding him of Diana. The thought of her moved him deeply. He longed to have her in his arms, to comfort her, to feel her dependent on him for the recovery of joy and vitality. It was only by an obstinate and eager dwelling upon her sweetness and charm that he could protect himself against the rise of an invading wave of repugnance and depression; the same repugnance, the same instinctive longing to escape, which he had always felt, as boy or man, in the presence of sickness, or death, or mourning.

Markham had been long asleep in his queer little room at "The Green Man." The last lights were out in the village, and the moon had set. Diana stole out of bed; Muriel must not hear her, Muriel whose eyes were already so tired and tear-worn with another's grief. She went to the window, and throwing a shawl over her, she knelt there, looking out. She was dimly conscious of stars, of the hill, the woods; what she really *saw* was a prison room as she was able to imagine it, and her mother lying there,—her young mother—only four years older than she, Diana, was now. Or again she saw the court of law,—the judge in the black cap—and her mother looking up. Fanny had said she was small and slight—with dark hair.

The strange frozen horror of it made tears—or sleep—or rest—impossible. She did not think much of Markham; she could hardly remember what she had written to him. Love was only another anguish. Nor could it protect her from the images which pursued her. The only thought which seemed to soothe the torture of imagination was the thought stamped on her brain tissue by the long inheritance of centuries,—the thought of Christ on Calvary. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The words repeated themselves again and again. She did not pray in words. But her agony crept to the foot of what has become, through the action and interaction of two thousand years, the typical and representative agony of the world, and clinging there made wild appeal like the generations before her, to a God in whose hand lie the creatures of His will.

"Mrs. Colwood said I might come and say good-by to you," said Fanny Merton, holding her head high.

She stood on the threshold of Diana's little sitting-room looking in. There was an injured pride in her bearing, balanced by a certain anxiety which seemed to keep it within bounds.



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"Please come in," said Diana.

She rose with difficulty from the table where she was forcing herself to write a letter. Had she followed her own will she would have been up at her usual time and down to breakfast. But she had turned faint while dressing, and Mrs. Colwood had persuaded her to let some tea be brought upstairs.

Fanny came in, half closing the door.

"Well, I'm off," she said, flushing. "I dare say you won't want to see *me* again."

Diana came feebly forward, clinging to the stairs.

"It wasn't your fault. I must have known—some time."

Fanny looked at her uneasily.

"Well, of course that's true. But I dare say I— Well, I'm no good at beating about the bush, never was! And I was in a temper too—that was at the bottom of it."

Diana made no reply. Her eyes, magnified by exhaustion and pallor, seemed to be keeping a pitiful shrinking watch lest she should be hurt again—past bearing. It was like the shrinking of a child that has been tortured, from its tormentor.

"You are going to London?"

"Yes. You remember those Devonshire people I went to stay with? One of the girls is up in London, with her aunt. I'm going to board with them a bit."

"My lawyers will send the thousand pounds to Aunt Merton, when they have arranged for it," said Diana quietly. "Is that what you wish?"

A look of relief she could not conceal slipped into Fanny's countenance.

"You're going to give it us—after all?" she said, stumbling over the words.

"I promised to give it you."

Fanny fidgeted, but even her perceptions told her that further thanks would be out of place.

"Mother 'll write to you of course. And you'd better send fifty pounds of it to me. I can't go home under three months and I shall run short."

"Very well," said Diana.

"Good-by," said Fanny, coming a little nearer. Then she looked round her, with a first genuine impulse of something like remorse,—if the word is not too strong. It was rather perhaps a consciousness of having managed her opportunities extremely badly. "I'm sorry you didn't like me," she said abruptly; "and I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-by." Diana held out her hand; yet trembling involuntarily as she did so. Fanny broke out:

"Diana, why do you look like that! It's all so long ago—you can't do anything—you ought to try and forget it."

"No, I can't do anything," said Diana, withdrawing her right hand from her cousin, and clasping both on her breast. "I can only—"

But the word died on her lips; she turned abruptly away, adding hurriedly in another tone: "If you ever want anything, you know we're always here,—Mrs. Colwood and I. Please give us your address."

"Thanks." Fanny retreated; but could not forbear, as she reached the door, from letting loose the thought which burnt her inner mind. She turned round deliberately. "Mr. Markham 'll cheer you up, Diana!—you'll see.—Of course he'll behave like a gentleman. It won't make a bit of difference to you. I'll just ask Mrs. Colwood to tell me when it's all fixed up."

Diana said nothing. She was hanging over the fire, and her face was hidden. Fanny waited a moment, then opened the door and went.

As soon as the carriage conveying Miss Merton to the station had safely driven off, Mrs. Colwood, who in no conventional sense had been speeding the parting guest, ran upstairs again to Diana's room.

"She's gone?" said Diana, faintly. She was standing by the window. As she spoke the carriage came into view at a bend of the drive, and disappeared into the trees beyond. Mrs. Colwood saw her shiver.

"Did she leave you her address?"

"Yes. Don't think any more about her. I have something to tell you."

Diana's painful start was the measure of her state. Muriel Colwood put her arms tenderly round the slight form.

"Mr. Markham will be here directly. He came last night—too late—I would not let him see you. Ah!" She released Diana—and made a rapid step to the window. "There he is!—coming by the fields."

Diana sat down, as though her limbs trembled under her.

"Did you send for him?"

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"Yes.—You forgive me?"

"Then—he hasn't got my letter."

She said it without looking up, as though to herself.

Mrs. Colwood knelt down beside her.

"It is right he should be here," she said, with energy, almost with command; "it is the right, natural thing."

Diana stooped mechanically and kissed her, then sprang up, quivering, the color rushing into her cheeks.

"Why, he mayn't even know!"—She threw a piteous look at her companion.

"He does know, dear,—he does know."

Diana composed herself. She lifted her hands to a tress of hair that was unfastened, and put it in its place. Instinctively she straightened her belt, her white collar. Mrs. Colwood noticed that she was in black again, in one of the dresses of her mourning.

When Markham turned, at the sound of the latch, to see Diana coming in, all the man's secret calculations and revolts were for the moment scattered and drowned in sheer pity and dismay. In a few short hours, can grief so work on youth? He ran to her; but she held up a hand, which arrested him half way. Then she closed the door, but still stood near it, as though she feared to move, or speak, looking at him with her appealing eyes.

"Oliver!—"

He held out his hands.

"My poor, poor darling!"

She gave a little cry, as though some tension broke. Her lips almost smiled; but she held him away from her.

"You're not—not ashamed of me?"

His protests were the natural, the inevitable protests that any man with red blood in his veins must need have uttered, brought face to face with so much sorrow, and so much beauty. She let him make them, while her left hand gently stroked and caressed his right hand which held hers; yet all the time resolutely turning her face and soft breast away, as though she dreaded to be kissed, to lose will and identity in the mere delight of his touch. And he felt too, in some strange way, as though the blow that had fallen upon her had placed her at a distance from him; not disgraced—but consecrate.

"Will you please sit down, and let us talk?" she said after a moment, withdrawing herself.

She pushed a chair forward, and sat down herself. The tears were in her eyes, but she brushed them away unconsciously.

"If papa had told me!" she said, in a low voice—"if he had only told me—before he died."

"It was out of love," said Markham; "but, yes—it would have been wiser—kinder—to have spoken."

She started.

"Oh no—not that.—But we might have sorrowed—together. And he was always alone—he bore it all alone—even when he was dying."

"But you, dearest, shall not bear it alone!" cried Markham, finding her hand again and kissing it. "My first task shall be to comfort you—to make you forget."

He thought she winced at the word "forget."

"When did you first guess—or know?"

He hesitated,—then thought it best to tell the truth.

"When we were in the lime-walk."

"When you asked—her name? I remember"—her voice broke—"how you wrung my hand! And you never had any suspicion before?"

"Never. And it makes no difference, Diana,—to you and me—none. I want you to understand that now—at once."

She looked at him, smiling tremulously. His words became him; even in her sorrow her eyes delighted in his shrewd thin face; in the fair hair, prematurely touched with gray, and lying heavily on the broad brow; in the intelligence and distinction of his whole aspect.

"You are so good to me," she said, with a little sob. "No—no!—please, dear Oliver!—we have so much to talk of—" and again she prevented him from taking her in his arms. "Tell me"—she laid her hand on his persuasively—"Sir James of course knew from the beginning?"

"Yes—from the beginning—that first night at Tallyn. He is coming down this afternoon, dearest. He knew you would want to see him. But it may not be till late."

"After all—I know so little yet," she said, bewildered. "Only—only what Fanny told me."

"What made her tell you?"

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"She was angry with me,—I forget about what. I did not understand at first what she was saying. Oliver,"—she grasped his hand tightly, while the lids dropped over the eyes, as though she would shut out even his face as she asked her question—"is it true that—that—the death sentence—"

"Yes," said Markham, reluctantly. "But it was at once commuted. And three weeks after the sentence she was released. She lived, Sir James tells me, nearly two months after your father brought her home."

"I wrote last night to the lawyers,"—Diana breathed it almost in a whisper—"I am sure there is a letter for me—I am sure papa wrote."

"Promise me one thing!" said Markham. "If they send you newspapers,—for my sake—don't read them. Sir James will tell you, this afternoon, things the public have never known; facts which would certainly have altered the verdict, if the jury had known. Your poor mother struck the blow, in what was practically an impulse of self-defence; and the evidence which mainly convicted her was perjured evidence, as the liar who gave it confessed years afterwards. Sir James will tell you that. He has the confession."

Her face relaxed,—her mouth trembled violently.

"Oh, Oliver!—Oliver!—" She was unable to bear the relief his words brought her: she broke down under it.

He caught her in his arms at last—and she gave way—she let herself be weak — and woman. Clinging to him, with all the pure passion of a woman, and all the trust of a child, she felt his kisses on her cheek; and her deep sobs shook her, upon his breast. Markham's being was stirred to its depths. He gave her the best he had to give; and in that moment of mortal appeal on her side, and desperate pity on his, their natures met, in that fusion of spirit and desire, wherewith love can bend even tragedy and pain to its own uses.

And yet—and yet!—That very moment, that feeling—on the man's side—"o'erleapt itself, and fell on the other." When they resumed conversation, Markham's tacit expectation was that Diana would now show herself comforted; that, sure of him, and of his affection, she would now be ready to put the tragic past aside; to think first and foremost of her own present life and his, and face the future cheerfully. A misunderstanding arose between them indeed, which is perhaps one of the typical misunderstandings between men and women. The man impatient of painful thoughts and recollections, eager to be quit of them as weakening and unprofitable, determined to silence them by the pleasant clamor of his own ambitions and desires:—the woman, priestess of the past, clinging to all the pieties of memory, in terror lest she forget the dead, feeling it a disloyalty even to draw the dagger from the wound:—between these two figures and dispositions there is a deep and natural antagonism.

It showed itself rapidly in the case of Markham and Diana. For their moment of high feeling was no sooner over, and she sitting quietly again, her hand in his, the blinding tears dashed away,—than Markham's mind flew inevitably to his own great sacrifice. She must be comforted indeed, poor child! yet he could not but feel that he too deserved consolation, and that his own most actual plight was no less worthy of her thoughts than the ghastly details of a tragedy twenty years old.

Yet she seemed to have forgotten Lady Lucy!—to have no inkling of the real situation. And he could find no way in which to break it.

For in little broken sentences of horror and recollection she kept going back to her mother's story,—her father's silence and suffering. It was as though her mind could not disentangle itself from the load which had been flung upon it, could not recover its healthiness of action amid the phantom sights and sounds which beset imagination. Again and again she must ask him for details—and shrink from the answers; must hide her eyes with the little moan that wrung his heart; and break out in ejaculations as though of bewilderment under a revelation so singular and so terrible.

It was to be expected, of course; he could only hope it would soon pass. Secretly, after a time, he was repelled and wearied. He answered her with the same tender words; he tried to be all kindness; but more perfunctorily. The

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oneness of that supreme moment vanished and did not return.

Meanwhile Diana's perceptions, stunned by the one overmastering thought, gave her no warning. And in truth, if Markham could have understood, the process of mental recovery was set going in her by just this freedom of utterance to the man she loved—these words, and looks and tears—that brought ease after the dumb horror of the first hours.

At last he made an effort; hiding the nascent impatience in a caress.

"If I could only persuade you not to dwell upon it too persistently—to put it from your thoughts as soon and as much as you can! Dear!—we shall have our own anxieties!"

She looked up with a sudden start.

"My mother," he said, reluctantly, —"may give us trouble."

The color rushed into Diana's cheeks, and ebbed with equal suddenness.

"Lady Lucy! Oh!—how could I forget? Oliver!—she thinks,—I am not fit!"

And in her eyes he saw for the first time the self-abasement he had dreaded yet perhaps expected to see there before. For in her first question to him there had been no real doubt of him; it had been the natural humility of wounded love, that cries out, expecting the reply that no power on earth could check itself from giving, were the case reversed.

"Dearest! you know my mother's bringing up; her Quaker training, and her rather stern ideas. We shall persuade her—in time."

"In time? And now—she—she forbids it?"

Her voice faltered. And yet, unconsciously, she had drawn herself a little together and away.

Markham began to give a somewhat confused and yet guarded account of his mother's state of mind, endeavoring to prepare her for the letter which might arrive on the morrow. He got up and moved about the room as he spoke, while Diana sat, looking at him, her lips trembling from time to time. Presently he mentioned Ferrier's name, and Diana started.

"Does *he* think it would do you harm? that you ought to give me up?"

"Not he!—And if anybody can make my mother hear reason, it will be Ferrier."

"Lady Lucy believes it would injure you in Parliament?" faltered Diana.

"No, I don't believe she does. No sane person could."

"Then it's because—of the disgrace? Oliver!—perhaps—you ought to give me up?"

She breathed quick. It stabbed him to see the flush in her cheeks contending with the misery in her eyes. She could not pose, or play a part. What she could not hide from him, was just the conflict between her love and her new-born shame. Before that scene on the hill there would have been her girlish dignity also to reckon with. But the greater had swallowed up the less; and from her own love,—in innocent and simple faith,—she imagined his.

So that when she spoke of his giving her up, it was not her pride that spoke; but only and truly her fear of doing him a hurt; by which she meant a hurt in public estimation or repute. The whole business side of the matter was unknown to her. She had never speculated on his circumstances, and she was constitutionally and rather proudly indifferent to questions of money. Vaguely of course she knew that the Markhams were rich, and that Tallyn was Lady Lucy's. Beyond, she had never inquired.

This absence of all self-love in her attitude—together with her complete ignorance of the calculation in which she was involved—touched him sharply. It kept him silent about the money; it seemed impossible to speak of it. And yet all the time the thought of it clamored—perhaps increasingly—in his own mind.

He told her that they must stand firm, —that she must be patient—that Ferrier would work for them—and Lady Lucy would come round. And she, loving him more and more with every word, seeing in him a god of consolation and of chivalry, trusted him wholly. It was characteristic of her that she did not attempt heroics for the heroic's sake; there was no idea of renouncing him with a flourish of trumpets. He said he loved her; and she believed him. But her heart went on its knees to him in a gratitude that doubled love; even in the midst of her aching bewilderment and pain.

He made her come out with him before luncheon; he talked with her of politics

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and their future; he did his best to scatter the nightmare in which she moved.

But after a while he felt his efforts fail. The scenes that held her mind betrayed themselves in her recurrent pallor, the trembling of her hand in his, her piteous, sudden looks. She did not talk of her mother; but he could not presently rouse her to talk of anything else; she sat silent in her chair, gazing before her, her slender hands on her knee, dreaming and forlorn.

Then he remembered, and with involuntary relief, that he must get back to town, and to the House, for an important division. He told her, and she made no protest. Evidently she was already absorbed in the thought of Sir James Chide's visit. But when the time came for him to go, she let herself be kissed, and then, as he was moving away, she caught his hand, and held it wildly to her lips.

"Oh, if you hadn't come!—if you hadn't come!" Her tears fell on the hand.

"But I did come!" he said, caressing her. "I was here last night,—did Mrs. Colwood tell you? Afterwards—in the dark—I walked up to the hill, only to look down upon this house, that held you."

"If I had known," she murmured, on his breast, "I should have slept."

He went—in exaltation; overwhelmed by her charm even in this eclipse of grief, and by the perception of her passion.

But before he was half way to London, he felt that he had been rather foolish and Quixotic in not having told her simply and practically what his mother's opposition meant. She must learn it some day; better from him than others. His mother indeed might tell her in the letter she had threatened to write. But he thought not. Nobody was more loftily secret as to business affairs than Lady Lucy; money might not have existed, for the rare mention she made of it. No; she would base her opposition on other grounds.

These reflections brought him back to earth, and to the gloomy pondering of the situation. Half a million!—because of the ill doing of a poor neurotic woman—twenty years ago!

It filled him with a curious resentment against Juliet Sparling herself; which left him still more out of sympathy with Diana's horror and grief. It must really be understood, when they married, that Mrs. Sparling's name was never mentioned between them; that the whole grimy business was buried out of sight forever.

And with a great and morbid impatience he shook the recollection from him. The bustle of Whitehall as he drove down it was like wine in his veins; the crowd and the gossip of the Central Lobby, as he pressed his way through to the door of the House of Commons, had never been so full of stimulus or savor. In this agreeable, exciting world he knew his place; the relief was enormous; and, for a time, Markham was himself again.

Sir James Chide came in the late afternoon; and in her two hours with him, Diana learned, from lips that spared her all they could, the heart-breaking story of which Fanny had given her but the crudest outlines.

The full story, and its telling, taxed the courage both of hearer and speaker. Diana bore it, as it seemed to Sir James, with the piteous simplicity of one in whose nature grief had no pretences to overcome. The iron entered into her soul; and her quick imagination made her torment. But her father had taught her lessons of self-conquest; and in this first testing of her youth she did not fail. Sir James was astonished at the quiet she was able to maintain; and touched to the heart by the suffering she could not conceal.

Nothing was said of his own relation to her mother's case, but he saw that she understood it; and their hearts moved together. When he rose to take his leave, she held his hand in hers, with such a look in her eyes as a daughter might have worn; and he, with an emotion to which he gave little outward expression, vowed to himself that henceforward she should lack no fatherly help or counsel that he could give her.

He gathered—with relief—that the engagement persisted; and the perception led him to praise Markham in a warm Irish way. But he could not find anything hopeful to say of Lady Lucy. "If you only hold to each other, my dear young lady—things will come right!" Diana flushed and shrank a little; and he felt—helplessly—that the battle was for their fighting, and not his.

Meanwhile, as he had seen Mr. Riley, he did his best to prepare her for the

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letters and enclosures which had been for twenty years in the custody of the firm, and would reach her on the morrow.

But what he did not prepare her for was the letter from Lady Lucy Markham which reached Beechcote by the evening post after Sir James had left.

The letter lay a while on Diana's knee unopened. Muriel Colwood, glancing at her, went away with tears in her eyes; and at last the stumbling fingers broke the seal:—

"My dear Miss Mallory,—I want you to understand why it is that I must oppose your marriage with my son. You know well, I think, how gladly I should have welcomed you as a daughter, but for this terrible revelation. As it is, I cannot consent to the engagement, and if it is carried out Oliver must renounce the inheritance of his father's fortune.—I do not say this as any vulgar threat. It is simply that I cannot allow my husband's wealth to be used in furthering what he would never have permitted. He had—and so have I—the strongest feeling as to the sacredness of the family and its traditions. He held, as I do, that it ought to be founded in mutual respect and honor; and that children should have round about them the help that comes from the memory of unstained and God-fearing ancestors. Do you not also feel this? Is it not a great principle, to which personal happiness and gratification may justly be sacrificed? And would not such a sacrifice bring with it the highest happiness of all?

"Do not think that I am cruel or hard-hearted. I grieve for you with all my soul, and I have prayed for you earnestly, though perhaps you will consider this mere hypocrisy. But I must first think of my son—and of my husband. Very possibly you and Oliver may disregard what I say. But, if so, I warn you that Oliver is not indifferent to money; simply because the full development of his career depends on it. He will regret what he has done; and your mutual happiness will be endangered. Moreover, he shrinks from all painful thoughts and associations; he seems to have no power to bear them; yet how can you protect him from them?

"I beg you to be counselled in time—to think of him rather than yourself—if indeed you care for him. And should you decide rightly, an old woman's love and gratitude will be yours as long as she lives.

"Believe me, dear Miss Mallory, very sincerely yours, Lucy Markham."

Diana dragged herself upstairs and locked her door. At ten o'clock Mrs. Colwood knocked, and heard a low voice asking to be left alone. She went away wondering in her astonishment and terror what new blow had fallen. No sound reached her during the night; except the bluster of a north wind, rushing in great gusts upon the hillside and the woods.

## CHAPTER XIV

LATE on Monday afternoon, Lady Niton paid a call in Eaton Square. She and Lady Lucy were very old friends, and rarely passed a week when they were both in town without seeing each other.

Mr. Ferrier lunched with her, on Monday, and casually remarked that Lady Lucy was not as well as usual. Lady Niton replied that she would look her up that afternoon; and she added: "And what about that procrastinating fellow Oliver? Is he engaged yet?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Mr. Ferrier, after a pause.

"Then he ought to be! What on earth is he shilly-shallying for? In my days, young men had proper blood in their veins."

Ferrier did not pursue the subject, and Lady Niton at once jumped to the conclusion that something had happened. By five o'clock she was in Eaton Square.

Only Alicia Drake was in the drawing-room when she was announced.

"I hear Lucy's seedy," said the old lady, abruptly, after vouchsafing a couple of fingers to Miss Drake; "I suppose she's been starving herself as usual?"

Oliver's mother enjoyed an appetite as fastidious as her judgments on men and morals, and Lady Niton had a running quarrel with her on the subject.

Alicia replied that it had been indeed unusually difficult of late to persuade Lady Lucy to eat.

"The less you eat, the less you may eat," said Lady Niton, with vigor. "The

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stomach contracts unless you give it something to do. That's what's the matter with Lucy, my dear; though of course I never dare name the organ. But I suppose she's been worrying herself about something?"

"I am afraid she has."

"Is Oliver engaged?" asked Lady Niton, suddenly, observing the young lady.

Alicia replied demurely that that question had perhaps better be addressed to Lady Lucy.

"What's the matter? Can't the young people make up their minds? Do they want Lucy to make them up for them?"

Alicia looked at her companion, a little under her brows, and did not reply. Lady Niton was so piqued by the girl's expression that she immediately threw herself on the mystery she divined; tearing and scratching at it, like a dog in a rabbit hole. And very soon she had dragged it to the light. Miss Drake merely remarked that it was very sad, but it appeared that Miss Mallory was not really a Mallory at all, but the daughter of a certain Mrs. Sparling—Juliet Sparling—who—

"Juliet Sparling!" cried Lady Niton, her queer small eyes starting in their sockets. "My dear, you must be mad!"

Alicia smiled, though gravely. She was afraid Lady Niton would find that what she said was true.

A cross-examination followed, after which Lady Niton sat speechless for a while. She took a fan out of her large reticule and fanned herself, a proceeding by which she often protested against the temperature at which Lady Lucy kept her drawing-room. She then asked for a window to be opened; and when she had been sufficiently oxygenated, she delivered herself:

"Well, and why not? We really didn't have the picking and choosing of our mothers—or fathers,—though Lucy always behaves as though we had,—to the fourth generation. Besides, I always took the side of that poor creature, and Lucy believed the worst—as usual. Well, and so she's going to make Oliver back out of it?"

At this point the door opened, and Lady Lucy glided in, clad in a frail majesty which would have overawed any one but Elizabeth Niton. Alicia discreetly disappeared, and Lady Niton after an inquiry as to her friend's health, delivered as it were at the point of the bayonet, and followed by a flying remark on the absurdity of treating your body as if it was only given you to be harried, plunged headlong into the great topic.—What an amazing business! Now at last one would see what Oliver was made of!

Lady Lucy summoned all her dignity, expounded her view, and entirely declined to be laughed or rated out of it. For Elizabeth Niton, her wig much awry, her old eyes and cheeks blazing, took up the cause of Diana with alternate sarcasm and eloquence. As for the social disrepute—stuff!—All that was wanting to such a beautiful creature as Diana Mallory, was a story and a scandal. Positively she would be the rage; and Oliver's fortune was made.

Lady Lucy sat in pale endurance, throwing in an occasional protest—not budging by one inch; and no doubt reminding herself from time to time, in the intervals of her old friend's attacks, of the letter she had just despatched to Beechcote. Until, at last, Lady Niton having worked herself into a fine frenzy to no purpose at all, thought it was time to depart.

"Well,—my dear!" she said, leaning on her stick, the queerest rag-bag of a figure,—crooked wig, rusty black dress, and an unspeakable bonnet,—"you are a saint, of course, and I am a quarrelsome old sinner; I like society, and you, I believe, regard it as a grove of barren fig-trees. I don't care a rap for my neighbor, if he doesn't amuse me, and you live in a puddle of good works. But, upon my word, I wouldn't be you when it comes to the sheep and the goats business! Here is a young girl, sweet and good and beautifully brought up—money, and manners, and everything handsome about her,—she is in love with Oliver, and he with her—and just because you happen to find out that she is the daughter of a poor creature who made a tragic mess of her life, and suffered for it infinitely more than you and I are ever likely to suffer for our intolerably respectable peccadilloes—you will break her heart, and his,—if he's the good luck to have one!—and there you sit, looking like a suffering angel, and expecting all your old friends, I suppose, to pity and ad-

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mire you. Well, I won't, Lucy!—I won't! That's flat. There's my hand. Good-by!"

Lady Lucy took it patiently; though from no other person in the world save Elizabeth Niton would she have so taken it.

"I thought, Elizabeth, you would have tried to understand me."

Elizabeth Niton shook her head.

"There's only your Maker could do that, Lucy. And He must be pretty puzzled to account for you sometimes. Good-by. I thought Alicia looked uncommonly cheerful!"

This last remark was delivered as a parting shot as Lady Niton hobbled to the door. She could not, however, resist pausing to see its effect. Lady Lucy turned indignantly.

"I don't know what you mean by that remark. Alicia has behaved with great kindness and tact!"

"I dare say!—We're all darlings, when we get our way.—What does Ferrier say?"

Lady Lucy hesitated.

"If my old friends cannot see it as I do,—if they blame me,—I am very sorry. But it is my responsibility."

"A precious good thing, my dear, for everybody else!—But as far as I can make out, they *are* engaged?"

"Nothing is settled," said Lady Lucy, hastily,—"and I need not say, Elizabeth, that if you have any affection for us—or any consideration for Miss Mallory—you will not breathe a word of this most sad business to anybody."

"Well, for Oliver's sake, if he doesn't intend to behave like a man, I do certainly hope it may be kept dark!" cried Lady Niton. "For if he does desert her, under such circumstances, I suppose you know that a great many people will be inclined to cut him? I shall hold my tongue. But of course it will come out."

With which final shaft she departed, leaving Lady Lucy a little uneasy. She mentioned Elizabeth Niton's "foolish remark" to Mrs. Fotheringham in the course of the evening. Isabel Fotheringham laughed it to scorn.

"You may be quite sure there will be plenty of ill-natured talk either way,—whether Oliver gives her up or doesn't. The real thing to bear in mind is that if Oliver yields to your wishes, mamma,—as you certainly deserve that he should, after all you have done for him,—he will be delivered from an ignorant and reactionary wife, who might have spoiled his career. I like to call a spade a spade. Oliver belongs to his *party;* and his party have a right to count upon him. He has no right to jeopardize either his opinions or his money; *we* have a claim on both."

Lady Lucy gave an unconscious sigh. She was glad of any arguments, from anybody, that offered her support. But it did occur to her that if Diana Mallory had not shown a weakness for the soldiers of her country, and if her heart had been right on women's suffrage, Isabel would have judged her case differently; so that her approval was not worth all it might have been.

Meanwhile in the House of Commons, Isabel Fotheringham's argument was being put in other forms.

On the Tuesday morning, Markham went down to the House, for a Committee; in a curious mood, half love, half martyrdom. The thought of Diana was very sweet; it warmed and thrilled his heart; but somehow with every hour he realized more fully what a magnificent thing he was doing, and how serious was his position.

In a few hurried words with Ferrier before the meeting of the House, Markham gave the result of his visit to Beechcote. Diana had been of course very much shaken, but was bearing the thing bravely. They were engaged, but nothing was to be said in public for at least six months, so as to give Lady Lucy time to reconsider.

"Though of course I know, as far as that is concerned!—we might as well be married to-morrow and have done with it."

"Ah!—but it is due to her—to your mother—"

"I suppose it is. But the whole situation is grotesque. I must look out for some way of making money. Any suggestions thankfully received!"

Markham spoke with an irritable flippancy. Ferrier's gray eyes, set and almost lost in spreading cheeks, dwelt upon him thoughtfully.

"All right; I will think of some. You explained the position to Miss Mallory?"

"No," said Markham, shortly. "How could I?"



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The alternatives flew through Ferrier's mind — "Cowardice? — or delicacy?" Aloud, he said: "I am afraid she will not be long in ignorance. It will be a big fight for her too."

Markham shrugged his thin shoulders. "Of course. And all for nothing. Hullo, Fleming!—do you want me?"

For the Liberal Chief Whip had paused beside them where they stood, in a corner of the smoking-room, as though wishing to speak to one or other of them, yet not liking to break up their conversation.

"Don't let me interrupt," he said to Markham. "But can I have a word presently?"

"Now, if you like."

"Come to the Terrace," said the other, and they went out into the gray of a March afternoon. There they walked up and down for some time, engaged in an extremely confidential conversation. Signs of a general election were beginning to be strong and numerous. The Tory Government was weakening visibly; and the Liberals felt themselves in sight of an autumn if not a summer dissolution. But—funds!—there was the rub. The party coffers were poorly supplied, and unless they could be largely replenished, and at once, the prospects of the election were not rosy.

Markham had hitherto counted as one of the men on whom the party could rely. It was known that his own personal resources were not great; but he commanded his mother's ample purse. Lady Lucy had always shown herself both loyal and generous; and at her death, it was of course assumed that he would be her heir. Lady Lucy's cheque, in fact, sent through her son, to the leading party club, had been of considerable importance in the election five years before this date, in which Markham himself had been returned; the Chief Whip wanted to assure himself that in case of need it would be repeated.

But for the first time in a conversation of this kind, Markham's reply was halting and uncertain. He would do his best; but he could not pledge himself. When the Chief Whip, disappointed and astonished, broke up their conference, Markham walked into the House after him, in the morbid belief that a large part of his influence and prestige with his party was already gone. Let those fellows, he thought, who imagine that the popular party can be run without money, inform themselves, and not talk like asses!

In the afternoon, during an exciting debate, on a subject Markham had made to some extent his own, and in which he was expected to speak, two letters were brought to him. One was from Diana. He put it into his pocket, feeling an instinctive recoil—with his speech in sight—from the emotion it must needs express and arouse. The other was from the chairman of a Committee in Dunscombe, the chief town of his division. The town was so far without any proper hall for public meetings. It was proposed to build a new Liberal Club with a hall attached. The leading local supporter of the scheme wrote—with apologies—to ask Markham what he was prepared to subscribe. It was early days to make the inquiry, but—in confidence—he might state that he was afraid local support for the scheme would mean more talk than money. Markham pondered the letter gloomily. A week earlier he would have gone to his mother for a thousand pounds, without any doubt of her reply.

It was just towards the close of the dinner hour that Markham caught the Speaker's eye. Perhaps the special effort that had been necessary to recall his thoughts to the point had given his nerves a stimulus. At any rate he spoke unusually well, and sat down amid the cheers of his party, conscious that he had advanced his Parliamentary career. A good many congratulations reached him during the evening; he "drank delight of battle with his peers," for the division went well, and when he left the House at one o'clock in the morning, it was in a mood of tingling exhilaration, and with a sense of heightened powers.

It was not till he reached his own room, in his mother's hushed and darkened house, that he opened Diana's letter.

The mere sight of it as he drew it out of his pocket jarred upon him strangely. It recalled to him the fears and discomforts, the sense of sudden misfortune, and of ugly associations, which had been for a time obliterated in the stress and interest of politics. He opened it almost reluctantly, wondering at himself.

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"My dear Oliver,—This letter from your mother reached me last night. I don't know what to say—though I have thought for many hours. I ought not to do you this great injury—that seems plain to me. Yet then I think of all you said to me,—and I feel you must decide. You must do what is best for your future and your career,—and I shall never blame you *whatever* you think right. I wish I had known, or realized, the whole truth about your mother when you were still here. It was my stupidity.

"I have no claim — none — against what is best for you. Just two words, Oliver! — and I think they *ought* to be 'Good-by.'

"Sir James Chide came after you left, —and was most dear and kind. To-day I have my father's letter,—and one from my mother—that she wrote for me—twenty years ago. I mustn't write any more. My eyes are so tired.

Your grateful Diana."

He laid down the blurred note, and turned to the enclosure. Then he read his mother's letter. And he had imagined, in his folly, that his mother's refinement would at least make use of some other weapon than money! Why, it was *all* money!—a blunderbuss of the crudest kind, held at Diana's head in the crudest way. This is how the saints behave—the people of delicacy—when it comes to a pinch. He saw his mother stripped of all her pretensions, her spiritual airs, and for the first time in his life—his life of unwilling subordination—he dared to despise her.

But neither contempt nor indignation helped him much. How was he to answer Diana? He paced up and down for an hour considering it, then sat down and wrote.

His letter ran as follows:

"Dearest Diana,—I asked you to be my wife, and I stand by my word. I did not like to say too much about my mother's state of mind when we were together yesterday; but I am afraid it is very true that she will withdraw her present allowance to me, and deprive me of the money which my father left. Most unjustly, as it has always seemed to me,—she has complete control over it. Never mind. I must see what can be done. No doubt my political career will be for a time much affected. We must hope it will only be for a time.

"Ferrier and Sir James believe that my mother cannot maintain her present attitude. But I do not, alack! share their belief. I realize, as no one can who does not live in the same house with her, the strength and obstinacy of her will. She will, I suppose, leave my father's half million to some of the charitable societies in which she believes, and we must try and behave as though it had never existed. I don't regret it for myself. But of course there are many public causes one would have liked to help.

"If I can, I will come down to Beechcote on Saturday again. Meanwhile do let me urge you to take care of your health and not to dwell too much on a past that nothing can alter. I understand of course how it must affect you; but I am sure it will be best—best indeed for us both—that you should now put it as much as possible out of your mind. It may not be possible to hide the sad truth. I fear it will not be. But I am sure that the less said—or even thought—about it, the better. You won't think me unkind,—will you?

"You will see a report of my speech in the debate to-morrow. It certainly made an impression, and I must manage, if I can, to stick to Parliament. But we will consult when we meet.

Your most loving Oliver."

As he wrote it, Markham had been uncomfortably conscious of another self beside him,—mocking, or critical.

"I don't regret for myself."—Pshaw! What was there to choose between him and his mother? There on his writing-table lay a number of recent bills, and some correspondence as to a Scotch moor he had persuaded his mother to take for the coming season. There was now to be an end, he supposed, to the expenditure which the bills represented; and an end to expensive moors. "I don't regret it for myself." Damned humbug! When did any man, brought up in wealth, make the cold descent to poverty and self-denial without caring? Yet he let the sentence stand. He was too sleepy, too inert to rewrite it.

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And how cold were all his references to the catastrophe! He groaned as he thought of Diana,—as though he actually saw the vulture gnawing at the tender breast. Had she slept?—had the tears stopped? Let him tear up the beastly thing, and begin again!

No.—His head fell forward on his arm. Some dull weight of character—of disillusion—interposed. He could do no better. He shut, stamped, and posted what he had written.

At midday, in her Brookshire village, Diana received the letter,—with another from London, in a handwriting she did not know.

When she had read Markham's, it dropped from her hand. The color flooded her cheeks; as though the heart leaped beneath a fresh blow, which it could not realize or measure. Was it so she would have written to Oliver?—if—

She was sitting at her writing-table in the drawing-room. Her eyes wandered through the mullioned window beside her to the hillside and the woods. This was Wednesday. Four days since, among those trees, Oliver had spoken to her. During those four days it seemed to her that, in the old Hebrew phrase, she had gone down into the pit. All the nameless dreads and terrors of her youth, all the intensified fears of the past few weeks, had in a few minutes become real and verified; only in a shape infinitely more terrible than any fear among them all had ever dared to prophesy. The story of her mother—the more she knew of it, the more she realized it, the more sharply it bit into the tissues of life; the more it seemed to set Juliet Sparling and Juliet Sparling's child alone by themselves,—in a dark world. Diana had never yet had the courage to venture out of doors since the news came to her; she feared to see even her old friends the Roughsedges, and had been invisible to them since the Saturday; she feared even the faces of the village children.

All through, she seemed to have been clinging to Markham's supporting hand, as to the clue which might—when nature had had its way—lead her back out of this labyrinth of pain. But surely he would let her sorrow a while!—would sorrow with her. Under the strange coldness and brevity of his letter she felt like the children in the market place of old—"We have mourned unto you, and ye have not wept."

Yet if her story was not to be a source of sorrow—of divine pity,—it could only be a source of disgrace and shame. Tears might wash it out! But to hate and resent it,—so it seemed to her—must be—in a world where every detail of such a thing was or would be known,—to go through life branded and crushed by it. If the man who was to be her husband could only face it thus: by a stern ostracism of the dead; by silencing all mention of them between himself and her: her cheeks could never cease to burn,—her heart to shrink.

Now at last she felt herself weighed indeed to the earth; because Markham in that measured letter had made her realize the load on him.

All that huge wealth, he was to give up for her? His mother had actually the power to strip him of his inheritance?—and would certainly exercise it, to punish him for marrying her—Diana?

Humiliation came upon her like a flood; and a bitter insight followed. Between the lines of the letter she read the reluctance, the regrets of the man who had written it. She saw that he would be faithful to her, if he could; but that, in her own concentration of love, she had accepted what Oliver had not in truth the strength to give her. The Markham she loved had suddenly disappeared; and in his place was a Markham whom she might—at a personal cost he would never forget, and might never forgive,—persuade or compel to marry her.

She sprang up. For the first time since the blow had fallen vigor had returned to her movements and life to her eyes.

"Ah, no!" she said to herself, panting a little. "*No!*"—

A letter fell to the ground—the letter in the unknown handwriting. Some premonition made her open it, and prepared her for the signature.

"My dear Miss Mallory,—I heard of the sad discovery which had taken place, from my cousin, Miss Drake, on Sunday morning, and came up at once from the country to be with my mother; for I know well with what sympathy

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*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

SHE SPREAD OUT BEFORE HER THE FRAGILE AND TIME-STAINED PAPER

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she had been following Oliver's wishes and desires. It is a very painful business. I do most truly regret the perplexing situation in which you find yourself, and I am sure you will not resent it if, as Oliver's sister, I write you my views on the matter.

"I am afraid it is useless to expect that my mother should give way. And then, the question is,—what is the right course for you and Oliver to pursue? I understand that he proposed to you, and you accepted him, in ignorance of the melancholy truth. And, like a man of honor, he proposes to stand by his engagement,—unless of course you release him.

"Now, if I were in your place, I should expect to consider such a matter not as affecting myself only—but in its relation to society—and the community. Our first duty is to society. We owe it everything, and we must not act selfishly towards it. Consider Oliver's position. He has his foot on the political ladder. Every session his influence in Parliament increases. His speech to-night was—as I hear from a man who has just come from the debate—the most brilliant he has yet made. It is extremely likely that when our party comes in again, he will have office, and in ten or fifteen years' time, what is there to prevent his being even Prime Minister?—with all the mighty influence over millions of human beings which that means?

"But to give him every chance in his career, money is unfortunately indispensable. Every English Prime Minister has been a rich man. It may be a blot on our English life. I think it is. But then I have been all my life on the side of the poor. You who are a Tory and an Imperialist, who sympathize with militarism and with war, will agree that it is important our politicians should be among the 'Haves,' that a man's possessions *do* matter to his party and his cause.

"They matter especially—at the present moment—to *our* party and *our* cause. We are the poor party, and our rich men are few and far between.

"You may say that you would help him, and that your own money would be at his disposal. But could a man live upon his wife, in such circumstances, with any self-respect? Of course I know that you are very young, and I trust that your views on many subjects, social and political, will change, and change materially, before long. It is a serious thing for women nowadays to throw themselves across the path of progress. At the same time I see that you have a strong,—if I may say so,—a vehement character. It may not be easy for you to throw off at once what I understand has been your father's influence. And meanwhile Oliver would be fighting all your father's and your ideas—largely on your money; for he has only a thousand a year of his own.

"Please let me assure you that I am not influenced by my mother's views. She attaches importance—an exaggerated—if she were not my mother, I should say an absurd—importance, to the family. Whereas, ideas—the great possibilities of the future—when free men and women shall lead a free and noble life—these are what influence *me*—these are what I live for.

"It will cause you both pain to separate. I know that. But summon a rational will to your aid; and you will soon see that passion is a poor thing compared to impersonal and unselfish aims. The cause of women—their political and social enfranchisement—the freeing of men from the curse of militarism—of both men and women from the patriotic lies which make us bullies and cowards—it is to these I would invite you—when you have overcome a mere personal grief.

"I fear I shall seem to you a voice crying in the wilderness; but I write in Oliver's interest—and your own.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL FOTHERINGHAM.

"P.S.—Our secretary, Mrs. Derrick Smith, at the Mary Wollstonecraft Club, will always be glad to send you any literature you might require."

Diana read to the end. She put it down with something like a smile. As she paced the room, her head thrown back, her hands behind her, the weight had been lifted from her; she breathed from a freer breast.

Very soon she went back to her desk, and began to write:

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"My dear Oliver,—I did not realize how things were when you came yesterday. Now I see. You must not marry me. I could not bear to bring poverty upon you—and—to-day—I do not feel that I have the strength to meet your mother's and your sister's opposition.

"Will you please tell Lady Lucy and Mrs. Fotheringham that I have received their letters? It will not be necessary to answer them. You will tell them that I have broken off the engagement.

"You were very good to me yesterday. —I thank you with all my heart. But it is not in my power—yet—to forget it all. My mother was so young—and it seems but the other day.

"I would not injure your career for the world. I hope that all good will come to you—always.

"Probably Mrs. Colwood and I shall go abroad for a little while. I want to be alone—and it will be easiest so. Indeed if possible we shall leave London to-morrow night. Good-by. Diana."

She rose, and stood looking down upon the letter. A thought struck her. Would he take the sentence giving the probable time of her departure as an invitation to him to come and meet her at the station?—as showing a hope that he might yet persist—and prevail?

She stooped impetuously to rewrite the letter. Instead, her tears fell on it. Sobbing, she put it up—she pressed it to her lips. If he did come—might they not press hands?—look into each other's eyes? —just once, once more?

An hour later the home was in a bustle of packing and housekeeping arrangements. Muriel Colwood, with a small set face and lips, and eyes that would this time have scorned to cry, was writing notes and giving directions. Meanwhile Diana had written to Mrs. Roughsedge, and instead of answering the letter, the recipient appeared in person, breathless with the haste she had made, the gray curls displaced.

Diana told her story, her slender fingers quivering in the large motherly hand whose grasp soothed her, her eyes avoiding the tender dismay and pity writ large on the old face beside her; and at the end she said with an effort:

"Perhaps you have all expected me to be engaged to Mr. Markham. He did propose to me—but—I have refused him."

She faltered a little as she told her first falsehood, but she told it.

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Roughsedge, "he can't—he won't—accept that! If he ever cared for you—he will care for you tenfold more now!"

"It was I," said Diana, hurriedly,— "I have done it. And, please, I would rather it were now all forgotten. Nobody else need know, need they, that he proposed?"

She stroked her friend's hand piteously. Mrs. Roughsedge, foreseeing the storm of gossip that would be sweeping in a day or two through the village and the neighborhood, could not command herself to speak. Her questions—her indignation—choked her. At the end of the conversation, when Diana had described such plans as she had, and the elder lady rose to go, she said, falteringly,

"May Hugh come and say good-by?"

Diana shrank a moment, and then assented. Mrs. Roughsedge folded the girl to her heart, and fairly broke down. Diana comforted her; but it seemed as if her own tears were now dry. When they were parting, she called her friend back a moment.

"I think," she said, steadily, "it would be best now that everybody here should know what my name was,—and who I am. Will you tell the Vicar, and anybody else you think of? I shall come back to live here.—I know everybody will be kind—" Her voice died away.

The March sun had set and the lamps were lit, when Hugh Roughsedge entered the drawing-room where Diana sat writing letters, paying bills, absorbing herself in all the details of departure. The meeting between them was short. Diana was embarrassed,—above all by the tumult of suppressed feeling she divined in Roughsedge. For the first time, she must perforce recognize what hitherto she had preferred not to see; what now she was determined not to know. The young soldier, on his side, was stifled by his own emotions—wrath—contempt—pity; and by a maddening desire to wrap this pale stricken creature in his arms, and to protect her from an abominable world. But something told him—to his despair—that

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she had been in Markham's arms; had given her heart irrevocably; and that Markham's wife or no, all was done and over for him, Hugh Roughsedge.

Yet surely in time—in time! That was the inner clamor of the mind, as he bid her good-by, after twenty minutes' disjointed talk, in which, finally, neither dared to go beyond commonplace. Only at the last, as he held her hand, he asked her,

"I may write to you from Nigeria?"

Rather shyly, she assented; adding with a smile,

"But I am a bad letter-writer!"

"You are an angel!" he said, hoarsely, lifted her hand, kissed it, and rushed away.

She was shaken by the scene, and had hardly composed herself again to a weary grappling with business, when the front-door bell rang once more, and the butler appeared.

"Mr. Lavery wishes to know, miss, if you will see him."

The Vicar! Diana's heart sank. Must she? But some deep instinct—some yearning—interfered; and she bade him be admitted.

Then she stood waiting, dreading some onslaught on the secrets of her mind and heart; some presumption in the name of religion.

The tall form entered, in the close buttoned coat, the gaunt oblong of the face poked forward, between the large protruding ears, the spectacled eyes blinking.

"May I come in? I will only keep you a few minutes."

She came forward and gave him her hand. The door shut behind him.

"Won't you sit down?"

"I think not. You must be very busy. I only came to say a few words. Miss Mallory!—"

He still held her hand. Diana trembled, and looked up.

"I am afraid I have been in your case but a bad pastor. You have thought me harsh and prejudiced. Will you forgive me? Mrs. Roughsedge has told me what you wished her to tell me.—Before you go, will you still let me give you Christ's message?"

The tears rushed back to Diana's eyes; she looked at him silently.

"Blessed are they that mourn!" he said, gently, with a tender dignity, "for they shall be comforted!"

Their eyes met. From the man's face and manner everything had dropped but the passion of Christian charity, mingled with a touch of remorse; as though in what had been revealed to him, the servant had realized some mysterious rebuke of his Lord.

"Remember that!" he went on.—"Your mourning is your blessing. God's love will come to you through it,—and the sense of fellowship with Christ. Don't cast it from you,—don't put it away."

"I know," she said, brokenly. "It is agony—but it is sacred."

His eyes grew dim. She withdrew her hand, and they talked a little about her journey.

"But you will come back," he said to her presently, with earnestness; "your friends here will think it an honor and a privilege to welcome you."

"Oh yes—I shall come back. Unless—I have some friends in London—East London. Perhaps I might work there."

He shook his head.

"No—you are not strong enough. Come back here. There is God's work to be done in this village, Miss Mallory. Come and put your hand to it. But not yet—not yet."

Then her weariness told him that he had said enough; and he went.

Late that night, Diana tore herself from Muriel Colwood, went alone to her room, and locked her door. Then she drew back the curtains, and gazed once more on the same line of hills she had seen rise out of the wintry mists on Christmas morning. The moon was still behind the down, and a few stars showed among the clouds.

She turned away, unlocked a drawer, and falling upon her knees by the bed, she spread out before her the fragile and time-stained paper that held her mother's last words to her:

"My little Diana—my precious child. It may be—it will be—years before this reaches you. I have made your father promise to let you grow up without any knowledge or reminder of me. It was difficult, but at last—he promised. Yet there must come a time when it will hurt

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you to think of your mother.—When it does—listen, my darling. Your father knows that I loved him always! He knows—and he has forgiven. He knows too what I did—and how—so does Sir James. There is no place, no pardon for me on earth — but you may still love me, Diana—still love me—and pray for me. Oh, my little one!—they brought you in to kiss me a little while ago—and you looked at me with your blue deep eyes —and then you kissed me—so softly—a little strangely—with your cool lips—and now I have made the nurse lift me up that I may write. A few days—perhaps even a few hours—will bring me rest. I long for it. And yet it is sweet to be with your father,—and to hear your little feet on the stairs. But most sweet, perhaps, because it must end so soon. Death makes these days possible, and for that I bless and welcome death. I seem to be slipping away on the great stream—so gently—tired—only your father's hand. Good-by — my precious Diana — your dying—and very weary MOTHER."

The words sank into Diana's young heart. They dulled the smart of her crushed love; they awakened a sense of those forces ineffable and majestic, terrible and yet "to be entreated," which hold and stamp the human life. Oliver had forsaken her. His kiss was still on her lips. Yet he had forsaken her. She must stand alone. Only—in the spirit—she put out clinging hands; she drew her mother to her breast; she smiled into her father's eyes. One with them; and so one with all who suffer! She offered her life to those great Forces; to the hidden Will. And thus, after three days of torture, agony passed into a trance of ecstasy,—of aspiration.

But these were the exaltations of night and silence. With the returning day, Diana was again the mere girl, struggling with misery and nervous shock. In the middle of the morning arrived a special messenger, with a letter from Markham. It contained arguments and protestations which in the living mouth might have had some power. That the living mouth was not there to make them was a fact more eloquent than any letter. For the first time Diana was conscious of impatience, or a natural indignation. She merely asked the messenger to say that "there was no answer."

Yet, as they crossed London, her heart fluttered within her. One moment her eyes were at the window scanning the bustle of the streets; the next she would force herself to talk and smile with Muriel Colwood.

Mrs. Colwood insisted on dinner at the Charing Cross Hotel. Diana submitted. Afterwards they made their way along the departure platform, to the Dover-Calais train. They took their seats. Muriel Colwood knew—felt it indeed, through every nerve—that the girl with her was still watching, still hoping, still straining each bodily perception in a listening expectancy.

The train was very full, and the platform crowded with friends, luggage, and officials. Upon the tumult, the great electric lamps threw their cold ugly light. The roar and whistling of the trains filled the vast station. Diana meanwhile sat motionless in her corner, looking out, one hand propping her face.

But no one came. The signal was given for departure. The train glided out. Diana's head slipped back, and her eyes closed. Muriel, stifling her tears, dared not approach her.

Northward and eastward from Dover Harbor, sweep beyond sweep, rose the white cliffs that are to the arriving and departing Englishman the symbols of his country.

Diana, on deck, wrapped in veil and cloak, watched them disappear, in mists already touched by the moonrise. Six months before, she had seen them for the first time, had fed her eyes upon the "dear, dear land," as cliffs and fields and houses flashed upon the sight, yearning towards it with the passion of a daughter and an exile.

In these six months she had lived out the first chapter of her youth. She stood between two shores of life, like the vessel from which she gazed; vanishing lights and shapes behind her; darkness in front.

Where lies the land to which the ship must go?
Far, far ahead is all the seamen know!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# "Timon of Athens"

*BY WILLIAM SHARP*

SOME time ago I reread this play, for the first time after many years, amid the scenes of its enactment. Standing on the hill brow over the traditional prison of Socrates, I had on my right the hill Museion and, beyond the intervening shadow filled ravines and sun swept uplands, the long, vast, purple blue mass of Hymettos, at the north seeming to break upon Pentelicon, at the south falling slowly to the plain of Marathon. To my left, Phaleron gleamed whitely against the dark blue of a wind troubled sea: the Piræus lay more southerly, cloudily pale brown; beyond, from the Bay of Salamis, the smoke of a *Panhellenios* steamer rose, hung, serpentinely trailed eastward, looking like a mourning banner hung upon the pale blue ramparts of the Argive mountains. In front of me, the sheer eastern ascent of the Acropolis, temple crowned, superb; on the northeastern slope the Dionysiac theatre and the Odeion of Herodes Atticus drowned in velvet purple shadow. A little leftward the Areopagus, then the Hill of the Nymphs; between these, the isolate, symmetrical beauty of the Theseion, and a great part of Athens.

The day was hot, and at that hour of noon few wayfarers were abroad. For a time I had been idly watching the wild and ragged figure of a wandering Epirote on the broad white dusty road which winds upward from the Olympieion and forks to right and left of the Pnyx, at the junction where a dishevelled tavern inaptly named Σωκράτης commands the two ways. My companion had drawn my attention to the man. Evidently famished, he snatched at any garbage by the wayside that could possibly break the edge of hunger. Beyond the tavern he disappeared from sight, but not long after we caught a glimpse of him on the Areopagus, his tattered, picturesque figure silhouetted against the sky, close to the spot traditionally held to be that where Orestes obtained absolution for the murder of Klytæmnestra. That glimpse was one not to be forgotten. Although we could not hear any sound at that distance, the man was evidently cursing and railing, as with outstretched arms he shook his clenched fists, now upward to where the Wall of Themistocles overhangs the rude grottos of Pan and Apollo, as though imprecating the white immortal serenity of the Parthenon, now towards the humming gray brown city beneath and beyond him.

The same thought occurred to us both. My companion, an Athenian and an accomplished Shakespearian scholar, asked me what was in my mind. "That line in *Timon of Athens*," I answered, "where Timon, confronted by Alcibiades and Phrynia and Timandra, cries out in bitter anger,

"'I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.'"

"Yes, I too was thinking of Timon," he said, "but of a line still more apposite, I fancy—that when he is savagely eating a root while he is railing at Apemantus, and snarls out:

"'That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it . . .'"

It seemed strange to me to sit there, between blue Hymettos and the azure Saronic Gulf, with the Parthenon overlooking all Athens before me, and discuss with an Athenian of to-day the beauties, the difficulties, and the problem of one of the lesser known plays of our English Shakespeare. Not that Shakespeare is an unfamiliar name in the Athens of to-day. A play that always draws hundreds of eager auditors is Ρωμαιος και Ιουλιετα *(Romeo and Juliet)*, and the uneducated as well as the educated throng to see Ο Εμπορος της Βενετιαε *(The Merchant of Venice)*. When, last spring, Ο Βασιλευς Ληρ *(King Lear)* was



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given, every part of the chief theatre in Athens was full.

"There is a clue," I said to my companion, that day I speak of—"there is a clue to *Timon* in a single brief but pregnant statement. The whole problem is revealed in it."

My friend pondered a minute or two, and then with a smile remarked: "Just so: and what we have been stating and agreeing upon gives me the clue to that clue. It is in that bitter and moving third scene in the fourth act, is it not? Yes? . . . I thought so. And do you not agree with me that when Timon gives that clue in

*'All is oblique'*

it is Shakespeare speaking for himself, while in 'I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind,' it is Shakespeare the dramatist who speaks . . . that is, he who sees and he who speaks through another mind and another nature than his own?"

Truly, "All is oblique" is the keynote to the sad and wild music, now in grand harmonies, now in fierce and blatant, almost insanely fantastic discords, of this strange and perplexing play, *Timon of Athens.* Strange because it reveals to us the most proud, powerful, and joyous writer of our nation in the throes of weariness and disillusion, almost in the final *dégringolade* of despair. Perplexing, because, though all but unquestionably written in his magnificent maturity, just before, or contemporaneously with, or immediately after *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear,* it lacks the continuity of constructive technique and the continuity of fused emotion and imagination, of imagination become constantly creative, which supremely distinguishes these three marvellous plays. To deepen the perplexity, there are continuously frequent lines, many passages, whole pages even, which in metrical infelicity and startling lesion in dramatic craft all but compel the Shakespearian student to the conviction that these bewildering lapses are due to the mechanical art of a far inferior playwright.

"All is oblique": does it not sound a basic note that has already been heard echoing through *Macbeth,* through *Othello,* through *Lear?* It is the lamentation of the old king; it is the nocturnal storm in the darkness of the heart of Desdemona's passionate lord; it is the implicit plea in the shaken mind of the Thane of Cawdor, listening to Lilith beside him and to the ancient Serpent within him. Above all, it is the continual tidal monotone below the long tempestuous surge and seething calms of *Hamlet.* The same mind, perplexed by the veiled tragi-comedy of the human soul and its possible yet almost paralyzingly incredible destiny, sighs, in the shapen and colored speech of imagination, in the monologue "To be, or not to be, . . ." or through the mouth of Claudio in *Measure for Measure,* in the superb lyrical meditation beginning, "Ay, but to die and go we know not where, . . ." or in that speech of the Third Servant to Flavius in the second scene of the fourth act of *Timon of Athens:*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;

. . . . we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air. . . .

Coleridge recognized this kinship of *Timon* with *Hamlet* when he spoke of the later play as "an after-vibration" of its great predecessor. Other critics have been even more daring, and some have said that because of this or that metrical test *Timon of Athens* must have been written in the period of *Lear;* or that because of this or that intellectual test it must have been written in the ferment of a tempestuous adolescence; or that because of this or that spiritual test it must have followed the sombre bitterness of *Lear* and the tragical gloom of *Macbeth,* . . . or that by the law of suspense and reaction it must have been the backward stumbling in the dark before the blithe advance in the new and serene dawn of *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest.* But one of the ablest of Shakespearian critics has already in this series written so wisely of this inferential method that I may be excused for repeating Mr. Watts-Dunton's words, from his admirable essay on *Hamlet:* "In the metrical test [in Shakespearian criticism]

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ACT I. SCENE II.

APEMANTUS. *"Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way. They dance!"*

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there may be something if the investigations are not pursued too far, for it is true, no doubt, that metre is a fine art—true, no doubt, that there are thousands of new things to be learned by the poet in the exercise of that art as he passes through life, and, consequently, that what to him may have seemed good metre as a boy may seem bad metre at maturity, after he has made a thorough study of the great masters of the art. Keats's case is a notable instance of this; so is Tennyson's. But the test is a very unsafe one. As regards, however, evolving a spiritual order for Shakespeare's plays, this seems to me a more daring venture than that connected with the metrical test." And as, in this connection, the same acute and always suggestive critic has, in the same essay, also indicated the too prevalent tendency to ignore the difference between the dramatist and the lyrist, I may further quote these few words: "Does any one really think that such a man [*i. e.*, the Shakespeare we know by the intuitive interpretation of significant facts] wrote plays to bring out his thoughts and emotions as they arose? To think so is to ignore the difference between the dramatist and the lyrist, who sings because he must win sympathy for his joys and pains, must sing or die. The dramatic instinct being to give sympathy and not to ask it, the dramatist has no great need of expression unless the need comes from the outside. The external need was, with Shakespeare, the need of 'getting a living.' . . . Such a career makes it impossible to say, either from the metrical movement of his utterances or from their tone, 'This belongs to one period, this to another.'"

It has been contended that the characters of Hamlet, of Timon, and of King Lear are simply studies of insanity. The same argument would include Othello, Macbeth, and a score of other famous personages. If they are insane, it is with that terrible madness of the soul when it is in revolt against the tyranny of mortal things—of the body, of time and circumstance, of tradition and convention, of truth naked and wonderful, and of palpable and futile illusion. It is that cosmic madness which has uttered itself through many mouths, from Ecclesiastes to Nietzsche. The whirling insanity of Lear can rise to become the lyric agony of all human disillusion, and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," rings in the ears of all of us as a terrible and universal chorus. In Lear, in Hamlet, in Timon, there is the same ground tone that carries up through the wild surge of this play Misanthropos—

*Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!*

Only, as it happens, we do not always discern what is the weeping of a heart heavy with despair and disillusion, and what is the deep and terrible laughter of a heart filled with the iconoclastic wrath of a divine pity, the infinite yearning of fraternal sorrow, and the titanic humor of a mind which perceives every link in the vast and complicated chain of cause and effect.

In a sense these three plays are passionate protests against "the insanity of things," that madness from the individual to the many, or from the many to the individual, which invites and compels the clash of complex fatalities. In a sense, only; for more and more the Shakespearian student, the student of the man and the sources of his genius, as well as the reflection of both in the mirrors of imagination, becomes chary of "reading into" the "stage motives" of the great dramatist philosophical and symbolical preconceptions and intentions which possibly he never entertained. "Things more excellent than every image," says Iamblichus, "are expressed through images." And it may well be that the Imagination, that supreme maker of images, creates, through the great lords and princes of genius, suddenly and spontaneously, what to the rest of us may seem premeditated in intent and deliberate in expression. There must, of course, be in genius a virgin world, a new and unexploited world compact of deep knowledge and the clear air of a great mind and the swift and wide movement of spiritual intuition; but the outcome may be sudden as lightning, as unexpected, with all the finality of austere thought, with all the economy of deliberation. As "the Poet" in *Timon of Athens* says:

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ACT IV. SCENE III.

TIMON. *"I prithee, beat thy drum and get thee gone"*

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Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck.

And we gauge this "inspired" utterance by what intuitively we feel to be its essential truth: we may scorn the flint, or ignore the latent miracle of fire, but we cannot deny the bright flame when circumstance has flashed it out before our eyes. In the wise words of the wise Emerson, the value of genius to us is in the veracity of its report; it is genius only that realizes and adds.

It has been urged that *Timon of Athens* is not uniquely the work of Shakespeare because the voice is not authentic throughout. A recent German critic has even demonstrated to his own satisfaction that this play is not Shakespeare's at all, but the work of Heywood, with passages "lifted" from Bishop Hall and others, and possibly from the great poet himself, somehow surreptitiously. That need not be argued. Read, even in the frantic imprecatory rhetoric of Timon in his bitter ecstasy, the sudden magic of these lines on "the yellow slave and common pestilence of mankind—Gold":

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap . . . .

or read of our "common mother," Nature,

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all . . . .

or how this younger and as sadly o'erwrought brother of King Lear images himself to his own eyes as a great oak hung with countless leaves that

. . . have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows . . . .

or how, in the universal "thievery" of life

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. . . .

Read these and a score of other lines and passages that might as readily be selected, and "the authentic voice" will sound imperative above all pedantic theorizing. And there is, of course, one passage where the inmost genius of Shakespeare speaks in revelation and noblest music, those last words of Timon that we hear before Alcibiades and the Senators of Athens learn from a soldier

Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea—

that anthem sounding requiem,

Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. . . .

For that matter, if mere quality of music be a test, as indeed it is, a single metrical movement may suffice—as that lovely "delicate air" in Act IV., Scene III.,

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily. . . .

Much has been written of the metrical irregularities, banalities, and even prolonged collapses noticeable in *Timon of Athens*. These have been adduced to prove that so great a poet as Shakespeare, and Shakespeare in his maturity, could not have committed this *lèse-majesté* against his art, against his genius. It is open to doubt if Shakespeare much considered the niceties of his art when writing in the rough, when reshaping and revising the work of others. He had all the divine recklessness of that great image of nature outlined in a famous prose-poem of Turgenieff. To quote again from Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Hamlet* essay . . . "exactly as Nature works does that other great artist work — the great illogical artist Shakespeare." There is a surer and higher test: that of the fundamental conception, the formative basic thought. "It is not metres," says Emerson, "but a metre-making argument that makes a poem—a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing. The

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thought and the form are equal in the order of time, but in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form."

I am aware of all, or nearly all, that has been written critically of *Timon of Athens,* from Johnson to Coleridge (who does not show his wonted comprehensive insight in comparing *Timon* and Hogarth's "Rake's Progress"), to Mr. Fleay, who devolves upon ingenuity the incommunicable attributes of imaginative insight and intellectual intuition; from Dr. Brandes and the Teutonic many and undesired to Mr. Guerrois, to Mr. Boas, to that impartial and scrupulous American editor, Dr. Rolfe. In all there seems to me too much dalliance with the temptation to prove and disprove. It is true that the Folio version printed by Hemminge and Condell some seven years after Shakespeare's death is a most corrupt text, and grossly printed. It is true that the play shows many signs of being "botched," and by an inferior hand. It is true that it is not the invention of Shakespeare. It is true that there is much to be said for the supposition that Shakespeare found or was given an incompetent original, and worked on the shapeless mass to make it a presentable play. There is much to be said also for the supposition that he himself wrote it in the rough, nobly and greatly where moved, recklessly or wearied ly or indifferently (as many a novelist writes his crude drafts, to him useful and significant, to others formless and even barren in suggestion) where not so moved, and then laid the play aside, and that it was loosely rewritten and augmented later by a hired hand or an ambitious novice or fellow playwright. Again, there is much to be said for the supposition that it is really the work of an unpractised but not incompetent unknown author (for none of whom we know, writing at the time when *Timon* was presumably composed, can be accepted as really likely); work which was submitted to Shakespeare, and in the overlooking of which, while still taken with the idea of its production on the stage, the great poet-dramatist every here and there interpolated a line or passage or part scene from the pure gold of his own inexhaustible mint. It was no lesser man who wrote the lines already quoted, or who in the turbulence of rhetoric could rise to such Miltonic vision and cadence as,

> Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
> Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
> In the sick air . . . .

it could be no other than the master poet, the poet of *Hamlet,* who wrote those lines spoken by Timon to the Senators when dimly he feels the shadow of death coming towards his outwearied body and agonized soul,

> . . . my long sickness
> Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
> And nothing brings me all things. . . .

These are "costly" words. "But Homer's words" (again I quote Emerson) "are as costly and admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon."

But is there not much to be said for the supposition that *Timon of Athens* is, with all its faults and demerits, substantially the work of Shakespeare? We know his amazing heedlessness of his fame, his titanic indifference at times. In judging of the authenticity of a work of imagination we have to allow more for the probabilities that make for conviction than for the probabilities that make for negation. Parts of this play may well not be his, or put together crudely after his death from rough hints or halting inference, as, for example, all that immediately follows the last of the great music in the fifth act, ending with "Timon hath done his reign." But in the essential conception, in the poetical ground-swell, in the actual and central dramatic achievement of *Timon of Athens,* surely we have the genuine sign-manual of our greatest, of one who had come to profound weariness and lassitude and darkness of spirit down the giant stairs of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Lear,* and by inward ways of sorrow and disillusion unknown to us, and had not yet "stepped westward" in *Cymbeline,* or seen the white vision of Imogen, or heard the aerial music of *The Tempest.*

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# "Lady Sheffield," by Gainsborough

THE sense of beauty is the gift of the artist. While fashions in female beauty change, like the outward trappings with which it is arrayed, to the lover of beauty it ever remains beauty. The portraits which Gainsborough left us illustrate this; however extreme the mode of dress or coiffure, however lacking in virtue or sense the sitters were, there are ever present a grace and serenity, with a high sense of beauty,—qualities which the portraits received from the artist as much as from the sitters. Since the days of Van Dyck, the English have insisted upon a flattering likeness as much as an ably painted one. Gainsborough did not attempt to escape this demand, but met it in his own way by giving his sitters some reflection of his own temperament. There was a vein of sentimentality in all painters of that era. The best of them wanted to be sincere, and did rise superior to the pretentious, frothy women in powdered wigs and furbelows who sat to them. Often Gainsborough revealed in his portraits the poet that was within him, and sang forth "his mystic unfathomable song"—the song of ideal beauty, which draws us toward them to-day. Though surrounded by a glorious company of worldlings, he followed the simple life himself. Impulsive, capricious, shrewd, and uneven of temper, yet generous, enthusiastic, and lovable at heart, with all his contradictions of character, he belongs to those we call immortal.

Lady Sheffield, from whose full length portrait in the collection of Mr. George A. Hearn this fragment has been engraved, was not one of the renowned public beauties of the time, nor had she any particular brilliancy of wit, but under Gainsborough's brush she becomes a woman of great attractiveness. Like all other masters, he possessed the faculty of seeing character as a whole. But underneath his own kindliness we feel something of a pathos in his view of women, with, perhaps, a slight touch of contempt.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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"LADY SHEFFIELD." BY GAINSBOROUGH

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

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# Her Last Day

*BY ELIZABETH JORDAN*

FOR some time—possibly an hour or more—she sat perfectly still, staring at a wavering line made on the floor by a stray sunbeam which had forced its way through the window of her hotel sitting-room. At first she looked unseeingly, with the dull introspective gaze of the melancholic. Then she began to notice the thing, and to fear it, and to watch for outlines of a quivering human face, and to tremble a little. Surely there had been a face—she thought vaguely, and puckered her brow in an effort to remember. It was half an hour before she realized what it was, and the passing of fifteen minutes more had been ticked off by a clock on the table near her when she lifted her glance enough to follow the beam along the floor, up the wall, to the pane where it had entered. She rose suddenly. It was long since she had made a consciously voluntary movement, and she knew this. She drew a deep breath as she stood up, and almost on the instant she experienced a life-giving sensation of poise and freedom. The weight fell from her feet, the blackness in which she had lived for weeks unwrapped itself from around her like a departing fog, her lax muscles tightened. She groped her way to the window and stood there for a moment, resting her cheek against the cool pane and gazing up at the sky. Presently her eyes dropped to the level of a distant water line, and she saw the river and the trees that fringed its distant bank, and the swiftly moving boats on its surface.

She was better. She knew all that this meant, how much and how little. For an interval, long or short as it should happen to be, she was again a rational human being. She swerved abruptly around from the window and swept the room with her eyes, recognizing it as the one she was occupying before she "went under," as she put it to herself, and trying, from association with the familiar objects around her, to form some idea of the length of this attack.

At the beginning of her breakdown the intervals between recurrent attacks of insanity had been long. She was herself, or was able to keep herself fairly in hand, the greater part of the time, and chaos, when it came, lasted only for a few days or weeks. Recently this condition had been reversed. She had lost knowledge of time, but she felt that centuries must have passed since those last flying, blessed hours when she knew herself at least for what she was. She grasped now at her returning reason with a desperate, shuddering little moan, which she quickly stifled. Some one must be near, she remembered, on guard; her nurse, or a hotel maid if the nurse was taking one of her infrequent outings. Whoever was in charge of her must be in the next room, for the door was open between the two. The nurse would welcome her return, the patient reflected. It was her habit—a singularly pathetic habit, the nurse had found it—to refer always to her attacks as "absences," and to temporary recovery as "returns."

She moved toward the open door and then stopped, feeling suddenly that she was not yet ready to talk to any one, even the nurse, for whom she had a casually friendly feeling based on dependence and continued association. She wished to think—dear God, to be able to think again!—and there seemed so much thinking to be done and so little time in which to do it. Her heart dropped a beat as she realized that. On how much time could she safely count, she wondered. A week? A few days? It had never been less than a week, until the last episode. She turned from the thought of that with a sick shudder, but memory dragged it up and ruthlessly held it before her—the hour, the moment, the very place she was sitting when it occurred. She had been talking to a



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friend, who unconsciously said something that annoyed and excited her. She saw now that friend's face growing dim before her eyes—at first puzzled, then frightened, then writhing and twisting into hideous shapes, she thought, until in her horror she had struck at it— She must not think of that, she knew, as she set her teeth and pulled herself up short. She had a will of extraordinary strength, her physicians and nurses had conceded, and she resolved that it should serve her now. With grim determination she pieced together the patches of memory left to her. She had had three days then —three short days. She dared not count on even that much respite now, though she might possibly have it and more. But one day—surely Providence would let her have one day—one *last* day. Her friends and the specialists had begun to talk of asylums. She had heard whispers of them before she succumbed to this last attack; and though her memory of what occurred in it was mercifully vague, she dimly recalled struggles and the shrieks of some one in agony—her own shrieks, she knew now, though she had not known it then. It all meant that she was getting worse and more "difficult." It all meant chronic invalidism, constant care, eventual confinement.

Her brain was now abnormally clear, supernaturally active. It worked with an eager deference, as if striving to atone for the periods when it failed her. The little clock struck ten. It was early—she had a long day before her, a beautiful spring day; for she noticed now the tender green of the leaves and the youth of the grass. How interesting it would be, she reflected idly, to go out into the free busy world and mingle with human beings, and walk the city streets and come into touch with life and the living! She would go, she would spend the day that way; but, alas! the nurse would go, too—cool, kind, professional, alert, quietly watchful. If she could in any way elude her and go alone. . . .

Her eyes narrowed and took on a look of cunning as she turned them sidewise toward the open door. As stealthily as a cat she crept to it and looked in. On a divan in the farthest corner the nurse lay stretched in deep sleep, whose unpremeditatedness was shown by the book which lay on the floor, dropped, evidently, from her suddenly relaxed fingers. The patient retreated as noiselessly as she had advanced, and going to a mantel mirror in her sitting-room, turned on her reflection there a long and frightened look. She saw a woman of thirty-five, thin, pale, haggard, high bred. Her hair had been arranged in accordance with the nurse's conception of comfort and economy of time, and though her gown was perfect in its fit and tailor made severity, the lace at her neck and in the sleeves of her silk waist was not wholly fresh. Her lips curled as she looked. This was she, Alice Stansbury, the wreck of a woman who had once had health and beauty and wealth and position. The last two were in a degree left to her, but what difference did it make how she looked, she asked herself harshly. Even as the thought came, however, she took off her waist and sewed clean lace cuffs on the sleeves, replacing the collar with a fresh one. Then she took down her hair and rearranged it, rapidly but with care. It was a simple matter to change her slippers for walking-boots, and to find her hat and coat and gloves in their old places. Miss Manuel, the nurse, *was* reliable, she told herself again as she put them on, feeling a moment's gratitude to the woman for trying to keep her "up," even during her "absences," to something approaching the standard a gentlewoman's birth and breeding demanded. Her money, or at least a large part of it, for she did not stop to count it, she found in the despatch box where she had put it on their arrival in New York, and the key was with others on a ring in the private drawer of her writing-desk. Hurriedly she selected several large bills and put them into a small purse, pressing it deep into the pocket of her walking-skirt with some vague fear that she might lose it. Then she replaced the box and locked the desk, dropping the key in her pocket. Her movements were extraordinarily swift and noiseless.

A second glance into the inner room showed her that Miss Manuel was still sleeping. She regarded her distrustfully for an instant, and on a sudden impulse sat down at her desk and wrote a message on a sheet of the hotel paper.

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"I am going out for the day. *I will return to-night.* Do nothing, consult no one. I am quite able to take care of myself. Don't make a sensation for the newspapers! A. S."

"That last sentence will quiet her," she reflected with cool satisfaction, as she pinned the note to the side of the mirror. "She won't care to advertise far and wide that she has temporarily mislaid a patient!"

The most difficult thing of all remained to be done. The outer door of her own room was locked and the key was missing. To leave the apartment she must pass through the room where Miss Manuel lay asleep. She held her breath, but crossed in safety, though Miss Manuel stirred and murmured something, as if subconsciously warned of danger. Miss Stansbury closed the door noiselessly behind her and stood silent for a moment in the hall, glancing about her and planning the wisest method of getting away. She knew better than to enter any of the hotel elevators. While there was no certainty that she would be detained if she did, there had been a great deal of interest in her when she arrived at the hotel, and there was every chance that some employee might think it a wise precaution to ask her nurse a question or two after she departed. Then Miss Manuel would be hot upon her trail, and her day would be spoiled. She crept cautiously along the rear halls, keeping out of sight on each floor when the elevators were passing, and meeting only strangers and one preoccupied porter. Her rooms were on the fifth floor, but she descended in safety, and going triumphantly out of the rear entrance of the hotel, found herself in the quiet street. The great building was on a corner, and as she crossed its threshold she saw a trolley car passing along the avenue at her right. On a quick impulse she signalled. When it stopped she entered and seated herself in a corner, surveying her fellow passengers with seeming unconcern, though her breath came fast. She was safe; she was off! She decided to ride on until she made her plans and knew in more detail what should be done with this gift of the gods, a day that was all her own.

It had been a long time since Alice Stansbury had been alone, she suddenly remembered. There had been outings, of course, and shopping expeditions and the like, but always Miss Manuel or one of her kind had been at her elbow—sometimes professionally cheerful, sometimes professionally grave, but at all times professionally watchful. The woman exulted fiercely in her new found liberty. She had hours before her—free, glorious hours. She would use them, fill them, squander them in a prodigal spending, following every impulse, indulging every desire, for they were hers, and they were her last. In the depths of her brain lay a resolution as silent, as deadly, as a coiled serpent waiting to strike. She would enter no asylums, she would endure no more "absences," she would have no more supervision, no more consultations, no more half concealed fear of friends, no more pity from strangers. There was a way of escaping all this forever, and she knew it and would take it, though it led across the dim threshold over which she could never return.

The car hummed as it sped along. At a distance she saw an entrance to Central Park, and from the inside the branches of trees seemed to wave a salute to her in honor of her freedom. She signalled to the conductor and left the car, retracing her steps until she entered the Park. She was far uptown, near the northern end of it, and the paths, warm in the spring sunshine, were almost deserted. For a while she strolled idly about, her senses revelling in the freshness and beauty around her, in the green vistas that opened to right and left, and the soft breeze that fanned her face. Children, riding tricycles or rolling hoops, raced past her; and once, after she had walked almost an hour, a small boy of four slipped his hand into her gloved one and trotted beside her for a moment, to the open scandal of his nurse. She smiled down at him, pleased by the touch of his little fingers. When he left, as abruptly as he had joined her, and in response to a stentorian Irish summons from the rear, she felt a rather surprising degree of regret. The momentary contact had given her a pleasant sense of companionship, and for the first time it came to her that it would be better

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to have a sharer of this day of days—no hireling, no scientific-eyed caretaker, but a little child or a friend, some one, any one, whom she liked and who liked her, and who, like the little boy, did not know the truth about her.

Her spirits dropped as suddenly as they had risen, and she felt tired and disappointed. Almost unconsciously she dropped on a bench to rest, her eyes still following the figure of the child, now almost out of sight around a distant bend. The bench was off the path, and she had been too preoccupied when she sat down to notice that it had another occupant; but as the figure of her little friend vanished and she turned her eyes away with a sigh, she found herself looking into those of a man. He was very young, hardly more than a boy, and he occupied the far end of the seat, one arm thrown across the back of it, his knees crossed, and his body so turned that he faced her. The thing she saw in his eyes held her own fastened to them, at first in surprise, then in sudden comprehension. It was hunger. With a long look she took him in—the pinched pallor of his smooth, handsome young face, the feverish brightness of his gray eyes, the shabbiness of his well made, well fitting clothes, even the rent in the side of one of his patent-leather shoes. His linen was clean, and his cuffs were fastened with cheap black links; she reflected instinctively that he had pawned those whose place they filled, and then her mind returned at once to her first discovery, that he was hungry. There was no mistaking it. She had never seen hunger in a face before, but she recognized it now. He had taken off his hat and dropped it on the bench beside him. His brown hair was short and wavy, and one lock on his left temple was white. He had been writing a note, or possibly an advertisement for work, with a stub of lead-pencil on a scrap of paper resting on his knee, and now he suddenly raised his eyes—either in an abstracted search for the right word or because her sudden appearance had startled him.

Without hesitation she spoke to him.

"Pardon me," she said, impersonally. "May I ask you some questions?"

He looked at her, and the understanding of his situation revealed in her glance brought the blood to his face. He straightened himself, his lips parting for a reply, but she gave him no time.

"I am a stranger here," she continued, "and New York is not always kind to strangers. You seem to be unhappy, too. I wonder if we cannot help each other."

He smiled with unyouthful bitterness.

"I'm afraid I'm not much use—to myself or any one else," he answered, with hard deliberation. Then his face underwent a change, as he looked at hers and read in it, inexperienced as he was, some of the tragic writing of Fate's inexorable hand. His voice showed his altered mood.

"Of course," he added, quickly, "if there's really anything I can do. I know the town well enough. Perhaps I can help you if you want to get anywhere. What is it you would like?"

Her face, under the sudden idea which came to her, could hardly be said to brighten, but it changed, becoming less of a mask, more human. She felt a thrill of unaccustomed interest, less in him than in the plan which he unconsciously suggested. Here at last was something to do. Here was a companion who did not know her. He was watching her closely now, and it came to him for the first time that this strange woman who had spoken to him was not old and was even attractive.

"I think you can help me, if you will," she went on, quietly. "As I have said, I am a stranger in New York. I have never seen anything of it except the streets I passed through this morning between the Park and my hotel. But I've always wanted to see it, and to-day is my first and only opportunity, for I am going away to-night."

He surveyed her thoughtfully. The shadow had returned to his face, and it was plain that under his air of courteous interest stirred the self-despair she had surprised in her first look at him.

"Of course I can make out a sight-seer's list for you," he said, when she stopped, "and I will, with pleasure. I think you'd better drop into the Metropolitan Museum while you're in the Park. I'll write the other places in their street order going downtown, so you won't waste time doubling on your tracks. Have you a bit of paper?"

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He began to fumble in his own pockets as he spoke, but vaguely, as one who knows the search is vain. She shook her head.

"No," she told him, "and I don't want one. That isn't my idea at all—a list of places to look up all alone and a dismal round of dreary sightseeing. What I would like," she smiled almost demurely, "is a 'personally conducted' tour. Are you very busy?"

He flushed again and looked at her, this time with a veiled suspicion in his glance. She met it with such calm appreciation that it changed to one of surprised doubt. She knew perfectly what was passing in his mind, and it caused her no more concern than the puzzled silence of a child who has heard a new word. She went on as complacently as if he were the little boy who had walked beside her a few moments before.

"In Paris and London," she remarked, "one can engage a guide, a gentleman, for a day at a fixed price. Probably there are such guides here in New York, if I knew where they were to be found and had the time to look for them. You are much younger than I am. You might almost be my son! Moreover, you will not mind my saying that I fancied you were unemployed and possibly were looking for employment. You can hardly help seeing the connection in all this."

His eyes met hers for a moment and then dropped. He blushed boyishly.

"I see you're trying to help me," he murmured, apologetically.

She went on as if she had not heard.

"Let me employ you for the day. I need amusement, interest, occupation—more than you can imagine. I am in the same mood, as far as desolation and discouragement go, that you are in. I must be about, seeing people and diverting my mind. We can each supply the other with one thing that we need. I have money. To earn a little of that professionally, by a humane service, should really appeal to you."

Something in her voice as she uttered the last words made him turn toward her again. As he looked, his young face softened. She waited in silence for what he would say.

He sat up and straightened his shoulders with a quick gesture.

"You are right," he said, "but I'm awfully afraid you'll get the worst of it. I'm not an ornamental escort for a lady, as you see." He looked at his broken shoe, and then at her. Her expression showed entire indifference to the point he had raised.

"We will consider it settled," she said. "You will take my purse and pay our joint expenses. I think," she went on as she handed it to him, "we'll omit the Metropolitan. After miles of the Louvre and the Luxembourg I don't seem to crave miles of that. Suppose we take a cab and drive round. I want to see the streets, and the crowds, and the different types of men and women, and the slums. I used to be interested in Settlement work, long ago."

"Pardon me," he said. "You have won your case. I will serve you to the best of my ability. But as a preliminary I insist on counting the money in this purse, and on your seeing that my accounts are all right."

"Do as you like about that," she replied, indifferently, but her glance rested on him with a glint of approval. He deliberately counted the bills. "There are three hundred and forty dollars," he said, replacing them.

She nodded absently. She had sunk into a momentary reverie, from which he did not arouse her, until she suddenly looked at her watch. "Why, it's after twelve," she exclaimed, with more animation than she had yet shown. "We'll go to lunch, and make our programme while we're there."

He half rose and fixed his eyes on her, but she did not meet them. She replaced her watch in her belt with a successful assumption of abstraction, but she was full of doubt as to how he would take this first proposition. The next instant the bench trembled under the force with which he had dropped back on to it.

"God!" he cried, hoarsely, "it's all a put-up job to feed me because you suspect I'm hungry! No, you don't even suspect—you *know* I'm starving!"

She put her hand on his arm, and the gesture silenced him.

"Be quiet," she said. "Suppose you are hungry? What of it? Is it a disgrace to be hungry? Men and women deliberately cultivate the condition!

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Come," she ended as she rose abruptly, "keep to your bargain. We both need our luncheon."

He replaced the purse in the inside pocket of his coat and rose. They walked a few moments without a word. She noticed how well he carried himself and how muscular and athletic his figure appeared even in its shabby clothes. As they strolled toward the nearest exit she talked of the Park and asked him a few matter-of-fact questions, to which he replied with growing animation. "I can't give you figures and statistics, I'm afraid," he added, smiling.

She shook her head. "It would be sad if you could," she said. "Give me anything but information. As for statistics, I've a constitutional distaste for them. Where can we find a cab?"

"We won't find a cab," he explained, with an authoritative independence which somehow appealed to her. "We'll take this trolley car and then walk across to Fifth Avenue. After luncheon we'll find cabs at every turn."

He helped her into a car as he spoke, and paid their fare from her purse, flushing as he had to change a five-dollar note to do so. The simple act emphasized for him as no words could have done his peculiar relation to this strange woman, whom he had never seen until half an hour ago. Balancing the purse in his hand, he glanced at her, taking in almost unconsciously the tragic droop of her lips, the prematurely gray locks in her dark hair, and the unchanging gloom of her brown eyes.

"How do you know I won't drop off the car at some corner and abscond with this?" he asked in a low voice.

She looked at him calmly.

"I think I know you will not. But if you did it would hurt me."

"Would it spoil your day?"

"Yes," she conceded, "it would spoil my day."

"Well," he announced, judiciously, "you shall not have to reproach me with anything of that kind. Your day shall be a success if I can make it so."

His manner was more than gentle. His mood was one of gratitude and pleasant expectation. He was getting to know her and was sorry for her—possibly because she trusted him and was sorry for him. She was not the companion he would have chosen for a day's outing, and it was doubtful if she would be any too cheerful; but he would serve her loyally, wherever this queer adventure led, and he was young enough to appreciate its possibilities. Inwardly she was amused by his little affectation of experience, of ripe age addressing youth, but it was so unconsciously done, so unconquerably youthful, that it added to the interest he had aroused in her. She liked, too, his freshness and boyish beauty, and his habit of asserting his sense of honor above everything. Above all things, she liked his ignorance of her. To him, she was merely a woman like other women; there was a satisfaction to her in that thought as deep as it was indescribable. The only other occupants of the car were a messenger boy, lost to his surroundings in a paper-covered novel, and a commercial traveller whose brow was corrugated by mental strain over a notebook.

"There are some things I would like to do in New York," she confided. "We will lunch first, as we have planned, go sightseeing all the afternoon, dine, and go to the theatre this evening. Which is the best play in town?"

"Well—er—that, you know, depends on what you like," hazarded the boy, sagely. "Do you prefer comedy, tragedy, or melodrama?"

She reflected.

"Something light," she decided; "something airy and effervescent—with no problems or even thoughts in it."

His eyes twinkled as he smiled at her. If these were her tastes, she was getting on, he reflected, and the vista of the long day before him offered attractions.

"*Peter Pan!*" he exclaimed. "That's all those things. I've not seen it, but I've read the criticisms, and I know a fellow who has gone five times."

"Testimony enough," agreed his companion. "We'll go to *Peter Pan*. Now tell me something about yourself."

"Is that in the bond?"

"No. That would be a gift."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind."

He indulged in his inevitable painful blush as he spoke, but she stared at him without pity and with a sudden hauteur which gave him a glimpse of another side

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of her complex nature. This woman who picked up strange youths in the street and spent the day with them was obviously accustomed to unquestioning deference from others. He edged away from her, firm but unhappy.

"You're right," she said at last. "We'll add a clause to our compact and play we're disembodied spirits. Neither of us will ask a personal question."

"Agreed, and thank you. It's not that I wouldn't be flattered, you know, by your interest and all that," he went on, awkwardly. "It's only because it's such a beastly harrowing recital and shows me up in such a—such an inefficient light. It would depress you, and it couldn't do me any good. The things about myself are what I want to get away from—for a while."

They were soon at the restaurant, where, in the main dining-room, she selected a table at a window looking out on the Avenue. The head waiter glanced at him, hesitated, surveyed her, and showed that he was indeed a good servant who knew his own. He hovered over them with deepening interest as they scanned the menu.

The boy smiled at his companion, trying not to notice the smell of the food around them, nor the horrible sinking sensation which overwhelmed him at intervals. A sickening fear swept over him that he would faint before luncheon came—faint on a lady's hands and from starvation at that! He plunged into conversation with reckless vivacity.

When the waiter came with the oysters, she set the example of eating them at once. Her companion followed it in leisurely fashion. She told herself that he was a thoroughbred and that she had not been mistaken in him, but she would almost have preferred to see him eat wolfishly. His restraint got on her nerves. She could not eat, though she made a pretence of it. When he had eaten his soup with the same careful deliberation, a little color had come into his face. She observed it, and her tension relaxed.

"The last time I was here," he said, absently, "was two years ago. One of the fellows at New Haven had a birthday, and we celebrated it in the corner room just above this. It was a pretty lively dinner. We kept it up from seven o'clock until two in the morning, and then we all went out on the Avenue and sat down in the middle of the street, where it was cool, to smoke and talk it over. That was Davidson's idea. It annoyed the cabmen and policemen horribly. They have such ready tempers and such torpid minds."

The recital and the picture it called up amused her.

"What else did you do?" she asked, with interest.

"I'm afraid I don't remember much of it," he confessed. "I know we were pretty silly; but I do remember how foolish the head waiter looked when Davidson insisted on kissing him good-by in the hall out there, and cried because he didn't know when he'd see him again. Of course you can't see how funny that was, because you don't know Davidson. He was the most dignified chap at college, and hated gush more than any one I ever knew."

He drank the last of his black coffee with a sigh of content, and blew a last ring from the cigar she had insisted that he should smoke.

"Don't you think," he hazarded, "that it would be jolly to drive up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue for an hour or two? If you want crowds, they're there; and if you see anything worth closer inspection, we can get out and look at it."

She agreed, and he paid the bill, tipping the waiter discriminatingly.

As their hansom threaded its way through the crowded street she rarely smiled, but her sombre eyes took in everything, and she "said things," as the boy put it, which he recalled and quoted years afterwards. Incidentally she talked of herself, though always without giving him a clue as to who she was and where she came from. Several times, as a face in the throng caught her interest, she outlined for him in a few terse words the character of its possessor. He was interested, but he must have unconsciously suggested a certain unbelief in her intuition, for once she stopped speaking and looked at him sharply.

"You think I don't know," she said, "but I do. We always know, until we kill the gift with conventionalities. We're born with an intuitive knowledge

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of character. Savages have it, and animals, and babies. We lose it as we advance in civilization, for then we distrust our impressions and force our likes and dislikes to follow the dictates of policy. I've worked hard to keep and develop my insight, and behold my reward! I recognized you at the first glance as the perfect companion of a day."

The boy's face flamed with pleasure.

"Then it is a success?"

"It is a success. But it's also five o'clock. What next?"

"Then it's been a success?" he repeated, dreamily — "so far, I mean. We've done so little in one way, but I'm awfully glad you've liked it. We'll stop here now for a cup of tea and a buttered English muffin and the beautiful ladies and the Hungarian Band. Then, instead of dining there, suppose we go to some gayer, more typical New York place—one of the big Broadway restaurants? That will show you another 'phase,' as you say; and the cooking is almost as good."

She agreed at once. "I think I'd like that," she said. "I want as much variety as I can get."

He leaned toward her impressively over the little table in the tea room, recalling her unexpected tribute to the "perfect companion," and feeling all at once surprisingly well acquainted with her.

"What a pity you've got to go away to-night!" he murmured, ingenuously. "There's so much left to do."

For an instant, as memory rolled over her, her heart stopped beating. He observed her change of expression and looked at her with a sympathetic question in his gray eyes.

"Can't you change your plans?" he suggested, hopefully. "Must you go?"

"No, they're not that kind of plans. I must go."

As she spoke, her face had the colorlessness and the immobility he had seen in it during the first moments it was turned toward him in the morning, and her features suddenly looked old and drawn. Under the revelation of a trouble greater than he could understand, the boy dropped his eyes.

"By Jove!" he thought, suddenly, "she's got something the matter with her." He wondered what it was, and the idea flashed over him that it might be an incurable disease. Only the year before, he had heard a friend receive his death warrant in a specialist's office, and the memory of the experience remained with him. He was so deep in these reflections that for a moment he forgot to speak, and she in her turn sat silent.

"I'm sorry," he said, awkwardly. Then, rightly divining the quickest way to divert her thoughts, he suggested that they should drive again before dinner, if only for half an hour, to get the effect of the twilight and the early lights on Broadway.

She agreed at once, as she had agreed to most of his suggestions, and her face when she looked at him was serene again, but he was not wholly reassured. In silence he followed her to the cab.

Over their dinner that night in the glittering Broadway restaurant, with the swinging music of French and German waltzes in their ears, she relaxed again from the impersonal attitude she had observed during the greater part of the day. She looked at him more as if she saw him, he told himself, but he could not flatter himself that the change was due to any deepening of her interest in him. It was merely that she knew him better, and that their long hours of sightseeing had verified her judgment of him.

Their talk swept over the world. He realized that she had lived much abroad and had known many interesting men and women. From casual remarks she dropped he learned that she was unmarried, with no close family ties, and that her home was not near New York. This, when the next day, after a dazed reading of the morning newspapers, he summed up his knowledge of her, was all he could recall—the garnered driftwood of a talk that had extended over twelve hours.

"You look," he said once, glancing critically at her, "as if you had lived for centuries and had learned all the lessons life could teach."

She shook her head. "I have lived for centuries, so far as that goes," she said, "but of all the lessons I've really learned only one."

"And that is?"

"How little it amounts to."

Again, as he studied her, he ex-

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perienced an unpleasant little tremor. He felt at the same time an odd conviction that this woman had played a part all day, and that now, through fatigue and depression, she was tiring of her rôle and would cast it away, showing herself to him as she was. For some reason he did not want this. The face behind the mask, of which he was beginning to get a glimpse at intervals, was a face he feared he would not like. He shrank from it as a child shrinks from what it does not understand.

Much to his relief, she threw off the dark mood that seemed to threaten her, and at the play she was more human than she had been yet.

"Ah, that first act," she said, as the curtain fell on Peter Pan's flight through the window with the Darling children—"that delicious first act! Of course Barrie can't keep it up—no one could. But the humor of it and the tenderness and the naïveté! Only a grown-up with the heart of a child could really appreciate it."

"And you are that?" he asked, daringly. He knew she was not.

"Only for this half hour," she smiled. "I may get critical at any moment and wholly out of touch."

She did not, however, and watching her indulgent appreciation of the little boys in Never Never Land, he unconsciously reflected that, after all, this must be the real woman. That other personality, some sudden disheartening side of which he got from time to time, was not his new friend who laughed like a young girl over the crocodile with the clock inside and showed a sudden swift moisture in her brown eyes when the actress pleaded for the dying fairy.

When the curtain fell on the last act, leaving Peter Pan alone with his twinkling fairy friends in his little home high among the trees, Alice Stansbury turned to her companion with the sudden change of expression he had learned to dread. The pupils of her eyes were strangely dilated, and she was evidently laboring under some suppressed excitement. She spoke to him curtly and coolly.

"We'll have a Welsh rabbit somewhere," she said, "and then I'll go—back." He was struck by this use of the word, and by the tone of her voice as she said it. "Back," he repeated, mentally—"back to something mighty unpleasant, I'll wager."

At the restaurant she ate nothing and said little. All the snap and sparkle had gone out of the day and out of their companionship as well. Even the music was mournful, as if in tacit sympathy, and the faces of the diners around them looked tired and old. When they left the dining-room they stood together for an instant in the vestibule opening into the street. No one was near them, and they were for the moment beyond the reach of curious eyes. She cast one quick look around to be sure of this, and then, going close to him, she put both her hands on his shoulders. As she stood thus he realized for the first time how tall she was. Her eyes were almost on a level with his own.

"You're a dear boy," she said, quickly and a little breathlessly. "You have made the day perfect, and I thank you. We shall not meet again, but I'd like to feel that you won't forget me, and I want you to tell me your first name."

He put his hands over hers.

"It's Philip," he said, simply, "and as for forgetting, you may be very sure I won't. This isn't the kind of thing one forgets, and you're not the kind of woman."

As he spoke, the grip of her hands on his shoulders tightened, and she leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth. Under the suddenness and the surprise of it his senses whirled, but even in the chaos of the moment he was conscious of two conflicting impressions—the first, an odd disappointment in her, his friend; the second, an absurd resentment against the singular remoteness of those cool, soft lips that for an instant brushed his own. She gave him no chance to speak.

"I've left my gloves on the table," she said, crisply. "Get them."

He went without a word. When he returned, the vestibule was deserted. With a swift intuition of the truth he opened the door and rushed out into the street. She was not there, nor the cabman whom he had instructed to wait for them. She had slipped away, as she intended to do, and the kiss she had given him had been a farewell. He was left standing looking stupidly up and



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down the street, with her gloves in his hand and her purse, as he now remembered, in his pocket. Well, he could advertise that the next morning, in such a way that she could reclaim it without seeing him again if she wished. He could even seal it in an envelope and leave it at the *Herald* office, to be given to any one who would describe it. He walked slowly down Broadway and turned into the side street which held the house and the unattractive hall bedroom he called home. He felt "let down," as he would have put it, and horribly lonely and depressed. She was such a good sort, he reflected, and it was such a big pity she wouldn't let him see her again. He knew somehow that he never would. She was not a woman that changed her mind about things. Jove! but the whole experience had been interesting; and that kiss—that kiss he had been cad enough to misunderstand for an instant . . . The deepest blush of the day scorched his face as he recalled it.

Miss Stansbury arrived at the front entrance of her hotel at the same moment, and tersely instructed the driver to collect his fare at the desk. She entered the hall with him, and walked indifferently past the night clerk, answering with a nod the tacit question of that youth as he glanced from her to the cabman. She was not unconscious of the suppressed excitement in his manner nor of the elevator boy's relief as he joyfully greeted her appearance in his car. What did it matter? What did anything matter now? Her day was over.

Miss Manuel, already informed of her arrival by a hurried telephone message from the office, was waiting for her at the door of their apartment. She burst into tears as she put her arms around her patient and kissed her and led her inside.

"Oh, my dear, how *could* you?" she cried, reproachfully. "Think of the agonies I've been through. It's almost twelve o'clock."

The other woman did not look at her, nor did she return the caress. She walked into the room and sat down at her desk, with a strange appearance of haste, at which the nurse marvelled. Without waiting to take off her hat or coat, she seized a pen and paper and wrote these lines, marking them plainly, "Personal; for insertion in to-morrow's newspaper."

"Philip:—The purse was purposely left with you. Its contents are yours."

She put this in an envelope and directed it to the Advertising Department. Then for the first time she spoke to the nurse, balancing the envelope absently in her hand as she talked, and not looking once at the other's face. Her tones were level and monotonous, almost as if she were repeating a lesson.

"You need not have worried," she said, answering at last the nurse's first words. "I've had what I've wanted for years—a whole day to myself. I've done what I wanted to do. It's been worth while. But," she added, more slowly, "you needn't ask me about it, for I shall not tell you anything. Ring for a messenger, please. I want this taken to this newspaper office at once; give him the money to pay for it."

In silence Miss Manuel obeyed. When the boy came she went into the hall to hand the envelope to him, glancing at the address as she did so. The instant she crossed the threshold Alice Stansbury slipped into the next room and opened a window looking down into a court. As she did so she whimpered like a frightened child.

"I must do it," she whispered. "I must—I must—now—now—now! If I wait, I won't—have—the—courage."

When the nurse rushed into the room, there was only the open window to tell her what had happened. Panting, she leaned out and looked down with starting eyes. Far below, on the asphalt floor of court, was a dark figure.

The little clock on the table in the inner room struck twelve. Out in the hall the messenger whistled softly as he waited for the elevator. Hearing these familiar sounds, the nurse cast off the paralysis which had held her, and the silent corridor of the great hotel echoed her useless call for help.

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# The Burden of the Caucasus

*BY HENRY W. NEVINSON*

SIDE by side with the other workers in a factory sat a pale-faced, black-bearded man, toiling at the day's work like the rest. His blue shirt and corduroys did not distinguish him, nor did his clear features and keen, thoughtful eyes; for most Georgians have that eagle look, and he was smeared with the oil and grime of factories. Yet I knew he was no workman, and probably every one else in the factory knew it too. But no one asked or answered, for patriots do not talk, and never show surprise.

He was a high dignitary of the Georgian Church, a leader of the Georgian people, and the Russian government wanted him very much—wanted him for exile to a certain far off province, where he could disappear into a monastery forever, or be strangled out of the way. The Holy Synod at St. Petersburg had condemned him for defending the rights of his Church and proposing popular reforms. For the Georgian Church, being Orthodox in belief, is controlled by the Synod, which has plundered its wealth, sold its lands, and filled up its offices with unintelligible Russian priests so as to maintain its orthodoxy unquestioned. Unwilling to be strangled or to sink into a living grave, the archimandrite, abbot, bishop, or archbishop (I know his real rank, but must not give it) had silently disappeared among his own people and become a factory hand in one of the three largish Georgian towns. If English archdeacons, deans, bishops, and archbishops were driven to do the same at least once in their lives, who can say to what further spiritual grace, what special power of guidance, they might not attain?

When I met the great churchman secretly afterwards, still in his workman's clothes, he explained to me the position of the Georgian Church and the objects of its party of reform—the separation of church from state, the election of priests by parishes, the support of the clergy by voluntary gifts instead of taxation, the restoration to the Georgian people of the Church lands, now held by the Russian Synod, and, above all, the right of Georgian priests to teach, preach, and hear confession in the Georgian language. The same points were insisted upon by the bishop of the beautiful Georgian town of Kutais, when I called at his modest "palace" beside the ruins of one of the noblest cathedrals in the East, battered to pieces by Russian guns a century ago, because their commandant imagined the Turks were ambushed there.

But the sight of the ancient Georgian monastery of Gelati, high up among the foothills of the Caucasus, told me more of Georgia and its Church than all possible discussion. It stands above Kutais, just visible from that ruined cathedral, and is of earlier date than any buildings now surviving there; though the days of Kutais history go back to the witch Medea, who on the banks of Colchian Phasis won for her lover the Golden Fleece, and for herself an immortality of woman's suffering. The present church of Gelati was built by the Georgian King David, surnamed the Restorer because he delivered his country from Turks and Persians, about the time when William the Conqueror was teaching the English manners. His tomb is still seen under a separate chapel within the monastery walls. But he probably found an earlier building on the site—a relic of the days of St. Nina, whose sacred bones we saw at Signakh, and of that early Georgian or Iberian Church which the Emperor Justinian recognized,—the Church that maintained the light of Christendom in these mountains four centuries before a Russian had heard that Christ had been born and died. The same Church gave the Near East the picture of the Iberian Virgin now worshipped by the Greek monks of Mount Athos—so sacred that

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THE ANCIENT GEORGIAN MONASTERY OF GELATI

before a mere copy of it the Russian people, rich and poor alike, crowd to pour their pence into the shrine at the Iberian gate of Moscow's Kremlin. The bishop of Kutais told me he had examined the holy original himself, and found on it a Georgian inscription showing that it was painted in the eighth century, about the time when our Mercian Offa was building his dikes against the Welsh.

To the roof and sides of the Gelati church ancient mosaics and paintings still cling, though many have dropped away or been replaced. In the simple treasury behind the altar strange things are stowed away in cupboards—a crown, a finely illustrated manuscript of the Gospels from the tenth century, and some slippers and sleeves which the great Georgian Queen Tamara had herself embroidered thick with pearls in one of her more feminine moments as a present for the abbot, what time our Richard Lionheart was warring to redeem the Sepulchre. It is this Queen Tamara who remains the Georgian heroine, the inspiring myth of the country—a double personality, strong and terrible as a tigress, devouring the beauty of men and flinging them to death from the top of her tower in the morning; and, in another phase, the wise and heroic ruler, conqueror of Greeks and Turks alike, embroiderer of abbot's slippers, subject of all verse, only begetter of that portentous poem which consists entirely of epithets in her praise, beginning quietly thus:

> Tamara, the mild, the pleasing,
> The sweetly speaking, kindly smiling,
> The sunlike shining one, the majestic,
> Gently moving, like a full river.*

But more significant to me than all these treasures was the presence of a Russian officer with a party of soldiers, who had come to "induct" a new abbot into the monastery. I believe "induct" is the proper ecclesiastical word, though

* Translation in Oliver Wardrop's *Kingdom of Georgia*, p. 145.

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in England we do not order out a regiment to do it. But at Gelati the abbot had been lately suspended for his defence of Georgian rights, and was in hiding like the saintly workman I spoke of, so that it was thought prudent to support his successor's religious position with rifles and bayonets. The officer viewed me with the suspicion due to innocence. He had been once discharged from the service for unspeakable crimes, but was restored and promoted as a suitable agent for the Russians' work when Alikhanoff was appointed military commandant in Kutais to execute vengeance upon the Georgian provinces that slope westward towards the Black Sea.

So it was that a day at Gelati showed me the whole of Georgian history in summary. From the monastery wall I could see the river up which Jason rowed his *Argo;* I could see the dim haze lying upon the Euxine, over which he sailed from Greece. Here Alexander's Macedonians had tried to rule, and the rebel Pharnabazes had established the first Georgian dynasty. Here St. Nina had brought the early news of Christ. Here John the Restorer was buried and the Empress Queen who reigned from sea to sea had left her needlework. Mongols and Persians and Turks had swept over the country in turn. I could trace the boundaries by which western Georgia had been divided into the kingdoms of Mingrelia, Imeretia, and Guria. And now around me stood the Russian soldiers, evidence of the fatal treaty a century ago by which the Georgian Caucasus laid itself under the protection of the Russian Czars. By that treaty the Georgians were to retain their king, and they have never had a king since; they were to serve only in a national militia, and now they have not even a national regiment, but are sent as conscripts to die in arctic provinces; they were never to admit more than 6000 Russian troops into their country, and now at least 180,000 are quartered there; the Georgian Church was to be independent, and now it is enslaved to the Russian Synod; their language was to remain the language of schools and official life, and now it is forbidden in both. Such has been the history of this remarkable and attractive people, long regarded by Europe as the highest type of the human race, and still remaining so.

A Georgian Noble.

A tall and strikingly handsome people they are; strong of feature and noble in bearing—like eagles, as I said. For freshness of intellect and delight in knowledge I suppose them to be unequalled. In nearly all European countries, as in England or Russia, there is

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a wide gulf still between the educated classes and the uneducated. It is the shameful disgrace of all our civilization. But in Georgia there is no such gulf. Of course there is ignorance. Even in England some of the educated classes are not marvels of learning, and we cannot expect a much higher standard in the Caucasus. As to the Georgian peasants, there is a favorite story of a young enthusiast who for the first time attended a Social Democratic lecture given by a follower of Karl Marx, and was afterwards heard praying before a sacred icon: "O Holy Virgin, make me a proletariat! Make me a proletariat soon!"

But in peasants and nobility alike I found the same quickness of intelligence, the same freedom of mind and eagerness to learn. Poets have always been common among them, and they still have two or three of high distinction, such as Ilya Chavchavadze, now an oldish man, whom the Georgian nobles chose as their representative on the Council of Empire in St. Petersburg. Their journalists, who every day carry their lives and freedom in their hands, are bold in thought as in action. Before the recent devastation by Russian troops every village had its public library, which was regarded as the very heart of the place. Even now when starvation and ruin are hanging over the provinces, books are secretly circulated among the peasants by a system as efficient as Mudie's.

This alertness of mind is naturally accompanied by the passion for equality, and a peculiar readiness to shake off the dull social and political traditions that generally survive so much too long. "Your name proves your noble family," said my Georgian companion to a dripping boy who had walked miles through a raging storm to pass on a borrowed book and was now drying his thin cotton clothes before our fire. "Then I must change it," answered the peasant, simply. "I refuse to be noble." He also refused to touch wine, because it pays duty to the Russian government. Many villages have refused to make spirit out of their grape skins for the same reason, and when I was there the Cossacks were trying to force them not only to make it, but to drink it at the bayonet's point—an uncomfortable kind of revelry.

That was in Guria, and it is in this same province, on the banks of the Soupsa, close to Batoum and the Black Sea, that the best Georgian qualities are most highly developed. It is a mountainous district among hills that rise to the Anti-Caucasus and the Turkish frontier. The vines there are not trained to poles, as in the rest of the country, but are grown on rows of trees like the elm stocks of North Italy; and the maize, which is the chief crop, is also stacked among the branches of trees till it is threshed and stored in little wooden cots or garners raised on high wooden supports above the reach of rats and damp. The peasants' houses are isolated, scattered over the cultivated land of valley or hillside, and even in the so-called towns only a few shops stand side by side as a "bazaar." The land itself is chiefly owned by a small nobility of "princes," whose plots do not average much over thirty acres, and rent was paid in a large proportion of the produce. The peasants' holdings ranged only from two to five acres, as a rule, and in 1901 and 1902 the crops failed. The young men who went to Batoum for work were driven back again by the authorities, but they returned with a knowledge of strikes and socialistic theories. A peasant deputation which appealed to the Russian government was sent in a body to Siberia, taxes were collected by force, and in 1903 the Cossacks were turned in upon the country. They were met by counter-violence. The Gurians elected a council and organized a national force of their own. During the Japanese war Russia was too much occupied to attend to them, a half-hearted invasion early in 1905 was repulsed, and for nearly two years (up to February, 1906) Georgia enjoyed an independence and happiness such as no other people in the empire had enjoyed since the curse of Russian government began.

It was indeed a remarkable time—an epoch in history that all students of government and economics should observe. The Russian authority, as represented by governor, police, magistrates, and soldiers, was not attacked; it was simply ignored. Its agents were allowed to feed themselves, but otherwise no notice was taken of their existence. No applications

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were made to the courts, no cases were brought for trial, no taxes were paid. All the public work of the province—road-mending, drainage, and bridge-making—was arranged by meetings of villagers and carried out by gangs appointed in each village, rich and poor taking equal shares in the labor. Wrongdoers came up for trial before the whole village community, assembled in the village square on Sundays. The questions both of guilt and sentence were settled by a majority vote, and the penalty almost invariably took the form of boycott for so many days, weeks, or months. More fantastic punishments were sometimes imposed, especially for careless and general immorality; but these cases were rare, and the decrease in every kind of offence was a proof of how excellently the popular system worked.

All through those months the Gurians remained on a level of social happiness of which philosophers have only dreamed before. I did not myself visit their mountain homes till after the land had been devastated and the villages burned by order of the Czar. But my friend, Mr. Luigi Villari, was there while the communal system still existed, and in his book on *Fire and Sword in the Caucasus* he describes a village trial and other discussions at which he was present. He also quotes a letter from the greatest of living social philosophers, the old man Tolstoy, who wrote to a friend:

> What is happening in Guria is an event of immense importance. Although I am aware that the Gurians have not even heard of my existence, I have nevertheless a great desire to express to them the ideas and sentiments which they have awakened in me by their admirable movement. Tell them, "There is an old man who for twenty years has been ceaselessly repeating that all the evils of humanity are due to the fact that men are always expecting to find some external aid with which to organize their lives; and when they see that the authorities do not aid them, and do not create order, they begin to accuse them, to condemn them, to revolt against them." What should be done is exactly what the Gurians are doing—to organize life in such a manner that there should be no need for any authority.

The movement had begun with a refusal of rent, but that soon became secondary. The houses of one or two unpopular landowners were destroyed (I saw only one myself), but the Georgian nobility are for the most part as good patriots as the people. In nearly all cases the rent was reduced by agreement, so that where it was formerly 24*s.* or 32*s.* an acre, the landowners now receive 8*s.* or 12*s.* I have met many of the nobility who of their own accord have given up their land entirely to the peasants, and are now earning their living in town or country just like other people. In Eng-

A GEORGIAN BISHOP

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land such a thing would be thought incredible or insane, but in Georgia it does not attract much attention, the people of all classes being far in advance of us in the practice of social ideals. I have heard of only one or two isolated cases in which a threatened landowner appealed for Russian protection, and in all Georgia I have heard of only two traitors to the national cause—one, a Colonel Chigovani, who commanded Alikhanoff's vanguard when the Russian troops came to lay waste the provinces in February, 1906; the other, a landowner named Mkhejdze, who lives opposite the station at Senaki and accompanied Alikhanoff as guide, causing the peasants who did not salute the Russian oppressor to be flogged with the Cossacks' leaded whips till even Alikhanoff himself begged for mercy. What sort of life can such a man look for in this world? And for the future we can only confide in Dante's vision of the hell where icebound Lucifer chews the soul of Judas for ever and ever.

A DEVASTATED HOME

It was not to collect rents or to avenge the wrongs of Georgian landowners that Alikhanoff came. He came to execute vengeance upon the little province which had dared to govern itself decently and enjoy human happiness in its own way under the Russian Empire. A few parties of Cossacks had been ordered into the country before he came, but had been repulsed with a loss of eight or ten men. The attempt at revolution in Russia itself, following the Japanese war, kept the St. Petersburg government occupied for a time longer. The Czar's manifesto of October 30, 1905, encouraged the Georgian hopes of freedom. The outbreak in Moscow a few weeks afterwards showed them they did not stand alone. But all was of no avail. The hope died away, the revolutionary movement was again extinguished in blood. By January, 1906, the Czar felt himself strong enough to proceed with the slaughter of his subjects and the devastation of their provinces. Alikhanoff—a Lesghian of Moslem stock—was put in command of two army corps. In four divisions he brought his troops from Tiflis over the watershed that parts the Caspian rivers from the Euxine; he made his headquarters at Kutais, and from end to end the country smoked. The cry of murdered men and violated women and starving children arose, but there was none to listen, and the will of the Czar was accomplished in the customary imperial manner.

Many districts suffered. Most villages and small towns along the railway west of the watershed were entirely or partially ruined. Part of the old Georgian city of Kutais itself was burned. In the province of Mingrelia, farther down the northern bank of the Rion, five towns were destroyed and many villages. But it was on Guria that the chief vengeance fell, for the Gurians had dared to seek their own happiness in defiance of the Czar, and had found it.

The devastation of the province was assigned to Colonel Kriloff of the Cher-

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A Patrol on the Road

sonese (33d) regiment, and express orders from the Czar were issued to show no mercy. The orders were passed through the Czar's Governor-General, Voromtzeff Dashkoff, in Tiflis, and no mercy was shown. In irresistible numbers the Cossacks and other Russian troops poured into the country. They swept from village to village, burning the wooden houses and the wooden garners in which the maize was stored. The isolation of the peasants' homes made their destruction easier and resistance less possible. One after another the cottages which men and women had so carefully constructed for the shelter of their families were in a few minutes converted into gray ashes spread on the hard, flat earth round the central chimney stack, which still stood, being built of brick and stone.

In most cases the houses were raised on stone supports above the damp, like the garners, and the short stone pillars were also left standing among the general ruin. All else perished by fire—the stores of clothing for girls and children, the bedding, the simple furniture, the cooking things, the little hoards of food for winter; all perished by fire or was carried off as loot. In the village of Nagomari, where I afterwards stayed, thirty-one cartloads of plunder were driven away by the soldiers, and the same thing happened everywhere.

One small incident will show the contrast between the Georgian people and the savages who hoped to exterminate them. Just before this pitiless invasion, a young Georgian who had been serving in the Russian army as a conscript returned to his native village and began boasting of the loot he had collected during the revolution in Moscow. He was at once summoned before the village tribunal and sentenced to a boycott of three months. At the same time the village at its own expense advertised in the Moscow papers that any one who would establish a claim to the plunder should receive it back, carriage free.

It was not till the following December that I passed through the devastated country myself. Winter had set in with terrible severity. Day after day the storm raged, the mountains were invisible, the bases of the hills stood deep in snow. Roads and bridges were washed away by torrents. Even the ferrymen hardly ven-



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tured to carry me across the swirling rivers. Columns of sleet and rain moved over the forest upon a bitter wind. Ten miles inland one heard the roaring of the sea as it broke upon the shingle of Colchis, and thunder and lightning accompanied the howling of the tempest.

I found the villagers piteously encamped among the black and sodden ruins of their homes. For some months after the invasion they had lived in the rocks and caves of mountain forests, hiding from the soldiers and creeping down at night to carry away any grain or other food which might have escaped the burning. At the first approach of the troops they had hidden their girls and women there. For the Cossacks and other soldiers had received orders from Colonel Kriloff to work their will upon the women. "Bring us your women. It is the women and girls we want," cried the officers to the prisoners they took. "The Czar requires loyal subjects made." Some of the women were found. A boy was hanged for killing the soldier who was violating his mother. Many women and children died in the forests of cold and hunger. Many mothers went mad. Some I found still torpid and unconscious with misery. Some wandered frantic far into the higher mountains and perished in the snowdrifts and crevasses.

The fate of the men and few women who attempted to remain in their homes and brave the consequences was no less wretched. Among the ruins of a large village upon the banks of the Soupsa they crept out of their doghutch shelters of wood and straw and told me what befell them. It was early morning when the Russian battalion marched in, and the commanding officer ordered the whole village into the church. While they were there a bugle sounded, and soldiers, stationed at each house, at the signal set fire to the wooden buildings, having first plundered them of everything they could carry away. When the people were let out of church they saw their homes going up in columns of smoke and flame that nothing could now extinguish. Their coats and boots were taken from them by the soldiers at the church door, and they were driven out into a cold and snowy world in which they had lost everything, even the next meal. In that village over seventy houses were burned. In another village just across the river there were eighty-seven. So the destruction went on from place to place.

In early summer, when the first horror of the invasion was over, the people began to return from the forests and set about the weary business of restoring their homes. But everything had been destroyed or plundered—tools, implements, furniture, cattle, and horses,—and it was slow work. In December, as I said, I found most of them still cowering from the storm in hutches and shelters which they had run up against any part of the old ruins that resisted the fire. They were choked and blinded with smoke; rain and snow dripped on to the floor of mingled ashes and mud; clothes and bedding were never dry, and the children never washed; the only food was maize rescued from the old storehouses or secretly sent them by patriot villages which had escaped the vengeance. Where a barn or cattle shed had been left standing, many families crowded into it. In some of these sheds I found twenty or thirty people living, in far worse condition than any wild beast, while the ordinary events of illness, death, and birth went on as usual upon the crowded earthen floor.

They were attempting to rebuild. A few of the new houses were already rainproof, and in the larger villages some of the new shops had opened on patriotic credit, with goods advanced by Georgians in other parts of the country. They also told me in many places that they had been much encouraged to face life again by the visit of a lady who had come from England and passed along the central road two or three months before I came. She had brought a small sum from English people as contribution to a relief fund subscribed by their own people in Tiflis; but it was not the money, they kept on saying, it was her sunny presence and the thought of outside human sympathy that cheered them on. "She came," they all told me, "like balm to our souls." It was a fine instance of what single courage and indignation can effect.

But though they were rebuilding, the end of the devastation had not yet come. The Russian troops were still quartered in most villages and towns, and day by

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day they were sent round the country to levy exactions. The peasants call the process an "execution," and this was the method: a battalion of Cossacks or Russian line was marched off to a village; the chief men, or even all the inhabitants, were herded together upon the village green, surrounded by soldiers with ball cartridges and fixed bayonets. The officer in command then haggled over the amount the village could pay for the privilege of belonging to the Russian Empire. I have seen the process myself, and I know that often the people were kept standing there as a torture for days and nights together, without food or shelter, till they agreed to terms or surrendered their leaders. Meantime, the village had to pay £8 a day for the feeding of the officers and men who persecuted them. The final amount of penalty for being Georgians was generally about £200, and as, of course, the villagers had not money enough, the troops carried off any cattle, implements, or other stores which remained from previous lootings or had been procured on credit since the devastation. The small and scattered town of Ozurgetti, which serves as the capital of Guria, had to pay £300 for every "execution" imposed upon it, and it paid so often that there was nothing left to pay or plunder. The people were starving, trade and tillage alike were stopped, and ruin was complete. "It is to ruin you utterly that we are here," said the officer in command.

Remember that in all this destruction, pillage, and slaughter there was no talk of defence of the empire, no excuse of strategy, such as is constantly made and sometimes believed in ordinary warfare. The whole thing was a mere act of vengeance inflicted upon a helpless and undefended little province, because it had dared to reject the incapable and oppressive system of Russian law and administration. It had instituted intelligent reforms on its own lines, and had conducted its own affairs with singular justice and success. As long as it was left alone, no state in the world was happier, but happiness among its own people or the subject races does not come within the scheme of the centralized government in St. Petersburg; and as an act of vengeance for ignoring that government, the Gurians were doomed to suffer in life, in honor, and in all they had.

Nor did the Gurians suffer alone. The whole two million other Georgians between the Caspian and the Black Sea suffered with them, and are still suffering as I write. It is sad to take leave of so beautiful a country and so noble a race with a note of indignation and fear. Their land is among the most fertile and attractive districts of the world. But for the pressure of Turkey and Persia in old days, and the dreary misgovernment of Russia for the last century, a people so intelligent and enterprising might have risen to a leading place, not only in the Near East, but in Europe. Their present fate is an example of the misery which follows in the trail of huge empires when they attempt to stamp other nationalities into the monotonous pattern of the conquering or most numerous race. In this instance the shame is greater, because the small and subject people is in every way superior to the ruling caste which has sent out the Russian armies to accomplish their ruin. One line of hope alone is visible in the near future. It is impossible to believe that the ruling caste in St. Petersburg can much longer continue to oppress and persecute, to rob and torture, to exile and murder the immense host of about 130,000,000 souls who owe it nominal allegiance. With the development of the Russian revolution, with the disappearance of the Romanoff dynasty, the break up of the centralized bureaucracy, the extermination of the secret police, and the transference of the budget and the army to popular control, a change will be wrought, not only in Russia, but in the whole of Europe, such as has not been seen since the Napoleonic wars. Russia may have ten years or fifty years to wait, but in the splendor of that change Georgia will have her part, and in the great confederacy of All the Russias she will stand conspicuous as a gallant nationality of peculiar interest and peculiar brilliance.

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# A Daughter's Heart

*BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE*

"YES," said Peter de Koven, "your small daughter is evidently a success." He was folding a letter which he had brought with him to read to me. It was from his sister, and full of Daphne and her little triumphs, the compliments she had provoked, and the attention she had received, mingled with praise of the child herself—just the kind of letter that should rejoice a mother's heart, yet mine was heavy in my bosom.

"As an experiment, Daphne's London season has turned out a quite tremendous success," went on Peter. "I know it's been hard on you both—this separation; but the chance was something she ought not to have missed—eh?"

He spoke coaxingly, and I instantly agreed. Not every girl has such an opportunity to see the world as my little one enjoyed. When Peter's married sister, whom I have known ever since I knew Peter—and I cannot remember when I didn't know him,—wrote from London and offered the experience of a season there to Daphne, what could we do but accept?

"I wish," went on Peter, still as if wheedling me into a better mood,—"I wish I might have stayed on longer in London to see Daphne through it all—but I left her well started; and she'll be home herself so soon now, she can tell you all about everything, better than I have been able to. By the way, you haven't once asked me, not once since I came back, how your *débutante* is developing as to looks. She was such a very pretty little one, it would be strange if she hadn't become quite a divine young woman."

I could make no answer.

"What's the matter?" asked my old friend. He was looking at my hands. I was trying to sew, but my needle was staggering anywhere.

"What's the matter?" repeated Peter; and when he asks in that tone what one's trouble may be— There are strong-minded people who can carry all their burdens and refuse every proffer to share them with the most wise, the most tender and discreet. I never was strong-minded.

I flung down my sewing.

"Oh," I cried, "I don't know what you will think of me, but I am so frightened! Daphne changes so fast, I can't keep up with her. I had to learn to understand her all over again every time she came home from boarding-school. What will she be after all this experience? Suppose I *can't* learn to know her! Suppose I find she has grown—quite—quite away from me! You won't repeat something if I tell you it? Daphne had a roommate at school, and once, when the roommate's mother was visiting there, I happened to arrive at the same time, and we two mothers had a little talk together. I asked her if she didn't find it *lovely* to have her daughter coming home for the holidays, and—the poor woman!—she simply burst into tears! Then she told me all her trouble: how her child was—a stranger when she came home. It was like, she said, *exactly* like having one of her sisters-in-law come to visit her.

"One morning, when she was dressing, her daughter came into the room, and said in the most shocked tone, 'Why, mother! do you wear your stockings with *holes* in them?'

"And she said there *was* a hole in her stocking. Not a large one; she hadn't seen it—that is, she said she hadn't *quite* seen it—she'd been so busy—and—and—I can't forget that story! Do you think Daphne, my dear, dear little girl, when she comes home, will be—"

"Your sister-in-law? No!" said Peter, stoutly. "I'll tell you what she is. I've seen her since you have—she's just what she's always promised to be ever since she was a baby—the replica of her mother. Her mother is her ideal—and—" Then he went on, as only Peter de Koven can,

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*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens* Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"DAPHNE, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU"

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to tell me what Daphne had said to him in his last talk with her in London, before he left her, and all that she in her childlike confidence had told him, too comforting to me to repeat.

"Little girls know," said Peter. "You can depend on them to find us out—every time. They aren't like little boys. You needn't worry."

"How do you know all these things?" I cried.

"Oh, I have been a little boy and I have been a little girl," claimed Peter—and I almost believed him.

"Why don't you send for Daphne?" asked Peter. "You have been wearying for her; you know you have. You've stood this—just about as long as you can stand it. How do you know she's not wearying for you? In your place I should send for her."

I shook my head, openly wiping my eyes. "No—I can stand it a *little* longer," I said. "The trouble is, there—there are so many things to remind me of her, and I've taken to a dreadful habit of feeling sorry for myself. You know that's fatal! This morning, when I passed through Daphne's room, there, under her pink dresser, lay my old slipper-trees—the pair she stole out of my closet, naughty little thing, when she had her first dear little pair of grown up slippers,—and I sat down and cried over them. You see how silly I am! But I shall never forget the day I walked into her room and found those best slipper-trees stuck in her slippers. I knew what had happened then—my baby was gone."

"Nonsense!" said Peter.

"Oh, not at all. I'm looking forward to my grandchildren now. I don't expect to get much more pleasure out of my own children."

"Oh, grandmother!" said Peter. "You need a tonic."

"*Grandmother,*" I repeated, thoughtfully. "It sounds queer, doesn't it? I think, at first, until I get used to it, I'll call them all my son's sons, or my daughter's daughters. It's a bit less—*elderly* sounding. Don't you think so? Then there's the chance of people not finding out the relationship on the moment, you see. They might even get away from me before they realized that a daughter's daughter is—a *grandchild!*"

Peter rose. "There's no help for it," he said, firmly. "I see what has to be done. Anything more morbid, more unlike your sane self, I have never encountered. There's a convenient chance—and she must take it—for Daphne to come home on the next steamer. Your husband and I—we have been watching you—were strongly tempted to send for her ten days ago, when we could have got escort for her; we talked of it seriously. This parting mothers and daughters—it's a doubtful business. You shall have Daphne back in ten days at the latest; or—you can have her now, if you prefer!"

He threw open the door as he spoke, and she dropped her father's arm, where she was clinging, and ran to me, laughing, crying, hanging about me—not my sister-in-law! No, not my sister-in-law at all, my own dear, dear little girl—my sweet, unaltered child, my Daphne.

"I know I am right," I said. "It's quite impossible. Nothing like that can have happened, for I should certainly know if it had. How could I help knowing?"

My husband looked at me in that patient way a husband can look, and said nothing.

"You still believe it!" I accused him. "A mother surely ought to know her daughter's heart. Before Daphne came back to us I was terribly afraid she might have grown away from me, but since she has been home—why, she has never come so close, I have never understood her so thoroughly."

"There may be a reason for that," said my husband. "Perhaps she understands *you* better, because there are some things she knows now she didn't know before."

"But she hasn't learned anything new," I insisted. "The child is as open with me as if her pure, dear little heart couldn't keep a secret from me. Isn't she the—"

"Yes," said my husband, rising, "she is all that. Evidently you don't need my assistance. She's your daughter, as you say—a mother should know."

I caught his arm.

"Don't," I cried. "It's not fair to go off like that. I know there's the sweetest bond between fathers and daughters, but when it comes to a daughter's

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*heart,* isn't it natural to suppose the mother understands? I can't imagine what has given you this strange notion about Daphne. Why should you suppose she is thinking—of—of anybody, as she certainly is not?"

"That settles it," said my husband. Something in his tone made me turn quickly and look up into his face.

"You surely hadn't any special—any person—any *one* in mind?—had you?" I asked.

"I certainly hadn't *two* in mind," he answered. I still sat looking at him, with a queer, sudden little sinking at my heart attacking me. Was there more here than he had yet told me?

"You don't think—" I said. The words came hard. "That—that it is some one in England? Will he take her—away from us?"

Then he told me, and I sat speechless.

"As for that," I said, when my voice came back, "it's—absurd." A load had rolled off my heart. I could not help laughing aloud.

"My dear," I cried, "are you going to be the kind of father that thinks any man, of all estates, who comes anywhere near his daughter is a threatening son-in-law? There's nothing in this. Do forget it! It would mortify Daphne to death to have him think it had crossed your brain that he could be looking at her—that way. He is double her age."

"He is double the worth of most men," replied my husband.

"He's a man of the world," I insisted; "she's a mere baby."

"He's a man of all worlds—any he enters," amended my husband. "As for Daphne, she is a woman, and—he *hopes* she cares for him."

My work dropped from my hands to my knee, from my shaking knees to the floor. I sat dumb and staring.

"I knew it would surprise you," said my husband. "I told him it would be hard to make you believe any of this. I couldn't credit it at first when he told me. He hasn't spoken to Daphne yet; but he thinks—she's not indifferent. He believes she will come to care for him. I think she cares now. I hope she does."

"Daphne," I repeated, dazedly. "I never—saw—her—look at him—not that way—or he at her."

"It never occurred to you they might, did it? And you weren't in London, remember,—they were."

"But, dear,—he can't, he can't have our little Daphne. I'd hate to deny him—anything; but she—she's nothing but a child, our little, little girl."

"You were about her age when our little, little girl was born."

"Oh, but she's different."

"All mothers' daughters are—different. And, dear, we must think of—Peter." My husband came over nearer to me, and sat down beside me. He took out of my hand the work I had mechanically lifted from the floor.

"Listen," he said. "Peter de Koven is old enough for both. We can trust her—so safely to him. And then—think how much we owe to him!"

"We don't owe him—Daphne."

"I'm not so sure of that," said my husband. He sat looking at me ever so oddly.

"What do you mean?" I asked. My heart began again to sink. Then my husband took both my hands into his, and held them fast.

"Haven't you—not once—so much as suspected?" he said. "But no—he's the millionth man; he would never have let you suspect. There is no one quite like him. I wonder sometimes how I ever dared—"

He told me then . . . everything.

I can't believe it. It isn't, it can't be true! I don't know how to bear it—what to think or feel.

Daphne?—of course he can have her, and all the rest of our little girls—if he wants them. How can we ever make it up to him!

I've been—oh, as blind as a mole. On my seventeenth birthday, it seems, they talked it over together, my old playmate Peter with my new lover. My old playmate said I had never yet refused to do anything he had ever asked of me, and so—he would not speak, first. Yet he had the right, if it was true that he had cared so long, ever since I was a wee girl. My new lover was the stranger. It isn't imaginable—I won't believe that by any chance it could have been otherwise than it has been, these happy, happy years. My husband is the only man I

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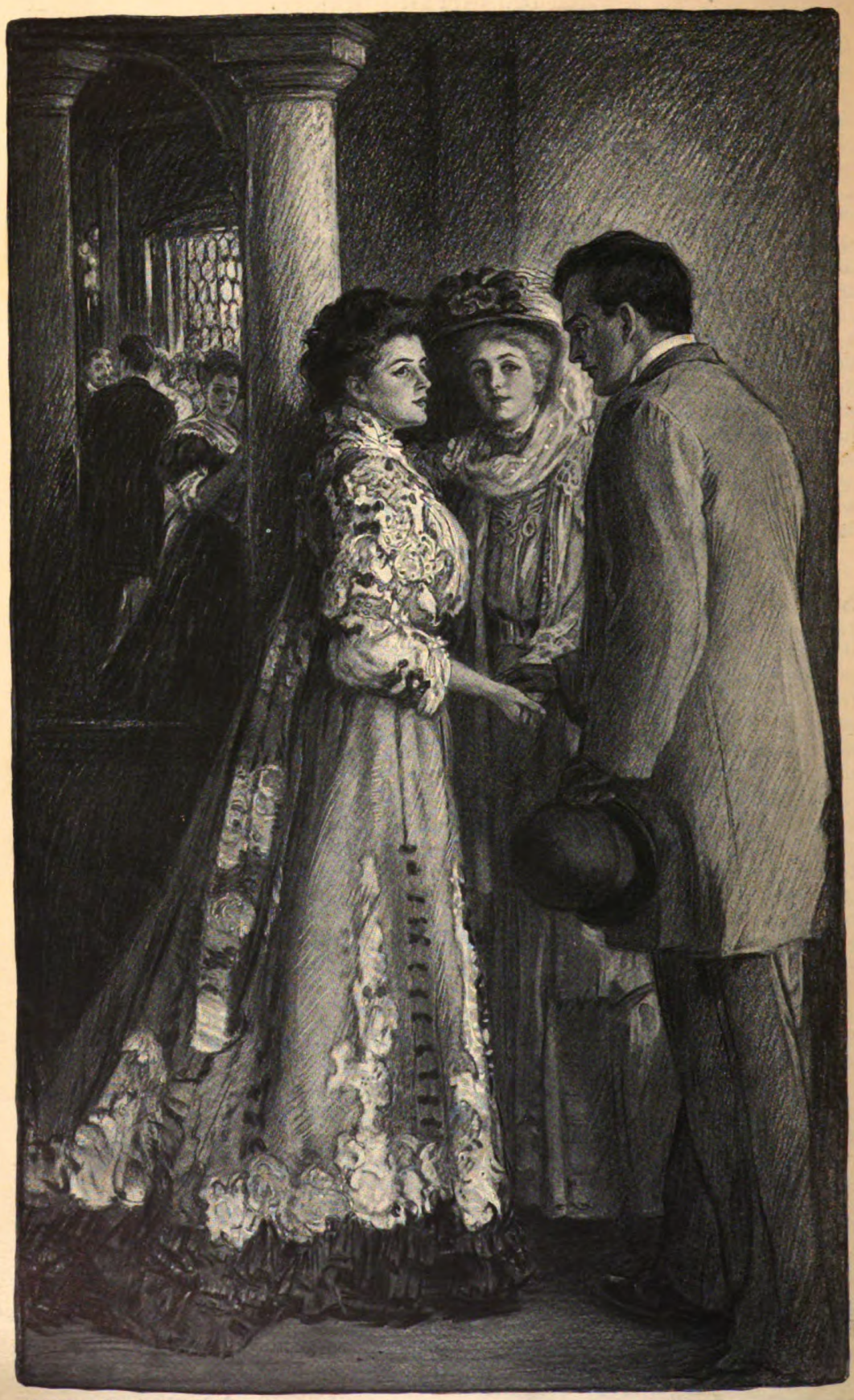

*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"YOU WON'T TAKE HER VERY FAR—WILL YOU"

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ever looked at twice—or wanted to . . . and yet—and yet—

Peter told the whole truth when he said I had formed a habit of yielding to him, and I was such a child I suppose he was right to take that kind of care of me. The newcomer was to be the first to speak, and if I refused him—this was their agreement. Peter would not have it otherwise. Nothing else was fair to me, he insisted. If I refused the newcomer, then Peter was to speak for himself. But I didn't refuse— Oh no, no! Refuse? Why, when my husband addressed me, I fairly— . . . No, there could never have been any one else for me but my husband. That is so sure, it seems a sacrilege, it frightens me, to think that by any fatal chance it might possibly have been different.

And now it is Peter who is asking me for Daphne—Peter, who said I had never refused him anything he ever asked of me.

"Is that you, dear child? No, you don't interrupt me. Come in, little Daphne, dear, dear little daughter. Are you really a woman, Daphne? They tell me you are. It seems only yesterday—I wonder if my mother felt as I do? I was only about your age, dear, when your father— . . . Daphne, I have a surprise for you. When you go up to your bedroom, look on your new pink dresser— Ah, child, how we loved having your room all ready for you when you came home from school! The new dresser, the long glass—that tilts—you did like them, didn't you, dear? We thought you would be so happy in your pretty pink nest,—for years, and years, and years, here with your father and me. . . .

"I was telling you of the surprise—wasn't I? I've bought you the pink, rose blossom hat, the one we sent back yesterday. Yes, I know; it is too expensive, but to-day I wanted you to have it. It looks so like you.

"Daphne, our—friend—Peter—Mr. de Koven is to dine with us to-night, and after dinner, dear—you may wear your new hat if you like,—you may let him take you—there is an early moon to-night—for a little stroll out through the park, if you want to go. Yes, I know—but that was different. Of course I couldn't allow you to go strolling in parks—not with every one.

"You may go anywhere, out under the trees, or any other place—that—that our guest to-night—"

It was hard to say. She was so young, so sweet, so little. I was trying to add, "You may go with him anywhere in the *world* he may want to take you—if only you *like* to go—"

Then I looked up and saw the child's face; and—she was her father's daughter! It was he who had understood his daughter's heart. I took her in my arms, for then I, too, understood. . . .

I have been taught my lesson. I have wanted Peter to marry, have prayed for it, yes, but it was not this answer to prayer that I looked for.

The rest of our girls shall be safe from me. I will buy me a muzzle if I cannot learn to hold my foolish, matrimony-praising tongue.

And yet—when all is said—it is a splendid match—for both of them!

Lohengrin and orange blossoms; rice, old shoes, smiles, tears, blessings. . . .

"Good-by! Good-by! Daphne, are you sure you packed your rubbers, child? If he isn't an *angel* to you, come home to mother, dear, come straight home. Good-by. . . .

"Oh, it's you, is it? Good-by, then, *both* of you. Take her! Yes, I forgive you. Yes, yes. Take her! You won't take her very far—will you?"

"As far as she will go with me. You don't think she will be unhappy?"

"I think," I cried, "that any woman who was unhappy with you would have to give her whole mind to it; but just one moment, one word," I whispered. "Daphne can't hear us; she's saying good-by to her father. She always loved him best. Why not? So do I.

"Listen— When you and Daphne squabble—of course you will sometimes; you ought to—I mean to side against you every single time. Yes, I shall. Daphne would never forgive me if I sided once against her—you will."

Peter turned and looked at me.

"Oh no, *mother,* you wouldn't do that!"

Mother!



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# The End of the End

*BY BASIL KING*

IN the city of Nantes the morning of November 7, 1832, was a cold one. The two soldiers on guard in the attic room of the house of Pauline and Marie-Louise du Guiny, being chilled after their long night's vigil, decided to make a fire. When they did so, the last hope that the line of Capet, Valois, and Bourbon would ever reign again in France disappeared. It was the end of the end. The cause, which had never been a sure one since Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette laid their heads upon the block, was now beyond salvation.

The soldiers' names were Hocher and Lavollée. For one half hour they emerge out of the obscurity in which they were born and died, to become pivots in the revolution of great historical events. From behind the blaze they kindled there issued the forlornest little figure in Europe — her hair dishevelled, her hands blistered, and her brown woollen gown hanging in burnt rags about her. It was the young lady who claimed the proud title of Regent of France—it was Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise—commonly called Madame—widow of the Duc de Berry; mother of the Comte de Chambord; daughter of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies; daughter-in-law of Charles X., King of France; sister of Maria Christina, Queen of Spain; cousin of Francis II., Emperor of Austria; cousin of Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife; niece of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie; grandniece of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the last of her race to raise the white flag with the golden lilies, which, for so many centuries, had been the foremost banner in the world.

A lost cause quickly forfeits its hold on human attention; and yet there was a year when the Duchesse de Berry threw over international politics the most potent of all spells — that of a great mystery. From April 23, 1832, to November 7, of the same year, she vanished from public sight as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her. There was excitement in every court, and uneasiness in every cabinet, from London to Vienna, and from Moscow to Madrid. Her disappearance might mean anything, from a frivolous escapade to a European war. She had been last seen in Italy, on the road to Florence. Since then neither her brother, the King of Naples, nor her sister, the Queen of Spain, nor any sovereign, or ambassador, or journalist, or spy, had been able to trace her footsteps. The story of those seven months is worth recalling from time to time, as one of the most romantic and futile bits of daring to be found in history.

The restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne of France, undertaken by the Allied Powers in 1815, may now be considered as a mistaken effort to put back the clock of Time. The line of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. was not more likely than that of the Cæsars to produce a race of constitutional kings. The two brothers of Louis XVI. had absolutism in their very blood. The Charter granted by Louis XVIII. was no more, in his opinion, than a concession to a foolish, noisy populace. For the unrest of France at the end of the second decade of the nineteenth century, Charles X. could find no better remedy than the suspension of the Constitution and the abolition of the liberty of the press.

The Ordinances to that effect were published on July 26, 1830. Five days later the King was retreating before enraged Paris in arms. On July 31 he fled from Saint-Cloud to the Grand Trianon. A few hours later he retired to Rambouillet. On August 1 he withdrew the Ordinances. On August 2 he abdicated in favor of his ten-year-old grandson, the Comte de Chambord. These measures came too late to save the

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crown, for Louis Philippe was already King in everything but name. On August 16 Charles X., with his family and suite, embarked at Cherbourg on two American ships, the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll,* to go permanently into exile. Two months later, at the invitation of William IV., he was installed at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. Never was a great revolution effected so rapidly, so easily, with so little effort on one side, and so faint a resistance on the other. Charles X. was literally frightened to his downfall. It was said that, throughout the eventful three weeks, there had been only one man in the Bourbon house—the Duchesse de Berry.

She was in truth the one element of life in a family which seemed to feel itself foredoomed. Charles X. declared that he had but the choice between mounting a horse and mounting the tumbrel, like his brother. His elder son, the Duc d'Angoulême, uncouth, ungainly, and unpopular, consented to be passed over in the Act of Abdication, regretting, as he went into exile, nothing but his dogs. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the most pathetic figure in the history of the nineteenth century, with all her memories of the Terror and the Temple, was too familiar with sorrow to expect any other portion. The Duchesse de Berry alone—young, active, popular, buoyant, and high-spirited—rebelled, with all the fire of her Southern temperament, against the fatalistic resignation by which the hereditary throne was abandoned, and the cause of her son sacrificed.

From the beginning of the troubles she had been "the one man in the family." Before the retreat from Saint-Cloud she implored the King to let her ride into Paris and show herself at the head of the troops. On the day of the Abdication it required all the authority the old monarch had retained to keep her from fleeing to the Chamber of Deputies with her son, and throwing herself and him on the loyalty of the House.

HOUSE OF MLLE. DU GUINY AT NANTES

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"What would have happened if I had done it?" she asked of one of the commissioners appointed by Louis Philippe to convoy the fallen royal family towards exile. "In that case, Madame," he answered, "we should probably not have been here." The impatience of the Princess, at being forced out of France, was not allayed by this reply, and still less her eagerness to return.

To return, as Regent of France, with her son secure on the throne, was already her determination, before the *Great Britain* had left the port of Cherbourg. In grim old Holyrood two influences reached her, which made such an event seem more than possible. They were those of Walter Scott and of the French Royalists. The former, with his tales of fair ladies in soldiers' camps, gave to recklessness the saving touch of poetry; while the latter, with their prayers that she come back, and take the place held in other centuries by Blanche of Castille and Anne of Austria, made daring seem a duty.

In the spring of 1832 the Princess was given to understand that all was ready. Nothing was needed now, but her presence, as an inspiring angel, to rouse the chivalry and loyalty of France. Madame was as eager to be in the midst of danger as the most ardent of her followers to put her there. In spite of the fact that she was exiled by law, and surrounded by a veritable army of spies, she managed to land on the coast of Provence in the early morning of April 28, 1832. It was expected that the South and West would rise as one man, to be followed by the army and the rest of France.

Madame, disguised as a sailor lad, made her way to a cabin hidden in a lonely wood. Here she was to wait, till the first important victory called her forth. Anxious and excited, but in no wise afraid, she passed the 29th. It was the afternoon of the 30th when news reached her. The Revolution had begun in Marseilles that morning at eight o'clock, and was all over by noon! The white flag had floated from one solitary steeple. One man had been arrested. That was all. It would have been comic, if it had not been pitiable. The only advice to give Madame was to slip away again from France.

But this was precisely what the intrepid young lady would not do. If the South had failed, La Vendée and Brittany were sure. She would show to the faint-hearted and the easily dismayed what it was to come from a race of kings and soldiers.

The doings of the month that followed would be worthy to rank among the heroic annals of the world, if one could eliminate from the story its elements of folly. It contains all the force of courage and danger, all the fascination of chivalry and honor, all the romance of picturesque disguises, thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes, devotion, self-sacrifice, and death; and yet the effect never rises above that of an anticlimax to 1793. We must pass briefly over the events which took place in May, in order to hasten to the moment when Destiny availed itself of the odd instrumentality of Hocher and Lavollée.

Leaving the cabin in the wood during the night of April 30, Madame, still disguised as a sailor lad, and accompanied by five male companions, made her way, partly on foot, partly in a chance cart, to the house of a friend. The journey took nearly forty hours, and she slept in the open. At this house she resumed the dress of a lady, and went on by post chaise. Travelling night and day, she passed Nîmes, Montpellier, and Toulouse, arriving on May 4 at another friendly château. As she pushed further inland and northward the risks increased. The country was sown with soldiers, detectives, and spies, all on the watch for her.

For nearly a fortnight she remained in the shelter she had found on May 4. Here she issued orders to her adherents to take up arms on the 24th, signing her name, bravely, "Marie Caroline, Regent of France." On the 16th, she pushed on to another château, where she disguised herself as a peasant boy, and continued her journey on foot. The government was, by this time, thoroughly alarmed. There was scarcely a road, or a farm, or a pathway, in the West, which was not patrolled by its sentries; and still Madame went on. Beating her way through woods, fording rivers, eating with peasants, sleeping in lonely huts, sometimes with a companion or two, often with no

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one but a guide, Madame reached at last the heart of loyal La Vendée.

Here, at the supreme moment, she was confronted by divided counsels. Of the great Royalist chiefs, some were for an immediate rising, some for indefinite postponement, and some for a recourse to arms, not on May 24, as had been commanded, but on the 1st of June. The last, and, as it proved, most disastrous, course was adopted. New orders were issued by the "Regent" to that effect. They were too late, however, to reach the districts remote from the centre of command, and the result was confusion. Some raised the white flag and proclaimed King Henry V. on May 24; others waited till June 1. The government was thus enabled to deal with the movement in detail, and what was planned as a revolution ended as a series of riots. In spite of a resistance such as only fanatics can make, noblemen and peasantry alike were hunted and shot down, till it seemed as if half the farm houses in La Vendée were turned into shambles.

There was one combat—that of Le Chêne, on June 6—which might almost have been called a battle, and then all was over. Of Madame's followers many were dead, many were prisoners, and the rest were in hiding. It remained only for her to find a refuge for herself.

It was characteristic of her that she did this in the boldest and most open way, walking straight into the teeth of the enemy. The city of Nantes, the ancient capital of Brittany, was the headquarters of her foes. It was, moreover, the only city in the West whose populace had little sympathy with herself. Here, then, she decided to seek shelter, as being the spot least likely to be suspected.

The news of the disaster of June 6 reached her at the village of Haute-Menantie. At daylight on the morning of June 7, dressed as a market girl, she set out on foot for Nantes. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, the companion of her more recent wanderings, donned the same attire, while two real peasant girls of the countryside completed the little party. Trudging barefooted over the hot highway, walking in the dustiest places so as to conceal the whiteness of her feet, the "Regent of France" passed the octroi with her basket, under the eyes of both military and civil inspectors, and entered the town. Twice she stopped: once to help an old woman with her load, and once to read the decree putting La Vendée under martial law, with which the walls were placarded. In the end she found shelter in the house of Pauline and Marie-Louise du Guiny—two Royalist ladies, who, being young at that time, lived right down into our own day.

This house was chosen for the reason that, behind the chimney of one of its rooms, it contained a peculiarly built hiding place. It had been constructed in 1789, at the beginning of the French Revolution, and had often done good service for the hunted victims of the Terror. The back of the fireplace of an attic room, though seemingly fixed, was, in reality, movable by a spring, giving access to what was little more than a hole, in which four persons could stand, one behind the other. As the roof sloped upwards from the entrance, it was necessary that the tallest person should enter first, and the shortest last. This fact had an important bearing on what happened in the end.

In the course of a few days the house of the two ladies du Guiny contained just four refugees. These were, in addition to Madame herself, Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, the Comte de Mesnard, and Monsieur Achille Guibourg. The two latter, being among those most dangerously compromised in the rising, would, if captured, probably pay the penalty of death. The secret hiding place had, therefore, just room enough, and seemed to offer the last of those happy chances which, amid so many disasters, had favored Madame hitherto.

From the early part of June to November 7, the Duchesse de Berry, with her three proscribed companions, lay hidden in the modest house, still to be seen as No. 3 rue Haute-du-Château, Nantes. Though she conducted her affairs with startling boldness, not once was her retreat suspected. She received her friends, she issued manifestoes, she wrote to foreign courts, she maintained an active correspondence with all royalist France; she even forwarded a letter, written with her own hand, to her aunt, Queen Marie

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Amélie, at the Tuileries. "I wish you happiness, madame," this curious letter ended, "for I have too good an opinion of you to think that you have found it in your present situation." Louis Philippe was frantic to find the writer of the lines; the government redoubled its efforts in the search; huge sums were offered in reward to any one who could put them on the scent. All the European courts joined discreetly in the hunt, either out of interest or anxiety. The hue and cry was such that Madame was advised to slip away by sea, and to begin her work all over again, from some safe place in Italy. At last, as summer passed and autumn waned, and the hope of any further movement of the Royalists waned with it, Madame consented to depart. Plans were made, and November 14 was fixed as the date of taking ship. It is probable that she would have effected her escape, with the same success that attended all her secret and more personal designs, had it not been that in her little band there was a Judas.

In the early part of October, 1832, Monsieur Thiers, Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, and forty years later President of the French Republic, received a mysterious, unsigned letter. It stated that the writer had information of great importance to the government, and begged the minister to meet him, alone and at midnight, on a certain date, at the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. The spot is not too safe at midnight even at the present day, and was still less so in 1832. Thiers, moved by curiosity, was punctual at the rendezvous, but had taken care to have assistance within call. No one appeared. A second letter reproached Thiers with not having come alone, and appointed another meeting. To this Thiers, with pistols in his pocket, went seemingly unattended. The information given by the personage who then revealed himself was to the effect that he was sufficiently sure of the presence of the Duchesse de Berry at Nantes to be able to find the very house in which she lived, if he were assured of the help of the authorities of that town. Thiers was not slow to give the pledge, with a promise of five hundred thousand francs for the capture.

Thus it happened that, about the middle of October, a stranger appeared in Nantes, at the Convent of the Visitation, which, during the previous week, had been ransacked by the authorities from top to bottom, in hope of discovering the Duchess. The young man, who was pleasing in address and regular at mass, informed the Mother Superior that he brought important news for Madame. After long hesitation, the nun described him to the Princess. Madame recognized him as a friend who had served her faithfully during the previous year. He had been introduced to her by Pope Gregory XVI. himself, and had fulfilled missions for her in Spain and Portugal. In spite of the misgivings of those about her, she decided to receive the man, if he were truly, as she supposed, Hyacinthe de Gonzague. The test of that fact was easy. To the messenger she sent to fetch him she gave the half of a card, cut in a peculiar manner. The true Hyacinthe de Gonzague would have the corresponding part. He had it. Henceforth there was no more question. On the last evening of October he was conducted to the hôtel du Guiny, and admitted to see Madame.

It is only within recent years that the true history of this individual has come to light. The son of a German Jewish rabbi, he was born at Cologne, but early domiciled in France. His real name was Deutz. Becoming a convert to Christianity in 1828, he gained the favor of the Archbishop of Paris, by whom he was sent to study in Rome, with a special introduction to Cardinal Capellari, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI. The conduct of Deutz in Rome was so exemplary that, in 1830, he was entrusted, by the College of the Propaganda, with a mission to the United States. This he carried out with so much zeal that the Pope was interested to present him to Madame, who was looking for trusty men to aid her in her great affairs. It is improbable that he would have betrayed her if the price set upon her head had not been put so high.

His reception by Madame almost gave Deutz the information he was in search of—and yet not quite. Care had been taken to impress him with the idea that she had come to that house to see him,

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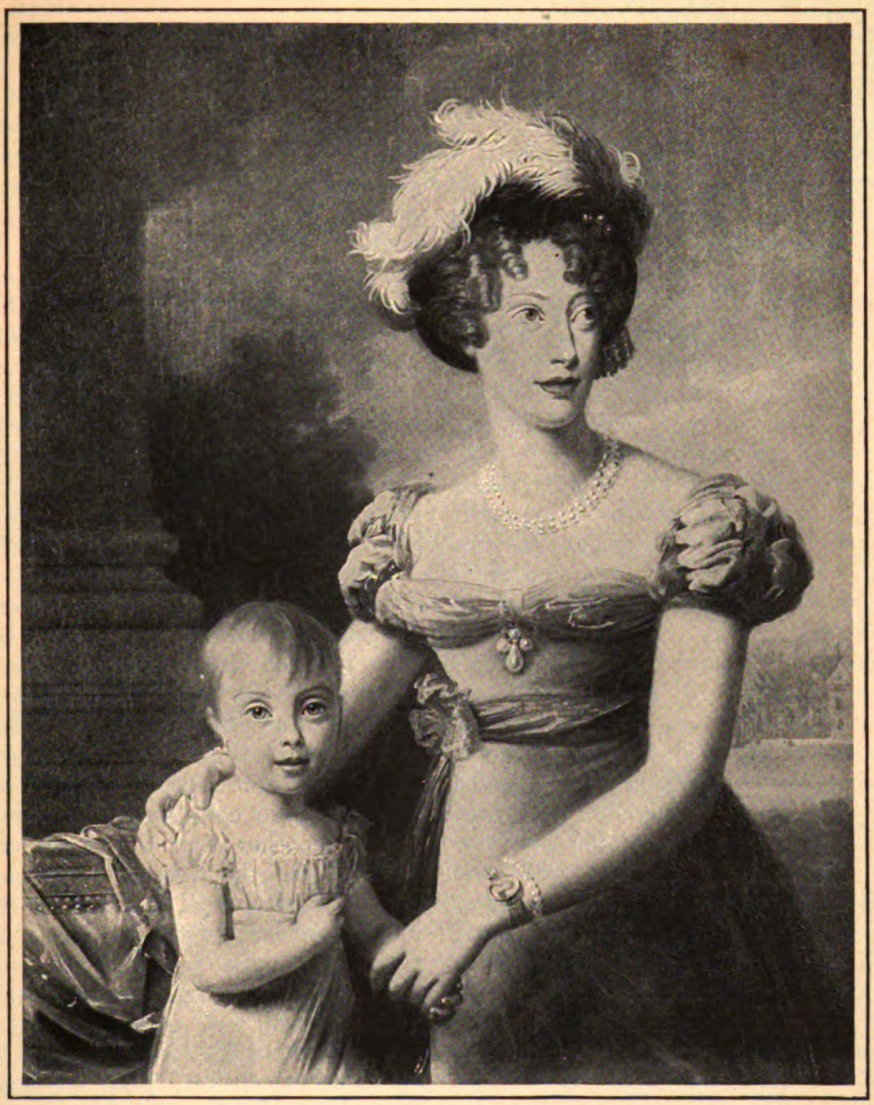

DUCHESSE DE BERRY AND HER SON THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD

but that she actually inhabited another. She had worn a bonnet and shawl in receiving him, and, at the end of the interview, she seemed to leave by the front door. A second meeting produced no more than the certainty that she lived either in that house or in one near by. There came a moment when this hesitation might have saved Madame, had not Hocher and Lavollée felt cold.

At half past five on the afternoon of November 6, Madame was about to dine. It was her fête day, and the demoiselles du Guiny had prepared a modest feast. Four of the guests, however, were destined not to partake of it; for, at the very moment of going to table, Guibourg raised the cry, "Fly, Madame! the house is being surrounded by troops." There was an immediate rush for the attic room with the hiding place. Mesnard, the tallest, entered first; Guibourg, next; Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, third, and Madame, the shortest, last. Madame was, therefore, nearest the plaque which closed the fireplace. In a very few minutes all was still.

Soon the expected loud knocking resounds on the street door, and soldiers enter. There is a tramp of many feet, while every room in the house is occupied. The ladies du Guiny maintain

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their self-control, and, looking from the window, see that not only their own house is surrounded, but every house in the street. No one is allowed to leave or enter. There is to be no corner of any dwelling left unvisited.

Packed one against another, in darkness, and without air, the four proscribed persons listen to the cries, the oaths, the laughter, of those to whom the search is but a man-hunt. It is not long before they are in the attic room itself. Nearer and nearer the soldiers approach to the chimney, crashing and smashing as they come. Around the prisoners the loosely built walls are crumbling, the very beams seem about to fall. Soldiers and workmen are drunk with excitement and enraged at their lack of success. "When we find them now, we shall hack them in pieces," is the threat quite plainly heard.

"If they come nearer, we must yield," Mesnard whispers to his companions. "If they make the slightest opening they will fire in on us." They do come nearer, striking the chimney itself. Madame is on the point of calling out, when, lo! everything stops suddenly. To their unspeakable relief the captives hear the order given to cease work for the night.

There was now a hope of getting out of the stifling cage, if it were only to rush back again. It was a hope of short duration; for it was soon evident that, though the main body of the troops withdrew, the attic room was not left empty. Hocher and Lavollée, now grumbling, now swearing, now joking, ate their supper, and made themselves comfortable for the night. Then began for Madame and her three friends the long, long hours of extreme discomfort, which were worse than the moments of thrilling danger. Hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, and asphyxiation afflicted them by turns. A word, a motion, a sound, a breath might be sufficient to betray them. The night was interminable in dragging itself away, and yet before dawn the soldiery was at work again.

From the neighboring houses came the renewed uproar of destruction. In the house of the demoiselles du Guiny the smashing was confined to the lower floors. It seemed as if, owing to the uncertainty regarding Madame's abode, the attic room might now be left alone. With this new hope, however, there came a new danger. The night was bitterly cold. Hocher and Lavollée, chilled by sleep and inactivity, kindled the historic fire. To the four shivering prisoners the warmth was at first agreeable, but it soon passed beyond that stage. Madame, pressed closely against the iron back of the fireplace, felt her gown beginning to take fire. She extinguished the blaze with her hands, bearing the pain in silence. Again and again she did the same. It was impossible for the others to recede, or to allow her an inch more of space. The suffering grew intolerable. Once more they were on the point of surrender, when it was perceived that the fire, left untended, was beginning to die down.

Again there ensued a brief respite. Sixteen hours had gone by, when, from the sounds within the house, the captives guessed that it must be fully day. Roused by the pounding of blows and the crashing of timbers, Hocher and Lavollée, who had once more fallen asleep, awoke. Again they were conscious of the cold, while they remarked to one another that the fire was nearly out. It was the work of a second to renew it, adding fuel sufficient to make it burn more briskly than before. Madame was soon on fire again. Her poor hands and arms, blistered with the efforts of a few hours ago, were busily at work. It was not till the iron was red hot against her breast, and the pain, beyond all endurance, left her no more choice, that her courage failed her; and she cried out. "Who is there?" came the immediate response from the men on guard. "We surrender," cried Madame. Hastily the fire was raked away; some one kicked down the plaque; and, from behind the still smoking ashes, there stepped forth the most foolish and most heroic little woman of her generation.

Hocher and Lavollée fell back, astonished and agape. Their expression of surprise was so blank that Madame could not forbear to smile. None the less, they had done the work for which destiny had chosen them; they had wrought the end of the end of the longest and most splendid epoch in the history of the modern world; and the white flag with the golden lilies was hauled down for ever.

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# The Silent Partner

*BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER*

IF Mary Burnaby's words smacked of a fixed, established complacency, her right to feel self-satisfied must be remembered. She was the wife of a successful man.

"That's real nice, now," she observed, idly, when Burnaby had told her the honor offered him; "it's what you've been after all along, isn't it?"

Burnaby, who stood by the fire, glanced at her sharply—curiously—a hint in the look as of some vague, unspoken regret unadmitted even to himself. It seemed, perhaps, as if the wife's commonplace had jarred on him inwardly—as much, indeed, as if she had met the announcement with an unflattering astonishment. Lowering his eyes, Burnaby peered awkwardly at the coals.

After a pause she looked up from her fancy work. "Yes, it would be nice if you took it," she remarked, casually, her needle pricking at the embroidery; "it 'd give me a lot of *prestige*."

The word was one that her friend Mrs. Croyden used habitually. However uttered, it acutely presented every aim and instinct of that lady's existence, and Burnaby moved slightly.

Burnaby turned slowly toward the door. His first expression, shadowy and untelling, had resolved itself into an air of preoccupation; and Mary Burnaby's eyes, following him, noted it with a sense of irritation. There had been many instances of late when her comments had seemed to subdue him so; but rather than acknowledge resentment even to herself, she began again, glibly: "I'd like Washington. Mrs. Croyden was telling how gay society is at the capital. She went on, you know, and put up at one of the most fashionable hotels. If you can really get it, John, I'd accept."

Burnaby uneasily looked away, again with that curious look, at once pained and wistful. "I can get it, Mary," he answered, quietly, his eyes evading hers; "as I say, they've offered it, and that means I may go to Washington." There he paused, and again studied her closely, thoughtfully. "—if it's right," he added, abruptly.

She still sewed at her fancy work, a woman close to middle age, passive, easy, content. Who read closely saw it was a stolid, unquestioning content, a placid acceptance of success—success, the slogan of the rising class. Burnaby's look changed swiftly as he watched her. He threw out his hand impulsively, a gesture animated and instinctive, a movement of emotional appeal. "Look here, Mary. I wish—oh, if you would only—"

"What was it you're saying?" she murmured, absently, again absorbed in a difficult stitch. But Burnaby bit his lip, his head drooping troublously, and moved slowly down the hall. A half hour later she heard the front door close as he went out; and that, too, irritated her.

What was it he wished? It occurred to her idly that some hint of emotion had sounded in the half heeded words. Was it that he wished advice—her advice? There had been a time—but long ago now—when she and her husband had discussed freely every matter vital to their welfare. But that had been very long ago indeed—as far back as the first years of their marriage.

In answer to the thought, a memory stirred her, bred to the romance of that bygone day. Idly she put down the fancy work, smiling placidly still, and, for the while, dwelt indulgently on that far faded moment, the time of their youthful union. Its very youth affected her, their innocence and unworldly ignorance of what marriage really meant; and in the appeal of that memory, she overlooked now—as always—the real significance of their youthful venture, the chance that their youth itself may have prevented a proper choice. For they had



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married young indeed—very young; but she was moved now only by the remembrance of their first clinging intimacy. The two had started on even terms, and the intimacy was of a couple alike in class and age, alike in all the obvious ideals and ambitions of the class. If one had developed to the disadvantage of the other, it had never occurred to her: complacency, well-cared-for contentment, does much to stave off the disquietude of self-analysis. What she recalled was little beyond their intimacy, their aims and ambitions, the desired goal of success. But to the wife success had been expressed only in terms of money. Her dream had been only to become as rich as those whom she envied; beyond that she realized no ideals.

Smiling lightly in remembrance, she picked up her embroidery—well, they'd become successful, hadn't they? She had all she wished for—all money could buy. Pretty nearly all, anyway.

But a moment later the fancy work again fell idly into her lap. A subtle thought crept into her mind, detraining all the pleasant memories, and again her brows puckered irritably. What had become of that bygone intimacy, of that idyllic closeness when they leaned so naturally together? The remembrance of that very evening's manner of his struck her with a vigorous force; a whole train of like occurrences came after it to flock tumultuously through her brain. Then, for the first time in all her years of placidity, contentment, self-satisfied acceptance of success, Mary Burnaby suffered a bit of good, downright hard thinking.

Something had happened—what was it? On the heels of this came the answering suggestion—and her ears burned hotly at the thought. A breach between them—was there, indeed, a breach? Only a comparison seemed required to show it—their life of long ago, and the ways they now went, together, yet apart. Irritation re-echoed in her mind, again aimed dully at her husband—dully and without adequate reasoning. There *was* a breach; as she looked back over the past, it appeared vaguely, yet no less certainly, that it had widened year by year.

But the thought of this brought only a further bewilderment. If still irritated at her husband, she none the less realized all his kindness, his care against the very things that bring trouble between man and wife. To-day he was as uniformly considerate as on the day he had married her, as concerned, unselfish, affectionate. Every wish of hers had been fulfilled, foreseen almost; and even that Mrs. Croyden of hers, in a moment of human depth unusual to the woman, had commented on the happiness of Mary Burnaby's married life. But her mind, aroused now to the sudden alarm, struck back at this one phase of placid contentment. Was it because of his formal indulgence only that she lived so contentedly—the same indulgence he would have displayed toward any weaker dependent—something amiable, yet still superior; affectionate, yet, in secret, patronizing? Her ears burned hotly at the thought.

If this were true—and she saw no reason to doubt it—what part had she herself played to make the situation? But Mary Burnaby gave no heed to that! Instead, there arose only a growing resentment, a vital, accusing belief that she had discovered him. Indeed, had her husband been openly brutal, the trouble would have harmed her less than this potent belief, the feeling that he had treated her condescendingly like a child.

In the third year of their marriage, Burnaby's father had left him the property on which their fortune was founded. The Lakeside Foundry was a small but healthy concern in those days, making a fair profit year in and year out, in the manufacture of drop-iron forgings and other shapes. Burnaby had worked with a vim; and even now she recalled how his eyes used to flash when he spoke of plans for the future. She was to share all it brought him; they would travel, see people, know something of the world. Only patience was required, he told her, for the man was filled even then with the confidence of his coming prosperity. She had tried at first to help; and though her advice, unsupported by technical knowledge, was often immaterial, there were still other times when her shrewdness offered solutions invaluable to him. But Burnaby's rise had been slow; the monotony of trade and its small persistence bored her. Her first sign of unin-

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terest in his affairs had not staggered Burnaby; there were other concerns that might interest them mutually. He tried to find them, and there, too, he suffered a repulse, if not a downright defeat, since all his reading, music, art, politics, what not, seemed to her to be as insufferably solemn and unawakening as the boredom of his business interests. Music offered no charms—or, more plainly speaking, the music he cared about; she read little, and then never seriously; and the mere thought of art, travel, politics, filled her, even now, with an indescribable impulse to yawn. It is true that for his sake she had tried for a while; then that impulse, too, failed miserably. But patiently, persistently, Burnaby had gone on holding out his small wares, striving year in and year out to awaken her, until his very persistence irritated, this undying effort of his at what he called improvement. None of her friends bothered their heads with such things, a burden that could be of no possible advantage—so why should she?

Fancy work seemed to have become her refuge; she drew perilously close to that character of women who, for the want of a better mission, glide inevitably into tatting and embroidery. To-night the appeal of the fancy work somehow waned; and when at last she pricked her finger with a clumsy needle, she threw down the sewing and reached over to the table for the evening's newspaper. Her husband's name displayed on the front page caught her eye: "All Waiting on Burnaby!"

Something moved her to read the remainder of the sprawling headline, as loose in its structure as in its provincial misuse of the pronoun. Ordinarily, she rarely wandered into that field of information, her appetite agreeably satisfied once she had digested the frothy pabulum of the social column. But why now were they waiting for Burnaby? Her curiosity became dully stirred. After consuming the headline almost vacantly, she read on with an interest involuntarily awakened, wading down through the column's length and breadth of turgidity and heavy politics whose phrasing was meant only for the initiated.

It would be difficult to tell what real intelligence she harvested; but as she read, another and newer irritability fretted in her mind. What in the world possessed the man! It appeared that Washington had been offered to him, yet so far from accepting the honor outright, he had demanded time, and would give no clue either one way or the other to his intentions. The more it became clear, the more she was nettled, perhaps because this thought of the capital appealed to her so strongly, even though in a subordinated way. Why didn't he take it? As the newspaper writer commented in a naïve colloquialism, it was an office that any of Burnaby's townsmen would have jumped at the chance of getting. Unutterably vexed, she tossed the paper from her.

Why had Burnaby declined to leap at opportunity's throat? "All Waiting on Burnaby!" Yes!—and among the attendants appeared, as she learned on reading further, no less a personage than John Thompson, the demagogic State boss. With his offer of the nomination went an implication that Burnaby must take orders from him—from this same boss against whom Burnaby had made the open charge, "If there are not worse men in jail than this man, it is because they have been hanged for other crimes." If Burnaby had not already made up his mind, it would astonish his intimates to learn the fact.

Yawning slightly, Mary Burnaby prepared to go upstairs. All waiting on Burnaby! Stupid!—when any other man in town would have jumped at the chance.

Yet somehow this matter of Burnaby and the State boss revived itself in her thoughts. As the days went on, she dwelt on it fretfully. After pondering vaguely, she determined to throw her influence with the majority; she would try to persuade her husband. Furthermore, she made the attempt, a few nights later, and it was in a way thoroughly to astonish him.

"You ought to take that place—the Washington one, I mean." Overlooking his start of astonishment, she borrowed an arrow from his own sheaf, one of his own terms that she dropped in glibly. "I think it 'd improve us a lot. We'd get a lot of benefit out of it, I think."

Burnaby, with a penetrating eye,

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conned her sharply. Bent over her embroidery, she was conscious of the stare, and quietly went on stitching. "If you really cared," he said, slowly, his eyes still studying her, "it would have a great deal to do with my decision. But —oh, Mary!" he cried, a sudden stress of emotion in his tone, "do you wish to go so much? I wish it, too; but—"

She looked up blandly. "You mean John Thompson?"

Burnaby nodded; and instantly it was on her tongue to say "Poof!" But something stayed her; she looked down to her fancy work and asked whether he had decided. He arose before answering, and, with the old look of concern, wistfulness, trouble, stood beside her. "No —not yet, dear. It will take some time —a little longer now."

"Well, you ought to," she persisted, a hint of irritation in her tone; "I can't see why you don't, when I want to go so much."

"But, Mary—"

The "Oh, pshaw!" that escaped her barely missed the contemptuous. Burnaby murmured something unintelligible and unheard; then, as she still sewed, her brow puckered, and, looking altogether vexed, he went slowly from the room. A few moments later, when he returned with a book, she had gone to her room and to bed.

A few days passed. "Mary," he said, suddenly, coming in late one afternoon, "would you like to go to New York?"

"I wouldn't mind," she answered with her usual vague indirectness of speech. "When do you want to go?"

"Next week," said Burnaby. He smiled brightly, affecting a manner nearer and more intimate than she had known for days—years perhaps. "You remember Gorton—I roomed with him at school."

She nodded aimlessly. She had met him once, and felt inconceivably bored at his lack of response.

"Gorton's written to find out what I'm doing. I'm going to show him. He says we people out here are a lot of heathen —money-grubbing children, rather. He says we never improve after leaving school." Burnaby laughed. "I wonder what he'd say to a lot of us that have never been to school?"

She hardly bothered herself to think. "Are you going just for that—to see him, I mean? If you are, I'll stay home, thank you."

Burnaby laughed again, yet a little less certainly. No; they'd see what was going on at the theatres, and look in at the galleries, and perhaps hear a little music. Perhaps she might need to do a little shopping, too; and it was this that decided Mary Burnaby.

But again it was not to see good pictures, or to hear good music, or to find out what was going on at the theatres that Burnaby took her. Nor was it the shopping, or to bask in the intellectuality of the critical Gorton. It was because of another thought, another reason perhaps—a scheme deep down in Burnaby's heart—a temerarious sounding of unknown depths—or was it shoals, since he sounded Mary Burnaby?

In turn, she and her husband saw their pictures, heard their music, and sat out the plays he had talked so much about. The pictures did well enough at a pinch, she thought, though none was exciting; and if she begged off from the last of them, it was only because of a more pressing engagement with her dressmaker. The music, however, she considered unintelligible; and as for the plays that Burnaby chose, she thought them unutterably and profoundly dismal.

"Can't we go to something funny?" she pleaded, after a few trials—real trials to her—of the classic.

Burnaby was frankly astonished. "Why! Didn't you like last night's—*The School for Scandal?*"

His obliquity bored her. "I mean something bright and catchy. The room clerk said there was a good piece on at the Gaiety."

So Burnaby took her, and sat through the inane claptrap of cheapness, watching her with a detached, abstracted wonderment. Afterward, at supper, she fairly bubbled over with animation; the music, lights, and color seemed to have worked into her veins like wine.

He had impressed on her with a curious formality that they were to dine with Gorton; it seemed the one thing he had looked forward to. The night came, and as they drove down in the carriage she expressed herself succinctly: "I suppose I'll

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*Drawn by Will Foster* Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THE TYPE SWAM MOCKINGLY BEFORE HER EYES"

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be bored stiff. Please don't stay too long afterward." As she was looking aimlessly from the carriage window, Burnaby's quick look was lost on her. "What kind of people 'll be there?" she asked, dully.

She was a little astonished to learn that Gorton stood so high in "social circles." Anticipation assumed a more cheerful phase. "You don't mean *her*—the society leader!"—Burnaby having uttered a name. It was doubtless the same, he thought, though less informed in such matters than his wife, an earnest and devoted student of the social columns. She rolled the name under her tongue again. Fancy Mrs. Croyden's appalled wonder when she should hear of it!

Yet how often does anticipation acquit itself? They arrived almost late; in place of the gay lights, the brilliantly dressed women, the sound of high and animated chatter she had looked forward to, Mrs. Burnaby found only a few quietly dressed men and women sitting about a room almost severe in its quiet arrangements, quietly conversing. Gorton greeted them cheerfully, and a moment later she found herself talked to by a spry little gentleman affecting a single eye-glass, at which she stared with some degree of fascination. Between this and the fact that somewhere close at hand lived, breathed, and existed the social luminary, she was a little ill at ease. But eventually curiosity overcame shyness. "Which is she? I mean, which is—" She paused, hesitating, something telling her that to plump it out so flatly would argue her provincial. "Which are the notables?" she asked in an aside, looking about her inquiringly.

The spry little man denoted them in a lowered voice, yet in the spryest manner possible. But Mary Burnaby evinced little interest in the fact that the red-faced person with a mustache had travelled somewhere; or that the dumpy man with the bald head had written something; or, still further, that the angular boyish fellow who leaned against the mantelpiece was a musician.

"A piano-player, do you mean?" she demanded in astonishment—an emotion poorly concealed.

The spry gentleman, perceiving this to be real and not merely facetious, uttered a dry "precisely."

Her eye settled upon a large, homely, plainly dressed woman in a corner, to whom Gorton and two others seemed to be listening with an unusual deference. She wondered whether this could by chance be the fabled social leader, and, catching the spry little gentleman's eye, indicated her interest.

"She? Why, don't you know? Oh, she's a *dear!*" He mentioned her name, the wife of a notable power in finance, and in turn pointed out the husband, a man big and uncouth, loosely limbed, and with a scraggy white beard falling over his shirt front.

"Who *was* she?" asked Mary Burnaby in that tone which implies a certain social birthright to demand antecedents. Her informant, who seemed now to be less spry than at first, informed her bluntly that she had been a teacher in a Western village school when her husband married her. Mary Burnaby seemed confounded. In the next breath she put the vital question.

Her companion, whose name she hadn't caught, gave an involuntary start. In the same restrained manner he stuck his glass in his eye, and tried not to look Mary Burnaby in the face. "The social leader—why—oh, do you mean—my wife?" Smiling covertly, he leaned over and touched the arm of a woman near him. "My dear, won't you talk to Mrs. Burnaby, please?"

Her cheeks suffused, a little frightened perhaps, poor Mary Burnaby turned to look into a pair of remarkably cool, slightly green, and disturbing, unsympathetic eyes. The social leader, hedged in close at her elbow, had doubtless heard every word and at the same time remarked their fervid interest. Fortunately for Mary Burnaby dinner was announced just then; and, rescued from the toil of the green eyes, now coolly critical, she was led off on Groton's arm, grateful, if for nothing else, that, bad as it was, it was no worse.

Inevitably the dinner ended in her boredom—first, through embarrassed shyness; when that had worn away, in the inconceivable dulness of the small talk. Her ears rang with it—art, politics, the world's doings; and in all this she heard her husband join with an animation that only the more completely submerged her

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in arid indifference. She lapsed finally into a quiet, furtive inspection of the social power, Gorton's effort at conversation waning for want of encouragement; and once or twice her eye wandered disparagingly to the plain, unassuming wife of the financier. A teacher in the village school! Yet when this homely, undemonstrative woman spoke she saw that Gorton and the others listened with a deferent attention. Gorton turned abstractedly to Mary Burnaby when the woman had finished. "I beg pardon. You said—?"

In the drawing-room afterward Burnaby's wife strove to readjust herself with her society leader. So far there had been no talk such as she had longed in her dreams to hear—the mention at first hand of those precious names that Mary Burnaby and her friends at home discussed with a frankness akin to intimacy. Perhaps, if properly approached, the icicle might respond.

In the Burnabys' town, Palm Beach, Atlantic City—open resorts such as these seem commonly the *ultima Thule,* the sanctifying Mecca, of persons with money enough to argue themselves socially endowed. The personage favored her with a cold stare when she murmured names of intimates that had been there. For the social personage had never seen Palm Beach, or, much less, the persons mentioned. Not to be discouraged, Mary Burnaby strove then by other ways, uttering in a fancied nonchalance names immortal of the fashionable Olympus. Yet her *vis-à-vis,* so far from responding, deftly turned the talk to Burnaby himself.

"I have never been in your part of the country. Are all your men out there so well informed? He seems quite brilliant?"

Mary Burnaby hadn't perceived the brilliancy of her husband. "Oh, you mean he's deadly serious, don't you?" She laughed, and thought her sally sparkling, a touch of that informal gayety planned in her dreams. Warming intimately, her next effort was to discover the source of the social personage's gown; and that failing, they drifted apart.

Bored and again self-conscious, she concealed herself in a corner behind the piano, a little bewildered, a little less feal in her worship of social eminence. Then she heard a cool voice speaking, low yet distinct—a bolt as if from the gods themselves!

"Quite ordinary, I should say. Singular, isn't it, how brilliant men burden themselves with such wives. Over-young when he married, I fancy."

Burnaby, coming in with the others, found his wife with her cheek flaming, still immured behind the piano. He made an effort to draw her out into the room, but she shook her head sullenly. "No; let me alone." Rather quietly, then, he went back to the others, and during the remainder of the evening said little, his eyes fixed on his wife almost with open dismay. Groton, with a host's common civility, tried, too, to tow her out from the piano harbor, and when rebuffed glanced uneasily at Burnaby. Their eyes met, the host embarrassed in the fear that the look must have disclosed his thought; the husband grave, silent, wistful. A moment later, she signalled to Burnaby.

"Take me home," she whispered, sharply; "I've had enough of this." She gave no reason for the imperious command, nor would she tell him more, once they were in the carriage. "Oh, nothing!" she drawled, peevishly, in answer to his question. "I got enough of it."

Their journey from New York was a trial. A few days had sensibly widened the breach, a breach actual and absolute now that a reason had been supplied for it—the calm, dispassionate observation she had overheard from behind the piano lid. Yet none but his wife could have blamed Burnaby that the breach grew widely from that day; he had redoubled his effort to enliven her—to draw her from her moodiness, knowing that something vital had occurred, yet uncertain as to its character. But that she knew the truth only whetted her animus against him—he that had tried in so many ways to save her from just such a situation. With that curious unreasoning rage of an embittered woman, she went even to the bounds of holding him guilty; for, had he not raised himself above her, there could have been no such accusing comparisons, nothing to make possible the charge that she was beneath him—a burden to a brilliant man.

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*Drawn by Will Foster* Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?" HE DEMANDED

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As the days passed, wrath wore away of its own force, though the hurt remained. This brought its own sure climax of regret, almost despair. She sat thinking deeply—could she repair time, the damage, her suffering? Was anything to be done? Her friend, Mrs. Croyden, once had expressed the postulate that to keep a husband's interest one must retain both youth and good looks. She glanced quickly at the glass, and was amazed. Her placidity had gone—her fair, comfortable smoothness of feature; she hardly knew herself. The utter wretchedness of her thoughts swept all reason aside, and she rocked to and fro until the riot in her mind subsided. But the turmoil passed, only to leave a further completeness in her sense of failure, an unfathomable depth of regret. When she had bathed her face, she went down into his room and looked about her, and there suddenly was inspired by a purpose. Was there, by chance, a short cut to his esteem, some royal highway to set them on even terms? It was not too late; there still were time and years. Childishly, as a baby that reaches for the stars, she planned in that moment to recoup herself, and, snatching at random the book nearest her hand, plumped down on the floor to turn its pages. Its type swam mockingly before her eyes, and when once the plain black and white had regulated itself to her sight she might as well have striven to make sense of a hieroglyph. Still, she struggled manfully, turning page after page, desperately searching for something intelligible or helpful, and when she failed, browsing anew in other fields. Unstrung, unnerved, she threw down the last of the books vindictively, leaving them where they had fallen, and, aroused once more, rushed to her room to brood in hurt anger. Why should she burden herself? Let him make his life as he chose; she'd make hers!

"John!" The rattle of his key at the front door had aroused her. Her tone was sharp, almost belligerent. He came to the living-room, touched gravely by her haggardness, and waited till she spoke.

"That Washington business— You can take it or not, as you like. I won't go."

Burnaby turned away. "I know; I decided some days ago, dear,—just after we got back. I thought better not to accept."

He walked away, leaving her speechless. So he had decided—made up his mind without asking her—a fresh insult. Oh, she knew the reason—yes—and leaped up, her eyes flashing. The ignominy! He was ashamed of her! Then he should be ashamed no longer. Every instinct of common sense became blasted in that moment's resentment, the hurt of a fancied belittlement.

Passionately calm, she sat herself down at her writing-desk. "Dear John—" she began, and then stared at the two words. Then she deliberately tore the sheet across. The letter she completed bore no superscription; and sealing it, she stalked to her room. Burnaby, in his library below, heard the sound of drawers opened and closed, of something dragged heavily across the floor. A few moments later he arose, disturbed by the noise, and went out. Hearing the front door close, she smiled grimly, moving amid the litter of her room, a trunk opened against the wall and the contents of closet and drawer spread about it.

Her plans were unformed—chaotic, to say the least. For the moment she thought only of what she should take with her; the future might care for itself. She had a little money of her own, enough so that she needed no help from him; and, with that in mind, she was busy separating the things bought with her money from those bought with his. All this was baldly set forth in the letter that lay on her dressing-table, waiting until she had finished.

A curve in the stairway enabled Mary Burnaby to look down the hall to her husband's library. Bag in hand, veiled and bonneted, she peered over the balustrade, saw he was still out, and, with a little hurried run, glided into the room. After a moment's thought—and a repressed sob—she dropped the letter on the leaves of an open book, and then retraced her steps to the hallway.

It was Burnaby's footfall on the walk outside that gave a warning. No time was left to hide her heavy bag; she had barely a moment to climb the stairs when she heard his key in the latch. Her first

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fear was that he might come up the stairs; instead, he passed down the hall to the library—and to the letter waiting there! She had not bargained for any such anticlimax, the discovery of that letter before she had found time to escape.

She stood there, a clenched hand held to her lips. What should she do? There would be a scene, a thing she had never faced in all her placid, unemotionless existence, a vulgar to-do as among tenement dwellers. Then her name was called—shouted, perhaps, were the better word—and Burnaby came leaping up the stairs. He was white; his face was tortured and white, and she backed away from him into the room that was still strewn with the evidences of her intended flight. "What do you mean by that!" he demanded, and struck the paper in his hand violently with his finger tips. Crumpling it in his fist, he clutched her by the wrist.

"Let go my hand," she said, sullenly; "you're hurting me." Once freed, she backed away farther and stared at him with dull, evasive eyes, looking down now and then to rub the red streaks across her tingling wrist. But to his question, repeated hotly, she made no answer.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Burnaby, and cast the crumpled paper from him as if it burned.

With an effort he recovered himself. "Will you tell me," he asked, quietly, "why you are leaving me? Unless I am too personally distasteful to you, you must remain here—in your own home. I demand it—do you hear? You shall not be bothered. But you shall not go like this. You don't know what it means to me—or to you!"

Thus far she had made no effort to speak, though her wits had worked busily. Eloquence, at any time, was beyond her; yet the set speech, when she spoke, uncouth, outlandish, thoroughly cheap—the few words were eloquence itself, eloquent of the woman. "You can go your ways," spoke Mary Burnaby, "and I'll go mine. I'll go where you needn't be ashamed."

She was going on to say a great deal more, when she saw the look in his face. It spoke, a thundering shout in every accent, syllable, letter—astonishment!

"Oh yes," she protested, her tone the weak petulancy of a wounded child; "you can't hide it. You know you're ashamed of me. That's why I'm going away."

There came a change into Burnaby's expression as if he hardly knew whether to curse or to break into hysterical laughter. "Mary! Oh, Mary! Mary!—how could you!"

At each word his head shook slowly; and in the quietness of the words there was all the world of a deep and ceaseless regret. But the kindness of the voice touched even the passionately resentful woman; she put up her veil and dabbed uncertainly at her twitching lips.

"You *were* ashamed of me! I found it out. You'd grown away from me. I heard that woman at Gorton's— I *am* a burden—yes—and I couldn't stand it any more. You only took me there—to Gorton's—to see how I'd act—if I was presentable. You wouldn't go to Washington because—because— Oh, John!—oh! oh! oh!"

He had her in his arms, and, as she leaned against him, even the man's big frame shook with the stress of her sobbing. Then, while he still held her closely:

"Poor girl—*dear*—dear!" he whispered, brokenly; "it was for me—for myself. I was afraid—troubled— Oh, can't you see? It was because I loved you so!"

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# Editor's Easy Chair

IT is perhaps the author who has sent us a pamphlet examining the proposed new copyright law, under the somewhat alarming title of "The Publisher against the People." At any rate we shall try to treat him as civilly as if he had personally appeared with his pamphlet, and taken it out of his pocket to present it to us with his own hands. If he was privy to any conspiracy on the part of the notorious miscreants against whom he defends the people, it was his duty to unmask them; and it is our duty, the duty of every good citizen, to abet him in his public-spirited work. In turn we shall incidentally invoke his help in explaining what the proposed new copyright law is, and we will ourselves try to say what copyright itself is; for we doubt whether more than a very few men, and yet fewer women, who are not themselves authors or publishers, know what copyright is. We doubt whether, if the question were put to our own two millions of exceptionally intelligent readers, and they were asked to hold up their hands in sign that they knew, more than five hundred thousand of them could honestly do so.

Copyright is a property right in ideas which is acquired in "this fair land," as the politicians call it when they want you to vote with them, by sending two copies of your book, with a fee of one dollar, to the Librarian of Congress, who then sends you a paper certifying you exclusive owner of the thing you have created for twenty-eight years. At the end of this time, you may similarly renew your right to the thing you have created for fourteen years more. After that any fellow citizen, any fellow being, of yours may freely take it and print it for his profit, and lawfully refuse to share the proceeds with you.

If any reader wishes to understand why this strange state of things should exist, we can refer him to the pamphlet of Mr. William A. Jenner, where he will find seriously repeated all the comical sophisms by which the inventors and defenders of copyright law have made the worse appear the better reason ever since copyright was first legislated. It appears from these sophisms—or, call them reasons—that the term of copyright is limited to the mystic number of forty-two years because of the peculiar nature of ideas, in which there cannot be property beyond that term, and because of the special protection which the law gives the author during that term. This special protection consists in allowing an author to bring an action for damages if his copyright is violated. The care of the law for the injured author is such that it will not pursue the thief upon notice of the theft, as it would any other sort of thief. Why this should be thought especial protection, Mr. Jenner does not attempt to say, but in his wish to save authors and readers from the rapacity of the publishers, he makes clear, or as clear as he can, the reasons for limiting an author's right in his work to forty-two years. He tells us, as we have often been told before, that there is no such thing as a natural property in ideas. He implies that you naturally own your house and land, your flocks and herds, your mills and your mines, your shops and offices; but he says you do not naturally own your book: your property in that must be created by law, by society. Other philosophers hold that there is no natural property in anything, but that every kind of property is the creation of law, of society, and they argue that in a truly civilized state all property should belong to the community. But Mr. Jenner is none of these. He is quite sure that there is a natural property in everything except ideas, and he believes that an unnatural property in these ideas is justly limited to a certain number of years, because it ought to be. He did not invent this notion, and so he does not claim any unnatural property right



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in it. A discovery so important to humanity was made by the English legislature some two hundred years ago, and for more than a hundred years the American law has built upon it. As we have noted, you may copyright your book for twenty-eight years, though you have no natural property in it, and then, because of the hardness of your heart, you may renew your unnatural right in it for fourteen years longer. After that it reverts to the natural state from which you have perverted it and becomes the general prey, as none of the other kinds of property, equally the creatures of society, do. If the justice of the matter is not very apparent, you must consider that during all those long forty-two years, if any one infringes your unnatural right, you can bring suit against him and recover damages —perhaps.

The life of literary property—which is really in itself the monstrous creature of a fond and doting statute, and no product of nature, like property in lands and houses, stocks, bonds, horses and cattle,—was first limited in England to fourteen years; then it was prolonged to twenty-eight. Finally the English made a fresh psychological discovery. They discovered that although there still could not be property in ideas, and although in defiance of nature a property could be miscreated in them, which should last twenty-eight years and no longer, yet upon reconsideration this inflexible period could be extended so as to cover the lifetime of the author and stretch seven years beyond it, he all this time enjoying the privilege of defending it himself under the law which lent his property peculiar sanctity by letting him do so.

Of course, the English could not do such a thing in a corner. At any rate, certain unhallowed spirits, not having the fear of Mr. William A. Jenner before their eyes, or perhaps having no knowledge of him, imagined doing the like here in the United States, and they have procured to be introduced into Congress a bill for the extension of the unnatural property right in ideas to a term beyond the forty-two years of its present miscreation if the author lives so long. All other countries of the civilized world had done something of the kind, such was the pass that suffering society had come to, but the United States had remained the refuge of the "supreme wisdom and the primal love" which fixed the earlier limit of the usurpation.

This bill is still pending in Congress, pending with every effect of being permanently hung up there, and Mr. Jenner has seized the moment of suspense to print a pamphlet in behalf of the people whose welfare is threatened by it. His pamphlet unmasks the authors of the scheme, who turn out not to be authors, but publishers, and not so much publishers as insects that "remind one of Burke's grasshoppers under a fern, who make the air ring with their importunate chink, while the sturdy cattle reposing under the shade of the oak, chew the cud, and are silent." We confess that we are rather at a loss to understand what he means here, whether he intends the publishers who have not actively advocated the bill by the sturdy cattle chewing the cud in the oaken shade, or the authors who have been equally reticent, if not equally sturdy. But perhaps it is the people who are the cattle chewing the cud. We hesitate the more to accept his praise for the authors because in another place he calls the authors favoring the bill "servile" and not sturdy, and represents them as few in number, and as "pricked on by the publishers," instead of reposing in the oaken shade, indifferent to their importunate chink. That is, we authors are the publishers' slaves if we wish to enjoy our unnatural property right in our books, on something like the terms on which others enjoy their natural ownership of real estate and personal property. This is the more lamentable because there is really not one author of distinction in the country who does not desire this right; we venture to say that there is *no* author, except Mr. Jenner, who does not wish the enactment of a law to prolong his right in his books and to defend that right to his children.

If Mr. Jenner were not imaginably by, to be wounded by our misgiving, we should doubt if it were quite candid of him to pretend otherwise. But uncandor is not uncommon, and even impoliteness is less rare than we could wish;

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it is their union in Mr. Jenner which we should more openly regret if he were not, as it were, present. He is indeed at the pains in a final note to say that his "criticisms of book-publishers" were meant only for those who favored the copyright bill, and their possible extension to publishers as a class may be an effect of "rapid writing." Yet he offers no apology to the universal body of our authors for having called them a "servile few pricked on by the publishers"; he does not even suggest that this may be an effect of rapid writing.

As a matter of fact, some of us authors, a "servile few" who felt the publishers' goad, went to Washington last winter to a hearing of the Joint Committee in charge of the new copyright bill, and there found ourselves in the attitude of holding out our hats, and asking the justice which should have been done us eagerly, anxiously, spontaneously, by the country whose statute had wronged us, while mocking us with a pretence of especial tenderness. Our humiliation was not the fault of the gentlemen of the Joint Committee, who were as civil as might be with us, though they might have been puzzled to make out our difference from the mechanical-music men who wished to continue using the composers' work for nothing because they had seventy millions of money invested in their enterprise, and from the public librarians who desired to import foreign editions of American copyright books because they could get them at a lower price than the American editions. The representatives of these interests, and the representatives of the union printers and the union binders, and the paper-makers and the rest of the book-manufacturers, were present in such force and eloquence that it was hard for an author himself to realize that he had anything to do with copyright. If the gentlemen of the Committee had shared our mystification, it would not have been strange; but what is very strange and very sad is the apparent uncandor of the champion of the people in dealing with the facts of this hearing. We do not say the real uncandor; we do not pretend but the make of Mr. Jenner may be such that his uncandor is involuntary; and we are far from blaming him for his insinuation that one author who did not speak was silent from derision and contempt for certain friends of the proposed legislation. But we can report directly from this author that he was silent because he was not a public speaker, and scarcely a private one, and because he felt that his interests were safe with those who knew how to speak.

Whether the defects of Mr. Jenner, however, are temperamental or whether they are professional, they must not be dwelt upon to the neglect of his merits. "Style," he says, "is the pinion on which a great writer's composition wings its flight to immortality," and he has been careful to fledge himself, as the reader will have noted in the passages we have given from his pamphlet, with such plumes of rhetoric that his work cannot fail to reach the farthest posterity. But it will meantime cost his contemporaries no more than it will eventually cost those millions yet unborn; for Mr. Jenner is no half-hearted benefactor of his kind. He assures his readers at the very outset that he has "been free from the bias of any retainer," and that he has "no interest in the matters discussed which is not possessed in equal degree by every man and woman in this country." In illustration of his singleness of purpose he gives his pamphlet to the public without the safeguard of even a forty-two years' copyright. All men may reprint it in whole or in part, and he will hold them guiltless of offence against him. This is very different from the behavior of the publishers' slaves who wish to prolong the duration of their unnatural property in ideas beyond the term for which it may be legitimately miscreated.

Mr. Jenner imparts gratis not only the charm of his style but the strength of his reasoning. It is true, indeed, that fundamentally his reasoning is not his own, and that when he makes it over to his reader he is not enriching him from an original source; he is giving him what the reader might have got any time these hundred or two hundred years from the thinkers who imagined and perpetuated the unnatural property right in ideas. As we have learned already, these thinkers hold that there can be no property in ideas,

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but at the same time they allow that it may be miscreated for the term of forty-two years. Then the right lapses and the people, who but for the author would never have had those ideas, come into their own again. It is clearly manifest from the logic involved that though a property right in ideas may be miscreated here for forty-two years, it cannot last a moment longer; and as the English philosophers who invented the notion of copyright now allow that the unnatural property right may, if once miscreated, continue seven years after its owner's death, the original notion of a fixed term remains the precious heritage of our American law. It remains to us almost alone, for the other nations have joined the English in relinquishing it to us.

Yet we are not the sole heirs of the premise upon which the limit of property in ideas is based. This premise is that there is an essential difference between property in ideas and property in any and all other things. It is true that such a premise has never been, and never can be, established; but reasoning has to start somewhere, and in the present case it starts there. It is a scientific hypothesis supported by the assertion that the creators of works of beauty are peculiarly bound to their social or civic environment. In accordance with that theory they must restore in the concrete form which they have given it the beauty which they have materialized from it. They may enjoy the sole right to this for forty-two years, but their right is unnatural, just as the right to all other property is natural and inherent. The fact that *all* property is the creature of society; that there is *no* natural right to property in anything whatsoever; that a man's right to "his ox or his ass, or anything which is his," rests upon absolutely the same artificial basis as his right to his ideas, has no weight with the reasoners whose minds were made up for them two hundred years ago. Perhaps they cannot consent to the fact because if they do they must accept the corollary that every kind of property ought to be restored to society, to the community, after forty-two years.

Mr. Jenner does not say why it should not, and no one can say why it should not, if property in ideas should. What Mr. Jenner does say is that the American authors who claim a prolonged right to property in their ideas upon some such ground as all property rights rest on, are "few" and "servile" and are "pricked on by publishers," who in turn are insects of an "importunate chink," hiding under ferns. In spite of this argument, however, we must reaffirm our statement that every author in the United States claims this prolonged right. In other words, we all hold that if we have a right to our lands and houses in perpetuity, we have exactly the same right to our books; and unless we ought to render back to the community our lands and houses at the end of a given period, we ought not to render back our books. But we know very well that while there are legislators advised by the like of Mr. Jenner, from the past and in the present, we can have no hope of complete justice from our country, where we must remain as extraconstitutional as so many Filipinos or Porto-Ricans. We are therefore willing to accept the grace of half-justice from the law, being long used to quarter-justice, and we shall be very glad of a copyright of the extended term proposed by the bill now pending in Congress. We shall be content, not because we are "servile," but certainly because we are "few," and have no pull save upon countrymen's consciences, which in another century may be quickened to a sense of our wrongs.

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# Editor's Study

A GOOD deal of affection is mingled with our gratitude to writers who love the past and who have the creative power to restore it for us by giving its living reality fit embodiment and at the same time true imaginative interpretation. Lamb and Thackeray are more lovable to us because, though not caring for us, they looked back with so fond a regard to the life and literature of preceding centuries.

Ours is a very self-sufficient era, looking forward rather than backward, but finding abundant occupation, inspiration, and satisfaction within its own fertile and amply developed domain, in no way dependent upon tradition for the course of thought or the conduct of life. The knowledge of Greek is no longer indispensable to the Baccalaureate degree in our colleges, nor technical scholarship in matters of antiquity to a liberal culture. Yet this age, which in every main current of its life has broken with the past, is, more than any former age has been, in love with præterite humanity, as the newly made bride yearns for the home from which her face is resolutely averted.

Not exactly like that, save for the resolute aversion and the yearning. It is not a sentiment which makes old things —old faces, old scenes, or old songs— dear just because they are old and familiar. It is not a religion, like the worship of ancestors. There is in it no link of direct association as between youth and maturity in an individual life, making vibrant the note of reminiscence which Du Maurier so often struck in his fiction. Nor is it an idle play, as with the strange toggery of an old attic. It is a strong passion like that which archæology has become to us moderns— not for facts, but for meanings.

To the imagination nothing human is alien—and behind us lies an indefinably long stretch of humanity. We may find only portions and parcels of a dreadful past, but we resent unfamiliarity and seek reconcilement. We look coldly upon any man to whom an outworn fashion has therefore become insignificant, and we doubt his new faith if it has awakened violent hostility to old faiths. Truth which has made us free has also given us a comprehension of old masteries and old slaveries. This trait, which is distinctive of modern imaginative interpretation, has been characteristic of nearly all the masterly creations in literature —of all that, by virtue of their general kinship with humanity, still compel our reading. Cervantes, the worthy contemporary and almost peer of Shakespeare, is the elect of our hearts from all Spanish writers because, in the first great novel ever written, he showed his love of the chivalry he parodied, intensifying its essential idealism while playing havoc with its mock heroic fashions.

We have proved our sympathy—the passionate ardor of it—with an older humanity by such interpretations as Pater and Symonds have given of ancient and medieval life and of the Renaissance, and by the warm regard in which we hold these writers, along with Andrew Lang, who so easily turns from illuminative appreciations of Hellenism to new disclosures of the virtues of the Pretenders or of Mary, Queen of Scots, and to the praises of the author of "Waverley."

Ever since the new modern criticism began — from Sainte-Beuve to George Woodberry—the sympathetically appreciative attitude toward an older time has been maintained without any sacrifice of our modernity, or rather as one of the noblest manifestations of the modern spirit. Our histories have been rewritten, accordant to this dominant note; too often, before our time, they were written in advocacy of some special plea, political or religious. It is surprising, as well as significant, how many and remarkable revisions have been made within a generation, correcting monstrous and persistent traditional misrepresentations.

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No writer bound by class prejudice can truly present even the excellences justifying—in some past tense, perhaps, if not in the present—his own cause; much less can he truly portray the defects of a cause in conflict with his own. It was impossible for us therefore, before we had broken with tradition, to really comprehend truths which tradition disguised rather than justified.

We are only repeating what Thomas Hill Green expressed years ago, in a profoundly philosophical essay on the "Value and Influence of Works of Fiction," when we say that the novel has been one of the principal agencies through which class prejudice has been gradually undermined and, as a consequence, the aristocratic régime in life and literature has been displaced by the democratic.

Other forms of imaginative literature —poetry and the drama—flourished under the aristocratic order, in relation to which they were subsidiary dependents and, in their high tension, participants of its pomp and lofty stateliness. The novel, which Doctor Green considered a lower form of art, because it "appeals to more ordinary minds" than the poem, has fulfilled its sympathetic mission unconsciously and therefore more effectively; but it has done this only in so far as it has been a real representation of life. Much that it has consciously attempted, with set plan, has been unreal, and unfortunately its wide appeal to a lower order of intelligence has been based upon this unreality. For this reason our fiction has not experienced the same thorough purgation as our historical and critical interpretation of human life. But the general tendency of the fiction of our day, on whatever level it may reach the popular mind, is toward reality. The general intelligence is ever more and more responsive to the catholic and sympathetic note of that advanced criticism which, while it accepts all of humanity in its real significance—the past as well as the present, leaning with mingled awe and tenderness to old sovereignties and old loyalties—yet resolutely repudiates all formal judgments and set canons for the regulation of life and art, and all prejudices and fixed notions which rest upon tradition or upon our own loose thinking.

Life does not yield itself to our study. Accurate observation and close attention to detail do not characterize the attitude or suggest the temper of mind with which the novelist meets the human phenomena of his own or of any other time. Study contracts the spirit, dulls sensibility, and leads often to loose thinking and shallow feeling. Love, passionate curiosity, a sympathetically tentacular sensibility—to these all worlds, spiritual or material, past, present, and to come, yield the romance of discovery. The novelist communicates his discoveries in the very terms in which they have come to his own vision. He obeys the injunction which George Eliot put upon herself, and which she expressed in reply to the suggestion that she should write a novel based upon sociological data—"not to let the picture lapse into a diagram."

The diagrammatic habit came in with logic, and has no pertinence outside of the narrow scope of human adjustments subject to arbitrary volition and design. The lines thus rigidly drawn are not those of life in man or nature; a single pulse of the living world shatters the whole plan.

Yet from the beginning man has sought to superimpose his diagrams upon life and the living world—to his own confusion. He is saved from his own logical absurdities only by the fact that his own life is one with that of the universe, woven according to a pattern hidden from his conscious observation.

It is just those notions which we hold as certitudes, whether as obvious to common sense or as infallibly established by studious logic, that are convicted of falsity and shallowness in any real vision. Even Euclid's axioms are contradicted in the higher regions of mathematics. The man with a paradox has his prosperity and welcome because of our conviction that only by the inversion of obvious maxims are living truths disclosed.

The creative imagination, though in every age the servant of human misconceptions and prejudices—as Apollo tended the flocks of Admetos,—has softened the hard lines and covered confusion with beauty; readily inclining to the hidden pattern of life's making which, in final reconcilement, proved to be that also of its own weaving.

Now is the day of that reconcilement.

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Our present culture means above all things submission without reserve to the mastery of life—of life as it is and not as we loosely think it ought to be, or as we would in the dry air of reason have arbitrarily devised and fashioned it.

It is not in the schools, by the acquisition of special information, that the imaginative writer is equipped for his ministry of communication, but in sympathetic contact with the pulsing, vibrant life of humanity. Never in any former age was such a culture possible to him: in nature, in literature, in the inspiration to be derived from the main currents of the world about him.

So much has been restored to him that was formerly blurred or eclipsed—faith, romance, the beauty and glory of the world—that what seemed disillusionment becomes, to his clearer vision, revelation.

As we have seen, the past he has broken with is nearer to his sympathetic comprehension than it was to the men who lived in it. He can now, as men never could before, accept Nature not for didactical suggestions or sophistical analogies, or reflections of human sentiment, but for what she really is in herself as a living organism; for what science has disclosed of her rhythmic harmonies, yet divesting these of formal predicaments and evolutionary phraseology; and for her never failing charm, in the infinite variety of plant and animate life, in the unpremeditated motions of cloud, wind, and stream, and in the varied gradations of color and tone. Best of all, she belongs to the kingdom of grace, with no response to merit, but quick for healing and merciful ministries. In like manner is human life restored to and accepted by us on its own living terms.

The distinctive value, for the writer, of this modern culture is one derived immediately from life, and not from any formulation of truths about life as the result of study or studious observation. Our culture depends upon the growth of faculty and the evolution of sensibility, resulting in real knowing and real thinking, as well as in true feeling. The glosses which have been put upon our own life and that of Nature are removed, and the significance of the partnership of man with the physical world from the beginning is disclosed.

No living theme is excluded from fiction by modern realism. The reality is in the writer's vision rather than in the selection of this or that particular theme. He must see plainly, without colored glasses or magnifying lenses, or—to get away from the physical metaphor—without notional distortion.

This kind of realism surrenders many striking effects possible to the showman's artifice, and many that are natural in the untempered expression of primal passions. Undue emphasis and exaggeration, cumulative magniloquence, and the falsely pitched note of enthusiasm in literature have fallen into contempt, even on the stage, as they have in oratory and in all forms of expression. We resent declamation and reserve the "Marseillaise" for revolutions. We are mastered by the note of our plain, common life, and our art is subdued to a natural compass of exaltation, as in the most highly developed music. This is not a "development of plane surfaces." The harmony is chromatic, complexly broken, and therefore has unlimited variation of expression, yet preserving a natural dignity. Reserve has always been essential to art; it is our Hellenic heritage of culture; but this term does not adequately characterize our modern mood in the best prose any more than it does in the best music. The chromatism, affecting the content, whereas reserve affects the form, of expression, is distinctly modern. In music we might call it a division of tone, in painting a division of color, in response to the more complex culture of hearing and vision. In a general way we might call it a more divided living and thinking, in response to the more complex culture of sensibility. Or we might use an evolutionary term and call it advanced specialization. But this is all a kind of diagrammatic explanation of something eluding explication — something which we apprehend in its own living terms, and which we see growing into these terms in the modern course of life, literature, and art.

Every personage, divine or human, in Homer's poems comes before us with a single epithet, which is repeated with each reappearance of the character. In later literature there is an equally inflexible typical delineation. Coming

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down to a period nearer our own, let us compare a novel by Fielding with one by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The vast difference is not more apparent in superficial portraiture than it is in the meanings of life, hidden from the earlier and abundantly intimated by the later novelist. Life itself has changed in the interval separating these two writers—changed in what it is to human thought and feeling—more than Nature has to the human comprehension of her mysteries through the revelations of science; and the development of imaginative sensibility has been both a part and a product of the transformation. Mrs. Ward is probably not a greater genius than Fielding, any more than the intellect of Herbert Spencer was greater than that of Aristotle, or the creative power of Tennyson mightier than that of Æschylus. What has happened to the modern world—just this world of ours to-day—is new life, along with a new sense of it, because of truer vision and real thinking.

Something creative in this, not the result of study or close attention to detail, has wrought the transformation, lifting life and sensibility to a new psychical plane, and disclosing an infinite variety of hitherto unsuspected phenomena—a play of activities undreamed of before. To reach this chromatic harmony it was only necessary to accept life on its own terms, instead of imposing upon it terms derived from our notions, conceits, fancies, prejudices, or any kind of sentimental predilections, and arriving at what we call "views" of life as distinguished from the real sense of it.

It is this real sense which, on the psychical plane, has introduced to us a new continent whose altitudes and depressions are not determined by primal seismic violences, but come within the gamut of sane thought and feeling,—yet by no means therefore a level world; and the charm and infinite variety of the phenomena thus revealed, and furnishing the rich content of our new literature, more than compensate for the towering eminences and yawning abysses of the continents left behind us. We do not regret our atrophy to old shocks and obsessions. Our new histories do not disappoint us because they sacrifice impressively dramatic and spectacular effects to real disclosures, nor our new fiction because it depends for its interest less upon striking plots of construction and pronounced traits in characterization than upon a really significant representation of human life.

The best fiction of to-day has really more of constructive art than that which preceded it, though this art, following the lines of life rather than an arranged scheme, is not manifest in obvious features. It has more varied traits, instead of a few emphatically pronounced or merely typical features. It has a deeper dramatic interest, intellectually and emotionally, though the drama itself is so changed to follow the pattern which life itself makes, yet in its course unfolding novel surprises. Above all, it has more spontaneous play of human activities and a finer and more vital humor—not the specific humor which excites to laughter or even suppressed merriment, but which, like every other quality of the modern art of expression, is pervasive, without losing articulate distinction, concurrent with the ever-varying course of the writer's thought and feeling. Humor, in this sense, is the most distinctive quality of life—the index of its flexibility, of its tenderness, mercy, and forgiveness.

This humor saves the imaginative writer from taking himself seriously or—what is the same thing—presenting life in rigidly absolute terms which reality inevitably contradicts. There are no straight lines in his procedure, and what notionally is called a plane becomes in his geometry spherical, as it must in a real world. Seriousness is too much a bewrayment of life to be confounded with sincerity. In its dulness and lack of vibrancy, it is as alien to sorrow as it is to joy—to the tragedies of life as to its comedies. The great masters in literature have eschewed it, whatever their other defections from the truth of life. John the Baptist was "serious" when he thought to set the world right by the rectification of human accounts, the payment of dues, and reparation for injuries. But when the Master came, this formal scheme was dissolved in the good Lord's humor, showing the hidden pattern.

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# Miss Pettigrew's Reception

*BY ETTA ANTHONY BAKER*

OH, Mrs. Slocum, haven't you heard about the "reception" yet? Why, it's the talk of the whole place! I'll tell you the story—inside facts and all—only it must be in strict confidence, don't forget that! You see, Maria Jane Pettigrew spent a whole week in New York city not long ago visiting those awful rich cousins of hers. They're right in everything. Mary Jane came back so high and mighty it just seemed as though she was treadin' on air.

The first thing you know, every one for miles around got a letter in a stingy little envelope 'bout two by three. Inside was just a visiting card with "Miss Marie Janet Pettigrew" printed on it (she was Maria Jane before she went to New York), and down in one corner was "At Home 4–6 May 12." We all knew 't she was at home, because we'd seen her at the church social. She sat in one place all evening long, with her hands folded in her lap and her head up in the air in a haughty way—sort of disdainful, you know—and watched everything with that little curly smile she's adopted lately.

When I got my letter I asked her plumb out why she wanted to send around word she'd be at home on that particular day at that particular time, because she was at home every day at that time, unless it was the Missionary Meeting or the Sewing Circle day. She just smiled in that aggravating little way of hers and said: "Oh, you are referring to my reception! I hope to have a series of 'at homes' in order to gather my neighbors about me and knit together the loose ends of our country life. Will you help me receive next Wednesday, Miss Hepsy?"

I just gasped for a minute; then I managed to say: "Receive? Receive what?"

"Why," she answered, with that superior little smile, "receive the guests at my reception. Wear your prettiest gown—"

"I always wear muslin or Canton flannel nightgowns," I interrupted. "Besides, I can't stay all night; I've got to take care of my chickens and the cat."

She laughed that rediculous little laugh she's taken on lately—it starts in the cellar and runs clear up garret—and said, "Oh, I

I KNOCKED AT THE KITCHEN DOOR



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mean frock—dress, you know." So I said, "All right; I'll help."

Do you remember how her house is built? Well, anyway, you know, it's a big ramshackle place with a great parlor built on at the extreme end toward the woods, the end farthest away from the road, exactly as though it had its back turned. Maria's livin' room right next the big kitchen is the very cheerfulest room I've ever set foot in.

When the reception day came I dressed up in my new purple lawn—my best "gown," you know—and put on my black silk mitts and carried my best lace edged handkerchief with some bay rum in it. I didn't happen to have any cologne on hand just then—and if I do say it, as I shouldn't, I looked nice enough for any reception, even on Fifth Avenue itself! It was pretty early, but I thought she might need my help in settin' the table or slicin' the ham or cake.

I knocked and knocked at the kitchen door, but no one came, and finally I just opened it an' went right in. There wasn't a soul there, an' not one sign of a party, not even the big table ready. Now, Mrs. Slocum, would you believe it, and that the very day of the party itself, too?

I called an' called, an' at last I began to search through the house. I knew it was no use goin' to the best parlor, because she never used that, and the blinds were all closed as usual; but I went everywhere else, even down cellar and up garret. Then I began to get worried, fearing foul play. Most people thought she must have had some money left her, so perhaps she'd been murdered right here in her own house. I shuddered at the thought of it.

Finally I crept clear through the long hall and cautiously opened the best parlor door, dreading to look within for fear of what my glance might behold! I've just been reading one of those exciting detective stories—it's in the *Clarion* each week, an' I can hardly wait to get the paper smoothed out to see what happens next.

I felt little thrills all over me as I realized that if the worst *had* happened they'd put my picture in all the papers and I'd have to appear at the trial, an' I wondered if I'd have to tell my age before I swore or after.

Well, I certainly did start back in amazement when I peeped in at that door, for there stood "Marie" in a long, trailing green dress, brighter than the brightest lettuce, an' covered all over with little shiny spangles. She said she "picked the dress up in New York," an' I believed her, because most people would drop it in a hurry.

She turned awfully red when she saw me—red all over her face, not just the two round spots on her cheeks. Then she snapped out, "My! you *are* early!" but I just answered pleasantly, "I came early on purpose, my dear, to help you set the table an' make the coffee."

"Oh, that wasn't necessary. I shall serve only tea an' wafers, an' I myself shall pour," she said, sharply.

Tea an' wafers! An' some of those people goin' to drive fifteen miles! It was-

MARIA LOOKED AT ME AND BEGAN TO SWEEP UP AND DOWN THE ROOM

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AROUND THE FIREPLACE WAS THE JOLLIEST CROWD YOU EVER SAW

n't as if she didn't have plenty, either, because she always lived liberally.

"Won't the folks—guests, I mean—be hungry? It 'll be pretty nigh their supper time." I felt like I *had* to remonstrate with her. "Can't you give 'em some ham an' cake?"

"Certainly I *could*, but it's not considered good form. Doesn't my tea table look ravishingly lovely?" And she waved her hand airily toward a little low table, with a round linen mat in the centre and a glass jug of flowers on it. There were some little bits of cups and saucers on the table, too—from some child's tea party set, I guess—an' a plate of some little flat tea cakes an' a little dish of shelled nuts—"salty almonds" she called 'em.

Right next to the handsome silver teapot that belonged to Great-grandma Pettigrew, too, was a little dangling silver thing all full of holes. She called it "my tea ball," an' asked if I didn't think it was "charming." She showed me how she would use it, an', do you know, she intended to joggle that little ornament up an' down in every cup of tea!

By this time I'd had a real good look at her. My, but she was gotten up! Powder on her face as thick as a pastry board, with a bright red spot in each cheek. She saw me lookin' at those spots, an' she tossed her head in that airy way she's taken up lately an' said: "I flush so with the least exertion! I hope my color is not too pronounced. Is it?"

Well, I didn't commit myself, Mrs. Slocum; I couldn't do justice to it, so I just asked what that white thing in her hair was called. It was a sort of a skeleton of a white feather; just thin little bones an' ribs, an' it stuck straight up like a baby feather duster. She said it was a great—an' I couldn't hear any more, so I wasn't goin' to display my ignorance by asking "a great what?" I just picked the cover off the sofa—it was chilly even if it was almost summer—an' put it over my head an' marched out to the chicken yard. Her rooster's a beauty, but he gave me a chase, I can tell you, an' my! how he fought when I caught him! Howsomever, when I came back into the best parlor, I had a "great whatever-you-call-it" in my hair too, only not such a skinny one as hers.

Then I noticed her "gown." It had a long, sweeping trail, awfully graceful, but mighty unhandy, because she tripped over it several times, an' once she almost knocked over the tea table, little dangly ball an' all. Her sleeves were as short as her trail was long—they were chopped off just above the elbow, an' she had on some long, wrinkly, green gloves that came part way up her arm. They'd a-looked nicer if they'd been a few inches longer, because that empty space between the sleeve an' the glove was just thick with "goose flesh."

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I knew I couldn't accomplish a trail for my "gown"—it was cut off short, an' I couldn't well tack one on; but I reckoned I could manage the elbow sleeve part, only I didn't like the looks of the "goose flesh" on her arms. I thought hard for a few minutes, then a bright idea struck me. I excused myself to "Marie" an' went 'way out to the other end of the house to her bedroom; you see, I'd remembered that I had on those elegant white silk stockings that 've been in our family for years an' years. The thought of them sort of comforted me when I saw that sweeping trail.

I had hesitated about wearing the stockings—they'd never been used before, but this seemed a fitting occasion—a real reception. They were pretty yellow with age, but, oh, so soft an' silky! I just hated to do it, but I wasn't goin' to let her walk all over me. I had settled the "great what's-its-name," so now I'd settle the elbow sleeves. I just shut my lips tight an' took her shears from the machine drawer an' cut off those stockings close to my shoe tops! I hope my ancestors 'll forgive me for the sacrilege. Then I rolled up my sleeves an' draped the stocking tops in splendid wrinkles from my mitts up to my elbows. No goose flesh there, I can tell you! The effect was fine, an' I went back to the best parlor feeling that it was worth the sacrifice. Why, I'd have even put some "exertion flushes" on my face if I'd known where she kept it! I did rub on a little flour, an' the result wasn't half bad.

When I returned to the parlor Maria looked at me an' then shut her lips hard an' began to sweep up an' down the room. She knew she had me there, because you can't make much of a sweep in a dress that's at least five inches from the ground, even if you walk as low as you possibly can.

By that time I began to wonder why the folks hadn't come, but she only said in that high an' mighty way she's adopted lately: "You are the only one asked to assist me. I dislike a long receiving line intensely. Of course my guests will not arrive until nearly six. I shall keep you for dinner, Miss Hepsy; you'll be so fatigued after all your standing."

I wanted to ask something about the "receiving line," but I concluded not to, so I only answered, "Thanks, Maria—'Marie,' I mean—but I had my dinner at twelve o'clock."

The time dragged along until half past six an' nary a person had come! Now, you know, Mrs. Slocum, you can't have much of a reception with a long line or a short one if no one comes to be received. Maria'd been saying all along, "Of course they won't come early—people never do," but at last she just had to give in.

"Come out an' get some supper, Miss Hepsy," she urged (she forgot to say "dinner" that time), so we marched down the long hall toward the spare bedroom. Just as we neared the living room we both stopped short. Surely that was voices we heard, an' the sound of laughter! I hurried on to the living room door an' opened it just a crack an' peeked in. There was the jolliest crowd you ever saw! The men were gathered around the fireplace smoking, an' some of the women were in the kitchen beyond settin' the table an' making the coffee. My! how good it smelled!

They were all cracking jokes an' having regular skylarks. Just as I looked in, old Mrs. Perkins called out from the kitchen, "Ain't it too bad Maria missed that train!"

"Well," answered one of the men, "the other train's in by this time, so she'll be along any minute now."

"I'm glad we'll have everything cheery for her," put in another voice. "Her New York visit hasn't spoiled her a bit. She wouldn't invite us all to come here in this way if it had."

What idiots we'd both been! Of course they'd drive up to the back door just as they'd always done. Of course we wouldn't hear 'em, shut up in that parlor away off at the other end of nowhere!

Maria took in the whole scene—she was looking over my shoulder—an' seemed to sense it all even sooner than I did. She pulled me away in a jiffy an' closed the door, oh, so softly! Then she jerked that rooster tail from my hair an' peeled off those stocking tops before I could object even if I wanted to, saying huskily: "Go on in—tell 'em I was detained! I'll follow in ten minutes. *Please*, Miss Hepsy!"

I couldn't resist that pleading tone nor the tears swimming in her eyes, so I just gave one smooth to my hair an' one jerk to those dreadful short stockings; then in I sailed, feeling that even George Washington himself would depart from his usual principles under present circumstances. At any rate, whether George would or not, *I* did, because I yarned like a good fellow. Ananias wasn't in it with me that day!

Presently Maria herself hurried in, dressed in her plain navy blue poplin without the skeleton feather an' without the goose flesh, but with plenty of flush on her cheeks—real flush this time, you'd better believe. My! wasn't she full of fun that evening—just the life of the crowd! She'd never looked better in her life than she did just then. I c'd see James Bartlett sit up an' take notice mighty sudden from the time she entered the room. He meant business from then on or I miss my guess! Every one stayed an' stayed an' ate an' ate, an' all of 'em vowed they'd never been to a jollier party in all their lives.

After it was over an' every one had gone I was gathering up my stocking tops, so that I c'd sew 'em on again, an' wishing I c'd sew the poor old rooster's tail feathers in again too, when Maria came up an' put her head down on my shoulder an' cried an' cried. I just patted her softly, like you would a baby, an' let her have her cry out.

"Oh, Miss Hepsy, what a fool I've been! I didn't know good, true friends when I had them. It will be a lesson to me all my life long."

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Sympathetic Fireflies

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# The Crowning Indignity

*BY WILBUR NESBIT*

JUST 'cause my brother Alferd, he
Is two years olderer 'an me,
W'y, ever'thing he gets 'at's new
They give to me when he gets through.
I try my best to not to grow
An' catch up with his old things so,
But when he gets too big for clo'es,
W'y, I'm growed just exackly so's
They'll do for *me*—an' then I've got
To keep on wearin' 'em a lot!

My brother Alferd's pants just wait
An' never get tored on th' gate
Or ripped on nails, or wored out none
Until my catchin' up is done.
When he gets *new* ones, my ma, she
Says his *old* pants will do for me.
An' Alferd grins, an' looks so glad
It always makes me awful mad!
An' 'at's th' way it always goes—
I even get his *underclo'es!*

An' all th' boys at school they grin
At me when I come walkin' in,
An' whisper when they get th' chance,
"W'y, how-de-do to Alferd's pants!"
An' let on like 'at's all they see
An' like they never heard o' me.
W'y, when I'm little, Alferd's crib
Was give' to me, an' Alferd's bib,
An' Alferd's hobby-horse, an' swing,
An' castor oil, an' ever'thing!

But now it's worse 'an ever! I'm
Just mad clean through an' through this time.
It's got to more 'an I can stand—
This gettin' his things secon'-hand!
An' I told ma 'at I think it
Is purty near th' time to quit.
My brother Alferd, he's been sick
With *measles*—he was speckled thick,
But now he's through with them, you see,
He's gone an' give 'em all to *me!*

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### Better Alive

A WASHINGTON man tells of a dinner he once had at a farmhouse in Virginia, on which occasion the *pièce de résistance* was a particularly tough chicken.

Among the others at table were the farmer's two young sons. These, as well as the Washingtonian, were struggling unsuccessfully to make some impression on their respective portions of the aged fowl, when the youngest boy turned to his companion and observed *sotto voce:*

"Tom, somehow I kinder wish old Dick hadn't a-died; don't you?"

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### The Bevelled Mirror

I LOVE my mother's looking-glass,
Her bedroom door I never pass
Without a glance inside:
It was a most expensive one,
I like to stand there in the sun;
I do not think it's pride.
But you would, if you did not know
The reason why I like it so.

For in the middle I can see
Myself as clear as clear can be,
And all my body whole.
But round the sides I look all blurred,
And I have guessed from what I've heard
That this must be my soul;
It's possible I may be wrong,
I haven't thought about it long."

MARY ROBERTSON.

*When Burt an' me heard mother's steps, each slipped his cigarette*
*Into his pocket, but somehow she found us out, you bet.*

### Not To Be Beaten

"I CAN write," said little Rosamond, aged five, to her aunt, when she came in from school one day.

"Why, that is delightful," replied her aunt. "And what can you write?"

"I can write cat and mat and bat," said the child.

The aunt gave her paper and pencil. "Write cat here for me," she said, "and let me see."

Rosamond wrote the word fairly, but put the letter C with its back to the A.

"That is very good," said her aunt; "only look, Rosamond, you have made the C the wrong way."

The child gazed at the word for a moment, and then replied, cheerfully:

"But the *cat was going that way!*"

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### Willing to Oblige

THE irate woman had waited about as long as she thought a reasonable time in one of the large department stores and began to look about her for a floor walker to whom she could appeal. To add to her irritation, she found that one was apparently enjoying a meditation backed against one of the columns in full view of the struggle she had been having to overcome the haughty indifference of the "salesladies." To him she addressed herself with that not-to-be-imposed-upon-another-minute air that usually scares the average man to instant and energetic redress of feminine grievance.

"Isn't it possible," she said—and the ice in her tones would have congealed the blood in any veins but those of a floor walker — "for you to get some one to show me night-gowns?"

"Madam" — he bowed deferentially, and, taking his hands from behind his back, he revealed the hat and stick he held— "Madam, I would gladly show you them myself if it were permitted! Indeed, in that case I would also wait on my wife, and then we could go home!"

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Pleasing Reflections

# Songs

*BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT*

MOST every time I try to sing
There's some one sure to say,
"Poor child! you cannot keep the key.
Now that will do to-day!"

I hide my head I'm so ashamed.
Why can't I keep the key?
I *love* to sing, and all my songs
Sound right enough to me!

Then mother kisses both my cheeks
And whispers very low,
"Down in your little heart you sing
The sweetest songs I know."

And then I feel so glad I just
Can't think of anything,
But run away all by myself
And sing and sing and sing!

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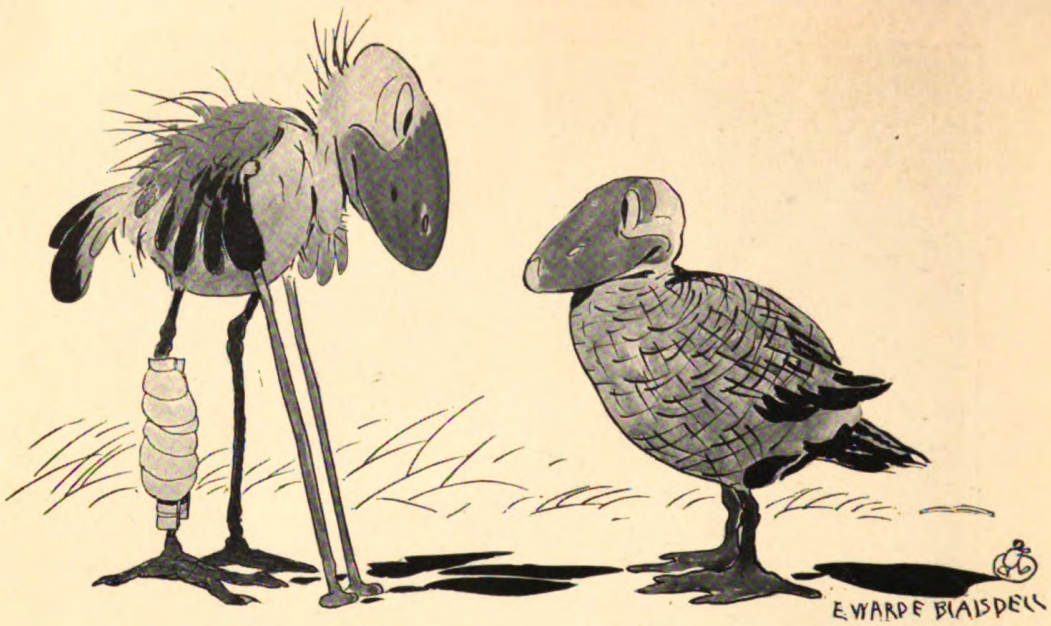


## Pipe Stems

FRIEND. "*Was the doctor's bill high for setting your leg?*"
STORK. "*Was it? I didn't have a doctor; I had a plumber.*"

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### Americanized

THE problem of "civilizing" the Indian has its amusing side. In this connection an official of the Bureau of Indian Affairs tells of a certain "Bobtail Coyote," who was sent to a government school from his reservation in Wyoming. When Bob left he was clad in buckskin and spoke only his mother tongue.

He remained at school during the stipulated time, gradually becoming a "white man" to all intents and purposes. But no greater transformation was manifested, when he returned to his own people, than that of his name, evolved from the savage "Bobtail Coyote" to that which appeared on his neatly engraved card: Robert T. Wolf.

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### The Canny Scot

A NEW-YORKER who visits Scotland every year says that the canny inhabitants of that land have their own idea of a "bargain-day."

"I suppose," the New York man once said to a friend in Glasgow, "that the shops here have bargain days."

Whereupon the Scot returned a decided negative.

"That's strange," commented the New-Yorker; "I should think the institution would meet with favor here."

"It wud suit them ower weel," said the Scot. "If they had bargain days naebody wud buy onythin' on the ither days."

### Second Hand Goods

A SMALL city child, on visiting the country for the first time, was taken to the barn to see the milking. She was much amused, but refused to drink any milk during her visit because "she did not want it after the cow had had it."

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### Unhealthy

"AREN'T you ashamed, Georgie, to make such a fuss about having your hands washed? See how much better they look already!"

"I don't care! I don't like to see them so pale!"

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### A Taste for Necrology

THE East Side public school teacher had been telling her small class some facts concerning the life of Lincoln, and she was now asking the children to repeat to her such incidents of the story as they had understood and remembered. One little boy volunteered the information that President Lincoln was dead. Immediately a very small girl in the front row raised her hand and waved it energetically.

"Well, Sarah," asked the teacher, "what did you want to say?"

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Sarah, "Mr. Ickelstein in our street, he's dead too!"

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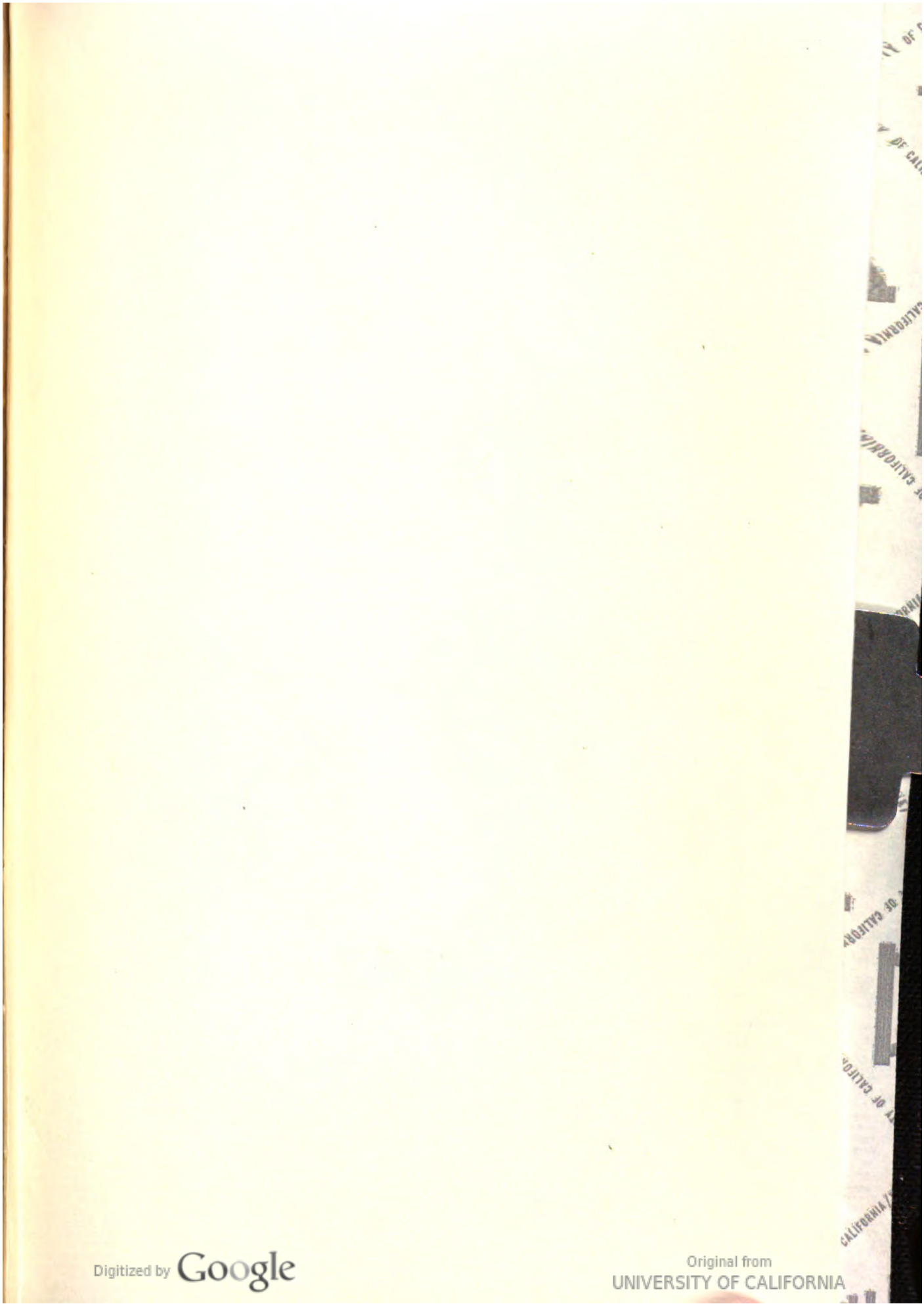

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